

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.—PART 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

18¢ CENTS.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. I., page 80.

BOTH the ruffians, for that is the only fitting name to designate such monsters by, remained silent, ex-

pecting every instant to hear the cry for mercy—the declaration that she was ready to confess. Little did they know the resolute, heroic nature of the woman they had outraged.

At the twentieth stroke of the lash, the count looked deliberately at his watch; four more blows succeeded, there was a pause in the dull, deadening sound, and presently a man—we ask pardon for the misnomer—a machine resembling a man, in uniform,

entered the room. It was the surgeon appointed to attend on such occasions.

"Well, doctor," said the minister, "your report?"

"The subject has fainted; it would be useless to persevere at present, for she would not feel it."

"Can it be done without danger to life?"

"Scarcely."

It was from no feeling of humanity that the question was put; but from the desire of reserving the



BARON TICHOFF ENRAGED AT THE REFUSAL OF HIS WIFE TO GIVE UP HER CHILD TO COUNT BERKENDORF.

only clue to a discovery in which the Imperial monster, Constantine, was so deeply interested, and which had baffled all the exertions of the secret police.

"Suspend the operation till I give the signal, and in the mean time take the necessary means of restoring the patient to herself."

The surgeon bowed and withdrew.

Some of our readers may deem this an exaggerated picture of Russian cruelty; we can only reply that it is a true one. During a residence of three months at St. Petersburg, the author heard of more than one instance of women of high rank being secretly flogged in the office of the minister of police; and in a work lately published on Russia, the same assertion will be found.

One of the causes why the Prince Galitzan, who resided so many years in Paris, after having fled from his country, which he renounced with horror, was, that a lady to whom he was attached suffered this infamous punishment, and committed suicide in consequence. She had excited the jealousy and hate of the Grand Duchess Maria, the widow of the Duke of Leuchtenberg.

"You will not shake her resolution, my dear count," philosophically observed the baron; "like most of her countrywomen, she is as obstinate as the fiend himself. There is but one way to subdue her, if you will permit me to name it."

It were needless to say that the required permission was graciously accorded.

"She is a mother," continued the heartless monster; "the threat of depriving her of her child might unlock her tongue."

"My dear Tichoff," said the minister, "why did you not think of this before?"

"I did think of it."

"Then why not name it?"

"Because I might have been suspected of the weakness of desiring to save her, and my loyalty and devotion doubted. Now no such misconception can possibly arise."

"Certainly not," answered his colleague, drily. "The plan you propose is ingenious, and possibly may succeed. Yes," he continued, after a few moment's reflection, "it is the best chance. Remove the baroness at once to her house. Of course you will hold yourself responsible for her safe keeping."

"With my life," was the obsequious reply.

"I am afraid, my dear baron," said Berkendorf, "that it would be the penalty, if, by any untoward accident, either your wife or child should not be forthcoming. By-the-by, that last idea of yours is most ingenious; I almost envy you the credit of it. Is it a boy?"

"Yes."

"How old is he?"

"About eight," replied Tichoff, uneasily; for, despite his indifference to Alexia, he entertained a strong affection for Ivan, and he trembled lest in his zeal he might not have carried his suggestions too far.

On a signal from the minister, the chair arose from the chamber of torture into which it had descended—rose with the victim bound to the seat. Her dress had been re-arranged, that nothing might shock the scrupulous delicacy of the minister or her husband Alexia was exceedingly pale; in the agony of her sufferings she had bitten her under lip nearly through, and her eyes, either from the strong stimulants which had been used to revive her, or indignation at the baron's baseness, flashed scornfully as she fixed them on him.

"Our next meeting," said Count Berkendorf, bowing politely, "will, I trust, be of a more agreeable character. I shall be delighted to pay *mes hommages* to Madame la Baronne—as a friend."

"We shall never meet again," replied the outraged woman.

The minister merely smiled—at what he considered the very natural ebullition of anger on her part.

"Permit me to hand madame from her chair," he said.

The instant the springs were released, Alexia rose from the seat, and sustained by a power of endurance which few who gazed upon her delicate frame would have thought her capable of, walked unassisted towards the door.

"Am I permitted to depart?" she asked.

"Certainly. Your husband will accompany you."

"You really must," continued the count, seeing that her paleness increased, "consent either to take my arm or Tichoff's, to lead you to your carriage; the inconvenience of being seen by my servants in such a state cannot be permitted."

"Your arm, then," said the baroness. "You inspire me with less horror than he does."

Berkendorf secretly thought that she was right. As their master led the lady to the carriage, which had been waiting all the while at the door of his hotel, the servants in the hall bowed profoundly. The mockery of these apes of civilisation is even more horrible than their barbarity.

During their ride home, not a word was exchanged between the ill-assorted pair. The baroness, still refusing her husband's arm, walked steadily to her own apartment, although the agony she endured must have been intolerable.

Her tyrant followed her.

"Alexia," he said, "you think that you have vanquished by your obstinacy. You are in error: there are tortures of which you dream not of, agonies that wring the heart. You are a mother."

The look, the piteous look she gave him, might have melted a heart of stone.

"I leave you now," he added; "in the morning we will speak further on the subject. Remember my words, and weigh them well. Ivan's safety, perhaps his life, depends on you."

For an instant the mother's heart gave way, and she wept bitterly.

"It will do," muttered the baron, as he left the room; "the threat has shaken her."

"My boy!" murmured Alexia, looking after him. "Monster, you shall never see him more!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Experience teacheth us

That resolution's a sole help at need.—SHAKESPEARE.

No sooner was Alexia left to the solitude of her own chamber by her dastardly husband, than she fell into one of those profound meditations which generally precede the great decisive actions of life. The victim had been doubly outraged, both as a woman and a wife; true, the sting of wounded love was not added to her sufferings, for her marriage had been a compulsory one. She had never felt affection for the baron—their natures were too discordant; but in the purity of her soul she had tried to respect the father of her child. The task, however, had proved impossible; contempt—a burning, fierce contempt—had now replaced every other feeling.

She had been beaten—beaten like a slave!—scourged by the hands of brutal ruffians, if not in the presence, at least in the hearing and with the sanction of the—no, not the man—the thing who was bound by every tie to protect her.

The lash had wounded more than her tender body—it had reached her soul; and for several hours she lay silently brooding over the means of revenge.

As we before observed, the Baron Tichoff loved his son; perhaps there are few beings so degraded that some chord or tie may not be found to connect them with humanity. Her husband's affection for his boy was that one solitary link.

The wretched woman loved him too, not with the capricious weakness of his father, whose indulgence already threatened to render Ivan selfish and wayward, but with the deep, far-seeing tenderness of a mother's love, whose heart trembled for the future career of her offspring, exposed to the contaminating influence of such a father—at once the slave and instrument of a despotism which she hated and despised.

"I'll save him," she murmured, "before the moral poison has tainted his pure nature; he shall not be reared to fear the tyrant's frown—to repress each impulse as it springs from the heart—to live, act, and breathe only as a master dictates—his life a hideous mask, a shameless lie. No," she added; "he shall be free—free as the air which fans my native hills—free as God intended man should be, when he impressed His awful image on the dust He breathed in. He must quit Russia, and for ever. But how—how?"

Long and anxiously did the speaker meditate her project she had conceived of rescuing her boy, not only from her father's grasp, but from the huge tyranny which, from the cradle to the grave, exacts the sacrifice of thought, will, action, truth, and virtue, from every Russian subject. It was a noble dower which she proposed to give him—more precious than earth's idol, gold, or ambition's phantom, power—a mother's heart only could have conceived it—it was the present of himself.

Alexia was perfectly aware of the intention of her cousin Lelia to take shelter with the Armenian banker, Issoff, and of the means which Schamyl had placed in her hands of compelling that timid, avaricious renegade to provide for her safety, even at the risk of his own; and upon this knowledge she built her plans, the success of which depended upon promptitude as well as courage.

"Thank heaven," she thought, "I am not watched. They fear not the escape of the lashed slave. Fools!

they little-know of what a woman's heart is capable, when outraged and stung as mine has been. To-morrow will be too late—to-morrow every eye in this den of misery will act the spy upon me—the serf, who bends in mocking humility as he serves me, will report every word and look to his unworthy master. Yes, the hour when they deem me incapable of decision, insensible to all but pain and shame, is the only one left for action."

"It is hard, hard to part with him," she exclaimed aloud, "but we shall meet in heaven!"

The agony of tears which followed, although they failed to shake her resolution, showed how fearful were the pangs it caused her; it was like rending the nerves from her young heart, whilst yet it beat with life and was sensible of pain; for all that it knew, or e'er had known of love and happiness, were centred in the child from whom she was about to separate for ever.

Slowly rising from her couch, she opened the door of the ante-room, and listened. All was silent; a lingering sense of shame had induced Baron Tichoff to withdraw her attendants, under pretext that their mistress was indisposed, and that absolute silence was necessary.

His affection did not suffer in the least at the fact of her being beaten, lashed, and degraded; but his pride revolted at the idea of its being known.

"She will be calmer in the morning," he thought; "then I will reason with her."

From the ante-room Alexia mounted by a private staircase to the chamber of her son. Although every movement of her delicate frame was attended with pain, she scarcely ventured to draw her breath, and her step was as light as it had been when a child upon her native hills.

The sight of her boy—sleeping in his little cot, one arm thrown upon the coverlet, the other beneath his head—a smile upon his half-open lips, as if in dreams some angel guest had visited him—shook for an instant the resolution she had made; she felt how hard it was to part with him, even for the brief space of life remaining to her. With a woman's nature and maternal love, she could have wished her last gaze to have rested upon his features—her last kiss to have been pressed upon his innocent lips—the last sound which reached her ears on earth to have been the name of mother, breathed by her offspring. Silently she knelt by the side of her sleeping treasure, and prayed—for prayer is strength.

At last she quietly murmured the name of Ivan. The boy opened his eyes, not like one rudely startled from his slumber, but calmly as a young dove at the note of the parent bird announcing the approach of morning.

Removing his arm from the coverlet of the bed, he clasped it round her neck, and drew his cheek closely to hers. He found it wet with tears, and cold as marble.

Struck with surprise and terror, the infant drew back.

"Mamma! mamma!" he exclaimed, "why are you so cold?"

"I am not well, Ivan."

"And you have been crying! I wish I were a man; I would kill those who gave you pain; but I will tell papa, and he shall kill them for me. Why do you cry," he added, attempting with infantile fondness to kiss her burning tears away. "Ivan has been very good, and learnt all the lessons you set him."

"We must leave home," replied his mother, pressing him with passionate tenderness to her aching heart.

"Go—where?"

"Anywhere where God will find you a home," continued Alexia.

"And leave all my pretty playthings?"

"Yes."

"But not leave you?" exclaimed the child. "I won't leave you."

"I will go with you."

"Then I am ready," said Ivan. "Never mind the toys; you shall buy me some new ones in our home. Is papa going too?"

"Not with us," answered the unhappy woman, warmly.

This reply did not seem to distress the little fellow, who, springing out of bed, submitted to be dressed in silence.

After attiring the boy, and disguising him as much as possible, Alexia led him to her own room, and prepared for quitting the house by the garden entrance, of which she had the key. First, she carefully gathered such jewels and money as she possessed into a small packet, and throwing on a coarse heavy cafetan, such as is worn by the lower order of females in Russia, she descended from her apartment.

The clock of the Isaac church struck midnight as the door of the private entrance—the same by which Henri de la Tour had been conducted to the little pavilion by the Finland girl—closed after her.

"It is very cold, mamma," murmured the child, who felt the change from the warm luxurious cot to the keen, freezing night air, bitterly.

His parent pressed him closer to her side; had her strength enabled her, it would have been to her bosom, but she was too weak to carry him.

"Is it far to our new home?" he added.

"Not far, Ivan," replied his mother; "but do not speak, if you love me, there are evil beings abroad; the least sound may attract attention. Silence, darling, if you value your poor mother's life."

This was sufficient; with a resolution worthy of a more advanced age, the high-spirited boy repressed his murmurings at the cold, which he bore with courage and patience.

The night was so bitterly cold, and the hour so late, that Alexia and her child—who glided more like spectres than living beings along the wide streets of St. Petersburg—arrived at the one in which the Armenian banker lived without encountering a human creature. Arrived at the house of Issoff, a difficulty which she had not calculated upon presented itself—how to obtain admission without disturbing the police, who have their stations in every street—a building something like a sentry-box, only large enough to hold half-a-dozen persons, and to admit of a large fire.

The severity of the night had caused the guardians of the public safety, as they are erroneously called—for half the murders in the capital are committed by them—to close the doors, a fortunate circumstance for the fugitives.

Whilst meditating how to act, the door of the Armenian's house partly opened, and a man glided into the street.

Alexia placed her hand upon his arm; he started, and drew a long glittering blade from beneath his caftan.

"Upon a woman!" exclaimed the wife of the director of the secret police.

"No matter."

"Upon a mother!" she added, drawing aside the heavy garment which she had drawn round Ivan, so as to guard him from the night blast; "you will not, dare not, for the police are near, and one cry would bring assistance."

"What would you?" demanded the old cashier, for it was no other than the banker's confidential servant; he had never seriously intended to injure her, the fact was that he was probably the most alarmed of the two.

"You are no Russian," he said, for he had detected her accent. "Nor an Armenian."

"I am a Circassian," replied the fugitive, proudly, "the cousin of one who has already found a shelter beneath the roof of the man you quitted. I must see Lelia."

The cashier swore by every saint in the Greek Calendar—which, as he did not belong to that church, as a matter of course he put little faith in—that no female had crossed the threshold of his master's house for weeks, nay months, except his wife and daughters; wondered that any person in their senses should suspect such a thing, seeing that Herr Issoff was known to be devoted to the Emperor, and consequently the last man in the world to lend himself to such a transaction.

"I must see your master," replied the baroness, resolutely.

"Impossible!"

"I do not know the word," said Alexia, firmly; "misery has taught me to forget it. Listen to me," she continued; "nay, I do not fear your weapon, for I too am armed—you must either procure me an interview with your employer, or explain the reason of your being in the streets at this late hour to those who will know how to make you speak the truth."

The old clerk reflected for an instant, he felt that it would be less dangerous to introduce the fugitive to the house than to brave the danger she threatened him with; especially as in case of necessity he could deal with her more securely there; the sight too of the child partially disarmed his suspicions, and probably somewhat interested him.

"Enter," he said, unlocking the door; "but woe if your intentions are hostile to him whose bread I have eaten for forty years, or to the inmates of his house."

"Fear not," replied the fugitive; "I shall be welcome, seeing that I bring him that for which he has toiled and sinned—gold, his idol."

Issoff, the Armenian, had been too much agitated by the danger he ran in concealing Lelia to retire to

rest. Like most of his race he was no less timid than avaricious; he had been a watcher of the night, and sent his confidant at that late hour to the lodging of the captain who commanded one of his numerous vessels with an order to prepare instantly for sea.

The cashier was starting upon his errand when the hand of Alexia detained him.

"Woman," said the banker, in a tone which betrayed his inward terror; "what wouldst thou with me? This is neither the hour to buy nor sell. Why dost thou disturb the rest of an aged, lonely man?"

"I would see Lelia!"

"Whom?" exclaimed Issoff, with a shriek of surprise.

"Lelia, the daughter of the Iman of Dargo, to whom thou hast given shelter. Do not palter with me," she continued, "she is here."

"By every saint I swear to you that I know not the person whose name you have pronounced."

Alexia turned from him with disdain.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"The Baroness Tichoff."

"The wife of the director of the secret police," muttered the old man, at the same time wringing his hands and swaying his body to and fro, a habit with most eastern nations when under the influence of excessive grief or terror. "Gracious lady!" he added, "what would you with your slave? I am poor, for the tyranny—the emergencies of the state, I mean—have pressed hard upon the guild of merchants lately, and although the poorest of his class, Issoff has been taxed as heavily as the rest. But God and the Czar know best."

This is the consolatory phrase with which a Russian reconciles himself to the lash, to exile, or spoliation. They were the sacramental words used by the slave when acknowledging his submission to the tyranny which crushes him.

"I must see my cousin Lelia," said his visitor, with a look of scorn; "you fear me because I am the wife of one of the monsters who oppress you; fear me no longer, I am a fugitive from his cruelty."

The Armenian shook his head incredulously.

"Behold, and be convinced," continued the victim, at the same time casting off the coarse thick caftan which enveloped her person, and exposing to his astonished gaze her shoulders wounded and bleeding from the lash. "Are you satisfied?"

At the sight of blood upon the person and dress of his mother, Ivan uttered loud cries of grief and anger; several minutes elapsed before, by her caresses and soothing words, she succeeded in silencing his passionate outcries.

It is doubtful whether the cautious banker would have been satisfied even with this terrible proof that his visitor was no agent of the secret police sent to entrap him, and have confessed the presence of Lelia under his roof—before, however, he had time to decide, the fair Circassian, who had heard the screams of the child, entered the room, and threw herself into the arms of her cousin.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "how pale you are! what has occurred? Why have you left your home on such a night? tell me, dear Alexia, tell me everything."

The victim pointed to the blood upon her dress—which the speaker for the first time perceived—and the scars upon her person.

"Monster!" exclaimed the fair Circassian, with a look of horror, "the lash! and a woman! I need not ask the cause. Alexia, dear Alexia," she added, pressing her still nearer to her bosom, "my grateful heart divines it but too well."

"The penalty of my silence," calmly observed her cousin.

The fortitude and self-possession which the dangers she herself had encountered did not shake, gave way at the sight of so much devotion and fidelity, and Lelia sobbed in all the bitterness of unavailing grief.

"For me—for me?" she murmured.

"I may as well tell you all," continued the baroness; "for this is our last interview, at least, on earth—I feel the hand of death is on me. The man whose fate they linked me to, he—I will not profane the name of husband—under pretence of paying a visit, conducted me himself to the hotel of Berkendorf, the minister of the secret police. I was questioned politely at first, threats were next resorted to, at last the lash. He, the father of my child, who had sworn to be my protector through life, was present."

"The monster!" exclaimed Lelia.

"He is a Russian," calmly observed Alexia, "one who accepts his destiny; but it is not of myself I came to speak, I require neither consoler nor avenger; but of my boy, Lelia, my noble, generous boy,

the only tie it pains my heart to break. He must not live to be a slave, to bear the moral brand upon his soul, to surrender every noble feeling, crush each lofty aspiration, degrade himself to the level of his wretched father; I would rather see him dead than such a being. He must go with you," she added, "you will bear him to Circassia; I have still some friends there who, in memory of my name and sufferings, will find my child a home."

"He shall share mine, Alexia, replied her cousin; "but you—you will accompany us?"

"No," was the stern rejoinder.

"You will not remain to waste your days in this land of terror, the slave of one who never felt your value?—come to our mountain-home, there you will find those who love you, whose tender care will obliterate the memory of past sorrow from your mind."

"Never," answered the baroness, "never shall I see Circassia more. The beaten, degraded wife can neither support her shame nor hide it. The worst struggle is already past; long ere the blue crests of our native hills shall meet your gaze, long ere my boy shall draw their invigorating breath, my spirit, free from the stain of earth, shall hover over you."

"Remember," said Lelia, solemnly, "that we are Christians, and self-slaughter is forbidden in that page where—"

"I know—I know," interrupted the baroness, "all that page commands, all that you would urge; but fear not, my own hand shall never strike the blow. It is already struck."

Issoff, the banker, hesitated for some time before he would undertake the charge of conveying Ivan from St. Petersburg. It was not in his bond he urged, and independent of the danger; for Baron Tichoff would set every engine at his command to recover his lost son. Lelia had no right to involve him in the expense of such an attempt.

At the word expense, Alexia drew from her vest the packet containing the money and jewels she had brought with her, and spread them on the table before him. The eyes of the avaricious man sparkled as they glanced on the rich gems.

"Name your price," she said, "my son is not a beggar, to eat the bread of charity, or ask service without guerdon of any one."

The Armenian would have taken the jewels, as being by far the most valuable part of the treasure, had not Lelia reminded him that as he dealt with her cousin, so Schamyl would deal with him.

With a sigh of disappointment he named five thousand rubles. The baroness placed twice the sum in his hand, and asked when the fugitives were to quit St. Petersburg.

"Before noon-day," replied the old man; "I would not pass another such a night for the brightest jewel in the imperial crown."

"And your plans?"

"Are laid too cautiously," said Issoff, "to be detected. The captain of the vessel has been employed by me for the last twenty years."

"You trust him then?"

The banker's eyes assumed a cunning expression, and something like a smile played around his pursed and wrinkled lips.

"I trust no one without a pledge," he answered; "his life is in my power. From my long connection with the court, my friendship with the director of the customs, my merchandise going or coming, passes almost without a question. Once on board, they must search curiously to find those whom it is the captain's interest to conceal. Be satisfied, leave the arrangements for their safety to me."

The baroness asked no more. Comparatively assured of her son's safety, her anxiety gave place to strong emotions of maternal love. The hour was getting late, and it became necessary to pronounce that sad word, farewell!

With passionate grief she strained him to her heart, pressed her pale, trembling lips to his roseate cheek, gazed upon him as if to imprint each feature in her memory.

The Armenian, who naturally felt anxious to rid his mansion of such a dangerous guest, more than once reminded her that in another hour it would be daylight, when the simple fact of her being seen in the neighborhood might draw suspicion upon the place of retreat of those she had endured so much to save.

Despite the tears and passionate grief of Ivan, who insisted upon returning with his mother, Alexia tore herself from his embrace, and quitted the house. Heaven seemed, in pity to her sufferings, to watch over her; for she reached the hotel of her husband unperceived, and entering by the private door, gained her chamber without disturbing any of the servants.

Day began to break as she sank exhausted upon her pillow, which, long after it had dawned, she continued to water with her tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

Despair takes heart when there's no hope to speed:
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed.

HERRICK.

THE morning was far advanced when Baron Tichoff entered the chamber of his wife. He had well considered the part he had to act, for his imprudence in alluding to her son, as a means of extorting a confession of Lelia's hiding-place, had alarmed him. The peculiar smile of the minister, when he thanked him for the idea, haunted him; he had a vague but terrible idea of what that smile portended.

"She must yield," he thought; "her love for Ivan will drag the secret from her unwilling lips." Little did he deem that very love on which he relied for the success of his heartless scheme had already placed the infant beyond his reach.

Alexia was exceedingly pale, but calm and collected. At the sight of her worthless husband, a flush of womanly contempt and shame mantled for an instant over her cheek; then disappeared, leaving her death-like as a marble statue.

"Alexia," he said, taking a chair by the side of her bed, "night has doubtless brought reflection with it."

She smiled: it had brought action, not reflection. "The will of those with whom you have to contend," he said, "is of iron; no strength which you possess can resist it—no amount of patience endure the terrible means which will be employed to wring the secret from you."

"I can believe it all," replied his wife, for the first time breaking silence, "and am prepared to meet it."

"To meet it!" repeated Tichoff; "madness—folly. Think you that Berkendorf, who has not hesitated to employ the lash, would shrink from using torture?"

"It would be too late."

"You do not understand me," continued the despicable tool of Imperial tyranny. "The torture which excites the body's anguish you might endure: indeed, from the obstinacy of character which you have invariably shown, I believe you would; but there is a species of torture which wrings the heart-strings, excites every nerve to agony. You are a mother."

"Ay, the mother of your child," interrupted Alexia with a look of scorn; "and yet—leave me, man—leave me—my soul turns with loathing at the sight of you. Earth has no greater torture than the sound of your voice—the hiss of the serpent would be music to it."

"There is one thing you have forgotten."

"Name it, and begone."

"Siberia."

"No, I have not forgotten it. Its eternal snows are less chilling than the artificial atmosphere I have been compelled to breathe in this accursed city—the hearts of the wretches who inhabit it less hollow and deceitful. Besides," she added, "there is a path to heaven even from Siberia."

"And this is your resolution?"

"You have heard it."

Now, then, madam, hear mine," exclaimed the ruffian, who, having exhausted his persuasive powers, thought the moment had arrived to try the influence of terror. "In my duty to my Imperial master, there is no sacrifice which I am not ready to make, and unless you instantly afford me the information of this Lelia's retreat, I shall at once denounce your contumacy to the minister."

"Can he do more than kill?" demanded his wife, bitterly.

"You forget your boy. Ah! you change! Well, I am glad there is one point in which you are vulnerable. Imagine him, at his years, in the hands from which you have been released—his tender flesh torn by the lash."

"Which you, monster, saw inflicted on the body of his mother!" exclaimed Alexia, her eyes flashing scorn and defiance upon the degraded wretch who could make such an appeal to her maternal feelings, "but which my boy will never suffer. I have snatched him from your grasp—from the contagion of your example; he shall not live a slave—a tool to be caressed or beaten, used and thrown away, at the caprice of the Czar or minister."

"Are you mad?"

"Ah!" she continued, "man, in his selfishness, little knows the desperate energy of a mother's love—how noble the sacrifice of which her heart is capable. Despite the shame and agony of last night's outrage, I rose from my couch of suffering, dragged my lacerated body from this house of shame—"

"And Ivan!" shrieked the baron.

"Ask of the Neva," said his wife, solemnly; "or of heaven, if you have the courage to address it."

Baron Tichoff rushed from the apartment in an agony of doubt and terror. Strong as his affection for his son undoubtedly was, it was subservient to the fear of his own safety, seriously compromised by the death, as he supposed, of Ivan; for such was the interpretation he put upon the words of Alexia, which bore, however, a different meaning—for at the moment she uttered them, she had every reason to believe the vessel which bore her offspring from his native land was sailing on the clear waters of the river.

In a few moments, the voice of the master of the house might be heard calling on his son by name, as he rushed from one apartment to another; the terrified serfs fled at his curses, the agents of the police searched every chamber; but the infant was nowhere to be found.

Pale with rage and passion, the disappointed man once more sought the presence of his victim; he felt that the means on which he relied to bend her haughty spirit, had been torn from him, that threats were useless now; and in the abjectness of his nature, he descended to entreaties.

"Alexia," he said, "you loved the boy too well; you could not have the heart to injure him. Tell me where he is concealed. It was a jest—a cruel one, I own—to threaten you with the torture of your child; but I am punished—bitterly punished."

"Not yet," coolly observed the sufferer.

"Woman, do not trifle with me!" exclaimed the ruffian, seizing her by the wrist; "you play with fire—you sport with death. Where is Ivan?"

"Where you will never see him more."

He cast her back upon the bed, and began to walk frantically about the room, tearing his hair, and uttering curses as impotent as they were wicked. It was no longer a parent's doubt and anguish for the fate of the child he loved, but a selfish, cowardly terror for himself. Berkendorf evidently relied upon the boy as a means of arriving at the mother's secret; his fury at the disappointment would, he well knew, be terrible.

"Alexia," he said, "I am half mad; have pity on my fears."

"Fears!" repeated the heroic woman; "for yourself or child?"

"For both of us."

"For him," replied the baroness, "I have no fear; like the Israelite woman who of old trusted her treasure upon the waters, I know the guardian power of Him who watches over my child."

"You scorn my prayer, then," observed the baron, rising sullenly from his knees.

"Words cannot measure my contempt for both you and it."

"Tis well, madam," replied the monster; "I will sue to you no more; there are other means, and you shall find that I will use them. You must accompany me at once to the hotel of the minister, he will find means to make you speak."

"The torture!"

"Even so."

"And know you," said Alexia, "the first confession my lips will utter, will be to denounce you; to declare that, repenting of the danger which you had drawn upon the head of your son, you have secretly removed him. Berkendorf will believe me, for he despises you."

"Traitor! is this your duty to your husband?"

At this last appeal, the sufferer uttered a laugh so full of scorn and derision, that the baron was about to quit the room, when the minister of police made his appearance. He had not taken the trouble to be announced, for like the breath of the pestilence he entered at his pleasure everywhere.

"Now, Tichoff," demanded the man of terror, "have you succeeded?"

"My boy! my boy!" shrieked Alexia; "restore him to me."

"What does she mean?"

"Curse her," muttered the baron, despairingly; "she is resolved to ruin me."

"They have taken Ivan from me," continued his wife; "cruel father, unnatural husband! it is in vain you tell me that it is only to conceal him from the tyranny of Berkendorf."

The brow of the minister began to lower.

"It will be time," he said, "to defend yourself, baron, when you are accused; at present I have no time to listen to you."

In this strain the unhappy Alexia continued to rave for a considerable time; both the spectators anxiously listening to catch each word which fell from her lips, in the hope of its affording them some clue. At last she suddenly ceased, clasped her hands, prayed for a few minutes in silence, then turning on her side, expired with a smile upon her lips.

"Dead!" said the minister, in a tone of disap-

pointed fury; "this must be seen to; it was not the lash," he added, suspiciously, "which killed her."

With all his knowledge and experience of mankind, he forgot there was such things in the world as broken hearts.

"Dead!" repeated Tichoff, with a secret foreboding of the probable consequences to himself; "then I am lost."

He was right, and yet his ruin did not arise from the words uttered by his wife in her ravings, but from a cause he little anticipated.

With the death of Alexia and the banishment of the two friends, all hope of tracing the fair Circassian was lost. And yet for months afterwards a boat was not permitted to quit one of the quays of St. Petersburg, or a ship to sail from the Neva, till it had been minutely inspected by the agents of the secret police.

The sudden death of a young and lovely woman like the baroness, and the mysterious disappearance of her child, created a sensation even in St. Petersburg, and whispers of some extraordinary transactions reached the ears of the Empress, who named it to the Czar, whose curiosity became excited.

The next time Berkendorf attended at the palace to make his report, his Imperial Majesty, at the termination of the audience, inquired the meaning of the various reports upon the subject.

"A dark affair," replied the minister with a shrug.

"A crime, perhaps."

"Perhaps, your Majesty."

"In that case it is our will," replied the Autocrat of all the Russias, "that it be thoroughly sifted and brought to light; the baroness was a lovely woman, and her absence is noticed in society. To what do you attribute it?"

"Jealousy," was the unblushing reply. "To say the best of it, there was a levity in the conduct of Madame la Barrone, which it would be difficult to explain; on the night of the last *bal masqué* she received an English gentleman into her box with whom she could not possibly have had any previous acquaintance."

The Czar listened attentively.

"And two or three days afterward, a young Frenchman, who had called upon the baron under the ridiculous pretence of inquiring after some relative, said to be an officer in Napoleon's army exiled to Siberia, passed the entire day concealed within the hotel."

"Poor baron!" observed the Czar with a smile; "what has become of the lady's lovers?"

"They too, have disappeared, your majesty; the boats in which they had the impudence to approach the fortress of Schlüsselburg, foundered in the lake, and the bodies have not yet been found."

Thus the man, whose will was supposed to be law in Russia, whose perspicacity it was thought impossible to blind, was hoodwinked and deceived.

From that conversation the fate of the director of the secret police was decided. He was a witness whom it was necessary to get rid of. Berkendorf, all-powerful as he was, trembled lest the baron, by some unlucky accident, should come in contact with the Czar, and everything be explained.

The minister was not the man to live in doubt or fear one hour.

The next day he sent for Tichoff, and when the director, who had a nervous dread of an interview with the emperor, arrived, Berkendorf received him with an easy, unrestrained air.

"Any news of your lost son?" he demanded.

"None, count. The wretched woman, I have every reason to believe, spoke the truth; in her madness she cast him into the Neva."

"Fearful! but at least you have one satisfaction, she is dead, and you are at liberty to wed again."

His visitor hinted at the unpleasant rumors current in the saloons and circles of the nobility respecting the death of the baroness.

"They shall be put a stop to," observed the minister. "It was only this very morning that I was speaking with His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Constantine upon the subject; he expressed the deepest sympathy at your misfortune."

The director smiled. The sympathy of a prince of the blood in Russia, is a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. The heartless sycophant begged of the speaker to assure the august personage in question, that he was only too happy if the loss of his son and the death of his wife had enabled him to prove his devotion to his sacred person.

An officer, dressed in the uniform of Constantine's own regiment, was announced. He presented the minister with a packet sealed with the imperial arms.

"From the Grand Duke," said the messenger,

who, after the usual ceremonious compliments, withdrew.

The count broke the seal, and drew from the envelope the cross and riband of St. Vladimir, which it had long been the ambition of Baron Tichoff to obtain.

"I congratulate you, count," he said, with a sigh of envy.

"Congratulate me?" repeated the minister, with a smile; "you forget that I have the order already; it is not for me. But what says the letter?"

He glanced rapidly over it, and then handed it to his subordinate. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR COUNT BERKENDORF,—My August Father, the Emperor, has, at my request, conferred the Vladimir first class upon the Director of the Secret Police, Baron Tichoff. Knowing the interest you take in his advancement, I leave you the pleasing task of investing him with it, and at the same time of assuring him that his devotion is fully appreciated by your affectionate

CONSTANTINE.

"What generosity!—what magnanimity!" exclaimed the baron, affected almost to tears. "Who would not feel proud to lose wife, child, nay, life itself, in the service of such a prince?"

"His Imperial Highness," observed the minister, with a smile, "at least has shown that he is grateful. Permit me first to congratulate you upon the distinction you have so honorably won, next to invest you with it."

The star of the order, like most similar decorations, was made to fasten through the uniform of the wearer by a large pin, which caught in a sort of socket, not unlike a lady's brooch. In fixing it upon the breast of the director, Berkendorf did it so awkwardly, that the sharp point pierced the shirt and made a slight puncture in the skin.

The baron winced.

Apologizing for the accident, he shook his victim by the hand, and congratulated him on the distinguished mark of favor he had received; he even carried his courtesy so far as to conduct the new-made knight to his carriage. A sinister smile broke over his usually impassible features as it drove off; he had nothing more to fear.

An hour afterwards, intelligence was brought to the hotel of the secret police, that Baron Tichoff had been found dead in his carriage, when his servants opened the door to assist him to alight on reaching home.

He had not long enjoyed his honors. Agents, as is the custom when a minister or any *employe* dies, were sent to his residence to place the seals upon his papers, and one of them, instructed by the minister, took care to remove the order of St. Vladimir from the dead man's breast. It would be curious to read the list of those to whom it had proved equally fatal.

Honors are sometimes dangerous things in Russia.

It is now time that we returned to the hero of our tale and his two companions, who were as completely isolated from the world in the cleverly contrived carriage which conveyed them from St. Petersburg as if they had been prisoners in the deepest dungeon of the fortress they had so lately visited.

The promise of the officer who commanded the escort to conduct them to their hotel, to secure their baggage and write to their friends, proved, as our readers doubtless foresaw it would, a delusion; for it was necessary to the success of the dastardly scheme of vengeance that no communication should be permitted between the victims and their ambassadors, who, by the law of nations, would have had the right to reclaim them. Their oppressors would much sooner have added murder to the catalogue of their crimes than have permitted the least clue to remain by which they might be traced.

In Russia there is no public opinion, but fortunately there exists such a thing out of it, and its censure neither the Grand Duke nor the subservient minister felt disposed to have, to say nothing of the anger of the Emperor, had he discovered the abuse of his authority which had taken place; for, like most tyrants, Nicholas tolerated no despotism except his own.

It was near midnight when the captives guessed, from the hollow sound made by the rolling of the wheels on passing over a drawbridge, that they were entering the precincts of some fortress—they were not mistaken.

"It is a prison to which we are consigned," observed Henri de la Tour. "*Les infames*, at any rate," he added, "it is better than Siberia."

Jack Curlin mentally wondered what sort of a place Siberia could possibly be, that a prison should be thought preferable to it; but the honest fellow remained silent, he saw that, for the first time in his

life, his young master's fortune had forsaken him, and he did not choose to add to his affliction.

"It is the first stage of our long journey," he replied, with a groan of anguish. "I have frequently heard my poor father speak of the manner in which prisoners are conveyed to their destination—the carriage with its iron shutters—the first halt—here," he added, "we shall be stripped of everything."

"Shall we, by gosh!" exclaimed Jack. "I'll try what their skulls are made of before they strip me; one Englishman is a match for a dozen Rooshians. Pluck up, Master Charley," he added; "we'll thrash 'em yet."

"Jack," said his master, grasping the groom by the hand, "have you any regard for me?"

"Regard!" repeated the poor fellow, "I should like to know what I be here for if I hadn't."

"True, replied our hero, "and the reflection that your attachment to me has brought you to this misery adds to my affliction. Promise me, Jack," he added, impressively, "to comply passively, without resistance—nay, without a word, if it be possible, with the commands of our tyrants."

"What, let 'em—"

"Our lives depend on it," interrupted his master. "They would only be too glad of an excuse to murder us."

"Murder us!" repeated the groom. "I'd like to catch 'em at it. Ain't we Englishmen?—they daren't. Why bless 'ee, Master Charley, our little Queen would send the Horse Guards, Beef Eaters, and ships—"

"She would never know it," said our hero.

"Your master tells you truly," added Henri; "our only hope is in patience."

"Promise me, Jack."

"Well," exclaimed the lad, "tho' it be a sin and a shame for two born Englishmen and a Frenchman, which is nearly as good as an Englishman, to give way to a set of Rooshians, I do promise I'll neither use my fists nor my tongue till you give the word; but when you do give it—"

The rest was muttered so indistinctly that his companions could only guess what followed from the energetic manner in which he several times struck his right fist into the palm of his left hand, an expressive bit of pantomime which seemed to relieve his mind greatly.

By this time the carriage stopped, the door was unlocked, and the same officer who had promised to conduct them to their hotel requested them in the blandest tone imaginable to alight.

As resistance would only have provoked outrage, they silently obeyed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Oh! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the prisoners alighted from the carriage, they found themselves in the vast hall of some fortress, and closely guarded by twenty or thirty men wearing the half-military dress of the secret police. The apartment was a gloomy one, and, judging from the architecture, of an antiquity far beyond the foundation of St. Petersburg. Enormous beams of pine, black with age, formed the roof; the walls were of granite, rudely put together; the doors, studded with iron knobs, thick and massive.

The only attempts at ornament were a coarse fresco, representing St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Russia, standing on a globe, which the artist had painted him in the act of blessing, and a bust of the Emperor, over a seat elevated above the floor by two or three steps.

At a short distance from the chair, which had all the appearance of the tribunal of a judge, stood a long oaken table, covered with dresses and outer garments of sheepskins.

The room was lit by several iron cressets, suspended from brackets in the walls, and presented in *ensemble* an appearance of gloom and mystery well calculated to strike terror.

As Charles glanced at the dresses, the suspicion that their destination was Siberia was confirmed; he had frequently heard his late father describe the preparations for that dreadful journey.

"As I thought," he observed, "dear Henri, we are—"

"Silence," said the officer, in a stern tone; "it is forbidden for criminals to speak in the hall of examination."

"But we are no criminals," replied our hero, indignantly.

"Of that I am not the judge," resumed the official. "You are placed under my charge as such, and must observe the rule laid down; a word," he added,

"and I shall be compelled to employ means to enforce obedience."

It was with the utmost difficulty that the two friends could refrain from giving vent to the feelings of scorn and defiance raging in their hearts; they did, however, restrain them, for prudence whispered them that it was their only chance to avoid separation. As for Jack Curlin, faithful to the promise he had made his young master, he never once opened his lips, but stood with his arms folded, regarding those who surrounded him in dogged silence.

Cruelty in Russia has long ceased to be a passion—despotism has erected it into a science. Suspense is one of the means by which they crush the spirit of their victims; with fiendlike cunning, they watch its effects on the worn brain and aching heart. The water which was suffered to fall drop by drop on the shaved head of the prisoner in the Inquisition, was a merciful system of torture in comparison to it.

For three hours Charles and his companion were kept *standing* in that dimly-illuminated hall, surrounded by guards as mute and motionless as themselves.

So profound was the silence, that they could distinctly hear the breathings of the soldiers, and count the beatings of their own hearts.

Jack Curlin became at last so overpowered by sleep, that he would have stretched himself upon the floor, had not the officer prevented him. It was a part of their punishment that they should stand; by wearying the body they hoped to weaken the resolution; but with all their experience they little knew of what endurance humanity is capable, when sustained by conscious rectitude and the strong sense of honor.

A door at the lower end of the hall opened at last, and an aged man, in a plain uniform, without decoration of any kind, entered the apartment. Although so undistinguished in appearance, it was evident, from the cringing, obsequious affair of the officer who had hitherto commanded their escort, that he was a personage of importance. Without casting a look either to the right or left, he seated himself in the elevated chair, and directed the prisoners to advance before him.

"Your name is Charles Vavasseur," he said, addressing himself to our hero.

"It is; and I demand to know by what right the law of nations has been violated in my person. If I have committed a crime, let me be judged, brought face to face with my accusers, not secretly got rid of."

"I am here to execute the mandate of the Emperor," replied the old man, "not to judge of its propriety. You are banished to Siberia."

Our hero restrained the burst of despair which rose to his lips, determined not to give his enemies the triumph of witnessing his anguish.

"Is all prepared?" added the speaker, turning to one of the officers.

"It is, general," answered the person who had hitherto appeared the principal personage, at the same time pointing to the sheepskin dresses and the masks placed upon the table.

"Henri de la Tour," continued the old man who had been addressed by the high military title which he was disgracing by acting the part of executioner and gaoler, "you too are sentenced to the same punishment."

"An attention on the part of his Imperial Majesty," replied the young Frenchman, with the greatest coolness imaginable, "which most certainly I did not expect, for which I have little doubt my country will one day thank him."

The general, who had been in Paris with Alexander each time of the occupation of the city by the allies, perfectly comprehended the implied menace, and smiled at what he considered the *gasconade* of the speaker.

"The Czar," he said, "will only be too happy to receive the expressions of their gratitude; nay, so greatly does he prize the *reconnaissance* of your countrymen, that, in all probability, he will follow the example of his late brother, and visit Paris in person to accept them."

Henri turned upon his heel, with a look of defiance. "John Curlin, your servant, accompanies you," observed the general, referring to the name of the groom in a paper which he held in his hand.

"And what has my faithful servant done," exclaimed Charles, "that he should be involved in his master's fate? He has broken no law of your despotic sovereign—is ignorant of the world as a child; you will not, dare not," he added, "condemn an innocent man to a punishment reserved only to the greatest offenders."

"Victims, you mean," interrupted his friend. "You forget, Charles, that Siberia is the patriot's martyrdom, the poet's crown, the statesman's recom-

pense. You shock the nerves of the gallant general by speaking of Siberia as a punishment reserved only to the greatest offenders. Ten to one," he added, "but we shall have the honor of renewing our acquaintance with him in that most hospitable and interesting country."

A dark scowl gathered for an instant upon the brow of the general; for, although the prediction was uttered at random, such an event was far from being improbable. Men of far higher rank and influence than himself, on the most trifling suspicion had been sent there.

"Charles Vasseur," he said, "Henri de la Tour, and John Curlin, this is the last time you will be addressed by the names you have hitherto borne. Henceforward you will be known only by the numbers under which you are designated, or the letter D, which marks the category in which you are classed. You must answer to those numbers, or that letter, when called upon, and speak of each other by them; on reaching the place of your destination," he added, "further instructions will be given you."

In a tone fearfully distinct, he pronounced the numbers by which they were henceforth to be known—Charles, 503; Henri, 509; and Jack 510. The two former felt as if the seal of their baptism had been rent from their brow; that they were no longer free men, but reckoned like the beasts of the field, or as slaves.

As for Jack, he continued to regard all that passed with stoical indifference; the conversation being carried on in French, as a matter of course, he did not understand a word. He had given his word to his young master to remain passive, whatever might occur, and he resolved most religiously to stick to it.

"When is this mockery to end?" demanded the former.

"Patience," replied the general; "but one more form is necessary to be gone through. You will deposit every article of value, papers, money, or whatever else you may possess, and exchange the garments you now wear for such as are suited to the journey you are about to take, and the country you will henceforth inhabit."

He pointed, with a cold smile, to the coarse dresses of sheepskin, made with the wool inside. The soldiers removed them from the table, and brought each prisoner the suit he was to wear.

When the Russian placed the bundle of sheepskins before Jack Curlin, the poor fellow gave them a contemptuous kick with his foot, and looked towards his master, as much as to ask what they were for.

"For you, my poor fellow," said Charles; "the country we are going to is dreadfully cold, added to which, resistance is useless."

"I'm not a goin' to make a brute of myself," exclaimed the groom; "why it's *wiss* than the police court in London."

"For my sake, Jack," whispered our hero, imploringly.

"Very well! certainly, sir! for your sake I'll do anything," replied the lad; "dress myself up like a Tom Fool in these precious togs. I hope," he added, in a tone of savage bitterness, "that there be nothing worse than fleas in 'em that's all."

With desperate energy he tore off the smart overcoat, dashed his hat upon the ground, with the air of a man about to enter a prize ring, and did not utter another word till he had cased himself, as he called it, in his new livery; when his toilette was completed, the soldier who had stood by his side, gathering up his garments as he threw them off, handed him a mask.

"What be this for?" he demanded.

"To protect your face from the frost, and preserve your complexion," answered Henri, with a smile, for terrible as his own situation was, with the natural levity of his country, he could not avoid feeling amused at the mingled horror, rage, and astonishment of poor Jack.

"Thank you, sir," Jack replied, "and when do they bait us?"

"Bait us!" repeated the two friends.

"Or put us in a cage for a show," added the groom; "for I am sure that we look more like wild beasts than human critters. O Master Charley, Master Charley," he continued in a doleful tone, "what would Sir Edward and my young lady say? what would Susan say if they could see us now?"

"What, indeed," thought our hero, with a groan of anguish, for he dared not trust himself to reply to him, lest manhood should give way, and the heartless instruments of cruelty and despotism wring from him the triumph of a tear.

Every article of clothing as well as value was taken from them, and duly registered in a book by one of the officers; the only thing which escaped their mercenary clutches, was the portrait of Charles's

mother, which he wore suspended by a riband round his neck. Poor fellow, he thought not of the value of the jewels which encircled it; the value he set upon it was that which feeling and affection gave.

When the metamorphosis was complete, the prisoners were permitted to seat themselves upon the floor of the hall, for they were horribly fatigued; and three wooden bowls filled with weak quass and rye-bread were brought to them. Charles and Henri turned from it with loathing; not so Jack, his appetite was less delicate. He continued to swallow his portion—but not without a word between each spoonful which sounded like any thing but a blessing.

"Five hundred and eight, five hundred and nine," said the general, addressing them by their numbers, "you have now had a foretaste of the doom which awaits you—a fate drawn upon your heads entirely by your own obstinacy. I feel for you," he added, "and think I may venture to proffer in my Imperial master's name a free pardon—on conditions."

"Name them."

"That you confess the retreat of the Circassian girl, Lelia."

"And do you really think so meanly of us," demanded Charles, "that we are to be gulled by such weak hope? A pardon! our oppressor *dares* not pardon us. He knows that our return to France or England would be the signal for proclaiming his tyranny and infamy; that our governments would demand satisfaction for the laws of nations and civilization violated in our persons. Your proffer," he added, "is a mockery, and a snare."

"Which we are not quite fools enough to fall into," added Henri, "even if we knew where the fugitive you name has succeeded in concealing herself from the tender assiduities of his Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Constantine. Tell him from me," he added, "that if ever I should have the honor of meeting him *out of Russia*, I'll horse-whip him, though it were in a church or a palace."

"Insolent!" exclaimed the general, horrified at the idea of any one dreaming of inflicting chastisement on the august person of a son of the Czar—an outrage never heard of in Russia.

To be sure, they frequently poison them, but that is considered *en regle*, and not incompatible with their respect for the family dignity.

"Wretches," he said, "the hour for mercy is past."

"But that of retribution," muttered Charles between his clenched teeth, "is yet to come."

On receiving a sign from their superior, the great doors at the lower end of the hall were opened, and a light covered waggon drawn by three horses drove in. The Feldjager, or police officer who was to conduct them to Moscow, was on the box. He was one of those beings whose features are as impassible as those of a statue, as his cold blue eye was without the slightest expression either of feeling or passion; scarcely did it convey the idea of life.

And yet the man entrusted with this degrading employment was a noble, being in the lowest order of the Tchinn, or fourteen classes of nobility, into which all the inhabitants of Russia are divided. When we say all, we must except the serfs; they are reckoned with the beasts of the field.

The wagon was so contrived that light was admitted only by a small grated aperture in the top, and in this the prisoners were doomed to travel till they had passed beyond the government of Moscow, and reached a region where there was little chance of meeting with travellers, or in fact any one who might feel an interest in their fate.

As resistance was useless, the two friends entered the vehicle without a word of observation, followed by Jack, who bitterly regretted his too easy compliance with the commands of his young master, whose want of pluck, as he considered it, he could not comprehend.

"Well, here we are, sir, caged at last," he observed; "if this be goin' a pleasin' in furrin parts, I'd rather have staid at home. Harleyford be a pleasanter place than Rooshia, but you know best."

Charles mentally admitted that Harleyford was a much more agreeable place. Then he thought of Sir Edward and the high-spirited Beatrix; poor fellow, his heart began to feel exceedingly heavy.

"I wonder whether they'll show us for bears or English jackasses?" said the groom with desperate calmness; "and for how much! But it must naturally be for donkeys; they can't have the face to call us anything else, after the way we have been put upon. Lord forgive 'ee, Master Charley," he added, "but I thought thee had more spirit in 'ee."

It was impossible either to reconcile Jack to the doctrine of non-resistance, or make him comprehend the necessity of it.

As soon as he had seen his prisoners safely into the wagon, the general locked the door with his

own hand, and gave the police feldjager, who was henceforth responsible for their safety, the key. The fellow touched his cap, and giving the signal to the postillion, they started on the way towards Moscow.

The first rays of morning were seen through the grated aperture of the moving prison, as it rolled over the drawbridge of the fortress.

They had not proceeded more than a mile upon their journey, before Henri de la Tour became exceedingly restless, and once or twice a muttered curse escaped his lips.

"What is the matter?" demanded his friend.

"Nothing;" replied the Frenchman; "that is, pshaw! the fact is, I have such a ridiculous aversion to them, that it will take me some days before I get reconciled to their interesting society."

"Society! reconciled to them!" repeated Charles, who began to think that the horror of their situation had shaken his companion's reason; "I do not understand you; of what or whom are you speaking?"

"Of the fleas," growled Jack; "we shall be eaten up alive by them; I've killed eleven already;" he added savagely.

His master shuddered with disgust; the young Frenchman, being of a less sensitive turn, secretly envied the speaker his skill and success.

It is a singular fact that fleas—and we will not name their companions—are the pest of Russia; the hotels, palaces of the nobility, nay, even that of the Czar himself, is infested with them. They make their homes in the most costly furniture: the inhabitants are so accustomed to them, that they pay little attention to their presence. Hitherto the friends had escaped this plague, for the Hotel Coulon is one of the very few houses in St. Petersburg which does not swarm with them; though, if Cus-tine's account be true, they are met even there occasionally.

As soon as the waggon drove off, the general caused every article of dress, money, and jewelry taken from the exiles, to be carefully packed in his presence and sealed—a very necessary precaution, considering the hands they were to pass through—and forwarded by a confidential agent to Count Berkendorf, according to the instructions he had received; the minister of the secret police had a use for them.

Madam Coulon, who, ever since the adventure of the fair Circassian, had felt a warm interest in her guests, felt exceedingly uneasy when she found they did not return to the hotel. She knew the police too well to apply to them for information, although, in compliance with the law, she notified their absence in the daily report she was compelled to make. On the contrary she took a far more prudent course and sent a note to each of their ambassadors, who immediately applied to Count Berken-dorf for information.

The answer had been already prepared.

Charles Vasseur and Henri de la Tour, the minister stated, had been on an excursion the preceding day to the fortress of Schlussemburg, where they had passed several hours with General Field-bash and his officers. The boat they had engaged, it was added, had not returned.

The British minister read the reply with dismay, he was not deceived by it; for he was perfectly aware, not only of the enormities of which the secret police were capable, but the artful means which they unscrupulously used to prevent detection.

He resolved to apply at once to the Emperor as the only chance of baffling the enmity of any inferior personage, such as Colonel Harewood, to whom his suspicions pointed. But if his young countryman had been so unfortunate as to fall under the Czar's displeasure, he well knew that all inquiry would be useless.

It was about this period that the conferences on the subject of Turkey, which have since become historical, were of almost daily occurrence, and Nicholas more than usually polite to the clear-sighted diplomat, whose judgment he wished to mislead. He knew the man he had to deal with too well to attempt to corrupt him, but in his fatuity he trusted to blind him.

Accustomed in his own court to see all bend before him—to meet with only subserviency and corruption, it is little to be wondered at that the despot imagined he could mould the opinions of the representative of England to meet his own.

The bribe he offered—not to the ambassador, that was quite out of the question, but to the country he represented, was a magnificent one—Egypt, the shortest road to our Indian possessions.

"Sire," said the minister, at the first audience, which occurred after the disappearance of our hero, "the opinions and proposals of your Imperial Majesty are so unexpected, that the government of

her Britannic Majesty have not furnished me with instructions upon the point. I can only refer to my court the views you have honoured me by discussing."

"Much," observed the Czar with a bland smile, for, like most despots, he could be very gracious on occasions, "will depend on the manner in which they are put, and we consider ourselves fortunate in having so intelligent an ambassador as a medium of communication. Turkey is effete," he added, "is worn out—a body without vitality, and may be compared to a sick man whom the physicians have given over. The dissolution of the Ottoman Empire is merely a question of time, not fact; I consider it inevitable."

The minister bowed. Of course he had nothing to reply to such reasonings.

"In the mean time," continued the august speaker, "Europe is held in a state of suspense by the difficulties which such a state of things hold impending over it; it is a knot which cannot easily be unravelled."

"Or cut," thought the ambassador, as he inclined his head again.

"As soon as you hear from your court, I shall expect to see you again. You may communicate either personally, or through Nesselrode."

This was an intimation that the audience was ended, but the diplomat did not take the hint.

"You have some observation to offer," said Nicholas: "speak freely."

"Not on the present subject, please your Majesty," replied the ambassador; "but the benevolence you have expressed towards me, and your well-known love of justice, emboldens me to solicit your gracious influence to unravel the fate of a young countryman in whom I feel deeply interested."

"Has he offended against the laws of Russia?" demanded the Czar.

"Intentionally, Sire, I can answer that he has not; but he has an enemy."

"Name?"

"He is honored with your gracious favor."

"Name him," repeated the Emperor with a slight accent of impatience.

"Colonel Harewood, Sire."

"I have heard something of this before," replied Nicholas after a few moments' reflection, "and feel assured that you need be under no apprehension respecting the fate of your countryman. I will speak to Berkendorf on the subject," he added, "and direct him to use every exertion to discover the cause of the absence of your protégé, who shall become mine since you feel an interest in his welfare."

The diplomatist bowed low at this courtly compliment, his audience soon after terminated, and he withdrew.

Although the ambassador entertained great hopes from the promise of the Czar, he was too well acquainted with Russian deceit and treachery to rely implicitly upon it; he knew that the sovereign was as frequently deceived as served by those whom he employed. To be sure a high functionary occasionally disappeared from St. Petersburg and his post was filled by another, but the warning intended to be conveyed produced little permanent good. Corruption is too deeply seated. The fact is that the highest offices of the state are so miserably paid, that unless the holders sold their influence and trafficked in the sale of justice, it would be impossible for them to live. A judge in Russia must spend a hundred thousand rubles a year and provide for his family out of an appointment of twenty-five thousand rubles.

Custom has all but legalised the tariff of bribery in the dominions of the Czar.

That very same day the minister of France solicited an audience of Nicholas, and made a similar representation on behalf of Henri de la Tour. His Majesty felt annoyed, not at the idea of a crime having been committed, but that it should have been perpetrated without his sanction. He sent at once for Berkendorf, a summons which the minister of the secret police had prepared himself to meet.

"How is it, count," demanded his master, "that two travellers, an Englishman and a Frenchman, have disappeared from the Hotel Coulon?"

"Permit me, Sire," replied the agent of Constantine, "to remind your Majesty that the question does not come under my department: Count Orloff, the head of the high police, is the person to answer it."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the Czar impatiently, "we know that few circumstances can take place in St. Petersburg without the secret police being acquainted with it; there has not been that frankness of late which I have a right to expect. I never clearly comprehended the Tichoff affair; the death

of the husband followed too closely on that of the wife for both to have been natural."

"Jealousy, most probably, Sire," answered the minister, without the slightest change of countenance; "but if it is your imperial pleasure that an investigation should take place, although I foresee it will cause some scandal, it shall instantly be set on foot."

It was not without intention that the speaker used the word scandal, to which he well knew his master entertained a perfect abhorrence; no man being more sensitive on the score of the public opinion of Europe than Nicholas, who on the death of Alexander paid an enormous sum to suppress a work written by a Frenchman named Malley, many years valet to his brother's Scotch physician.

"Let it rest," he said; "the evil is without remedy now."

Berkendorf bowed.

But the present is a widely different affair," he continued; "two travellers, distinguished by their rank and names, have suddenly disappeared in my capital; this must be inquired into: mark me, must. We shall be represented else as barbarians, half civilized savages, by the press of Europe; and the fiends of democracy yell in triumph at another proof of our tyranny, as the slaves insolently presume to designate our paternal government of Russia."

About ten days afterwards a detailed report was sent to the Emperor of an imaginary upsetting of a boat in the Neva, in which Charles Vavasour and Henri de la Tour had embarked. The clothes, papers, and singular to say, the watches, rings, and money, which had evidently been under water for a considerable time, were sent to the respective ambassadors with similar statements. As for the bodies, Count Berkendorf regretted to inform their excellencies, the fishermen stated that they were in so advanced a state of decomposition that it was necessary to bury them directly.

Thus our readers will understand why every article taken from the two friends on the night of their banishment to Siberia had been forwarded to the minister; they enabled him to deceive not only the Czar but the friends of his victims, and hide his own and the Grand Duke's dastardly outrage on the men whose spirits were too honorable to be moulded to their purpose.

By the next messenger, the English ambassador forwarded an account of the supposed death of our hero to his friend Sir Edward Challoner; experienced as he was in the deceptions and mysteries of the Russian police, even the writer was deceived. Had he known the part his protégé had taken in the escape of Lelia, the probability is he might not have been so easily satisfied.

With the exception of those who were in the secret of Berkendorf's duplicity, one person only in St. Petersburg heard the tale of the upsetting of the boat, and the drowning of Charles and his companion with incredulity. It was Mr. Markham, the English merchant. After several days' hesitation and reflection, he imparted his suspicions to the ambassador, but unfortunately not till after the departure of the letters to England.

"And what are your reasons for this extraordinary supposition?" demanded his excellency.

"The absence of one proof which the son of my old friend would only have surrendered with life," replied his visitor; "the portrait of his mother set in diamonds, which he wore round his neck."

"'Tis singular," observed Sir Hamilton, musingly; "if any deception has been practised, their plans are deeply laid; and the moving influence must be greater than any Colonel Harewood can possess."

The merchant related to him the adventure with the Grand Duchess Maria at the *bal masque*.

It was a forlorn hope, still it was one; and the man who so worthily represented England, resolved that he would take further steps to ascertain the truth before he considered his young countryman numbered with the dead.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Oh, all-preparing Providence divine!

In thy huge book what secrets are enroll'd?

What sundry helps doth thy great power assign,

To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold.

DRAYTON.

THE monotony of their journey towards Moscow, imprisoned by day in the close, stifling waggon, and confined at night in the well secured chambers which, in every post-house in Russia, are set apart for the exiles condemned to Siberia, tended more to crush the spirit of the friends than even their anticipations of the privations they would have to encounter on reaching the frozen regions to which they were banished. There, at least, they would be com-

paratively free: free to inhale the breeze, to gaze upon the face of nature, which, if not decked in smiles, was far preferable to the wooden walls of their moving prison.

It was in vain that they endeavored to console each other by speculation on the possibility of escape, or laying plans for the future. A dull and sullen apathy stole over them, and by the fourth day of their captivity they scarcely exchanged a word.

Jack Curlin suffered perhaps the least of the party, from the simple fact that he experienced the physical inconveniences of his position only. He preferred the journey by day to the solitude of the cell in which he was locked up by night; for their guards, with a refinement of cruelty, had been directed, whenever it was possible, to separate them; companionship, even in misfortune, was considered too great a luxury by their oppressors to be indulged in whenever it could be avoided.

The fifth day's journey brought them within a stage of the ancient capital of the empire, they were conducted as usual to separate rooms, or rather cells, of the post-house. A bowl of quass and a small loaf of rye-bread, were given to each, and the doors fastened on them for the night.

Charles and Henri wrung each other by the hand as they separated; their hearts were too full for words; yet neither of them regretted the fulfilment of the noble act of duty which had drawn such misery upon them. Had it been to perform again, again they would have protected Lelia from her brutal enemies.

As for Jack, he whistled; whistled with savage energy, as guarded by a couple of police officers, he marched toward the low range of buildings at the back of the post-house, in which he was to be confined till morning; not being considered a prisoner of so much importance as either of the two friends, his guards were less particular where they disposed of him.

His master and Henri de la Tour were consigned to separate dens, for they were not worthy of the name of chambers, the doors of which opened into a large room occupied only by the officer who commanded the escort, and his men. There were neither windows nor fire-places in their prisons. Any attempt at escaping from such a place was hopeless. It had been contrived by cruelty and suspicion.

"When," murmured our hero, as he cast himself upon the ground; "when will this misery end!" His thoughts reverted to England and Beatrix—to the scenes of his youth, the happy hours he had passed at Harleyford; what would he not have given to have seen once more the green fields, to have heard the clock of the village church, the voices once so familiar to him!

He had not been more than an hour in this state of dreamy meditation before he heard the sound of the innumerable bells which decorate the post-houses and sleighs. He knew that travellers had arrived—his countrymen, perhaps, and the thought caused his heart to beat. His first impulse was to shout aloud; the mocking laugh of the guard alone replied to him.

In one respect he was right: two English gentlemen, named Beacham, were on their way from Moscow to St. Petersburg. Being persons of wealth and consideration, they had everywhere been well received, and felt delighted with the hospitality in Russia. Like most young men, they looked not beyond the surface of things, and not unnaturally mistook the exquisite varnish of the picture for excellency in the painting.

Little did they imagine, as they stood speculating upon the purpose for which the extraordinary-looking carriage standing in front of the post-house could have been built, that it had been lately occupied by two of their own countrymen on their way to Siberia.

The governor of Moscow, to whom they brought letters of introduction, had given them a feldjäger, an act of courtesy which rendered travelling, otherwise so liable to annoyance and restriction, agreeable as well as easy.

Here it may be as well to explain what a feldjäger is, for the information of our readers.

It is the name given to a numerous class of officers of police, who are invested with extensive powers. It is one part of their duty to arrest persons suspected by the state, travel with orders from one government to another, and conduct exiles to Siberia. Although so highly trusted, they are wretchedly paid, and to maintain their families and themselves in any degree of comfort, are compelled to resort to the most degrading means. Woe to the unhappy wretch who falls into their hands; under one pretence or other the last ruble in his possession

is extorted from him. They enter the house of the greatest noble in Russia, and remove him from the midst of his dependents. Armed with the authority of the government, the grave was the only asylum secure from their presence.

As in the present instance, these minions of power are frequently appointed to attend travellers of distinction, either with the view of acting as spies upon their actions and conversation, or as a mark of peculiar favor.

Like most functionaries in that despotic land, their manners are brutal and harsh; without the slightest hesitation they horsemanship the post-masters and serfs, and not unfrequently cause the horses they require to be taken from the carriages of less distinguished travellers, whom they leave to pursue their journey as they may.

The feldjäger, hearing that one of his comrades had arrived with a party of prisoners for Siberia, thought to afford the gentlemen whom he was appointed to guard, an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by showing them the exiles. It was the interest of the fellow to make himself as agreeable to them as possible, seeing that he expected a handsome recompense over the sum which the regulations permitted him to charge for his services. He accordingly proposed to his brother officer to permit them to see the exiles.

"Impossible," replied the man.

"They will behave liberally," urged the official.

"It is not that," said the former, in a tone of vexation, "but my orders are most strict, and however I may deal with ordinary prisoners, I dare not trifle with Berkendorf; if detected," he added, "the least I could expect would be to take up my abode permanently with my prisoners, even if I escaped the mines for life."

"Bah!" exclaimed the other, "are they of such distinction?"

"They are Englishmen," whispered the fellow, at the same time drawing from his breast the paper containing the orders on which he acted, to prove that his objection was not a capitious one.

The second feldjäger read it attentively over, and returned it to him with a shrug. He saw at once that his project was impossible.

"Pity Berkendorf has been so particular," he observed. "Twenty silver rubles, at the very least, lost to us; for my *voyageurs* pay like princes, and yet I heard in Moscow that they are only merchants."

While this conversation was being carried on, the carriage of Mr. Beacham was being unloaded in the yard close to the building in which Jack Curlin was confined. The poor fellow listened anxiously and was rewarded by hearing the servant indulge in an oath at the awkwardness of some peasants who were assisting in the operation.

To have called out might have excited attention, and defeated the object he had in view; he began therefore to sing.

To the astonishment of the domestic, he recognized the voice of an Englishman.

"What are you doing there?" he said, approaching the door.

"Are you an Englishman?" demanded Jack.

"Well, I believe I am; what are you?"

"I was an Englishman, too," replied the prisoner, "I am a bear now. I and my master—Mr. Charles Vavasour, don't forget the name—have been taken prisoners by the Rooshians. They keep us like wild beasts in a cage by day, and at night lock us up as you see. We are going to Siberia, I think they call the place."

Fortunately, Mr. Beacham's servant was a man of some intelligence, and had been quite long enough in the country to know what going to Siberia meant. He felt that not an instant was to be lost if he wished to serve his unfortunate fellow-countrymen.

"Can you write?" he asked.

"Yes; but I can't spell very well in the dark."

"Never mind the spelling," replied the man, thrusting a blank leaf, which he tore from his pocket-book, and a pencil under the door. "Write the name of your master and your own upon this piece of paper, and the address of your friends in England."

Jack did as he was directed, and in a few minutes the paper was thrust back again.

"Have you another one?" inquired the prisoner.

The man hastily thrust about half a dozen leaves into the cell.

"I'll return in about an hour," he said, "write what you wish to send to your friends, and I'll see that they get it."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Jack energetically. "There is naught like an Englishman to help a fellow-critter."

The last part of the observation was unheard, for Mr. Beacham's servant seeing the feldjäger at the

door of the station, took up his master's dressing-case and entered the post-house. Before retiring to rest, the kind-hearted fellow contrived, under pretence of searching for something he had left in the carriage to return to the court-yard. After carefully looking round him, to see that he was unobserved, he tapped gently at Jack's cell.

"All right," said the prisoner, thrusting the leaves and pencil, with which he had contrived to scribble something in the shape of a letter to Susan, under the door; "don't forget me."

"Master sends you these," whispered his unknown friend.

Jack could not see, but knew by the feel that they were bank notes, which he received by the same medium as the previous articles.

"Do tell me what you have done?" continued the speaker.

"Don't know," muttered Jack; "kept for curiosity's sake, I suppose, to improve the manners of the Rooshians, who be more loike bears than men. It's my opinion that naught thrives in this country, except the fleas," he added, savagely, "and they go on rarely."

On the following morning, when the prisoners were once more reunited in their moving prison, the faithful fellow related to his companions in exile, the circumstances of the preceding night. Charles at first could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses; he made Jack repeat his story over and over again.

"Hope dawns at last!" he exclaimed. "These travellers on their arrival at St. Petersburg, for the honor of the name they bear, by the ties of humanity and our common country, will make known to our ambassador our fate, which has doubtless been concealed from him. Cheer up, Henri!" he added; "heaven has not deserted us. We shall yet be saved."

"Unless Jack has been dreaming," observed the young Frenchman, which is not unlikely. "I, too, dreamt last night, and saw the chateau where I was born, the vine-clad hills of France, and the familiar faces of my friends, as distinctly as ever I beheld them in my waking hours."

At this idea, which put a new complexion on his servant's narrative, the heart of our hero sank. He, too, had been haunted in the lonely hours of the night by visions as distinct as those which his companions spoke of.

"Dreams!" repeated the groom; it's impossible! I never has no dreams, unless after a hearty supper, and heaven knows my poor stomach has not been troubled in that way lately; it would be quite astonished at a meal's victuals. Besides," he added, "if I only dreamt of bank notes, I shouldn't have found them in my pocket in the morning."

With these words, he drew from the pocket of his sheep-skin jacket, the roll of notes which Mr. Beacham's servant had thrust under the door of his cell, and gave them to his master.

"They be real, sir," he said, with a chuckle, "at any rate."

This was proof positive that Jack's imaginative powers had not played him false; the spirits of the two friends rose accordingly.

The wagon in which the prisoners travelled, as we before stated, was enclosed on either side, light and air being admitted by a narrow iron grating in the roof above. Whilst debating on the extraordinary chance which seemed so unexpectedly to favor them, Henri de la Tour noticed a scrap of paper, carefully folded, lying in the straw upon which they were sitting.

To open and read it was the work of an instant.

It contained the following words:

"We feel for you, but are powerless to interfere; our own safety might be compromised without assisting you. On reaching St. Petersburg, we intend to relate what has occurred to the ambassador. Your friends in England shall be communicated with."

It was signed, "Two Englishmen travelling in Russia."

"You were right, dear Charles," said his friend. "Providence indeed watches over us. We shall escape the bloodhounds yet."

From that day existence became less wretched. The notes which the generosity of Mr. Beacham had supplied, were divided into three equal parts, and carefully concealed upon the person of each. Jack at first refused to take his share, observing that it was naught but right that Master Charley should carry the *puss*; nor was it till the prudence of the arrangement was explained to him, that his objections were overcome. In the event of their being separated, or one contriving to effect his escape, he would not be without the means of travelling as far as money could procure them.

That night they reached Moscow, from which city

the journey towards Siberia may be said really to begin. To the great relief of the prisoners they passed only one more day in the wagon: after that period they were permitted to walk, tied together by a strong cord passed round the waist of each.

"Like *osces* at a fair," muttered Jack, when he saw the arrangement. "I do wonder if they are a-goin to sell us."

It was degrading, yet the exiles never once complained. The monotony of their imprisonment was broken, and they again drew the pure air of heaven.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE correspondence between our hero and Beatrice had continued for several weeks without interruption: his letters were anxiously looked for, they were the only solace which the warm-hearted girl knew in his absence.

Suddenly they ceased—and the baronet's chagrin nearly equalled his daughter's, for Charles had so wound himself around the old man's heart that he already looked upon him as his son.

As time rolled on, expectation changed into suspense, and suspense to agony. Beatrice said little, but her cheek became pale, and her merry laugh no longer resounded through the old chambers at the Moat. When she made her appearance at the breakfast table in the morning, her eyes were dim with the tears which had bedewed her sleepless pillow.

Poor Sir Edward! his hands trembled as he unlocked the post-bag: at each fresh disappointment he would turn silently away, or convey the intelligence of there being no letters for his child by a paternal kiss.

"Come, Tricksey," he said, as he and his daughter met half an hour before the usual time in the breakfast room, "let us walk in the park and meet Christie with the letters. I feel a presentiment," he added, trying to force a smile, "that we shall not be disappointed this time."

"Heaven grant it," cried Beatrice. "I fear that he is ill or—"

"Pooh!" interrupted her father, "ill! what should make one of the finest young fellows in Europe, sound wind and limb, ill? Most likely it's the rascally post; matters are looking queer between England and Russia, and Charley's letters have been intercepted. Besides," he continued, "it is not likely that Jack Curlin should be taken ill at the same time with his master; and he has not written to Susan, who goes moping about the house like a sick poult; for my own part I don't feel the least uneasiness."

The nervous twitching upon the lips of the speaker belied his words. He did feel uneasy, and his daughter was too well acquainted with his natural goodness of heart to be deceived by the assertion which was intended to console her.

"I had a singular dream last night," she said.

"Don't tell me, Tricksey," replied the old man; "you know I hate dreams; never knew one to come true in all my life. Three days before you were born I dreamt you were to be a boy, and you proved a girl; dreams always go by contraries."

By this time they had reached the summit of a sloping hill in the park, from whence they had an uninterrupted view as far as the lodge. Both eagerly directed their glance towards the road, expecting to see the groom.

He was not in sight.

"Christie grows old," muttered the baronet; "and I dare be bound, with his usual cleverness, has taken the slowest horse in the stable. He ought to have been back by this time."

Beatrice looked at her watch.

"There he is," exclaimed the speaker, greatly excited; he has just turned the end of the lane. Not such a fool as I thought, he has taken Jupiter—and quite right, too."

This was the name of Sir Edward's favorite hunter, the one his daughter rode when she followed Charles Vavasour on the morning of his quarrel with her father; who, on any other occasion, would have been exceedingly indignant at his old servant presuming to mount the animal.

Neither of the speakers uttered another word, but stood watching the progress of the groom, who plied both whip and spur more like a jockey riding a race, than an ordinary messenger. He was generally considered a cross-grained, ill-tempered old fellow, as impatient of contradiction as the baronet himself, whose opinion on stable matters he frequently ventured to dispute; but to make amends, he was faithful, and would have risked his neck at any time,

either for him or his young lady, had necessity required it.

Christie recognized his master and Beatrix as soon as he passed the lodge-gate, and taking off his hunting cap, for he never wore a hat on any occasion, waved it over his head.

"He has letters!" exclaimed father and daughter, at the same instant.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the former, with delight. "I knew that we should hear from the dear boy—the young rascal, I mean—to-day."

"Oh, papa—papa, you must not speak so harshly of poor Charley."

"I shall speak of him as I please," replied the old man, good-humoredly; "call him a lazy puppy—unless," he added, "I find that he had excellent reasons for his silence. If the fault has not been his, possibly I may forgive the sleepless nights and miserable days he has caused me. Had I been an irritable, nervous person, I should have gone mad."

Beatrix could scarcely suppress a smile. The baronet firmly believed that he was one of the most enduring, patient creatures in existence.

How little do we know ourselves.

By this time the messenger had reached the spot where they were standing, and reined up the noble animal, whose flanks and neck were covered with foam. Under ordinary circumstances, how the baronet would have raged. Christie slipped the strap, which confined the post-bag, over his shoulder, and handed it to his master.

"A packet from Russia, Miss," he said, "the post-master told me; for I made bold to ask the question, on poor Susan's account, he added, drily, who has been crying her eyes out about that great lubberly fellow, Jack, for the last fortnight. Can't think what she can see in him."

The smile which thanked the old servant for his tact and speed, amply rewarded him; it was worth anything to see her lovely eyes sparkle again.

"Hang me—remember I said hang, Tricksey," exclaimed the baronet, in a tone of vexation, "If I have not forgotten the key of the bag."

With a step light as that of a fawn, and far more graceful, his daughter started from his side, and ran towards the house to fetch it.

"On the breakfast table," shouted her father, calling after her, then turning to the groom, he asked him if he was quite certain there were letters from St. Petersburg.

"Can't say, Sir Edward. I only inquired for letters from Russia."

"It's the same thing, Christie."

"Then why didn't you say so, Sir Edward?" replied the man, with all the familiarity of a favorite servant. "What do I know about *furrin* names and *furrin* parts, or such sort of—"

"Answer my question, iron pate," interrupted his master, impatiently.

"Of course there are," said the groom; "didn't I see it myself, with a *great, big seal*?"

The words *great, big seal*, caused the baronet to reflect. Charles never used such. His uneasiness returned, and he hastened towards the house by another path than the one his daughter had taken, in order to read the letters in private.

No sooner had he reached the apartment, known as his den, than he ripped open the post-bag and broke the seal of the packet.

It was the ambassador's letter, communicating the supposed death of Mr. Vavasour, his friend, and servant, by the upsetting of his boat upon the Neva.

"Dead!" he murmured, "dead in the prime of manhood! Poor Charles! poor Beatrix! Why did I let him go!—why did I not insist upon his marrying her and staying in England? I am a weak old fool," he added, bursting into tears, "and shall soon be a childless one."

The door of the room opened, and his daughter—her expressive countenance beaming with hope and expectation—came bounding towards him.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "how cruel, how selfish!"

At the sight of his pale features and quivering lips, she paused, regarded him for an instant, and would have fallen senseless on the floor if the old

man had not caught her in his outstretched arms. Her heart had guessed the worst.

Sir Edward Challoner's cries for assistance soon brought the housekeeper and Susan into the room. Their young mistress was conveyed to her chamber between them, and Christie, who had scarcely dismounted from his horse, was directed to ride back to Harleyford for the nearest medical assistance.

It was a painful scene; Beatrix lying without the least sign of consciousness, upon the bed, her father leaning over her, wringing his hands and calling on her by the most endearing names to live for his sake; whilst the old housekeeper, in her distraction, demanded a hundred remedies at once from Susan, who could only answer with her tears, for her heart was heavy on account of Jack Curlin, whose letters from *Rooshia* had made a wonderful impression on her susceptible nature.

"God," exclaimed the baronet, falling on his knees, "thou hast given me wealth, broad lands, and an honorable name. They were the least of thy mercies. This bruised flower was the most precious of thy gifts. Take all but her, steep me in poverty, reduce me to toil for the bread which nourishes me; but in thy mercy spare the child of my affection, the staff of my age, and I will bless thy name, and say, 'Thy will be done.'"

The united endeavors of the housekeeper and Susan at last restored the poor-stricken girl to the sad consciousness of her misery. As her eyes unclosed, she glanced wildly on those around her till they rested on her father, who stood anxiously watching her.

"Thank Heaven," he fervently exclaimed, "that I have yet a child!"

She threw her arms round his neck, and let her head fall gently on his shoulder. Sir Edward would have rejoiced to see her weep, but tears were denied her.

"Tell me all," she murmured, "I can hear it now."

The servants left the room.

"Poor Charles!" said her parent.

At the name of her lover, a violent spasm shook



CHARLES, HENRI, AND JACK CURLIN, UNDER ESCORT, ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA.

her frame; nature asserted her rights, and the long-withheld tears flowed fast and freely.

We must draw a veil over feelings which it is impossible to describe, for there are sorrows no words can portray—sorrows our readers can imagine more truthfully than we can paint them—wounds which reach the heart; time may assuage the pain, but the scars remain.

Ill news is proverbial for the rapidity with which it travels. Before many hours had elapsed, the rumor was very generally spread in Harleyford of the death of Charles Vavasour; and from the village it reached the Hall. It called forth a hypocritical expression of sorrow from the relatives of our hero in public, and undisguised satisfaction in secret.

"I always thought he would come to no good end," exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour, when she heard of it; he was always a headstrong, presumptuous boy."

"And so vain?" said her daughter Margaret, who had never pardoned our hero's obstinate blindness to her attractions. "Beatrice Challoner must look out for another husband," she added with a smile; "her grief, I dare say, will not prove either very long or lasting."

"She is a fool if it does," observed Cuthbert, with a sneer. "With her fortune and personal attractions, she might look higher than to become the wife of my uncle's illegitimate son. There are many fine fellows who would be only too happy to—"

"Yourself included in the list, I suppose?" interrupted his sister bitterly.

"And why not?" demanded the young man. "This heir of Vavasour Manor is not the worst match in the county."

There had never been much love between the children of the Reverend Richard Vavasour, and their father's unexpected accession of fortune seemed to have lessened it. Margaret could not endure the airs her brother gave himself, and, whenever he spoke of inheriting the estate, never failed to remind him that it was not an entailed property, and that her dear papa could leave it as he pleased.

"You forget," she said, "that you are not the heir of Vavasour Manor any more than myself, and that Beatrice hates you."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have seen her turn with aversion from your looks," replied the amiable young lady.

"With greater dislike than Charles used to avoid yours?" inquired her brother, spitefully. "You know you played off all your airs and graces to catch him; but he was not to be had. Curse the fellow! the only sensible point I ever saw in his character was his contempt for you, with your pretended charity and religion. I hate such mockery."

"It is impossible to say how far the quarrel might have proceeded, had not the Reverend Richard Vavasour interposed between them. To do him justice, he was equally attached to both his children."

"Cuthbert," he said, "you are unjust to accuse your sister of an attachment, which I feel certain she is too sensible a girl ever to have entertained, for an ungrateful young reprobate, who might have proved a thorn in our path, had not Providence removed him out of the way. And you, Margaret," he added, "should not show such susceptibility on the subject of property. Thank heaven, I can provide for both of you, without doing injustice to either."

During the above conversation, Mrs. Vavasour had been silent; that prudent lady had been calculating, in her own mind, whether the report of our hero's death rested on any sure foundation or not. She feared the intelligence was too good to prove true.

"Richard," she said, addressing her husband, "you had better ride over to the Moat, and see Sir Edward Challoner."

"I, my love!"

"Yes; the occasion justifies the step. You will not only learn whether the wretched young person—of course you will not speak of him as such—be really dead or not, but it will afford an excellent opportunity for bringing about a reconciliation between our families."

"Certainly, my dear," observed the reverend gentleman, "if you wish it."

"I do wish it," replied the lady; "it's unpleasant to be at variance with one's neighbors. Besides, Beatrice would be such a delightful companion and friend for Margaret."

"I don't want her as a companion or friend," exclaimed the young lady, petulantly: for she was perfectly aware that it was not on her account her

maneuvering mamma felt so anxious for a reconciliation with the Challoners.

"Had Sir Edward been the father of an only son, instead of an only daughter," observed her brother, with a sneer, "you would not have been so indifferent."

"Perhaps not," retorted Margaret, who felt at that moment that she hated him.

Again their father was obliged to interpose to heal the breach between them; and it was finally settled that he should ride over to the Moat in the evening, to make the inquiries suggested by his prudent wife.

Amongst the bubbles which daily start into life, pass an ephemeral existence, and then vanish into air, the magnificent project of Francis Bailey turned out one of the most notorious. At one time the shares, as he predicted, were quoted upon 'Change—and had he carried out his original intention of selling out, the dreaming speculator might have realised a handsome sum. But no, a moderate profit was beneath his acceptance. He held on, and found himself a beggar—nay worse, liable to a large amount to his dupes, many of whom commenced actions against him as the founder of the scheme by which they had been plundered.

The consequence was that he lost his situation in the stock-broker's office, and had to begin the world afresh with the limited capital of twenty pounds in his pocket.

"All up," exclaimed the sanguine gentleman, "and unless I can bleed the governor to the same tune, I am a ruined man."

He knew that it would be useless to write to him, so he wisely determined to take the train for Ipswich, and run over to Harleyford. Leaving directions at his chambers to forward his letters to Paris, where he gave out that he was going, to introduce a plan for cultivating the sugar-cane in the south of France to the Emperor, as a blind to his victims, Francis Bailey quitted London. He was not very hopeful, for his father's letters, since the day when impelled by mistaken affection he had violated his trust to his late master, had been stern and brief.

Still there was a chance, and the *ci-devant* projector of the National Fertilizing Company determined to try it.

Little did he imagine the change which had taken place in the old man's feelings towards him, or the terrible news he was destined to hear on his reaching home.

Upon Bailey, the guilty steward, the news of his young master's death produced a terrible effect. He tried to shake it off, but it clung to him like his shadow; he felt as the murderer feels when haunted by the memory of his victim.

"The hand I braved has reached me," he murmured; "and the measure of my crime and ingratitude is full. How shall I dare to meet my master in the dread court on high? Atonement has now become impossible."

From that day he was an altered man. The sight of the Reverend Richard Vavasour, or any one from the manor house, appeared hateful to him. He went through the duties of his office mechanically, but it was evident to all that he had received a blow from which he would never recover.

The old man was seated looking over his accounts at a later hour than usual, in the little parlor of his cottage, which was situated on the verge of the estate, just between the lodge and the village. His present master, warned by the experience of the past, seldom left any considerable sum of money in his hands; scarcely a day passed that he did not inspect the books and receive the balance.

One door of the room opened into the garden; it had a glass window in the upper part of it, covered with a curtain. Once or twice, whilst writing, the steward was startled by the sound of a pebble thrown against it.

"What can it mean?" he said; "robbers do not generally give notice of their intention—they will be disappointed," he added bitterly; "there is little to plunder here."

Notwithstanding this assertion, the speaker prudently gathered up his books and papers from the table, carefully locked them in an old-fashioned escrutoir, which stood in the recess opposite the window, and placed the key behind the chimney-glass. That done, he armed himself with a pistol, and, drawing aside the curtain, cast his eyes searchingly round the garden.

He saw no one, and imagined for the moment that his imagination had deceived him. Determined however, to be convinced, he opened the door and stepped out upon the gravel walk.

As he did so, a handful of small pebbles struck

him. They came from the opposite side of the hedge.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

There was no reply.

"Speak, or I fire!"

The sharp click of the weapon was distinctly heard, and induced the intruder at once to avow himself.

"Don't be rash," exclaimed a voice; "it might alarm the neighbors! 'Tis I—Francis."

At the name of his son, the old man dropped the weapon; and his heart sank within him, for he anticipated that something dreadful had occurred.

"Are you alone?" added the speaker.

"Alone with remorse and sin," replied his father, sternly; "the only companions you have left to the age you have dishonored. Enter; you come most opportunely."

The unfortunate speculator, whose liberty was seriously threatened by the character of several of his late transactions, entered the house; the steward followed; after carefully closing the garden door, reseated himself. For several minutes they regarded each other in silence.

"So," said the unhappy parent, "the hour which I predicted has arrived!"

"And will pass away," replied the young man, endeavoring to regain confidence. "I am not the first whose genius has been crippled by want of means to carry out a great idea. The thing took, shares were quoted as I predicted. I might have made a fortune," he added, "if —"

"The bubble had not burst, and your dupes recovered their senses," interrupted the steward; "happy are those who have only lost their money by lending an ear to your plausible schemes. Poverty may be endured, money may be recovered, honor never."

At this observation, the founder of the late Consolidated Manure and Fertilising Land Company winced, for he felt that the reproach it conveyed was merited.

"And now," resumed his father, "you are obliged to fly from London, fly like a felon from the hue and cry raised by the fools who listened to you."

The speculative young gentleman modestly confessed that circumstances had rendered a brief retirement from the scene of his late brilliant exploits desirable.

"I shall soon," he added, in a sanguine tone, "be able to regulate the affairs of the company. The next great failure upon 'Change, and mine will be forgotten."

"Except by those whom you have ruined."

"Ruined! disappointed, you mean," exclaimed his son. "Father, I am less culpable than you imagine. Those who are now the most bitter against me, who hunt and persecute me, would have been the first to cringe, flatter, and vote a testimonial to me had my plans succeeded. Morally, they are my accomplices, and not my dupes; for they entered into a scheme which promised results no honest enterprise could realise: they watched upon 'Change as anxiously as I did in order to sell out; and no sooner were the actions at par, than they glutted the money market with them; it was a race between us, in which the runners unfortunately jostled against each other. You can guess the result."

"That you are ruined."

"A conclusion no less unpleasant than correct," replied the young man, coolly, "unless you can assist me. Hear me," he added, "before you decide. I have purchased experience—somewhat bitterly I own; still I have purchased it, and intend to use it. I can prove to you, if you will only give me time to explain myself, that a few hundred pounds—say five, will set me on my legs again."

"And where am I to get five hundred pounds?" demanded the steward.

His son looked at him wistfully; he had still sufficient respect for the gray hairs of the old man left, to feel ashamed at giving utterance to the suggestion which rose upon his tongue.

"I have no longer a confiding master whom I can rob," resumed the speaker; "my present employer knows, and I need not add, does not trust me, for there can be no confidence in mutual guilt. At this moment I have not ten pounds in the house."

"You can procure it."

"No."

"Then I am a ruined man!" exclaimed his son.

"And what am I?" replied his father; "a broken-hearted and dishonored one, bowed down by sin and shame. Misled by my affection for you, I violated the confidence of the generous man who trusted to me, assisted to rob his son of his birthright, drove him from his native land to seek an untimely death in Russia. How shall I meet his accusing gaze,"

he added, passionately, "when we stand together before the judgment seat of heaven? His very look will condemn me."

"Charles Vavasour dead!" exclaimed Francis Bailey.

His father groaned, and dashed aside the tears he was unable to restrain.

The reckless speculator was not entirely heartless; from childhood he had been accustomed to look up to our hero and all of his name with a certain degree of affection and respect, and his supposed death was a blow both to his feelings and his projects.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, wringing the old man's hand; "I have acted like a scoundrel, but I did not mean to do so. I have been tempted beyond my strength. I left Harleyford a simple village lad; in the world on which I was cast, I heard successful cunning called wisdom, honest misfortune stupidity; wealth was the only divinity acknowledged, and I determined to be rich."

"Fool! fool!" muttered his parent.

"But I will atone," continued the speaker, led away once more by his sanguine temperament, "repair the injury I have done to the fortunes of Charles Vavasour, earn wealth honorably, and pour it at his feet."

"On his grave!" exclaimed the parent, passionately. "Did I not tell you he was dead? The noble boy, the honor of his name, who loved and trusted me, perished miserably—perished in the waters of the Neva. But he is avenged—his pale face haunts me—he walks by my side as I cross the fields which should have been his; if I try to pray, I see him mocking me—in the lone hours of the night his death-cry is borne to me on the breeze. I shall go mad," he added—"mad! for my heart and brain can bear no more."

"This is imagination."

"Imagination!" repeated the steward, sternly; "you tell me so! you, who have caused this ruin, tell me my senses have deceived me, when I see him standing by your side, pointing to me as his murderer!"

Francis Bailey, although far from being a superstitious person, started from his seat, so highly were his feelings wrought upon by the remorse and terror of the speaker. The wretched man felt that his safety might be compromised by his longer stay in the house he had disgraced; yet where to go he knew not.

"Forgive me," he said, "for I shall never forgive myself. 'Father,' he added, seeing that his conscience-stricken parent remained with his eyes fixed wildly on the spot where he imagined the son of his late master was standing, "for Heaven's sake, answer me—this silence is dreadful; do speak to me!"

"Yes! yes! it is justice," murmured Mr. Bailey; "but it is hard—with my own hand, my only child, too."

"God!" exclaimed Francis, in a tone of anguish, "his reason fails him."

"But it shall be done!" shrieked the old man, violently; "life for life—it is just, and my own hand—"

As he uttered these words, the maniac—for his imagination had been so highly wrought that he was no longer master of his senses—grasped the pistol, and levelled it at the head of his son, who avoided the danger by catching his wrist. The struggle was a brief one. In the midst of the contest, his father's recollection returned; he dropped the weapon as if his grasp had been suddenly palsied, burst into a flood of tears, and fell upon his neck, exclaiming—

"My son! my son!"

Francis Bailey picked up the instrument of death, and wringing his father by the hand, rushed into the garden, and disappeared over the hedge.

Vainly his parent called after him and entreated him to return, for he was too feeble to follow him—he saw him no more.

"It is my fitting punishment," he murmured; "and I dare not repine; I am left in my old age to die alone."

The next day the steward of Vavasour Manor, although he had recovered his reason, was too ill to quit his bed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

What can we not endure,
When pains are lessened by the hope of cure?—NABB.

INDUCED by the persuasion of his wife, the Rev. Richard Vavasour rode over the following morning to the Moat, in order to inquire into the particulars of his nephew's death, for as yet he was only acquainted with the supposed fact by rumor. A man of less nerve would have been chilled by the coldness of his reception; but, like an experienced

actor who is determined to go through his part whether the audience approve or not, he had decided on not noticing any but very decided symptoms of disapprobation.

Hints were thrown away upon him.

Even the old butler who received him had scarcely sufficient patience to give the unnatural uncle of our hero a civil answer, although he hesitated on deciding whether his master would see him.

"I can't say whether Sir Edward is at home," replied the domestic, drily; "but I should say not."

"Perhaps," said the unwelcome visitor in the blandest accents, "you will have the goodness to ascertain for me."

The butler could not refuse; and, pointing to the library, told him he might wait there till he brought him an answer.

"Might wait!" repeated the rector to himself. "If the fellow has taken his cue from the family, my reception is not likely to prove a cordial one. I must be wary. The baronet's peppery humor will be more offensive than usual, excited by the death of his favorite."

For once he was mistaken. Sorrow had disarmed the old man of his usual biting sarcasm. He had just left the chamber of his darling child, and his heart was too full to find relief in words. His manner, when he entered the room, was cold and dignified, it was the dignity of sorrow.

"To what unexpected circumstance," he said, bowing very stiffly, "am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Unexpected circumstance! My dear Sir Edward!" repeated his visitor, "there was a time when such a question would have been the last you would have addressed to one of my name and calling."

"To one of your name most certainly."

"Intelligence," continued the rector, "has reached me indirectly of the death of the poor, misguided boy, whom, despite of circumstances, I still feel for as the son of my lamented brother. You, doubtless, can relieve the anxiety under which we all suffer: for you were his constant friend."

"May I ask whom the Reverend Mr. Vavasour means by we?" demanded the baronet.

"My wife and family," answered the rector, confusedly.

"Tell them," said the old man, sternly, "that they may now count safely on the enjoyment of their ill-gotten wealth; that the work of chicanery and injustice is accomplished; the son, the legitimate son, of your late brother is dead."

"Heaven forgive him," exclaimed the hypocrite, "as freely as I do, poor boy, the cruel opinion which he formed of us! I could have loved him as my son, and should have proved my affection had he lived to return to us."

The baronet smiled contemptuously, for he felt disgusted at the affectation of generosity.

"You cannot deceive me, Dickon—I beg pardon, Mr. Richard Vavasour," he said; "for I know you, I can read the joy, the sense of security, which the untimely death of your nephew affords you, the weight of terror and doubt it has removed from that selfish thing you call your heart. There was nothing you feared so much as the return of the orphan you had despoiled."

"Despoiled! the law, Sir Edward, gave me my brother's fortune. Your words are as cruel as unjust. You and my nephew both believed in the legitimacy of his claim; I denied it. Had he, although I knew it was hopeless, succeeded in obtaining proofs of his mother's marriage in Russia, and returned with them to England, I should at once have resigned the estate to him."

"Are you certain the proofs were not obtained?" said the old man, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon him; "and that the claim by which you must hereafter hold the property is as heir to the boy you murdered?"

The rector changed color.

Of course this was merely a random supposition of the baronet's, which he had started merely to test the sincerity of his visitor.

"In that case, I—I—"

"You will retain it," interrupted his former friend; "retain it at the price of the contempt of every honest mind and your own respect; retain it with the price of blood upon it. Good morning, Mr. Vavasour."

"Hear me, Sir Edward. I can prove that my conduct has been actuated by the most unselfish motives, that—"

"Good morning, Mr. Vavasour."

"We once were friends."

"Honor is the soul of friendship; the spirit having fled, let us bury the rotten carcase. Good morning, Mr. Vavasour."

With these words the high-minded owner of the Moat rang the bell twice, and quitted the apartment. When the rector recovered from the confusion and astonishment into which he had been thrown, he saw the butler grinning at the door of the library, ready to show him out.

So ended the hopes of himself and family of renewing their intimacy with the inmates of the Moat.

For several days the life of Beatrix was despaired of, but the sorrow which drinks the blood of youth, dims the bright eye and pales the cheek, does not always kill; and she slowly recovered from the fever which had brought her to the verge of the grave. Her heart-broken parent, although one of the most restless beings in the world, scarcely left her for an instant. He watched by her side with the patience of affection, and forgot his own grief in the thought of soothing hers.

The first time she recognised and called him by the endearing name of father, Sir Edward felt as if his heart would break, there was something so sorrowful, so hopeless in the tone; they prayed together, and prayer mutually gave them strength.

"It is a sad trial for both of us," observed the baronet, as soon as he found courage to speak of his lost favorite. "Had the lightning scathed the gnarled tree, and spared the tender flower, I should not have repined; but you will live, Tricksey," he added, "live for the old man who has no other tie on earth; live to close his eyes when the hour comes which separates him from the world."

His daughter threw her arms around his neck and kissed him; she felt it was her duty to struggle against her sorrow for his sake, and she performed her task nobly.

Although contrary to his habits, tastes, and we might add, to his principles, for Sir Edward considered that every English nobleman ought to spend the income he derived from his estates in his native country, he resolved to travel: change of scene he trusted might restore peace to the heart so nearly broken; he had frequently heard Beatrix express a wish to visit Italy, and he resolved to bear her to that land where so many go to dream of health, and die.

She listened to the arrangement without opposition, for she knew that die where she might, her last wish, which was to repose in the vault in Harleyford churchyard, would be complied with.

It was near the spot where she had overtaken Charles on the morning of his quarrel with her father; where he had first breathed in her ear the word which forms life's music, love.

The baronet had nearly completed his arrangements, when one morning he was disturbed in his den by the butler, who announced the arrival of two visitors.

"Not at home," exclaimed his master impatiently.

"So I told the gentlemen," replied the man; "but they said they must see you."

"Must!" repeated Sir Edward.

"They come from Russia, I believe," added the domestic in a lower tone, "and have come on purpose to visit you all the way from London; their servant, a smart young fellow, has been asking for Susan."

Without waiting to hear another word, the old gentleman rose from his seat and walked or rather ran to the library, where the strangers had been shown. When he reached the door his hand trembled so violently he could scarcely open it.

Two very gentlemanly young men rose to receive him.

"Sir Edward Challoner, I presume," observed the eldest.

"Yes, yes! you come from Russia. Perhaps you knew my poor dear boy Charley, were with him when he died, received his last words;—pray do not keep me in suspense, it tortures, it kills me."

The visitors regarded each other with some embarrassment.

"The intelligence," replied the one who had addressed him, "which we bring is sad in the extreme."

"I know it."

"But not so terrible as you suppose," added the youngest, Mr. Beachem; "for whilst there is life there is hope."

"Whilst there is life," repeated the baronet, slowly, as if endeavoring to catch the import of his words. "What do you mean? I am firm, quite firm. I cannot think you come to mock me."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the young men. "But whilst lately travelling in Russia we encountered a singular adventure. Two Englishmen who had been banished to Siberia, a gentleman and his servant; the name of the former was Charles Vavasour—"

The owner of the Moat, despite the firmness he

boasted of, was so struck by the unexpected intelligence that he sank back in his seat unable for some moments to think or speak.

"You must be in error," he said at last; "for I have the letter of our minister giving a circumstantial account of the poor lad's death."

"His excellency was deceived by a deep-laid scheme, of which we obtained some details from an English merchant, named Markham. Unfortunately, the ambassador left St. Petersburg before we were sufficiently informed to put him in possession of the facts; for, as you are aware, the rupture between the two countries is all but complete."

"And Charley still lives?" exclaimed his old friend.

"We have the proofs."

Before they could produce them the door of the library opened, and Susan, crying and laughing at the same time, with joy and excitement, rushed into the room. For once she forgot her habitual respect of her master, whom she looked upon as the greatest personage in the world, and exclaimed,

"They are alive, Sir Edward! and only gone to Siberia."

This was followed by a fresh burst of excitement and hysterical giggling.

The baronet closed the door of the apartment, fearful lest a word should reach his daughter's ears. Hope, to be followed by fresh disappointment, he knew would kill her. Never, in the whole course of his life, had the nervous, irascible old man exercised such control over his temper. He commanded her to remain in the room.

The two gentlemen related every thing which had occurred at the post-house near Moscow, and concluded by producing Jack Curlin's letter, which we shall give at length for the benefit of our readers.

"DEAR SUSAN,—"

"That's me," exclaimed the girl, greatly excited.

"Master Charley and I are in the hands of the *Filistons*," doubtless the writer meant Philistines, "who have shut us up in a wooden cage, and are taking us to *Siberi*; give this to Sir Edward, he will find the means to get us out of our trouble. If he doesn't, the Lord help us; for Master Charley has lost his pluck, and I am half eaten up by the fleas. Ho, Susan! if ever you wishes or expects to be Mrs. Curlin, move heaven and earth, and the Lord Mayor, to get us out of this precious scrape. They treats us more like wild beasts than human critters, shut up in a show-van all day, and put in prison at night. No more from your true and affectionate lover, JACK CURLIN."

"N. B.—Excuse this, seen' as how I write in the dark; and if anything be wrong in the spellin', just alter it before you show it to Sir Edward. Ho, Susan—Susan! I am very unhappy! my mind mis-gives me about the fleas and *Siberi*."

As the baronet concluded reading this extraordinary epistle, Susan gave way to her long-repressed feelings, and laughed and cried by turns.

"Jack is not dead," she sobbed, "nor Master Charley either. I'd swear to Jack's letter, tho' I have not seen it."

Her master mentally offered up his prayer of thanksgiving for the safety of his favorite Charles. He longed, but trembled to impart the intelligence to Beatrix.

CHAPTER XXX.

Sorrow tread heavily, and leaves behind

A deep impression, even when she departs,
While Joy trips by with step light as the wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts.

MRS. EMBURY.

In the midst of the joy which Sir Edward Challoner experienced at the certitude of his young favorite being still in existence, he felt embarrassed how to break the intelligence to his daughter, whose health had been so severely shaken that her life hung upon a thread. In his agitation he pondered over a dozen schemes, and rejected them one after the other. And yet the necessity of decision was most apparent; for Susan was in such an excited state, there was no relying on any promise she might make to keep silent on the subject of Jack's letter. The poor girl was as likely as not, the instant she beheld her mistress, to burst into an hysterical flood of tears, and relieve her heart by declaring the truth.

"Heaven will direct me," thought the old man, as, after giving strict caution to the waiting-maid, not to quit the library till his return, he directed his steps to the dressing-room of Beatrix. "Joy seldom kills; yet I must be careful, very careful, lest my home should be made desolate, and my old age child-less."

When the heiress of the Moat saw her father enter the room, his face radiant with smiles, which he

vainly endeavored to repress, she felt that something unusual must have occurred. She knew his heart too well to accuse it of forgetfulness—still she could not comprehend the sudden change—and fixed her eyes upon him inquiringly.

"Tricksey," said the Baronet, throwing his arm around her, as he seated himself beside her on the sofa; "I have news for you—news that will afford you pleasure, if you think that you are strong enough to bear it."

The poor girl, imagining that it related to their proposed journey to Italy, or some arrangement which her parent had made for one of her cousins to accompany them, endeavored to appear interested in what he was about to impart. But the smile she forced was faint and sickly, as a vagrant sunbeam falling on the snows of winter.

"I can bear it," she said, "nothing can agitate me now."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Sir Edward, tenderly kissing her; and, unless I find that you are firm—very firm, I fear I must postpone telling you for a day or two. And yet it would be a pity," he added, "for balm is doubly precious after sorrow—especially such sorrow as we have known."

Beatrix sighed—and a tear trembled on the long silken lashes of her drooping eyelids, at the allusion to her loss; still she was far from suspecting the nature of the intelligence her father was about to impart—and the old man saw that he must speak more plainly.

"Can't you guess?" he whispered.

"My aunt, perhaps, has permitted Marion to accompany us."

"Your aunt and Marion be hanged!" exclaimed the baronet, impatiently. "Heaven forgive me!" he instantly added, "for they are both excellent creatures in their way; do you think I am such an old fool, darling, as to tease and disturb you about them?"

It had been a source of additional sorrow to Beatrix Challoner, that the body of her lover had not been brought to England; she would have felt a melancholy satisfaction in praying at his grave, and knowing that she would one day rest beside him. Suddenly the idea struck her that this very natural desire had been complied with—that the remains of Charles Vavasour had arrived in Harleyford.

"Bless you, father, bless you!" she murmured, at the same time burying her face upon his breast to hide her tears; "my last wish is accomplished."

"Your last wish, Tricksey! No, no, you have a great many more wishes to be fulfilled yet. Heaven is so merciful that I should not be surprised if it performed a miracle in our favor."

"Miracle!"

"Ay," continued the baronet; "I have heard of such things, or at least of unexpected blessings which have seemed such. I am so happy," he continued, in a joyous tone, "that I must tell you. It would be selfish to keep it longer from you—promise to be firm for my sake, and—"

The features of Beatrix became fearfully agitated; a gleam of the truth, the happy truth, broke upon her mind; yet it appeared so wild and improbable, that she hesitated to entertain it.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "one word—it will kill me or save me—Charles, Charles!"

She threw herself upon her knees and grasped his hand.

Sir Edward Challoner knelt beside her, and in a tone of the deepest gratitude offered up a prayer to heaven for the safety of his adopted son—for the affliction which was removed from his own heart and that of his child, upon whose head he implored a blessing.

"Restore him to us speedily," he added, "that our home may be no longer desolate. Sustain him against his enemies, that Thy justice may be known in the land, and men acknowledge and praise Thee. Temper our joy with thankfulness, that we forget not the hand which hath sustained us in grief, and raised us with loving mercies."

In pouring forth his gratitude to the Most High, the old man imparted to his child the intelligence he dreaded, yet wished to convey, of her lover being still in existence. So much was Beatrix impressed with the fervor and solemnity of his words and tone, that she restrained the wild cry of joy which rose upon her lips, for she felt that she was in the presence of her Maker.

She attempted to pray, but sobs and tears choked her words. Throwing herself into the arms of her parent, she yielded at last to the *delicious* expression of her feelings; for it is the luxury of happiness that weeps.

Gradually the whole truth was imparted to her. At the mention of Siberia, a portion of her fears returned, fortunately she was ignorant of all the horrors which the word conveyed.

"He will waste his life there," she murmured.

"Nonsense!" replied the baronet. "Who ever heard of a spirited young fellow, whose heart was in his own country, not contriving to bring his body safely home again. With Charley's energies he would escape from a dozen Siberias. England will claim him. Hang me," he added, with a burst of enthusiasm, "if I don't declare war against the Czar myself, if the government proves cowardly enough not to do so. We shall have a wedding yet, and it will be a rare tale to tell my grandchildren."

Beatrix blushed deeply, and tried to chide her father for his badinage, but the words died upon her lips.

"And now, Tricksey," said the old man, "you must get well again as speedily as possible; I want to hear your merry laugh again, and see your smiles, that I may leave you for a few days."

"Leave me, papa?"

"Yes. I can be of more use to the dear boy in London, than here. I must see my friends—clap an additional horse to the ministerial drag—urge the government to act in this affair in a manner worthy of Englishmen. If that fails, I'll see the Queen herself, she has a true woman's heart, and will feel for a woman's sorrow."

Sir Edward Challoner kissed his daughter and returned to his visitors, whom he left all this time in the library.

"Get along, you jade," he exclaimed to Susan, who had not ventured to quit the room; "go to your mistress, take Jack's letter with you; but be careful that you do not lose it, it is worth its weight in gold, a thousand times over."

"And may I?"

"You may," said her master; "the bit is removed. Talk, chatter, as much as you please; your mistress knows all."

The delighted girl ran from the apartment, and in a very few minutes the intelligence that Charles Vavasour was still in the land of the living, became bruited through the house.

Several hearty cheers rose from the servants' hall as the waiting-maid made her appearance in the dressing-room of her young lady. She found her praying.

"Did you hear that?" she said, half choked by her tears and joy; "they are safe. Only to think that people should be wicked enough to write such shameful lies—just read Jack's letter, my lady; they are gone to Siberia."

Little did she imagine what going to Siberia meant.

Beatrix eagerly perused the letter.

"Are you certain," she said, "that this is your lover's writing?"

"Swear to it, Miss," replied Susan, "in any court of justice, or before Sir Edward himself. No one ever made such odd p's and n's; besides, it's so like Jack shut up in a box; he was always getting into some scrape or another. How droll he must look; but I won't say anything till I get him back again, and then—"

"It may be years, first," observed her mistress, with a sigh.

This intelligence somewhat sobered the joy of the servant, who imagined, in her simplicity, that the groom and his master had only to book their places to arrive safely at Harleyford.

The baronet insisted upon his visitors passing the day at the Moat, urging, and truly so, that never had guests been more welcome. To them he explained his intention of proceeding to London the instant his daughter's health was sufficiently established to permit his leaving home, and urging on the government the necessary steps for demanding the liberation of the exiles.

"It is unfortunate," observed the elder Mr. Beacham, "that the rupture between the two countries is all but complete. The ambassador has left St. Petersburg."

"I'll be my own ambassador, then," replied the old man, warmly; "the Czar, for honor's sake, cannot refuse to accord an act of justice; Europe would cry shame on him. If he does not give me back my boy Charley," he added, impetuously, "I'll—I'll—hang me if I don't post him in his own capital."

The two travellers, who were far better acquainted with the nature of government in Russia, than the speaker, smiled at the idea of any one venturing to brave the imperial despot in his own dominions, unless, indeed, he had an army to back him; and even then it might prove dangerous. But not to damp his hopes, they kept their opinions to themselves.

The next day they took their leave, promising to meet Sir Edward in town any time he might appoint.

More than a week, however, elapsed before the baronet felt that the health of Beatrix was sufficiently improved for him to quit her. The poor girl pleaded

hard to accompany him, she felt so very sure that she could be of use; that her father would forget something which might be of use to the prisoners; but for once he remained firm. It was perhaps the only request her indulgent parent ever denied her.

Before quitting home, he relieved his mind by writing the following letter to the unnatural uncle of our hero at the manor:—

"Sir Edward Challoner presents his compliments to the Reverend Mr. Vavasour, and knowing how deep and affectionate an interest he takes in the safety of his nephew, Mr. Charles Vavasour, is happy to inform him the report of the death of the last-named gentleman is erroneous.

"Sir Edward has received certain intelligence that he is both alive and well, and trusts very shortly to have the pleasure of seeing him in England."

"There," muttered the writer, as he sealed the epistle with his coat of arms in red wax; "if that does not bring on a fit of the gout or spleen, I have judged Dickon wrongfully. How his pious wife and daughter will fume, when they hear that the heir of their ill-acquired wealth is still living, and likely to return! *He will return*," he added, in a tone of mingled reverence and conviction, "for Providence, unlike man, never does its work by halves."

With this reflection he despatched the letter, which, as our readers may imagine, occasioned anything but pleasure to the sordid relatives of our hero, whom, like most narrow-minded persons, they hated all the more bitterly from the secret conviction that they had injured him.

Although Beatrix was sufficiently recovered to walk daily in the park, strict orders were left at the lodge to admit no visitors; she felt that they could not sympathise with her, and, like most sensitive natures, she shrank from exposing her grief to the curiosity of the world. The heiress of the Moat was no longer the light-hearted, merry creature, with a smile and joyous word for all who approached her; sorrow had changed the happy, careless temperament of the girl to that of thoughtful womanhood; she reflected much, because she felt deeply. Susan and Fidele were her only companions; the faithful little animal had become doubly dear to her since the misfortune of its master.

She was seated one morning under the wide-spreading branches of an enormous cedar-tree, where, when a child, she had often played, quarrelled, and made friends again with Charles, when a lad, whose white slop and ankle-boots denoted that he was a farm-servant, crept from one of the neighboring plantations, and ran towards her. Susan was indignant at his audacity.

"Be that young missus at Moat?" demanded the boy, at the same time pulling off his cap.

Before Beatrix, who was thus unexpectedly startled from her reverie, could reply to him, her attendant began to rate the poor fellow soundly, asking how he dared to intrude himself on her young lady's privacy, and concluded by a significant hint that, unless he instantly retired, she should call some of the grooms to horsewhip him.

"Horsewhip I!" repeated the rustic, with a stare of astonishment; "what for? I be neither a thief nor a poacher, as I knows on. I *allays* told brother Jack that thee wor a conceited moppet, and he had better ha' nought to do with 'ee."

No sooner did the waiting-maid ascertain that the intruder was her lover's brother, than her manner changed—not that she felt over-gratified with the opinion he had expressed of her.

"Let him speak, if he has business with me," said her mistress; "it is not to such as he that I would deny myself."

"Bless 'ee!" exclaimed the boy, with a grin. "If I had never seen 'ee afore, I should ha' knowed 'ee to be Squire Ned's own daughter, that all the world speaks good on. He mun be a *fule* indeed, that can't tell a right down born lady when he sees her; they be never upstart with poor folk."

I think we mentioned, in one of our preceding chapters, that the villagers were accustomed to speak of Sir Edward Challoner by the name of Squire Ned far more frequently than by his title, although it was now more than thirty years since he first succeeded to the baronetcy. Many of his neighbors and friends of a more elevated rank did the same.

Susan felt very much inclined to be angry at the reproach, which, considering the still delicate state of her young mistress's health, she did not altogether merit; certain tender recollections, however, of poor Jack restrained her.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked Beatrix, in a gentle tone.

"Ees, miss—my lady, I mean—master sent I."

"And who is your master?"

"Mr. Bailey, the steward of Vavasour Manor;

he be mortal bad. T'ould woman as keeps house for un says his head beant right; he won't have no doctor, take no *fizick*, thof he be mortal sick, and be a-dying."

"Dying!" repeated Beatrix.

"Ees," replied the lad; "people mun die when they won't eat, and walk about all night, sighing and groaning, as bad as if they'd the toothache. He bid I give 'ee this letter."

The messenger took from the lining of his cap a sealed note, and presented it to the young lady, who, feeling anxious to learn what subject the steward of Vavasour Manor could possibly write to her upon, instantly read it. The contents greatly surprised her; they were as follows:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—Your worthy father has, I hear, left Harleyford. I feel that my hours are numbered, and dare not wait the chance of his return. I know the interest you feel in my late master's son; in his name let me entreat of you to visit a guilty but not impenitent man, who has deeply wronged him. I feel assured you will not refuse me, and come speedily and as privately as possible."

Our heroine resolved at once to comply with the request, and hastily writing on the back of the note, with her pencil, "I will come at four o'clock this day, Thursday, Beatrix Challoner," gave it to the boy and bade him deliver it to his master.

"Ees, miss,—that is, my lady—that I wul," exclaimed the messenger, grinning with delight at the gift which accompanied her words, and with a disdainful toss of the head at poor Susan, who would fain have made friends with the brother of Jack Curllin, he took to his heels and disappeared in the plantation.

On her way to the house Beatrix puzzled her brain to imagine what motive could induce Mr. Bailey to request an interview with her. She had always heard her lover speak of the old man in terms of the greatest affection; was it possible, she asked herself, that the proofs which Charles had gone to Russia to seek, were in England? The idea appeared improbable, but what else could be the meaning of the words, "one who has deeply wronged him?" her heart bounded at the thought of proving the means of bringing the iniquity, which she felt assured had been committed, to light.

The cottage which the steward inhabited was too far from the Moat for her to proceed there on foot; and yet she hesitated in proceeding there in her carriage. Its appearance in the village, she well knew would excite surmise, and for many reasons she did not wish that her visit should be known at Vavasour Manor; it might put its inmates on their guard. After some reflection, she sent for Christie, the head groom. The old man was no less taciturn than faithful. They must be cunning indeed to worm a secret out of him which he had once promised to keep, especially if that promise was made to his young mistress, whom he loved better, if possible, than he did Sir Edward himself. He had carried her in his arms when a child, broken the first pony she had ever rode, and looked up to her with mingled pride and affection.

The only occasions on which he was ever known to be excited, were when speaking of his pupil, as he loved to call her.

"Christie," said the young lady, when the faithful fellow made his appearance in the drawing-room, "I wish to speak with you?"

"It was no fault of mine, Miss," said the man, respectfully.

"Fault?" repeated Beatrix, "you do not imagine that I sent for you to find fault with you?"

"Then you are not angry?"

"Why should I be so?"

"About that impudent young rascal who intruded on you this morning, in the park, Miss, after the strict orders I had given at the lodge. Only let me catch him," he added, "his shoulders and my dog-whip shall be better acquainted, that's all."

"Indeed, Christie, but you must do nothing of the kind," exclaimed his young mistress, with a smile; "that boy has rendered me an essential service."

"Indeed, Miss."

"Besides, he is the brother of Jack."

The groom gave an equivocal sort of shrug, as if he did not exactly comprehend how that should make his intrusion, as he considered it, less impertinent.

"Bailey, the steward of Vavasour Manor," continued the speaker, "is dying; the old man has something, it appears, upon his conscience, and has entreated to see me. I have promised to do so, but I wish to proceed there privately; you understand me."

Christie gave a low, expressive whistle. He was a shrewd fellow in his way, and had long since made

up his mind that Master Charley, as he called him, had been ousted out of his father's fortune by some foul play.

"God forgive him," he said. "And he ate the bread of the family since he was a boy; no wonder he can't die without making a clean breast of it; he wouldn't rest in his grave if he did," he added, emphatically. "Why, the very worms in Harleyford churchyard would turn up their noses at him."

This was rather an original idea of the groom's, but Christie seldom thought or spoke like any one else.

"You think then—"

"I'm sure of it, Miss Beatrix," replied the man, answering her thought rather than her words. "Since the Squire's death he has never been able to look an honest man straight in the face, and that be a bad sign. And when that wicked lie came about Master Charley's death—I wish I had the paying of them as told it—he raved and went on in a way it was quite awful to hear. Servants—at least *some* servants—will talk, Miss, and we heard all about it from the people up at the Manor."

"All of which makes me more anxious to proceed to his cottage as privately as possible," observed the young lady; "it is too far for me to walk, and the carriage would be sure to attract notice."

Christie reflected for a few minutes.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "if you would not object to riding in the little van. I drive through the village half-a-dozen times a week at least, in that. I can make it very comfortable, and you could meet me at the three elms in the park."

As nothing could be more suited for concealment than this arrangement, it was at once assented to, and the faithful domestic, delighted at the confidence reposed in him, returned at once to the offices to make his preparations.

When Susan and her young lady arrived at the place of rendezvous, they found the old man had so filled the little vehicle with cushions from the different carriages, and pillows, that its motion would not have disturbed the slumbers of an infant.

The smile with which Beatrix thanked him for his care, was far more gratifying to the groom than words or money would have been; it reminded him of the olden time.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Conscience, what are thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us with our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self,
A master's self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave:
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
Make the past, present, and the future frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug—
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life.

YOUNG.

THE cottage which the steward inhabited was situated on the verge of the Vavasour estate, in a retired spot; just such a solitary nook as a disturbed conscience would seek to retire to, and brood over the past; remorse had done its work upon the old man, whose hollow cheeks and glassy eyes denoted how terrible had been its ravages.

He had got rid of his attendant under pretence of sending her on some errand in the village, just before the hour which Beatrix appointed for her visit: he desired no witness of their interview.

Although so feeble that he could scarcely stand, he was up and dressed, and stood leaning upon his stick at the door of his humble habitation.

"Should she fail to keep her promise," he muttered, "I shall die with my secret untold, it will haunt me in the grave; it has been my punishment in this world—grant heaven it proves not so in the next. No, no," he added, "it is too merciful to turn a deaf ear to a repentant sinner's prayer."

"What a name," he continued, after some minutes' reflection, "I shall leave behind me, and with what loathing Master Charles will turn from my grave, should any one ever point out to him the spot where my bones are laid; and yet I loved him and his kind father dearly. Would I could say faithfully."

After waiting a considerable time anxiously watching the road which led to his cottage, the speaker perceived to his great relief at last the light van driven by Christie rapidly approaching the spot. He trembled violently; the moment he had so wished and dreaded was at hand.

"Heaven strengthen me!" he said, "it is a fearful task to unveil the moral leprosy of my soul to one so pure and innocent; to proclaim my honesty a lie, my fidelity to my dead master's son a hideous mask: but it must be done if I would rest at peace within my grave. Yet, dare I do so?" he added, thoughtfully.

By this time Beatrix and Susan had alighted. Leaning on the arm of her servant, for she was greatly agitated by the revelation which she foresaw the old man was about to make, she advanced towards him, and asked if he were alone in the house?

"Alone," replied Bailey, "with my sin and sorrow."

"But is that wise in your state?" "It was necessary," said the steward, "the servant who has eaten my bread for twenty-five years, is a spy upon me; sold to those who fear me. It was only by stratagem that I got rid of her even for an hour, for I am watched—watched and feared."

"By whom?" inquired Beatrix, soothingly. "By those who are even more guilty than I am: but enter, young lady, before the spy returns; enter whilst I have strength to impart a story that will surprise you much."

Directing Christie and Susan to remain with the van, the heiress of the Moat took the speaker by the hand and led him into the little parlor, leaving the glass doors—the same his son had entered by—open; not that she entertained the slightest fears of her own safety; it was her presence of mind she doubted, for the hand of death was visible in every feature of the old man.

"I cannot tell," said the steward, "how I have prayed for this moment, that God would give me strength to meet it. You love my dear young Master Charles?"

Beatrix under any other circumstances might have resented a question thus abruptly put. As it was, she blushed deeply.

"I am answered," resumed the speaker, before she found words to reply to him, "answered as I could wish. Nature is more eloquent in her silence than in words. Did you ever hear him speak of me?"

"Frequently," replied the heiress, "in terms of confidence and affection; as the kindest, truest friend—"

Bailey interrupted her with a groan, which seemed wrung from his very heart.

"I was all this once," he said, "but now! oh, how the noble boy will curse my memory. I have destroyed him, blighted his existence, driven him from his native country, betrayed my trust both to the living and the dead; he will curse me."

"He will forgive you," said his visitor, for she saw that his remorse was real, and pray for you."

The old man continued to wring his hands in great mental agony.

"What bribe could have induced you to belie your former life of probity?" asked Beatrix. "Surely not the love of money."

"No, no! I am not that degraded wretch. I would have starved, begged first. To save my son, my only son, who had committed forgery on his employers, I appropriated money that was not mine. My worthy master discovered it; had I but trusted him, appealed to his mercy, all might have been well, but I remained obstinately, ungratefully silent, and ruin, ruin has followed: the son whom I sinned to save is a beggar; and Master Charles an exile in Siberia. The proofs are useless now."

"And is it possible," exclaimed the heiress, "that you consented to destroy the proofs you speak of, or sold them to his enemies?"

"They are not destroyed," whispered Bailey, "they exist still."

A mental prayer of thanksgiving rose from the heart of the fair girl, who well knew how dear to the pride, how necessary to the happiness of her lover were the proofs of his legitimacy.

"And where are they?"

The steward replied to her only by a look of intense anguish.

"Sure you cannot hesitate," she added.

"Alas!" groaned the repentant man, "I have sworn to his dead father never to point out the place of their concealment to any living being but his son. I shall be dead," he added,—"the grave will have sealed my lips, long, long ere he returns."

"Can an oath which defeats the object for which it was taken be binding?" said his visitor, after a pause. "Were Geoffrey Vavasour living, he would be the first to absolve you from it; you cannot, dare not die," she added, "without making the only atonement in your power for the wrong you have committed."

The steward seemed deeply agitated. His mind, which disease and remorse had weakened, was torn by two contending feelings, the desire of keeping the oath he had taken, and that of atoning to Charles for the injury he had done him.

"Think," urged Beatrix, "should they fall into the hands of his unnatural uncle, he would destroy them."

"He knows not of their existence."

"Chance may reveal it."

"No, no," faltered the old man, falling back in his chair; "they are guarded by the arms of his race. His father and I contrived the panel ourselves; no eyes but ours saw them deposited; the dead, the dead watch over them."

These words, the faint indications of the manner and place in which the papers so necessary to the establishment of Charles's rights had been concealed, were the last words the aged steward ever uttered; for, as they escaped his lips, he sank back in his chair, with his head drooping on his chest.

The loud cry of Beatrix speedily brought Christie and Susan to her assistance. The faithful groom saw at once that the death struggle was on the old man, and firmly but gently he led his young lady from the room.

"He has not told me all," she exclaimed, "let me return, Christie; perhaps he will speak again."

"Not in this world, miss."

"If only one word; perhaps, poor wretch, I may be of use."

"Pray for him," answered the domestic; the prayers of an angel are sure to be heard."

A faint scream was heard in the cottage, and Susan, looking exceedingly pale and frightened, followed her mistress and the speaker into the garden.

"All is over," she said; "poor old Bailey is dead."

Scarcely had Beatrix and her waiting-maid seated themselves in the van, than a chaise was seen driving rapidly towards the house. It contained the Reverend Richard Vavasour and his son Cuthbert. The old woman who acted as servant to the steward had made her report at the Manor-house.

"Don't let them see my young lady or me," exclaimed Susan.

The groom nodded, and let down the leathern curtains in front of the vehicle.

In two or three minutes the chaise was alongside of him.

"Been to see your old friend, Christie?" demanded the rector—for the unnatural uncle of our hero prudently retained the living of Harleyford, which was too valuable a thing to be parted with on an uncertainty.

"Yes," muttered the honest fellow, without touching his hat.

"Is he better?"

"He is dead. I shouldn't like to die with the same load on my conscience which poor Bailey had on his; though, I believe, poor man, he was really penitent."

"Dead!" exclaimed the Reverend Richard Vavasour, looking very uneasy; "bless my soul, how sudden. Were you with him when he died?"

"No."

"Then you don't know if he made any last request, expressed any wish?" added the reverend hypocrite; "he was for many years a faithful servant of my family, and I should feel a pleasure in granting it."

"The last wish I ever heard him express," observed Christie, at the same time giving his horse the lash, "was that Master Charley might live to return and enjoy his own again, and that you might meet the reward of your villany. Good day, sir."

With these words Christie drove on, chuckling with delight at having expressed to the rector what he emphatically termed a bit of his mind.

"Insolent rascal!" muttered Cuthbert, as the van drove off.

His father felt more uneasiness than anger at the boldness of the man. His conscience suggested that the steward in his last moments might have made some revelation, or entrusted to Christie a written confession, fatal to his possession of Vavasour Manor. If so, he determined to extort it from him at any price.

"Drive after him," he said to his son.

A short time once more brought the parties in contact.

"Stop, Christie," exclaimed the gentleman.

The groom quietly drew up.

"Your quitting poor Bailey's house under such extraordinary circumstances might give rise to suspicion."

"Suspicion of what?" demanded the man.

"Of his having been robbed."

"Robbed!" repeated the groom, with a burst of indignation; "why, what a consummate rascal you must be: such a thought would never have entered the head of any honest man. No one, unless he had robbed the dead himself, would ever suspect another of committing such an unheard of crime."

The Reverend Richard Vavasour changed color at the insinuation.

"You have secured the old man's papers," he said.

"Have I?" replied Christie, giving his horse the lash and driving on; "then all I can say is, that they will be safer in my hands than yours."

Had the despoiler of his brother's son been a man possessed of physical courage, he would have insisted upon searching the person of the speaker; but like most men who feel and know that their actions have degraded them, he lacked nerve; the consciousness of his crime was ever present to him.

Beatrix and her companions reached the Moat without any further interruption. For many reasons she felt thankful that her visit to the cottage remained undiscovered; and as she gave her hand to the old servant when he assisted her to alight, she impressed upon him the necessity of maintaining silence on the subject to every one.

"Did you ever know Christie given to babbling?" demanded the man in a slight accent of reproach. "They should tear me in pieces before they wrung a word from my lips, if you wished me to keep them closed. No fear of my prating," he added, with a glance at Susan, who tossed her head indignantly; "men can always keep a secret."

"And women?" said his young mistress.

The groom shrugged his shoulders, and touching his hat respectfully, drove towards the stables, leaving Beatrix and her waiting-maid at the same spot where they had met him.

"What a sour, cross-tempered, malicious old creature it is," observed the latter, who had not forgiven the very significant glance the old man gave her; "he appears to think that fidelity is one of the virtues of which he enjoys a monopoly."

"He is very faithful," replied the young lady—"and you, too, are faithful, my good girl," she added, seeing that Susan's eyes were filled with tears. "Christie's temper resembles the wild nut in our woods; the shell is hard and difficult to penetrate, the kernel soft and rich within."

Fatigued with the excitement she had undergone, the heiress retired to her room the instant she reached the Moat. But it was in vain that she sought repose; sleep fled from her pillow, the dying words of the guilty steward haunted her.

"They are defended by the arms of his race," she repeated several times to herself; "that can only mean that the place of their concealment is indicated by the shield or crest of the Vavasours."

"It was known only to my master and myself."

"And both are dead!" she mentally ejaculated, "Heaven grant the secret has not perished with them."

It was some consolation to know that the rector was ignorant of their existence.

As a child Beatrix Challoner had frequently been a visitor at Vavasour Manor, a mansion of modern date, compared with the Moat, but not without certain pretensions to architectural excellence in the Vanburg style.

She perfectly recollected having noticed, both in the exterior and interior of the building, several shields carved with the family arms, either in wood or stone. She had heard rumors of alterations which the present possessor intended to make, and she trembled lest accident should reveal the secret which the dead had conspired so carefully to guard.

The funeral of the steward took place within a few days after his death. Several of the old tenants followed, as a last mark of respect to his memory; for in the discharge of his duties between them and their landlord, they had ever found him kind and considerate.

The Reverend Richard Vavasour, to mark, as he said, "his consideration for an old and faithful servant of his family," read the burial service himself.

What mockeries do we not hear of in the world!

On the return of Sir Edward Challoner to the Moat, he carefully concealed from his daughter the result of his journey to London. The minister, with his usual plausibility, promised to do everything; but at the same time hinted at the hopelessness of any satisfactory result. "Diplomatic communications," he said, "were suspended between the two courts. Still, through the ambassador of Belgium or Prussia," he added, "it might—"

"Prussia or Belgium," repeated the baronet impatiently; "my lord—my lord, such is not the style of remonstrance to produce any effect upon a barbarous power like Russia; your message should be conveyed in a British fleet, and its words be spoken in the thunder of its guns."

His lordship felt, if he did not look, exceedingly shocked at the idea of any proceeding which might appear discourteous to the Czar, of whose personal character he entertained the highest opinion, and spoke of him in the most enthusiastic terms.

Finding that his visitor was one of those men

whom it was much more difficult to persuade than hoodwink, he adroitly changed his tone, expressed considerable indignation at the outrage committed upon the person of a British subject, and promised that every exertion should be used.

Exertions required time, and that was all he required to rid himself of a troublesome affair.

The baronet took his leave. And as he quitted the minister, a faint glimmering that something like a change was necessary in the machinery of the state, for the first time crossed his brain.

It is when the shoe pinches our own feet that we complain; it is astonishing with what equanimity we bear the misfortunes of our neighbors.

In answer to the eager inquiries of his daughter, the anxious father assured her that every step would be taken to secure the release of her lover, and insure his return to England. Had he known the unrelenting tenacity with which the Russian government clings to the prey it has once fixed its iron grasp upon—how it seldom quits it till its victim is a corpse—his despondency would have been greater than it really was.

Beatrice, in her turn, related the circumstance of her interview with the steward, and the partial confession which he made upon his death-bed.

"The old rascal!" exclaimed the incensed baronet; "the fool as well as rascal! Did he think to bribe Heaven by a partial repentance?"

"But his oath!"

"Pah! such oaths are less sinful in the breaking than the taking."

"His repentance was sincere, I am convinced," observed the heiress, "You forget that his mind was weakened by the struggle of remorse, the ravage of disease, and the near approach of death."

"And Charley not here!" muttered her father. "I was right when I insisted on his remaining in England. Were he on the spot, we would tear the Manor-house down but we would bring the proofs to light, for I am now convinced they are only to be found there. I must think, Tricksey—think. It's hard at my time of life to act the hypocrite, and take by the hand a man whom I despise."

"Do you speak of Richard Vavasour?" demanded the young lady, with surprise.

"The only man of whom I could speak in such terms," replied Sir Edward Challoner; "for, thank Heaven! he is the only creature of his stamp that I have encountered in the world. I have a sort of project laboring here—here."

The speaker passed his hand over his venerable bald head, and began to pace the apartment—a usual habit with him when anything had occurred to excite him. Once or twice he stopped suddenly, gazed upon his child, and seemed as if about to speak, then resumed his march again, as if the scheme was only partially elaborated in the alembic of his brain.

"Tricksey," he said, "you must make haste and get strong again, for Charley's sake as well as mine. Only think, poor fellow! how shocked he will be on his return, to find you with pale cheeks, and without a smile to greet him."

"You think he will return, then?" said the poor girl anxiously.

"I think nothing about it," replied the old gentleman, gaily; "I am sure of it. Of course he will return, or he is not the lad I take him for. When I was his age, I could have scrambled through the North Pole, had it separated me from your dear mother. Love is the most powerful lever in the universe," he added, hopefully.

The invalid looked trustingly into his countenance, and smiled.

"And now, Tricksey," he resumed, "I want you to act a part."

"Act a part!" repeated his daughter. "I do not comprehend your meaning."

"An hour since I should not have comprehended it myself," observed her parent; "and the necessity is a hard one which compels me to preach hypocrisy to my own pure, truth-loving child; but poor Charley's happiness depends on it."

"Anything—anything for him!" exclaimed the excited girl.

"Very well; in the first place, we must be friends with the people at the Manor-house, patch up a hollow truce, and visit there. That is the first point."

The countenance of Beatrice changed; she felt how painful would be the task to visit the former home of her lover. To associate with his enemies appeared impossible; but as yet she only comprehended a portion of her father's design.

"I, of course, shall appear the most reluctant party of the two. The trap is an excellent one, and you must be the bait."

"I."

"Yes, you. Dickon, like most other beasts of

prey, is exceedingly greedy; the desire of matching his booby of a son with the heiress of my broad lands will blunt his cunning, and once on a familiar footing we—"

"Can search for the papers," added the young lady, finishing the sentence for him.

"Exactly. Now do you comprehend?"

"Yes."

"And consent?"

"I'll do my best," added the poor girl, with an effort.

"Tricksey," said the baronet, pressing her fondly to him, "it is something more than a vague hope which induces me to propose this scheme to you. I recollect a conversation which I once had with the late Geoffrey Vavasour in the library at the Manor-house, and I now feel assured that it alluded to the proofs we seek."

"And their place of concealment?"

"To that also. But if you feel the effort too great for your strength or fortitude—"

"No, father!" interrupted his daughter, firmly. "That woman is unworthy the love of an honorable man who knows not how to suffer for him. The crime of this deceit, if there be crime in it, will rest with those who have left us no other means to battle for the right and justice."

"Bravely decided!" exclaimed the old man, kissing her; "we shall beat them yet."

(To be continued)

Funeral Processions of the Greeks.

Look for a moment at the procession, which is this moment passing on its way to the cemetery beyond the Ilissus. During the hot months, several such may be counted every day. The melancholy nasal chant of the priests as they come along, betokens the approach of the train; and as it comes nearer, the litanies which are recited become more distinguishable. The corpse of the deceased is borne in a light wooden box or coffin, upon the shoulders of men. The body, decorated with flowers and clothed in white, is exposed to the gaze of all; for the lid has been removed, and is carried by a man or boy in the van of the procession. It has a large cross invariably painted upon it. As it approaches, every bystander reverently raises his hat, and stands uncovered until it has passed; but this mark of respect is paid not to the departed, but to the sign of the cross. It must be confessed, there is something rather repulsive in this parading of death through the thronged street, especially where its subject has been chosen from among the aged, or bears the marks of great and recent struggles for dear life. Such is the manner in which the common people are carried to their last resting place; but the death of a bishop occasions much greater pomp. He is carried through the most public thoroughfares; and, dressed as in the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions, he is placed in a sitting posture upon the bier. Upon reaching the monastery where he is privileged to enter, he is buried in the same position—a distinction allowed to no one else.

The interest entertained by survivors for the memory and souls of the dead, is evinced by the prayers that are said in their behalf, though the Greeks do not profess to believe in the existence of a purgatory. A singular practice calls up their remembrance yet more vividly. Several successive Fridays are set apart as especially devoted to the dead. The bell of the Church of St. Nicholas, situated at the very base of the Acropolis, attracts attention on these occasions. Upon entering the church, which is a small edifice scarcely exceeding in size an ordinary room, we find a few persons waiting for the commencement of the services, the men and boys, as usual, standing near the altar, while the women keep at a more respectful distance. Ever and anon some person comes in carrying a small dish covered with a napkin; and, after devoutly crossing himself, places the dish upon the floor, in front of the screen of the *hieron* or holy place. These plates contain a peculiar sort of compound or cake, which is called the *Collyra*. It is, in fact, an offering made to the "masses" of the dead, and can certainly claim a pagan, rather than a Christian origin. It is carefully made, the principal ingredients being boiled wheat and currants. The surface of the top is ornamented with various degrees of neatness, by means of the eatable red grains of the pomegranate, almonds, or anything of that kind. These cakes are sent by the relatives of those who have died within a year or two; and if handsome, will be allowed to remain before the chancel. If more commonly prepared, the contents are thrown into a basket. In every plate of *Collyra*, and in

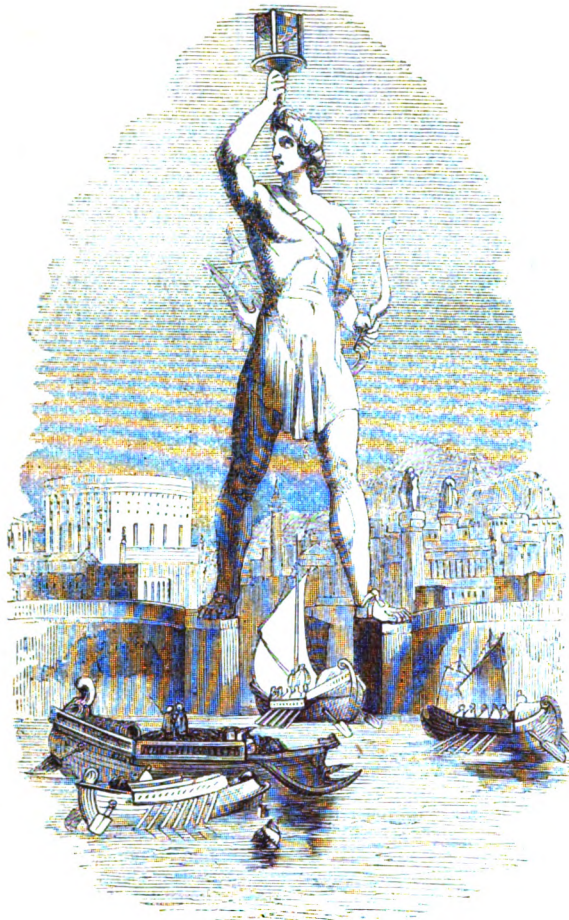
every basket, are stuck a number of little lighted waxen tapers, which burn during the service time.

The notion of the common people is expressed to us by a person whom we ask to explain the purport of the ceremony. "The soul of the deceased," says he, "for whom the *Collyra* is offered, comes down from heaven during the service, and eats a single grain of the wheat." But what manner of good this can do the disembodied spirit, he cannot inform us, nor can he give any satisfactory reason for offering so large a quantity, when the spirit is so moderate in its desires. The parish priest, during the short prescribed forms, takes notice of the names of all those for whom *Collyra* has been offered. At the conclusion, he helps himself to his share of the cakes, after that the spirits have enjoyed an ample opportunity of eating to their hearts' content. The rest is distributed by the handful to every one present, to be carried away and eaten at home—a feast for the dead.

READING IN CHILDHOOD.—Reading without intelligence injures the brain and stomach mechanically; reading with intelligence injures both in the less direct manner of nervous excitement; but either way, much reading and robust health are incompatible. Only let a child eager for knowledge be read to instead of allowing him to read himself, and the whole of the mechanical mischief is avoided; and again, let him be freely conversed with in a desultory manner, in the midst of active engagements and out of doors; and then, while an equal amount of information is conveyed, and in a form more readily assimilated by the mind, nearly all the mischiefs of excitement, as springing from study, are also avoided. In a word, let books in the hands, except as playthings, be as much as possible held back during the early period of education.

MIND ACTING UPON MIND.—Whatever draws a man out of himself makes him wiser, and better, and happier; at least, if it does not, the fault is his own, and he has to answer for abusing one of the most effectual means of improvement which Providence has placed within his power. He cannot benefit others without being benefited in return, either by the influence of his own action, his own feelings, or by the gratitude with which it is more than repaid on the part of his fellow-creatures. Ascetics may say what they please; but seclusion is neither favorable to wisdom nor to virtue, and least of all to enjoyment. The diamond is polished by diamond-dust; and the fine particles thrown off in disclosing the sparks of a hundred inferior ones may be required to bring out the lustre of a gem worth a thousand. The attrition of minds of all orders is equally necessary for perfecting the capacity of the least, and developing the excellence of the greatest.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.—The muscular strength of the human body is wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. *Milo*, a celebrated athlete of Crete, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength that preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partially effected it, but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree where cleft, re-united, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and, unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Haller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported, by that means, the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus II., King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium, water, that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight. A sword fish has been known to strike his weapon through the thick plank of a ship; a specimen of such a plank, with the sword of the fish sticking in it, may be seen in the British Museum.



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

THIS Colossus, which was deemed worthy of a place among our "seven wonders," was a brazen image of Apollo, of the enormous height of 105 Grecian feet, placed at the entrance of one of the harbors of the city of Rhodes. Rhodes, or rather Rhodus, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea, lying nearly opposite the coast of Lycia and Caria, from which it is about twenty miles distant.

The island is about 120 miles in circumference—it possesses a fertile soil, produces fine fruits and wines, and enjoys an atmosphere of great serenity, no day passing without sunshine. From Homer we learn that the island was occupied by a colony of Greeks from Crete and Thessaly at an early period, and also that the wealth and power of its inhabitants were considerable. During the Peloponnesian war the Rhodians were flourishing in commerce, arts, and arms, and succeeded in extending their dominion over a part of the contiguous continent.

The capital was situate on the east coast, at the foot of a gently rising hill, in the midst of a plain abounding with springs and profuse in vegetation. The city was built in the form of an amphitheatre, and possessed numerous splendid buildings: among others was the Temple of Apollo.

The Rhodians were for many centuries famous for the study of the sciences, and for their encouragement of literature and the polite arts; they lived in unity with all nations, and their merchants became so enriched that the whole city was supported by them.

Rhodes, like the rest of Greece, submitted to Alexander the Great, but at his death the Rhodians drove out his troops. Having derived great benefit from their commerce with Egypt, they attached themselves to Ptolemy Soter, and refusing to assist Antigonus in his war against the Egyptian prince, he sent his son Demetrius with a fleet to intercept the trade between Egypt and Rhodes.

The Rhodians were so successful in all the combats, that Antigonus became incensed, and furnished Demetrius with additional ships and armaments to besiege the city. The fleet consisted of 370 vessels, carrying 40,000 soldiers, besides horse and auxiliary. Thus commenced the first of those memorable sieges to which Rhodes has at various times been subjected. The courage of the defenders was only equalled by the ingenuity with which the assailants plied every engine of assault that the mechanical knowledge of the age could suggest.

The Rhodians having obtained succour from Ptolemy, they were enabled to repulse Demetrius, and compelled him to accede to a peace on condition that they should be the allies of Demetrius against every one but Ptolemy. Thus after twelve months' siege ended the war, and the temple and walls were rebuilt.

Demetrius, reconciled to the Rhodians, in admiration of the courage they had displayed, presented them with all the engines he had employed in the attack, and it was by the sale of these, for 300 talents, that they raised the famous Colossus.

The Colossus was a statue of brass, erected in honor of Apollo, the tutelary god of the island, for the protection he was supposed to have afforded the Rhodians in their recent conflict. It was the workmanship of Chares of Lindus, a pupil of Lysippus, a celebrated sculptor and statuary of Greece, one of whose great works was a chariot of the sun at Rhodes. Chares, who was assisted by Laches, was engaged on this work twelve years.

The height of the statue was 125 feet, and the thumb was so large that few people could clasp it; the fingers were larger than most statues. It was hollow, and to counterbalance the weight, and to render it steady on the pedestals, its legs were lined with large stones. There were winding staircases to the top of the statue, from whence might be seen Syria and the ships sailing to Egypt. It is generally supposed to have stood, with extended legs, on the two moles which formed the entrance of the harbor; however, as the city had two harbors,—the entrance to the one was fifty feet in width, and the other but twenty feet,—it seems natural to suppose that the Colossus was placed at the entrance of the narrowest.

The statue was erected B.C. 300, and after having stood about sixty years, was thrown down by an earthquake, which destroyed the walls and naval arsenal at the same time.

The Rhodians, after its fall, and the injury their city had sustained, solicited help from the kings of Egypt, Macedonia, and other countries, to enable them to restore it. So great was the commercial importance of Rhodes, that their appeal was promptly answered by munificent gifts; the various powers of Asia Minor coming forward with ready zeal, to serve a city whose fleets protected the seas against pirates and extended commercial communication; and thus their city was restored to all its magnificence; but the oracle at Delphi forbade them to raise the Colossus.

The statue having remained in ruins for the space of 894 years, in the year 672 A.D., it was sold by the Saracens, who were then masters of the island, to a Jewish merchant of Edessa, who loaded 900 camels with the metal. Now, allowing 800 pounds weight to each load, the brass thus disposed of amounted to 720,000 pounds weight.

The Pharos Watch-Tower, or Lighthouse, at Alexandria, in Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA OWES its origin and name to Alexander the Great, who, about B.C. 332, gave orders to Dinocrates, a Macedonian architect, to erect a city between the sea and Lake Mareotis; and the undertaking appears to have been one of the most noble this celebrated conqueror ever executed. Having journeyed through Egypt, and seen the highly productive state of that country, watered by one of the largest and most fructifying rivers in the world, he thought its only want was a convenient harbor. Munificent and liberal, even in his follies, but ever alive to the realization of a great purpose, he found among his countrymen engineers and architects well qualified to assist his bold ideas, and, as a man who could distinguish

between flatterer and friend, he possessed the rare discernment which led him to select the best man fitted to execute them.

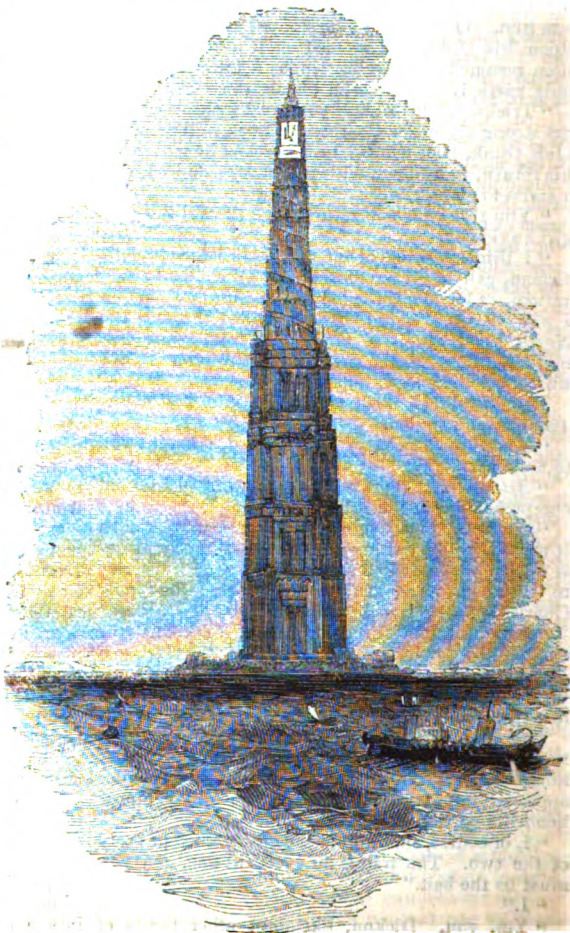
The site selected for the new city was one for which nature had done much, and which seemed capable of being made by art all that was desirable. In the midst of the capacious bay, on the shore of which the city was marked out, and at some distance from the mainland, lay the island of Pharos, which acted as a natural breakwater;—the island was of an oblong form. This Dinocrates united with the mainland by an extensive causeway, or earth wall—thus dividing the bay into two harbors.

Dinocrates was the architect and sculptor who had once proposed to Alexander to carve Mount Athos into a statue of the monarch, having in his left hand the walls of a great city, and all the rivers of the mountains flowing through his right hand into the sea. Alexander declined the offer, but took the artist with him to Egypt, and employed him in beautifying Alexandria. He was also employed by the Ephesians in rebuilding the Temple of Diana. He had likewise begun to build a temple in honor of Arsinoe, by order of Ptolemy, in which he intended to suspend a statue of the queen by means of a loadstone. His death, however, put an end to the work.

To render the harbor safe of approach at all times, Ptolemy Soter, who, on the death of Alexander, obtained the government of Egypt, determined on erecting a lighthouse on the eastern extremity of the isle of Pharos, the celebrity of which has given the same name to all other lighthouses.

This "pharos" was in height 450 feet, and could be seen at a distance of 100 miles. It was built of several stories, decreasing in dimension towards the top, where fires were lighted in a species of lantern. The ground-floor and the two next above it were hexagonal; the fourth was a square with a round tower at each angle; the fifth floor was circular, continued to the top, to which a winding staircase conducted. In the upper galleries some mirrors were arranged in such a manner as to show the ships and objects at sea for some considerable distance. On the top a fire was constantly kept, to direct sailors into the bay, which was dangerous and difficult of access.

The whole of this masterpiece of art was exquisitely wrought in stone, and adorned with columns, balustrades and ornaments, worked in the finest marble. To protect the structure from the ocean storms, it was surrounded entirely by a wall.



THE PHAROS AT ALEXANDRIA.



SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

A Memoir on the History and Topography of Rome.

(Continued from page 90.)

THE Arch of Constantine cannot correctly be called a ruin, since its preservation is almost quite perfect; it is a relic of the Imperial times, and almost the only one which the lapse of centuries and of revolutions has left uninjured. It is situated in the immediate neighborhood of the Colosseum, at the top of the Via San Gregorio, not far from the spot where the celebrated Via Sacra leading from the Forum to the Colosseum debouched; and, as appears from the original inscription on the attic, was dedicated to the Emperor Constantine the Great by the Senate and People of Rome after his triumphal entry into the city on his defeat of his rival Maxentius.

The arch is generally understood to have existed on the spot previous to the time of Constantine; and, as its sculptured ornaments show that an arch of Trajan's had been despoiled for the purpose of decorating this in honor of Constantine, many have thought that this is the arch itself, alleged to have been so despoiled; and that, being left unfinished by Trajan, its embellishments were completed in such a manner as to make it a memorial of triumph for Constantine. This supposition, however, is based only on the fact of the arch of Trajan which was in his Forum having remained intact long after Constantine's age. It is probable, however, that it was an arch of that Emperor's existing in some other locality, that furnished the sculptures. The only thing certain in the matter is the spoliation, and the evidence which such an occurrence furnishes of the decline of the arts in the beginning of the fourth century, when the Imperial conqueror was obliged to have recourse to the productions of a former epoch, however inappropriate they might be, to adorn the monument of his victory and triumph. It is a massive lofty structure, pierced by a large central arch and two smaller lateral ones, and presents a *façade* or rectangular elevation of the same character on both sides, viz., an entablature sustained by fluted Corinthian columns, backed by pilasters, resting upon the same pedestals, the arches being in the intercolumniations. A sculptured frieze runs above the arches round the entire structure; and on the attic over the entablature there are four statues corresponding in position with the columns below, the intervening spaces at either side being occupied with bas-reliefs, and the centre with the inscription referred to. All the lower portions of the structure, the pedestals of the columns, the exterior and interior of the arches, and the sides are also profusely embellished with sculptured bas-reliefs—those on the attic representing Pagan sacrifices, or relating to the exploits of Trajan in Parthia and Dacia; while the others, executed in an inferior style, illustrate the victories of Constantine, and are accompanied with appropriate inscriptions. The excavations which exposed to view the lower parts, which were imbedded in some fifteen feet of accumulated soil, were begun in the present century by Pope Pius VII., and completed by Leo XII.

Proceeding in a north-western direction from the Arch of Constantine towards the Forum along the road that is supposed to be on the site of the Via Sacra, the most conspicuous ruin met with is one also asso-

ciated with the first Christian Emperor—the BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE, which for a long time was thought to be the Temple of Peace. From its style of architecture being similar to that of the Baths of Diocletian, the reign of Maxentius, A.D. 306-312, is fixed as the age of its erection, though it was probably not completed until the succeeding reign of Constantine; but that the chief portion of the structure dates from the former reign, has been proved by some coins of Maxentius having been found embedded in the building. The ruin consists of three colossal brick arches, of great height, standing in a line together and facing westward. On the summit there is an accumulation of soil, covered with plants and verdure; and, as the ground gradually rises behind them, access can be had to the top from an adjoining convent garden. There are some remains of a white marble entablature, which was supported by lofty columns of the same material, one of which remained standing in its original position so late as the pontificate of Paul V., little more than two hundred years ago; but that Pontiff had it removed to the piazza in front of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The Forum Romanum, however, of all the ascertained localities of ancient Rome, presents the most deplorable contrast in its present appearance to its former magnificence. Even by its modern name of Campo Vaccino (Cow's Field,) expressive as it is of degradation and desolation, no adequate idea is conveyed of the utter devastation which has overwhelmed the Forum, obliterated its every lineament and feature, made even its exact boundaries a problem, and reduced it from being the grand central nucleus of the splendor and beauty of the most magnificent, powerful, and populous city that ever existed, to become an unsightly, shapeless, barren field—a very waste and wilderness. The tourist, whose intimate acquaintance with classical litera-

ture and history, enables him to picture vividly to his mind the Forum as the centre of the excessive and turbulent vitality of ancient Rome in the days of Cicero, of Cæsar, and of Pompey, and of the more placid but equally intense spirit of life which pervaded its strong thoroughfares in the time of Augustus, can alone fully estimate how vast is the desolation of the Campo Vaccino.

On entering at the north-western or upper end the irregular oblong area which bears that name, a piece of waste ground lies before the view stretching towards the south-east in the direction of the Colosseum, with some stunted trees growing in the centre, and fragments of ruins scattered through it, some in close neighborhood to each other, the rest more apart or intermingled with modern erections. A casual passenger, or curious tourist, or perhaps a peasant with his cart and clumsily yoked oxen, are all the indications of life to be met with in this once famous arena of eloquent debate and political deliberation. The whole space open to view comprehends a much larger area than was occupied by the Forum, the exact limits and extent of which has long been a vexed question with antiquarians. Signor Canina, however, whose research and erudition have thrown such great light on the topography of ancient Rome, describes it as reaching from the Arch of Septimius Severus to the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina in length, that is from north-west to south-east, and in width from the remains of the Basilica of Paulus Emilii at the modern Church of San Adriano, to an excavation (on the Palatine side) containing steps leading to what he considers to have been the floor of the Julian Basilica; and, as he supports this opinion with arguments that have learning and probability in their favor, he is generally followed as the best authority upon this, as he is upon most others of the disputed points of ancient topography. The whole locality, however, bears in ordinary parlance the name of the Roman Forum, or Campo Vaccino. The ruins which it contains have been equally the subject of conjecture; and the knowledge that such ancient buildings as the Temple of Concord, the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, the Temple of Fortune, the Tabularium, &c., were either in the Forum or its immediate neighborhood, was quite sufficient to cause the antiquarians in their own peculiarly hap-hazard fashion to affix any one of those names to the ruins, without the conjecture being fortified by those results and discoveries, the basis of which could only be extensive excavation, conducted with care and intelligence, and illustrated by the study of ancient coins, medals, bas-reliefs, writings, &c.—a course which has been followed to a greater or less extent by those who engaged in this perplexing study in more recent times.

The most crowded collection of ancient remains is to be seen in an excavation, from fifteen to twenty feet deep, to the ancient level at the upper end, just under the Capitoline Mount. Three of the principal are the ruins of temples, which have been variously designated; the fourth, which is the most perfect in its preservation, has been always known as the Arch of Septimius Severus, who was Emperor, A.D. 193-211. It was built about the eleventh year of his reign, as a monument of honor to himself and his sons, Caracalla and Geta, as appears from the inscription which it bears.



THE PANTHEON.

The structure, of the same character and form as the Arch of Constantine, is pierced by a large central and two small side arches, which communicate with each other by cross openings also arched, the entablature being sustained by fluted columns and pilasters, resting upon sculptured pedestals. The attic is plain, and bears only the inscription, but the interstices of the columns are decorated with bas-reliefs. Originally, the summit, to which there is access by a flight of steps, bore a triumphal car, containing statues of the Emperor and his sons. At the foot of the arch, a portion of an ancient paved way that led to the Capitol is laid bare.

The view we give is a most faithful representation of the present aspect of the Forum. The arch on the left is that of Septimius Severus, just referred to.

The eight *Ionic Columns*, which next claim attention are now ascertained to be the remains of the Temple of Saturn, which was originally founded nearly 500 years B. C., in the Consulship of Aulus Sempronius and Marcus Minutius, and was used as the Roman Treasury, and the receptacle of the public records and registers, among which were the *Libri Elephantini*, or great ivory tablets, containing the lists of the tribes, and the plans of the public accounts. This ruin was long supposed to be either the Temple of Vespasian, the Temple of Fortune, or the Temple of Concord, in which, at latter times, the Senate held its deliberations, and it received one or other of these names, from different writers. More recent and accurate information has dispelled the error. The columns, which are about forty feet high, support a part of the marble entablature and the angles of a pediment. The original temple was burnt down in the time of the Empire, and was restored at the public expense, as set forth in the inscription on the façade.

The three *Corinthian columns* of white marble, with the fragment of entablature, are commonly attributed to the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus in thanksgiving for his narrow escape in a thunder storm which overtook him when travelling by night in Spain, and in which one of his attendants was killed by the electric fluid. But Canina shows that that temple was in the Capitol, and that the beautiful fluted columns in question belonged to the Temple of Vespasian.

An elevated platform covered with a broken tessellated marble pavement, constituting the foundation and floor of the cella, is now all that remains of the Temple of Concord, which was first built about four centuries before Christ, on the election of Consuls after the dictatorship of Camillus, and as it was the monument of the reconciliation of the Patricians and Plebeians, the Senate held its meetings there more frequently than in its other places of assembly. It was rebuilt with much magnificence by the Emperor Tiberius. The ruin was discovered in the year 1817.

Not far from this excavation there is another which contains an isolated column that is now ascertained to be the Column of Phocas, from the inscription on its pedestal; though previously to the year 1813 (when its base was laid bare) much learned ignorance was lavished in conjectures upon its history and origin—the simple process of solving the difficulty, by removing the accumulated soil that concealed its lower proportions, never having been resorted to until then. The shaft is between thirty and forty feet high, of white marble, fluted, and of the Corinthian order, and is planted upon an ill-constructed pedestal and basement of common stone, some fifteen or twenty feet in height; and the whole erection exhibits that want of harmony which marks the fallen state of the arts in the seventh century, the shaft having evidently belonged to some ancient edifice or monument, from which it was taken to serve the purpose of its present existence. It was erected in the year 608 by Smaragdus, the Exarch of Italy to the Emperor of the East, Phocas, who reigned A. D. 602–610. Close to its base three other pedestals of brickwork were also found, which are supposed to have sustained other similar columns.

The most beautiful relic of antiquity in the Forum remains to be noticed. It stands opposite the façade of the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, which is close to the north angle of the Palatine Hill, and consists of three fluted Corinthian Columns of white marble, about thirty-five feet high, extending across the Forum, and surmounted by a portion of their richly-wrought entablature; the whole constituting, from the elegant proportions, exquisite finish, and style of the work, the most beautiful specimen of the Corinthian order in the city, and forming a most conspicuous object in the centre of the Campo Vaccino. Up to a recent period this graceful ruin was supposed to have belonged to the

Greco-stasis, or Hall of Audience, where the foreign ambassadors accredited to Rome were received; but more correct investigation has assigned it to the Curia Giulia, which Augustus rebuilt with great magnificence after its destruction by fire on the occasion of the burning of the dead body of C. Cædus, when the people tore up the seats to make a funeral pile. The Senate sometimes sat in the Curia Giulia, and justice was also administered there.

The eastern side of the Campo Vaccino, corresponding pretty closely with what had been the eastern side of the Forum, and the continuation of the line of the Via Sacra, or Sacred Street, already noticed as having run in a direction south from the Forum, is now occupied by various churches, some of which are in part constructed upon the ruins of the ancient Pagan edifices. Taking as a point of departure the Arch of Septimius Severus, there are along this eastern line the Churches of Santa Martina, San Adriano, San Lorenzo in Miranda, (built on the ruins of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina), and Santi Cosmas e Damiano*; none of which possess any very peculiar feature of interest, though they are the restorations of some of the most ancient Christian churches in Rome, with the exception, perhaps, of the crypt or *soterrano* of Santa Martina, which was restored and decorated principally at his own expense, by the celebrated architect Pietro da Cortona, in the middle of the seventeenth century, in a very ornate style of ecclesiastical embellishment.

All around this immediate neighborhood are to be seen among the buildings of modern date, ancient ruins of walls, shapeless masses of masonry, pavements, &c.

The southern boundary of the Campo Vaccino is formed by the church of Santa Francesca Romana, founded in the eighth century on the site of the Pagan Temple of Venus and Rome, and by the Arch of Titus. The Temple of Venus and Rome was one of the most magnificent edifices in the ancient city, and was built by the Emperor Hadrian on a plan designed by himself.

The Arch of Titus, which is in great part preserved, was erected by the Senate and people of Rome, in the reign of Domitian, to perpetuate the memory of the conquest of Jerusalem, and triumph of Titus over the vanquished Jews, and is situated on what was the highest point of the Via Sacra, thence called *Summa Via Sacra*. Like the other triumphal arches mentioned, it is a lofty massive structure of white marble, presenting a two-fold façade of similar character, looking north and south. It is, however, only pierced by one arch; the entablature is supported by four columns on each façade, and above these is an attic bearing the inscription—

SENATVS. POPVSVQVE. ROMANVS.
DIVO. TITO. DIVI. VESPASIANI. F.
VESPASIANO. AVGVSTO.

There is no monument, perhaps, of Imperial Rome still remaining which possesses so much interest as this arch; for amongst the various bas-reliefs upon its exterior and interior, executed in a high style of art, there is one representing the triumphal procession of Titus to the Capitol, on his return to Rome after the destruction of Jerusalem, which contains delineations of the sacred utensils and instruments of worship appertaining to the sacrificial rites and religious ceremonies of the Jews, and other spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, of which descriptions are given in the book of Holy Writ. There, amongst the Jewish captives who follow the triumphal car of Titus, are to be plainly recognized, notwithstanding some slight defacements, the bearers of the seven-branched golden candlestick, the silver trumpets, the tables of the law, &c. All these are on the sides within the arch.

A portion of the columns and of the eastern side of the structure having been destroyed in the lapse of ages, their restoration was effected under the late pontificate of Pius VII.; and, though the material used for the purpose was not marble, like the rest of the arch, but merely Tiburtine stone, yet the whole structure is now presented to view in its original proportions.

On the western side of the Campo Vaccino there is nothing calling for especial notice.

The narrow valley lying between the Capitoline and the Palatine Hills, now known by the general

* It was in the walls of the crypt of this church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, which was originally built in the first quarter of the sixth century, by Pope Felix IV., that the fragments of the ancient plan of Rome, carved in the marble, it is supposed, in the reign of Septimius Severus, were found in the fifteenth century. They are considered to have formed the marble floor of the little circular temple, of Romulus and Remus, (now the vestibule of the church,) and are preserved in the Capitoline Museum.

name of the Valabrum, and occupied by the inferior streets called Via della Consolazione, Via della Grazie, and Via di San Teodoro, is a spot, the associations connected with which bring back the mind to the earliest and legendary era of Roman history. There stood the *Ficus Ruminalis*, or Fig-Tree (close to the Temple of Vesta) beneath the shade of which Romulus and Remus were suckled by the she-wolf.

Towards the river and the Forum Boarium there stands a remarkable ruin, consisting of a large solid square erection, of the time of Septimius Severus and composed of solid white marble. It is pierced on each of its four sides by arches, which meet in the centre, and there form a vaulted apartment, which served as a sort of Exchange for the cattle-merchants. It is called *Arcus Quadrifrons*, and is supposed to have been under the especial auspices of the God Janus. It has a superstructure of brickwork, which was added in the Middle Ages, when it was used as a fortress by the turbulent nobles.

Here, also, adjoining the Church of San Giorgio, is another arch of Septimius Severus, called *in Testamento*, to distinguish it from the one noticed above of the same name.

In this vicinity is to be seen a portion of the celebrated Sewer of Rome, constructed at the very earliest period of its history by the Tarquins—the *Cloaca Maxima*, which traversed the Velabrum from the Forum Romanum to the Tiber; and which now forms a channel by which the stream of one of the ancient aqueducts, under the modern name of the *Aqua di San Giorgio*, empties itself into the Tiber, near the Ponte Rotto. The solid Etruscan masonry of this capacious tunnel is now, after the lapse of 2500 years, as firm, and, to all appearance, as durable as when it was first completed, in the days of King Tarquin.

Here, also, on the Tiber's banks, stands one of the best preserved relics of Imperial Rome—the ruins of one of the many temples of Vesta which the city contained. It is a circular structure, with a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns of white marble, and dates from the reign of Marcus Antoninus, in the middle of the second century of the Christian era. Its full proportions are not perceptible until, approaching closely, it is seen to be imbedded in the accumulated soil, which has been excavated all round to the old level. The interior is in pretty good preservation. It was formerly used as a Christian church, but is so no longer.

The view given shows the temple towards the left; the *Cloaca Maxima*, where it opens into the Tiber, in the centre; and on the right the ruins of the *Ponte Rotto*, the three arches of which are all that now remain of the ancient *Pons Pallatinus*, the first stone bridge that was ever built over the Tiber, about a century and a half before Christ. It has been often restored and rebuilt in modern times, and the upper works of the present ruin belong to the middle of the 16th century, when it was rebuilt by Pope Julius II. It was in part destroyed by an inundation some fifty years subsequently, from which period its present appearance dates.

Of the great temples and palatial structures which crowned the Palatine, and of the Circus Maximus at its foot, no definable traces now exist, except in the case of the latter (as already stated,) the mere outline of the form and name preserved by the Via de' Cerchi; and in that of the former, large shapeless mounds of masonry and brickwork overgrown with verdure, and scattered through some vineyards and gardens which crown its summit.

A little to the north-east of the Forum Romanum, extending towards the Quirinal, there were other places of public resort to which the name of Forum was also given, and they were called from their founders respectively—the Forum of Cæsar (Julius), the Forum of Augustus, the Forum of Nerva, and the Forum of Trajan. Of these, there are scarcely any remains now, with the exception of the last-named.

The Forum of Trajan is an excavation some fifteen feet deep in the Piazza Trajana, an oblong open area which occupies the site of the ancient Forum, and lies a little to the east of the southern extremity of the Corso, between the Capitoline Hill on its north-east end and the Quirinal Hill on its south-west extremity. The excavation assumes the shape of the Piazza, in which it is sunk, the sides of the one being parallel to those of the other, and a roadway is left to the surface above on all four sides, the whole place presenting somewhat the figure of a modern square, with a deep pit in the middle, instead of the usual green enclosure. At the northern end of the excavation stands the Column of Trajan, one of the most perfect works of ancient art that time has spared. The spot which it occupies

was originally cut out of a spur or offshoot of the Quirinal Hill, down to the original level of the rest of the Forum, and the height of the column is exactly the same as the portion of the hill which was removed, as stated in the inscription on the pedestal, from which we learn that the monument was erected by the Senate and People of Rome, not only to commemorate the victories of Trajan over the Dacians, but also as a memorial of the height of hill which it was necessary to cut away, in order to make room for the noble structures which adorned the Forum. This height is about 130 feet, exclusive of the bronze statue of St. Peter, eleven or twelve feet high, on its summit, which was placed there by Pope Sixtus V. in the latter part of the sixteenth century, instead of the statue of bronze gilt which had formerly occupied the top, but which had long previously disappeared. The whole structure, pedestal, plinth, shaft, and Doric capital, is composed of large blocks of white marble; those of the shaft ascending in a spiral band, and covered with bas-reliefs illustrative of the exploits of Trajan in the Dacian war. The number of human figures, exclusive of other objects, such as horses, arms, chariots, &c., represented on the shaft, is said to be nearly 3000; the number 2500 has, at all events, been ascertained by actual enumeration; these figures are generally about two feet high each. The pedestal is decorated with crowns of victory, garlands, and other insignia of triumph.

The column was made by the Emperor Hadrian a place of sepulture for the ashes of Trajan, which, according to a tradition immortalized by Byron, were supposed to have been contained in the head of a spear or, according to another version, in a globe which the statue bore in its hand:—

Apostolic statues climb

To crush the Imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime.

But the ashes were, in reality, according to Cassiodorus, placed in a golden urn, which was deposited in a receptacle beneath the column. In the interior a spiral flight of steps leads to the summit, but the view is limited, by intervening roofs.

Trajan's Forum contained some of the noblest edifices in Rome: amongst them, the Temple of Trajan, and the Ulpian Basilica and the Ulpian Library, both so designated from the family name of Trajan; there were, also, baths and porticoes, and statues of illustrious men in great number within its precincts. Of these the only remains visible at present are several fragments of broken columns, some standing on their bases in the excavation, broken off at various heights of from ten to twenty feet; others, of smaller size, lying upon the ground, on which, also, may be seen several patches of the original pavement.

The MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was erected in the Domitian Gardens, beyond the Tiber, by the Emperor Hadrian, as a depository for his own ashes and those of succeeding Emperors, several of whom found a tomb there. The main body of the structure, converted into a fortress in the middle ages, has come down to modern times in perfect preservation, and consists of a strong circular edifice, raised upon a square basement. It was originally sheathed with marble and surrounded by a peristyle of noble columns; but these have disappeared long since, together with the statues that decorated its summit. On the top of the circular building there has been raised a modern square edifice, which serves as the dwelling-house of the Governor of the Castle; and on the summit of all stands a bronze statue of the Archangel Saint Michael, with extended wings, and in the act of sheathing a sword—the whole presenting a very mongrel appearance. It is a place of great strength, however, and the rooms in the basement are used as dungeons for State prisoners. The Bridge of St. Angelo, which leads from the left to the right bank of the Tiber towards St. Peter's, is exactly opposite the fortress, the bastions of which come close to the river's edge.

Outside the city walls, to the north, and about two miles up the Tiber, the stream is crossed by the famous PONS MOLLIS, the ancient *Pons Milvius*, so celebrated in Roman story. Here it was that Cicero caused to be arrested, according to a preconceived scheme, the Allobrogian ambassadors, who were implicated in the conspiracy of Catiline; and it was at the Pons Milvius that Constantine the Great, hoisting the Christian standard or Labarum, completely routed the forces of his opponent Maxentius. The piers and arches are all that remain of the ancient structure, the battlements and upper works being modern.

The ruins and relics thus indicated constitute but a few, although some of the most interesting, of the remains of ancient Rome; but there are numbers of others which will also excite the attention of the

scholar and the antiquarian, such as the ruins of the Gardens of Sallust, the ancient mound of the Wall of Servius Tullius; the walls of the Pretorian Camp, the large fragments of building in the Colonna Gardens on the Quirinal, ascribed to the Temple of the Sun, and the remains of what are supposed to have been the Baths of Constantine, adjoining the same gardens; the Arch of Drusus, near the Gate of St. Sebastian, the last of all the triumphal arches which spanned the noble thoroughfare which ran through the ancient city from the Flaminian Way (now the Corso) southward to the Appian Way. The arch was erected in memory of Drusus, the father of the Emperor Claudius, during the reign of the latter, about A. D. 42 or 43. Its present appearance is seen in the engraving, with the gate of St. Sebastian in the background; the Arch of Gallienus, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore; the Arch of Dolabella and ruins of the Neronian Aqueduct, on the Celian Hill; the Pyramid of Cestius, at the gate of St. Paul; the various ruins on the Appian Way, including the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, which was erected about half a century before the Christian era. Its history is involved in the greatest obscurity, all that is known about it being contained in its inscription, "*Cecilia Q. Cretici. F. Metella. Crassi.*," that is, "To Cecilia Metella, the daughter of Quintus Creticus, and wife of Crassus." Its present appearance is shown in the engraving. Those on the road leading from the Porta Pia, such as the Church of St. Constantia, and several other monuments outside the walls in different directions; the Baths of Titus, on the Esquiline; the Baths of Diocletian, on the Quirinal; the Baths of Caracalla, south of the Celian Hill; Monte Testaccio, &c.

A word or two may be added on the four last named. The *Monte Testaccio*, as the name imports, is a large oval hill formed of broken vases, jars, &c., of red pottery ware, and situated on the banks of the Tiber, just within the walls, in the fields lying between the Gate of St. Paul and the river. Of its origin and history nothing whatever has been ascertained, and all excavations and tunnelings through it have only produced broken pottery. It is presumed to be the accumulated refuse of a great factory, which was, probably, in the neighborhood, and at which were manufactured the vessels of pottery ware in which the ancients kept their wine, vast numbers of which were in constant use among them.

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, next to the Colosseum the largest ruins in Rome, are situated at the other or eastern side of the gate of St. Paul, between the Aventine and Celian hills, in the direction of the Gate of St. Sebastian. They were built, or rather their erection was begun, and in great part finished, between the years 212 and 217 of the Christian era, by the Emperor Caracalla Antoninus, and their completion was effected in the two reigns immediately succeeding. This vast establishment originally consisted of a large courtyard, surrounded on its four sides by a double row of chambers and porticoes. The inner quadrangle is all that now stands erect, but the vast dimensions of the outer can be traced by the remains of the brick walls, which are still, in many instances, some two or three feet above the ground. Owing to the spoliation and lime-burnings, which were continued with unabated assiduity while a slab of marble or a column remained, especially in the time of Cardinal Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul III., who was one of the most active of the depredators, the long suite of chambers, roofless, and with bare walls, present scarcely a trace of the beautiful decorations with which it is known they were embellished. Some of the noble sculptures which were at this period found among the ruins, as the group of the Toro (Farnese), the Hercules (Farnese), and the colossus of Flora, are even lost to Rome, having been transferred, along with other property of the Farnese family which came into the possession of the Neapolitan Monarch, to the Royal Museum of Naples, where they now are. Some other valuable specimens of Greek art, however, which were also rescued from these ruins, including the celebrated Torso of the Belvidere, are to be seen in the Vatican.

The Baths of Titus, lying a little eastward of the Colosseum, are recognized by a round structure which was probably the theatre belonging to the baths. They were erected by the Emperor Titus upon a portion of the site which had been covered by the Golden House of Nero, many of the chambers of which were appropriated to the purposes of the baths; and hence it is supposed that these apartments in which, during the excavations of Pope Leo X., were found the beautiful frescoes that were copied by Raffaele in his decorations of the Loggia of the Vatican, belonged to the palace. These frescoes, after an existence of nearly 2000 years, appear

still fresh and brilliant as far as the imperfect light with which they are viewed in their present half-buried condition enables one to judge. Some other exquisite frescoes, as also a few statues of the finest sculpture, were likewise found here; and at a little distance the celebrated group of Laocoon, with which innumerable copies have made every civilized country familiar, was dug up in a vineyard during the pontificate of Julius II.

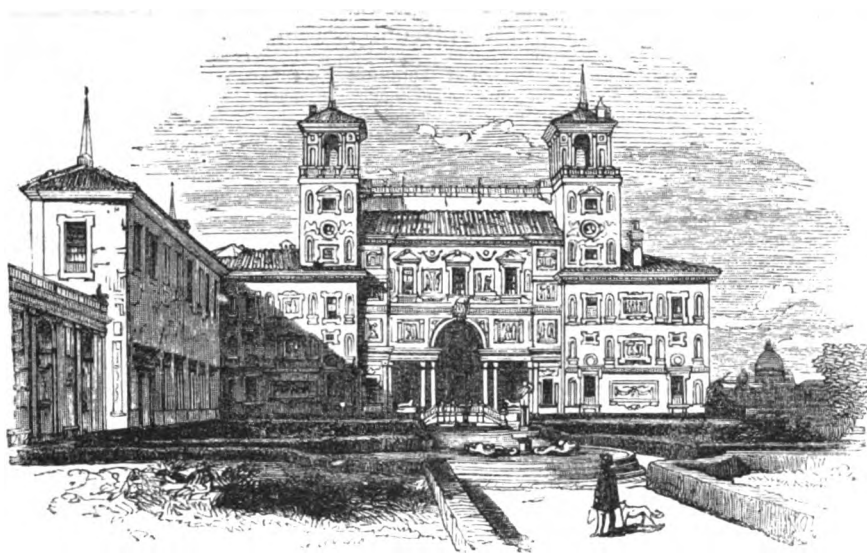
THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN were erected by the Emperor whose name they bear, at the close of the third century, on the locality where the Viminal and the Quirinal Hills form a junction, and which is now the Piazza de' Termini. They were like all the great Imperial *thermae* of Rome—a quadrangular series of buildings surrounding a square courtyard, and were so large that upwards of 3000 persons could bathe at the same time in the various cold, tepid, or warm baths of the establishment. The tenth general persecution of the Christians raged in that reign throughout the whole Empire, and thousands of the faithful were condemned to work like slaves at this enormous structure. At present its remains spread over a large surface, and consist of little more than shapeless masses of masonry, and some large chambers which are used as places to store corn, hay, straw, &c. There are, however, two remarkable exceptions; viz: the large hall which was converted by Michael Angelo to the purpose of a church, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, which has been noticed in a former place, and the round building which is now used as the Church of San Bernardo, belonging to the Cistercian Monastery adjoining.

THE TIBER.

The Tiber, in a very winding course of about three miles, from north to south, skirts the main division of the city on the west, and is crossed by three bridges, which maintain the communication with the two suburbs on the right bank, named respectively the Trastevere and the Borgo—the latter containing the Vatican and St. Peter's. The Ponte St. Angelo, erected by Bernini for Clement IX., occupies the site of the ancient Pons Ælius and is the highest up the river; the Ponte Sisto, rebuilt by Sixtus IV., was originally the Pons Janiculum, and is the intermediate of the three; while the lowest unites both banks to the island of San Bartolomeo, in the Tiber, and is named the Ponte a Quattro Capi: it was the ancient bridge of Fabricius and Cestus. There are, also, the ruins of three other bridges belonging to the times of the Empire; viz: the Triumphalis or Vaticanus, just below that of San Angelo; the Pons Palatinus, now the Ponte Rotto; and the foundations of the celebrated Pons Sublicius, the first bridge thrown across the Tiber, in the earliest ages of Rome. The banks of the river are not protected by walls or quays, but are, in most cases, lined with mean, narrow streets—the backs of the houses being close to the water's edge, or separated only by a strip of gravel, which is covered with water when the channel of the stream happens to be full. There are two landing-places—the Ripetta, in the upper part of the river, on the left bank, above the bridge of St. Angelo, where the boats of the inland navigation unload the produce of the interior, such as fruit, vegetables, wine, oil, &c.; and the Porto di Ripa Grande, a considerable way down the river, near the Porta Portese, where the few small sea-going craft that ascend the Tiber discharge their cargoes beside a custom-house, which is on the wharf. On the left bank, just opposite, there is a piece of waste ground, which bears the fine sounding name of the Marmorata (the site of the ancient Navalium), and is intended to serve as a landing-place for the marble brought from the quarries of Carrara; but the name is all that is great about it, for the business carried on there is *nil*. Both banks in this locality have been used as wharves from time immemorial. Until a few years ago there was a quay for landing fire-wood, called Porto di Legna, at the highest part of the river, within the walls: it is now a public promenade.

THE WALLS.

The walls encompassing Rome Proper (on the left bank) follow generally the circuit of the Emperor Aurelian's walls, built about A. D. 271. The ancient rampart of King Servius Tullius, which served as a boundary to the infant city, had, in Aurelian's time, been long lost amidst the constantly increasing growth of streets, squares, gardens, &c., which extended in every direction to a great distance. That prudent Emperor, therefore, finding the Goths, who even at that time had established a footing within the Empire, hovering about Italy in an attitude somewhat too menacing not to create considerable apprehension for the fate of the city, if the barbarians should pounce upon it, wholly unprotected as it then



FRENCH ACADEMY.

was; and warned by sad experience, that Rome's proudest and best defence of old, the invincible arms of her iron legions on the frontiers, must no longer form her sole reliance, drew a line of circumvallation around the more compact proportions of the city, not seeking to inclose the long rows of villas, which stretched out like arms from the main trunk, lining the Appian, the Flaminian, and other great roads. The extent of this enclosure has been variously estimated, but the best concurrent testimony fixes it at between twelve and thirteen miles, including the Transtiberina; and the same line has been generally observed in all the subsequent re-buildings and repairs made by the Emperor Honorius, the Gothic King Theodoric, Belisarius, the Greek exarch Narses, and the various Popes, from the Gregories (II. and III.), Adrian I., and Leo IV., who included the Borgo in the year 847, down through nineteen pontificates, to the time of Urban VIII., who united the Borgo to the Trastevere by a rampart running along the ridge of the Janiculum, from the Vatican, to San Pancrazio, which he continued thence to the Porta Portese, on the banks of the Tiber, and thus completed the circuit as it now exists, measuring about fourteen miles. The height of the wall varies considerably, but generally it averages about fifteen feet; there is no ditch, but it is strengthened by towers and bastions. Its many restorations suffice to account for its very patch-work appearance, which is rendered more remarkable by the irregularity of its contour in several places where parts of buildings that stood in the way were incorporated in its structure, without regard to the fitness of their form or otherwise—as, for instance, the walls and arches of the Claudian and Julian Aqueducts, the three sides of the Pretorian Camp, on the north-east, and the outer wall of the Amphitheatrum Castrense, on the south-east side. The leaning-wall, or Muro Torto, at the Pincian, is, perhaps, its most extraordinary feature, seeing that even in the time of Belisarius it presented the same menacing appearance that it does at present. The general substance is brick intermixed in some places with blocks of stone and rubbish. Some antiquarians profess to tell the date of each particular portion of the wall by the nature and materials of its construction, but they are more ingenious than matter-of-fact in their speculations. There are sixteen gates, several of which, however, are closed or walled up. They occur in the following order, making the circuit eastward from—1. The Porta del Popolo, where the great north road (the ancient Flaminian Way) enters the city; 2. Porta Pinciana; 3. Porta Salara; 4. Porta Pia; 5. Porta S. Lorenzo; 6. Porta Maggiore; 7. Porta S. Giovanni; 8. Porta Latina; 9. Porta S. Sebastiano; 10. Porta S. Paolo, and beyond the Tiber; 11. Porta Portese; 12. Porta S. Pancrazio; 13. Porta Cavalleggeri; 14. Porta Fabrica; 15. Porta Angelica; and 16. Porta Castello. Of all these the handsomest is the Porta Maggiore: it is a fine majestic arch of Travertine stone, and formed originally a part of the Claudian Aqueduct.

THE STREETS AND PALACES.

The streets of Rome, though for the most part narrow and without footpaths, are, however, frequently long, straight, and regular, and lined with fine lofty mansions, which impart to their appearance an air of grandeur; while the great number of spacious squares, piazzas, quadrangles, oval and circular enclosures and gardens, render the city

open and airy, and combine with the bright sunny climate to give it a generally cheerful aspect.*

On entering the city through the Porta del Popolo, by the ancient Flaminian Way, the open circular area in front is called the *Piazza del Popolo*; and with its fountains and Egyptian obelisk in the centre (noticed in another column), the height of the Pincian Hill crowned with public gardens on one side, and rows of trees on the other, and its southern sweep flanked by the domes and porticoes of the churches Santa Maria del Popolo, and Santa Maria del Miracolo—the whole terminating in three long and spacious streets, which carry the eye a long distance—it forms one of the handsomest entrances to be seen in any capital in Europe, and presents a most imposing effect to the view. Leading southward from the Piazza, the Corso, the Ripetta, and the Via del Babuino, are three fine streets, of considerable length, which are crossed nearly at right angles by the streets Fontanella and Condotti, the latter communicating with the Piazza di Spagna and the lofty flight of steps ascending to the Piazza della Trinità de' Monte, on the Pincian Hill, from which there is a magnificent view of Rome.

The Corso is the Principal street of modern Rome, and is the centre of the three thoroughfares issuing from the Piazza del Popolo, from which it extends something better than a mile, in a straight line south to the Piazza di Venezia. The houses which line it on either side, though generally large and lofty, are so irregularly placed—some jutting out into the street, others retiring far back, and few or none forming a continuous regular range either as to the height of the eaves or of the window rows—that the general effect is bad and disagreeable. The foot-

* It must be admitted, however, that in the matters of paving, lighting, cleansing, &c., and those other local arrangements which with us are deemed absolutely essential to comfort and convenience, Rome is sadly deficient. Nothing can be more dismal of a wet night than the "darkness visible" of the oil lamps, and while in the cross streets there is no trottoir, the mud or dust, according to the character of the weather, is quite appalling.

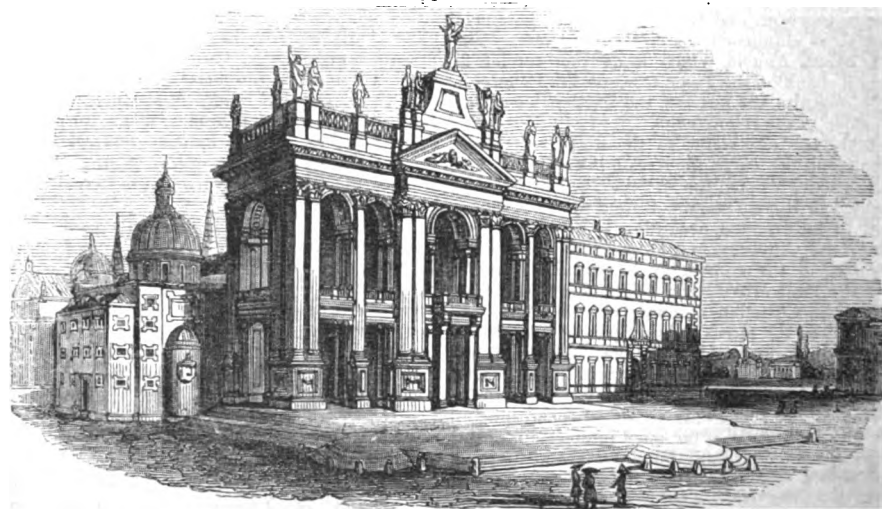
ways for passengers partake of the general irregularity, being in some places of moderate width, and in others so narrow that scarcely two persons can walk abreast; while they are raised inconveniently high above the carriage-road, which is sufficiently broad to constitute a pretty capacious thoroughfare. The name of Corso is derived from the street being used as the "course" for the riderless horses which run races during the carnival. In the Corso, also, all the masking and mummery, the riotous and uproarious sports of that festive season, take place.

The Ripetta, which is the street leading from the Piazza del Popolo westward of the Corso, runs for a considerable distance along the bank of the Tiber. The Via del Babuino, which proceeds eastward to the Piazza di Spagna, is a handsome thoroughfare lined with good shops and some of the principal hotels of the city, and is decorated with the fountain of the *Babbuino*, or Baboon, which gives name to the street, and is itself so called from the appearance of its chief ornament—an antique figure of a sylvan god, or satyr, the features of which are defaced and flattened by the wear and accidents of time. The collegio Greco is situated in this street, nearly opposite to the fountain.

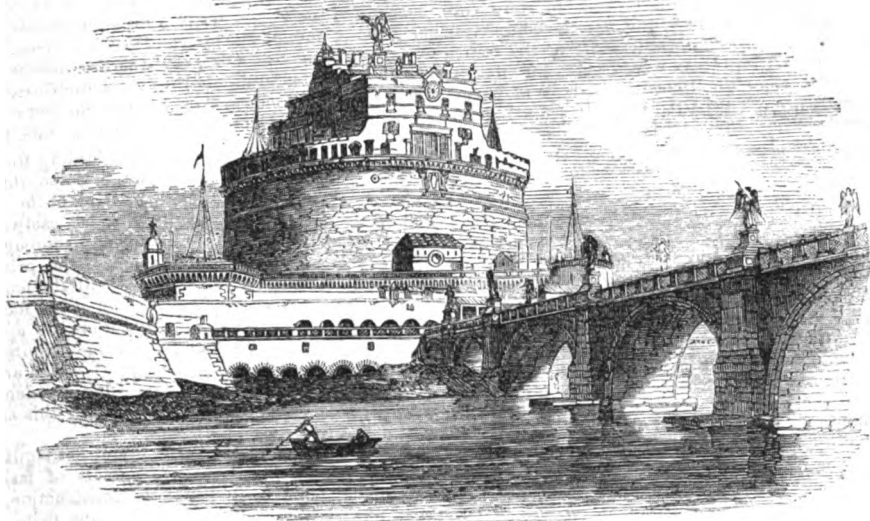
The Piazza di Spagna is the grand head-quarters of the English and foreign residents of fashion. The houses are lofty and of good construction, and in the centre of the area is the Fontana della Barcaccia. The piazza is named from the Spanish embassy which is situated there. The celebrated college of the Propaganda also bounds a portion of its limits: its grand feature, however, is the noble flight of steps on its eastern side communicating with the public promenade on the Pincian Hill, where all the fashionable world of Rome is to be met in crowds every evening, for two or three hours before sunset.

The Via Sistina, the Via Felice, and the Via della Quattro Fontane, conduct from this place, by the Piazza Barberini, towards the Quirinal, and on to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline, the Via della Quattro Fontane being intersected by a noble avenue that runs from the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, upwards of a mile to the Porta Pia. All these streets are a good breadth, and well built. At the intersection last mentioned there is an open area, adorned with four fountains, whence the name. Adjoining the Capuchin Convent and garden at the north of the Piazza Barberini, is the *Piombino*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Ludovici Villa*, with its beautiful grounds and handsome casino, which, amongst other gems of art, contains Guercino's fresco of "Aurora." The *Palazzo Barberini*, which, as well as the piazza in which it is situated, and the two fountains there, owe its origin to Pope Urban VIII., is a large pile of building erected after the designs of Bernini. It contains a fine library, which possesses many valuable manuscripts, and a good collection of paintings, among which is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which was taken by Guido a few days before her execution in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, beside the Papal palace of the Quirinal, there are the *Palazzo della Consulta*, and the *Palazzo Rospigliosi*, in one of the principal apartments of which is Guido's great masterpiece—the group of "Aurora and the Hours ushering in the Dawn," for a view of which alone the Rospigliosi is well worth a visit.

THE PIAZZA DI MONTE CAVALLLO, a view of which, with the Quirinal Palace on the right, is given in



ST. JOHN LATERAN.



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

the illustration, occupies the crest of the Quirinal Hill, and is so called from the celebrated groups of "the men and horses," as they are usually styled, which stand on each side of the Egyptian obelisk, and close to the fountain, both of which are noticed in another page. All three form most conspicuous objects of decoration in the open elevated place where they are situated, and are a portion of the treasures which have rewarded the trouble of excavation; they appear in the illustration on the left hand facing the Palace. The horses and their riders were found in the year 1589, amongst the ruins of the Baths of Constantine, within a short distance of their present position, where they were planted by Pope Sixtus V. They are said to be the work of the celebrated Grecian sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles, and to have been brought to Rome by Constantine the Great from Alexandria, in which city they had stood for several centuries previously.

The principal entrance to the Quirinal Palace—the Pope's summer residence—in this piazza, opens into a large square court surrounded on all four sides by the buildings of the Palace, neither the style nor decorations of which are of so ornate a character as might be expected. The grand attraction of the palace is its gardens, which are planned in the Italian fashion. The long broad walks, bordered with high close-cropt hedges of evergreens, having niches at frequent intervals filled with statues, afford a grateful shelter from the sun's rays, while the incessant play of fountains cools the atmosphere, and soothes the ear with the murmuring sound of the falling water. Pleasure-grounds, aviaries, shrubberies, grottoes, and summer-houses complete the decorations of this exquisite retreat. All this quarter (from the Pincian to Santa Maria Maggiore,) constitutes the eastern portion of the town, and is not very thickly inhabited.

The immediate neighborhood of the Corso, on either side, is remarkable for the various palaces which it contains. It is a quarter much more densely peopled than the district just glanced at, and is the chief scene of the busy movement and daily intercourse of the population. About midway down the Corso is the Piazza Colonna, with its ancient column of Antoninus; immediately adjoining is the Monte Citorio, a small hill formed from the ruins of the Amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, where the Curia Innocenziana—the seat of the Treasury and some other public offices—is situated. The Curia is a fine building, and owes its foundation to Innocent X. A little further down the Corso, on the other (left) side of the way, a short street leads to the Fountain of Trèvi, the handsomest in Rome. About the centre of the thronged mass of irregular streets lying between the Corso and the long and wide Via Giulia, running close to the Tiber, is the Piazza Navona, with its numerous fountains and obelisk, already mentioned. Amongst the Palaces to be noticed in this quarter are the *Ruspoli*, now used partly as a *café*, club-rooms, &c., and usually called the *Café Nuovo*. Its noble marble staircase is an object of just admiration. The *Borghese*, with its fine collection of Italian masters; the *Chigi*, the *Piombino*, the *Massimi*, the *Pio*, the *Sciarra*, the *Doria*, the *Torlonia* (formerly known as the *Bracciano*, or *Odeschalchi*), the *Colonna*

(occupied as the French Embassy), the *Altieri*, the *Venizia*, and *Palazzo Corea*,* all of which have some one or more attractive features of high art. There are also here, the *Farnese*, the *Braschi*, the *Can-cellaria*, and the *Spada Palaces*, which latter possesses, in its collection of ancient sculptures and marbles, the celebrated statue of Pompey† which stood in the Senate House attached to Pompey's Theatre, and at the base of which Julius Cæsar fell beneath the daggers of his assassins, Brutus, Cassius, and the other conspirators. The *Palazzo della Cancelleria* was built in the pontificate of Sixtus IV., towards the close of the fifteenth century, by Cardinal Riario, with materials taken chiefly from the Colosseum and one or two others of the Ancient structures of the city. Its *cortile*, or quadrangular court, surrounded by a portico of two stories in height, which is sustained by a range of antique granite columns, forms a noble memorial of the grand and harmonious conceptions of the celebrated architect Bramante, from whose designs the palace

* The *Corea* is a circular brick building, situated off a small cross street—Via de Pontifici—between the Ripetta and the Corso, and is all that now remains of the magnificent mausoleum of Augustus, in the Campus Martius, in front of which stood the two Egyptian obelisks which now decorate the Piazza Quirinale and the front of Santa Maria Maggiore respectively. The mausoleum, under its modern title of *Corea*, is now used as a circus for an equestrian troupe!

† This noble product of ancient art, although the Parian marble is yellow with age, which by no means detracts from the beauty of its appearance, is in perfect preservation. It is of colossal dimensions; the attitude of the figure is erect and majestic, and the countenance singularly expressive of calm dignity. A globe, the emblem of power, is borne in the right hand. It was found in a small street near the Spada Palace, and in the immediate vicinity of the spot where it stood in the ancient city.

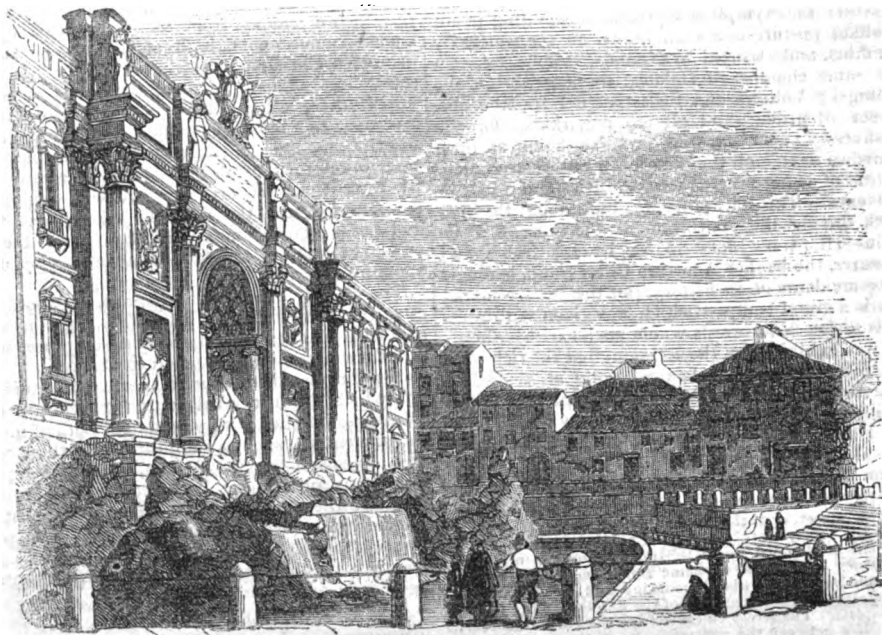
was erected. The chief apartments are occupied by the Cardinal-Chancellor of the Papal government and his subordinates.

The *Farnese Palace* is situated in the Piazza of the same name, which is decorated with a pair of beautiful fountains facing the superb archway that forms the entrance to the *cortile* of the palace. This *cortile* is the most magnificent structure of the kind in Rome; its area is a regular square in its proportions, and is encompassed by a noble portico rising three stories one above the other, and supported by a range of columns of three separate orders of architecture—the Corinthian, the Ionic, and the Doric. The apartments, which are open to the public, are spacious and lofty, and are decorated with frescoes, rich cornices, and sculptured marbles, &c., and contain some few reliques of ancient art; but the gems of the Farnese collection have been transferred by the King of Naples to the Royal Museum of his capital. The palace at present forms the residence of the Neapolitan ambassador. It was founded by Pope Paul III. when Cardinal Farnese, who rified for the purpose the Colosseum, and every other ancient structure, that possessed a marble slab, column, or statue remaining unappropriated in Rome.

The *Massimi Palace* contains a fine collection of paintings by the best Italian masters, and one gem of ancient Greek sculpture, representing a figure in the act of throwing the *discus* or quoit.

On the Capitoline Hill there is the *Senators' Palace*, built upon the solid Etruscan masonry of the ruins of the ancient *Tabularium*, and crowned on its summit with a female figure bearing a cross, a representation of Christianized Rome, which forms a most conspicuous object from the Corso. The palace itself, which was erected about five centuries ago by Boniface IX., calls for no notice. Situated immediately adjoining it in the same Piazza (di Campidoglio), are the *Capitoline Museum*, the collection in which, though far inferior to that of the Vatican, contains, however, many valuable reliques of ancient art, amongst others, the well-known Capitoline Venus and the Dying Gladiator; and the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, which contains a good collection of objects of ancient and modern art, not the least interesting portion of which is the large number of busts and statues of eminent Italian poets, painters, sculptors, architects, and men of science of the last four centuries. The celebrated bronze group of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, which was dug up at the foot of the Palatine, near where it stood at the *Ruminal Fig-Tree* in old Rome, and which is referred to in the writings of several ancient authors, is placed in this Palace.

The *Piazza di Campidoglio*, the ancient *Inter-montium*, so called from being situated between the two peaks of the Tarpæian Rock and the Capitoline Hill properly so called, which was crowned with the great Temple of Jupiter, on the site now occupied by the Church of Ara Cœli. The Piazza, which is approached by the series of broad steps or inclined planes in front, is of very limited extent, and scarcely deserves the title of square. It is, however, a locality to which the highest interest attaches, from the early period when Romulus fixed his asylum there, to attract a population to his new city, some seven or eight centuries before Christ, down to



FOUNTAIN OF TRÈVI.

the present day. The edifices which now occupy this celebrated site, and which are seen in the view, are—the Senator's Palace, in front; on the right, the Palace of Conservatori; and on the left, the Capitoline Museum. The monuments which decorate the Piazza are of great antiquity. At the bottom of the ascent on either side are two black granite figures of lionesses marked with red spots, of the very earliest period of Egyptian art: they are supposed to have belonged to the ancient Temple of Serapis, in the Campus Martius, near the ruins of which they were found. At the summit of the ascent are two groups of Castor and Pollux standing beside their horses; they were found about three centuries ago, near the site of the ancient Temple of Castor and Pollux, in the present Ghetto. The men are colossal, contrasted with the horses. On either side along the balustrade are sculptured groups of trophies, statues of Constantine and his son, and an ancient mile-stone, dug up on the Appian Way, one mile from Rome, and marked with the numeral I.—all rescued from the superincumbent soil at different periods. In the centre of the Piazza stands a colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

The flight of steps seen on the left of the engraving leads to the Church of Ara Cœli.

The Caffarelli Palace, the residence of the Prussian ambassador, is on the Tarpæian Rock.

The low, dingy collection of filthy lanes opposite the upper part of the island of San Bartolomeo, is the Jew's quarter, or *Ghetto*, surrounded by an enclosure, the gates of which were locked every night and opened in the morning, previously to the accession of the present Pope, Pío Nono, who abolished that invidious remnant of bygone oppression.

The ruins of the *Cenci Palace*—so celebrated in Roman story for the tragic fate of the noble family, the Cenci, in the latter end of the sixteenth century—are close to the northern end of the Ghetto. It was from this inauspicious mansion that the beautiful Beatrice (whose portrait has been rendered immortal by the pencil of Guido) proceeded to the place of public execution in the Via de San Giovanni Decollato* where she was beheaded, along with her wretched relatives, on the 11th of September, 1599.

Beyond the Tiber, the Borgo and the Trastevere have some streets which are neither narrow nor irregular; the Lungara, however, is the principal one: it contains, besides the *Farnesina Palace*, the *Palazzo Salviati*, and the *Palazzo Corsini*, where Queen Christina of Sweden, after her adoption of the Roman Catholic religion, long resided. Its gardens form some of the finest pleasure-grounds in Rome.

The *Farnesina Palace* deserves notice, not only for the perfection of its plan and the elegance of its construction, but also for Raphael's exquisite decorations, the principal of which are the frescoes on the ceiling of one of the apartments on the ground-floor, representing the loves of Cupid and Psyche, their nuptials, and the council of the gods—the latter being a large central painting the size of life, around which are delineated, on a smaller scale, the various incidents of the fable; and the fresco of *Galatea*, on the wall of another apartment adjoining, in which the nymph is represented standing in an exultant posture in a shell drawn on the waters by dolphins, and escorted by Nereids, Tritons, &c. In this same chamber of *Galatea*, the frescoes on the ceiling by Volterra and Sebastian del Piombo also attract attention; and all are remarkable for the freshness which the colors preserve, being as little tarnished as though they had been but just painted, instead of being nearly three centuries and a half in existence. The *Farnesina* was built about the year 1508, during the pontificate of the warrior Pope Julius II. (A. D. 1503–1513), by his friend and treasurer, the banker Agostino Chigi; and, amongst other incidents of its history, not the least remarkable is a grand banquet which was given within its walls to Leo X., towards whom such excessive homage was exhibited on the occasion, that the rich cups and dishes—many of them of solid silver, gilt—were thrown into the Tiber, that no profane hands or lips might afterwards defile them by their touch. The *Farnesina* is in the occupation of the Neapolitan Consul.

The *Palace of the Vatican* lies also beyond the

Tiber, and is incorporated with the Church of St. Peter's. The history of its original foundation is involved in doubt; the most probable conjecture being, that some years subsequent to the completion of St. Peter's, viz. about the middle of the fourth century, the first buildings were erected for an occasional residence of the Popes or Bishops of Rome, who usually occupied the Palace of St. John Lateran as their dwelling. The buildings, however, whatever may have been the date of their origin, were of an inferior character, and greatly dilapidated in the twelfth century, when they were in part restored; and from that period to the present, almost every Pope who has sat in the chair of St. Peter has made additions, alterations, and restorations, the principal of which, with their decorations, were effected during the period of the revival of the arts, in the latter part of the fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth century.

On the wonders of the Vatican volumes have been written, without exhausting or even doing full justice to the subject. Within our limits we can only mention one or two of the features that are most worthy the notice of the educated tourist.

The principal entrance of the palace is at the northern end of the portico of St. Peter's, by Bernini's celebrated staircase the *Scala Regia*, which conducts to a magnificent suite of apartments, containing amongst others the *Sistine Chapel*, built by Sixtus IV., and decorated in the succeeding reigns by Michael Angelo and other eminent artists in fresco, the principal painting being M. Angelo's "Last Judgment," on the wall of the choir over the altar. This most extraordinary production of the artist's pencil covers a surface 900 feet square, and occupied eight years in its completion; but at present the colors are much injured by the lapse of time and the effects of the smoke of wax tapers. The *Pauline Chapel* is also in this part of the palace; it was built by Paul III.; and here also M. Angelo's frescoes are much damaged from the same cause. About a quarter of a mile northward of this suite of rooms, the apartment or villa called the *Belvidere* is situated; and about midway between lies another large suite of rooms, which are in part appropriated to the Vatican library. These three separate buildings are united by a magnificent line of galleries or corridors running parallel on the western and eastern sides, so that the whole forms a continuous series of buildings, with large courts or squares of vast proportions in the centre. The first court is called the *Cortile San Damaso*; and the corridors along the sides are named *Raphael's Loggie*, from having been decorated by that artist and his scholars. The other courts are named the *Cortile of Bramante* and the *Cortile of the Belvidere*.

Raphael's Loggie are three stories high, with an open arcade to the court; and there, especially in the second story, on the walls and ceiling are to be seen those exquisite frescoes of that divine painter, which have been the admiration of succeeding ages, as well for the extraordinary variety and exuberant fertility of design they display as for the beauty and perfection of their execution and their rich coloring. From these has been adopted that style of decoration called, from its origin, *Raffaellesque*. Adjoining *Raphael's Loggie* is the corridor usually called the *Lapidarian Gallery*, from its being fitted up with ancient monuments, both of the Pagans and the primitive Christians, which were taken out of the catacombs. These interesting reliques of a most important epoch in Christian history are classified according to a most admirable arrangement, and the inscriptions are generally perfectly legible. The inscriptions on those of the Christians usually show, by their incorrect orthography, bad grammatical construction, and the frequent mingling of Greek and Latin words, that the first converts to the faith of Christ were of the very humblest classes of the community.

The gallery named the *Corridore Chiaramonti*, after the family name of Pius VII., contains a vast collection of ancient and modern sculpture, which owe their present arrangement to Canova.

The various other galleries, apartments, museums, &c., which are decorated with frescoes and other paintings, are filled with productions both of modern and ancient art, such as sculptures, paintings, tapestries, objects of antique Roman, Grecian, Egyptian, and Etruscan art, the latter containing beautiful chaplets, fillets, and head-dresses of the most exquisite workmanship, and of virgin gold—the whole forming the most complete aggregation of the most admirable productions of human genius ever brought together in one place.

THE CHURCHES.

Numerous and remarkable as are the Palaces and villas of Rome, the grand characteristic feature of

the city is its CHURCHES, of which there are about three hundred and sixty. Of those in the neighborhood of the Corso, we may mention *San Lorenzo in Lucina*, *Santa Maria del Popolo*, *Santa Maria sopra Minerva*, *San Carlo al Corso*, *San Marco*, and the two Jesuit churches of the *Gesu* and *San Ignacio*, the former of which contains a very gorgeous chapel, dedicated to San Ignacio Loyola, the founder of the order. The altar of this chapel is especially magnificent: it is surmounted by a noble group in white marble, representing the three persons of the Trinity (the Father bearing a globe of white marble and *lapis lazuli*), beneath which is an altar-piece (the portrait of Loyola), painted by the artist Jesuit, Father Pozzi, who also designed the chapel. This altar-piece is made to slide on one side on great festivals, and display, in the recess behind, a statue of the same saint, said to be of solid silver, robed in priestly vestments; while, below, is seen his shrine or tomb, of gilded bronze, sculptured with the most consummate skill, and decorated with gems of great price—a perfect marvel of exquisite and costly workmanship. The pediment of the altar, which bears the marble group mentioned, is sustained by columns fluted in bronze and *lapis lazuli*, which, with the gilded bronze candlesticks* on the altar-table, impart a splendid appearance to the whole structure.

There are also to be noticed the churches of *San Marcello*, *Santa Maria di Loreto*, *Santa Maria in Via Lata*, the *Santi Apostoli*—the latter originally built by Constantine the Great, but erected anew altogether in the fifteenth, and again restored in the beginning of the eighteenth, century. It contains among other monuments those of the Colonna and Rospigliosi families, and that of the celebrated Gauganelli—Clement XIV.—whose bull for the suppression of the Jesuits in the last century has made his name remarkable in history. This monument is the work of Canova when in his twenty-fifth year; it consists of a colossal group in white marble, representing the Pope sustained by two female figures, *Temperance* and *Chastity*. Another monument by Canova in this church perpetuates the memory of his artist friend Volpato. Westwards, towards the Tiber, there are *Santa Maria in Valicella*, *Santa Maria dell' Anima*, the ancient church of *Santa Maria in Cosmedin* (dating from the third century), *Santa Anastasia*, *Santa Maria Egitiziana*, *San Giorgio in Velabro*, and *San Teodoro* (said to be on the site of the ancient chief Temple of Vesta).

The Aventine, Palatine, Viminal, and Celian Hills have some churches and convents scattered through their fields and gardens. Of these, *San Gregorio*, on the Celian, is to be noticed for its frescoes by Guido and Domenechino; and midway between the Colosseum and St. John Lateran in the Via San Giovanni, is the very ancient church of *San Clemente*, named after one of the Popes or Bishops of Rome of the first century of the Christian era. The date of its original foundation, or rather its modification and appropriation to the purposes of a church (for it was the house of St. Clement), is A. D. 91. The notices of its history are irregular and uncertain. It is mentioned in the early ecclesiastical records of the beginning of the fifth century, and again in the eighth and ninth centuries, when it was repaired and restored. It is a highly interesting relic of the ecclesiastical architecture of the earliest ages of Christianity, of which it preserves the characteristic features in a high degree of perfection. It possesses not only two excellent specimens of the ancient pulpit called *ambo*, but also, in the centre of its triple nave, the peculiar raised enclosure of early churches which corresponds with the choir of modern structures. This area is square, and its front wall (some five or six feet high) is of marble, wrought in the most curious perforated net-work imaginable. The pulpits, or *ambones*, also of rich marble, stand at the corners outside in the nave; that on the Gospel side being furnished with a slender pillar of white marble, to hold the candle lighted during the reading of the Gospel to the congregation. The high altar stands isolated in the centre, beneath a canopy. There are no side chapels; but, at the ends of the naves there are two containing some dingy frescoes.

In this quarter of the city is also the Church of *San Pietro in Vincoli*, remarkable for the celebrated colossal statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. It occupies the central niche of the lower compartment of the monument of Pope Julius II.

* This street, or rather a short broad outlet from it towards the Tiber, is still the place of public execution, where criminals condemned to death suffer decapitation by the guillotine. It derives its name from the Church of San Giovanni Decollato, which it contains, and which has been consecrated in commemoration of the decollation of St. John the Baptist. The street emerges from the Forum Boarium, which lies between the western point of the Palatine Hill and the Tiber.

* These were presented by the people of Rome to the Jesuits, as a testimonial of their admiration for the courage and devoted attention exhibited by the members of the order in their unremitting attendance upon the sick and the dying during the prevalence of the cholera in Rome, in 1837.

The Church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, at the extreme east of the city, is remarkable, not only for the beauty of its interior, but for having been formed by Michael Angelo, in the middle of the sixteenth century, out of a large oblong apartment of the Baths of Diocletian, which was in good preservation at the time, and is so still, the ancient vaulted ceiling, cornices, and granite columns sustaining the latter being as perfect, after the lapse of sixteen hundred years, as when they were first constructed. Amongst the paintings with which it is decorated is a series of large pictures, which are some the originals, and others copies of the mosaics in St. Peter's. On the rich inlaid marble pavement there is a large brass line, and other astronomical devices, by which the exact time of noon is ascertained, by means of a sun-beam, admitted through a hole in the roof, passing over the line at the moment.

In this quarter of the city there is another remarkable ecclesiastical edifice to be noticed—the Church of *Santa Pudentiana*, which gives name to the street in which it stands. Its site is that of the house of the Roman senator, Servilius Pudens, whose hospitality to the Apostles St. Peter* and St. Paul, while in Rome, led to his own conversion to Christianity, and that of his whole family; viz. his wife Claudia, the daughter of the British chieftain the celebrated Caractacus, who had changed her name, like her father, in honor of the Emperor Claudius;† his two sons, Timothy and Novatus; and his two daughters, Praxedes and Pudentiana.‡ Independently of the associations connected with the site, there is nothing calling for especial notice, either in the exterior or interior of the church, which has been so often repaired, and in great part rebuilt, since the erection of the first little chapel that stood there in the early part of the second century, that scarcely any remains of the original structure exist, with the exception of the ancient marble columns of the nave, which are said to have belonged to the house of Pudens, and the antique altar-table in a chapel at the end of the nave, which is said to be the same altar at which St. Peter officiated when he resided in the house of Pudens. Whatever degree of authenticity is due to this statement, there is, at all events, one relic of the first age of Christianity which bears upon its front self-evident proof of the truth of its history—it is a portion of the tomb of the daughter of Pudens, which, with many other similar sepulchral slabs, now in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican, and in the churches of San Lorenzo, Sant' Agnese, San Giorgio in Velabro, Santa Cecilia, the Collegio Romano, &c., was found in the Catacombs, where the early Christians not only lived, when hiding from the persecutions of the Emperors, but also buried their deceased brethren. It is let into the wall; and the words "Cornelia Pudentiana. Bene. Merenti," and some numeral letters, referring either to the age of the deceased or the year of her death, are traced upon it, in the style which characterizes many of these ancient monuments.

In the island of San Bartolomeo, the church of the same name occupies the site of the ancient Pagan Temple of Esculapius. It is said to contain the body of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, in a splendid sarcophagus of porphyry, which is below the high altar in the choir.

* The fact of St. Peter ever having been at Rome has sometimes been denied, though no positive proof has ever been adduced in support of that denial. Amongst the authors of weight who have treated the question with erudition and full knowledge of the subject, may be mentioned Dr. Pearson, Bishop of Chester, who, in his Latin treatise on the series and succession of the first Bishops of Rome, shows that St. Peter did reside for a time in the "Eternal City," from the following authorities; viz. Ignatius (disciple of St. John the Apostle), Papias (also an Apostolic disciple), Dionysius of Corinth (contemporary with the close of St. John's life), Irenaeus (the disciple of Polycarp, who was a follower of St. John), Clement of Alexandria (who was the teacher of Origen), Tertullian (who flourished in the latter half of the second century), Cyprian, Lactantius, Eusebius, Athanasius, Epiphanius, Augustin, the Emperor Julian the Apostate, &c.; and he concludes this list of authorities at the first centuries by expressing his astonishment that any person with pretensions to learning could be found to deny St. Peter's arrival and stay at Rome. Basnage, also, in his "Politico-Ecclesiastical Annals," after stating that no one tradition was ever supported by such a host of witnesses as that of the arrival of the Apostle at Rome, sums up his arguments and historical proofs in support of the tradition by citing, as unanswerable, the concurrent testimony and belief of all mankind in those early ages. He says: "Nobis est argumentum, fama constans, in quo etiam fundamentum collocatur, quod per annos pervasit, de Petri in urbem adventu, et morte, immoto exploratque veterum sententia." (See Miley's "Rome under Paganism and the Popes.") Others might be quoted, but these are sufficient. They wrote on the side of the Reformation, at a time when the discussion of such topics ran very high between polemical authors.

† See Dr. Milner's "History of Winchester."
‡ Mention is made by St. Paul not only of Pudens and his wife Claudia, but also of Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter in the Roman See. The Apostle, writing to Timothy, the first Bishop of Ephesus, says, in 2nd Epistle, Chap. IV. v. 21, "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren."

Beyond the Tiber, in the Trastevere, before ascending to the Janiculum, besides the Church of *St. Cecilia* (which was originally founded in the beginning of the third century, and which is remarkable for the beautiful shrine, and exquisitely sculptured statue of the saint, in white marble, representing her as she lay after her decapitation, with the head separated from the body, and at a little distance—the work of the sculptor Stephen Maderno), there are also the churches of *San Francisco a Ripa* (which contains some richly decorated chapels, also frescoes, oil paintings, statues, tombs, &c., of a high class of art), and *Santa Maria in Trastevere*, which, though the present building is little more than four hundred years erected, stands upon the site of the first public church of the Christians in Rome—the Emperor Alexander Severus having given permission to Pope Calixtus I. to build a place of worship there, A. D. 223.

On the high ground of the Janiculum stands the Church of *San Pietro in Montorio*,* occupying the locality which tradition fixes as the scene of the crucifixion of St. Peter. The exact spot is marked by a beautiful little circular temple, or detached chapel, built in the cloisters of the convent, by the celebrated architect Bramante, just outside the northern flank of the church. In the floor of the crypt, underneath, there is a round opening, generally supposed to be the excavation in which the cross that sustained the body of the holy Apostle was elevated.

The celebrated "Transfiguration" of Raphael, which is now in the Vatican, was originally the altar-piece of the high altar of San Pietro in Montorio; but the French carried it away along with other valuable plunder, and during the Empire it decorated the Louvre. On the return of the Bourbons it was restored to the Pope, and he placed it in the Vatican, where it now is. The unfortunate Beatrice Cenci was buried at the foot of this same high altar.

The Church of *San Onofrio*, contains the monument and burial place of the poet Tasso, the latter marked by a small marble slab in the floor, bearing an inscription stating the year of his death (A. D. 1595), the fact of his burial there, and the date of the slab (A. D. 1601), placed there by the friars. There are some rich monuments and fine frescoes (the latter by Domenichino and other masters) in the church. The large charitable institution of *San Michele* lies also on this side of the Tiber. In the Borgo, the building which claims attention, next to St. Peter's and the Vatican, though not a church, may be mentioned here; it is the great *Hospital of Santo Spirito*, which, besides comprising a lunatic asylum and a foundling, furnishes beds for upwards of 1200 patients. Indeed, by no one characteristic of a great capital is Rome more distinguished than by her numerous charitable institutions.

THE BASILICAS.

Amongst the churches of Rome there are some six or seven which bear a relation to the others somewhat like the pre-eminence of Cathedrals over ordinary places of worship, but owing their distinction not so much to having cathedral jurisdiction as to the circumstances of their origin and history, and to their peculiar construction. They are called *Basilicas*, either from the fact of their having been originally public edifices of the imperial city so named, and converted to the purposes of a Christian church on the disappearance of paganism; or from having been erected according to the model of a Roman Basilica; and though in several instances in the course of subsequent restorations, many modifications were introduced, the name was still retained as a mark of distinction.

The Basilicas of Imperial Rome were large oblong edifices, either consisting of a single nave, or divided into three or five naves, as was frequently the case, by rows of columns running along the interior from the entrance towards the upper end, and supporting an entablature, over which was a flat ceiling. Towards the upper end the floor was raised, so as to form a dais; and there was a large domed *abais*, or recess, in the wall at the farther extremity, and facing down the interior towards the entrance—in which was placed the Prætor's chair, where he sat while, in his capacity of judge, he administered justice. The portion of the edifice around the dais thus served as a court of law; the lower part, towards the entrance, was used in the capacity of what we should call an exchange; men of business and merchants assembled there and arranged their affairs, and the place generally was one of public

* The tower and other parts of this church were a good deal damaged in the cross-fire of the French and Roman artillery in the various assaults of the late siege; but fortunately none of its frescoes or paintings were injured.

resort for various purposes; some particular transaction being reserved for particular Basilicas, as for instance, the manumission or emancipation of slaves by their masters, and the ceremonies pertaining thereto, took place generally, in the more recent periods of the Empire, in the great Ulpian Basilica of the Forum of Trajan.

Buildings of this character, it is obvious, were readily adapted, with scarcely any alteration, to the uses of a Christian church. The *abais* at the upper end, with its Prætor's chair, served for the episcopal or archi-episcopal throne, which communicated to the church its cathedral character; the raised dais around it was enclosed with a low parapet, or balustrade, and was set apart for the celebration of the higher sacerdotal functions, and for the service on the altar, serving thus as the sanctuary or choir; while the great body of the nave accommodated within its capacious dimensions the large numbers which the daily spread of Christianity rescued from Paganism.

The dais was sometimes prolonged a considerable way into the interior, towards the church entrance, and a part of it only appropriated as the sanctuary, a space being left between the latter and the episcopal chair, so as to afford room, on great festivals, for processions to pass round, and for other special ceremonial purposes. In front of the sanctuary, facing the congregation, were placed two pulpits, one at each corner, from which sermons and homilies were delivered, and the Epistle and Gospel read aloud to the congregation. Over the entrance, and sometimes, also, along the sides of the church, galleries were erected, for the accommodation of women exclusively. In front, the Basilica church had usually a large *atrium*, or courtyard before it, surrounded by an arcade or portico, where, at first, the new converts—the neophytes and catechumens, while yet their instruction in the Christian doctrine was incomplete, and they were, in consequence, unbaptized—remained during the performance of Divine service, not being deemed worthy, in their still unregenerated state, to assist within the church at the holy offices of religion. At a shortly subsequent period, another class was added to the occupants of the portico. When persons who had given great scandal to the faithful by the commission of any great public crime, or any notorious act of sin—such for instance, as a denial of Christianity during the persecutions, through terror of the cruel tortures and horrid deaths inflicted on the martyrs, or the preaching or adopting of erroneous doctrines—when persons of this class repented, and claimed to be re-admitted into the fold of Christ, the sincerity of their repentance and their humility were tested, the public scandal was repaired, and the temporal punishment due to sin expiated by public acts of atonement and mortification performed before the eyes of the faithful, which was called *canonical penances*, and which were often extended over a long period of a man's life. Of these canonical penances, one of the most ordinary was exclusion from the church during divine service, the penitent being obliged to exhibit practical proof of his unworthiness to enter the holy precincts, by kneeling, with some conspicuous mark of his degradation displayed upon his person, amongst the unbaptized converts in the portico of the courtyard. There was usually a fountain, called *cantinaris*, placed in the centre of this *atrium* or courtyard, facing the principal entrance of the church, both as an ornament and to serve the purposes of ablution.

Such, then, were the chief characteristic features of the early Basilica churches, and the particular objects which they served; and though they are no longer retained, or are greatly mollified, in modern churches, yet they are to be met with, either altogether or in part, in some of the most ancient ecclesiastical edifices of the city, the Church of San Clemente presenting, perhaps, the best specimen, though not generally dignified with the title of Basilica, which, apart from mere characteristics of construction, is applied, at the present day, to designate the exalted rank or magnitude of the sacred edifice which is so styled.

The Basilicas of the present period are St. Peter's, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran, Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, San Lorenzo, St. Sebastian, and St. Paul's, without the walls. Of these, the last four do not call for any especial notice.

St. Paul's, previous to its being reduced to ashes about thirty years ago, was one of the great sights of Rome, but its restoration is at present not completed. It owes its origin to the piety of Constantine the Great; and its site, two miles from the city, on the Ostian road, was chosen on account of its proximity to the locality which tradition pointed out as the burial-place of St. Paul. The exact spot where the Apostle was beheaded is marked,

about a mile further on, by three little chapels or shrines. St. Paul's Basilica had five naves.

The *Basilica of St. Sebastian* is also without the walls, on the Appian Way, and its origin dates from the time of Constantine, though the present edifice is comparatively modern. It is an instance of the single nave; the choir is likewise raised slightly; and the absis contains the high altar.

The church is not very remarkable either for great size or particular embellishment; its chief attraction being the exquisite marble statue in one of its lateral chapels, representing the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. There is an entrance from the nave to the catacombs of St. Calixtus—the largest and most celebrated of all those subterranean passages in or around Rome.

San Lorenzo resembles the two former in the early period of its foundation; in its being situated without the walls—on the road leading from the gate of San Lorenzo, on the eastern side of the city, to Tivoli; and in its being built over a range of catacombs to which the name of Santa Ciriaca is given. It has a triple nave and several lateral chapels, and abounds with ancient and valuable marbles, besides some frescoes and other paintings. The date of the original structure is the middle of the fourth century, but repairs and restorations have not left much of the primitive construction. Its present condition is the result of restorations made in the pontificate of Innocent X., about two centuries ago.

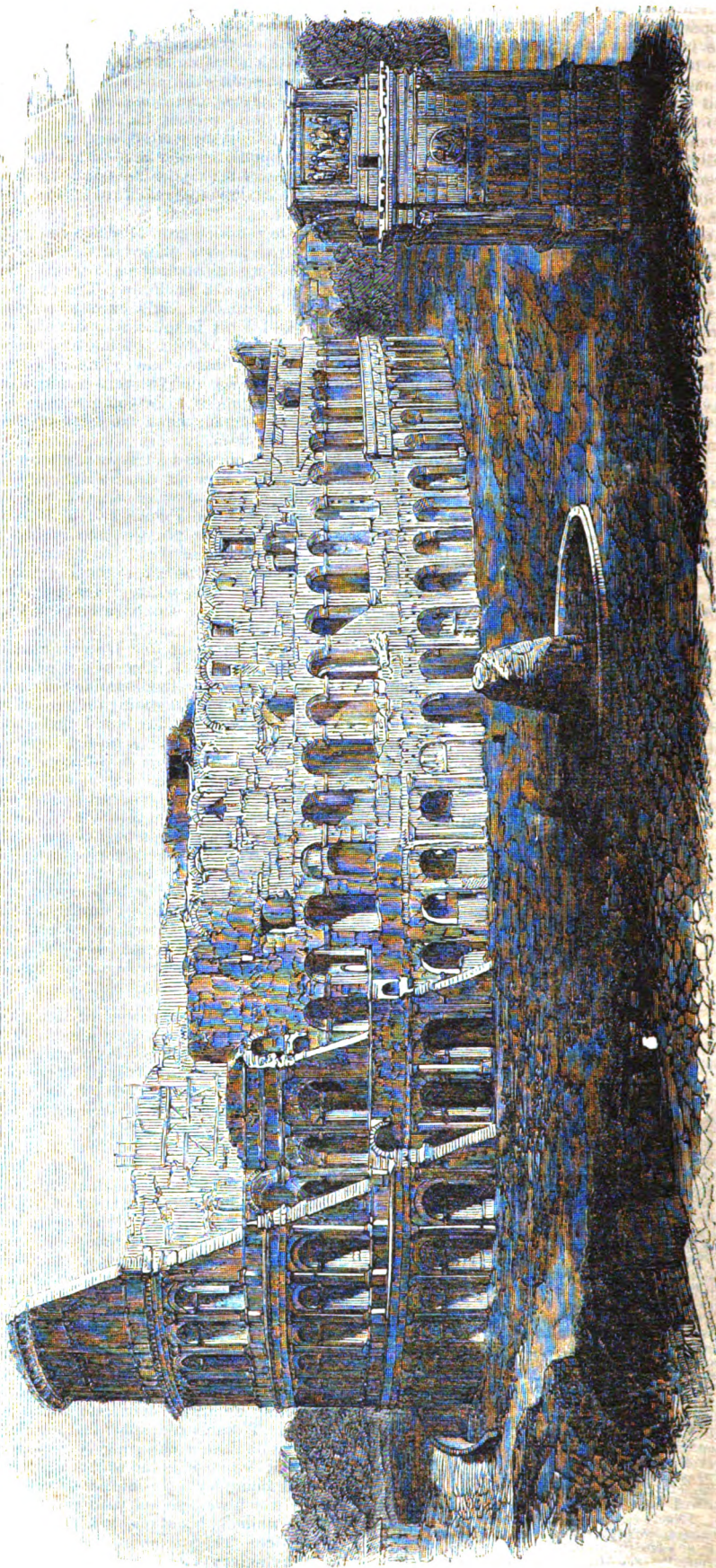
Santa Croce was erected by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine the Great, to serve as the shrine and depository of the cross on which our Saviour was believed to have been crucified. From the accounts left us of the matter by the various writers of the fourth and fifth centuries, who have noticed the subject, we learn that the pious Empress made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to recover the holy cross, which according to the universal tradition of that time, had been buried with the crosses of the two thieves in a pit on the hill of Calvary, and was likely to be found there if careful excavation were had recourse to for the purpose. St. Helena, confiding in the truth of the tradition, or at least in the probability of its correctness, as scarcely 300 years had elapsed from the period of our Lord's crucifixion, on her arrival at Jerusalem, had the ground of Golgotha opened in various places, and ultimately had her perseverance rewarded by the discovery of three crosses, and near them the inscription, which is mentioned in the Gospel as having been placed over our Lord's head, written in the three current languages of that portion of the Empire in the time of Christ—the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; viz.: *JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS*. These crosses, it was inferred, were the three crosses sought for, and, therefore, one of them must be the true cross on which the sacred body of our Saviour had been suspended; and, in order to discover it, the ecclesiastical writers state that the divine aid was earnestly sought in prayer and fasting, and that the identity of the cross of Christ was proved by the miraculous cure of a sick person, who, having touched two of the crosses without any result, was immediately restored to health by touching the third cross. This tangible memorial of the mystery of man's redemption, prized by the Empress-saint as one of the most precious relics which Christianity could possess, was transferred forthwith to the capital of the Christian world, as its most suitable abiding-place, and a temple there was erected and dedicated by her to the especial purpose of its preservation, in or about the time when her son, the Emperor Constantine, obtained full sway over the greater part of the empire (A. D. 312.) The church was, therefore, called *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* (the holy cross in Jerusalem). It is situated close to the city walls on the south-east side, adjoining the enclosure of the amphitheatre of the Pretorian Camp, which is incorporated in those walls; and at the time of its foundation the grounds surrounding it were occupied by the Varian Gardens, which had belonged to the Emperor Heliogabalus. The church has been rebuilt more than once, and at present belongs to a monastery, the front of which is incorporated with its *façade*. The interior consists of a triple nave, and in its appearance is far less attractive than many of the most ordinary churches in Rome. There is, however, the distinctive feature of the absis and the dais of the choir, in the centre of which the high altar, a handsome marble structure, stands isolated, surmounted by a canopy of the same

material, resting upon columns. The crypt below is said to contain the inscription above referred to of the true cross.

Of the three great Basilicas—viz. St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and St. Peter's—we can but indicate within the confined limits of this memoir, a few of the most prominent and characteristic

Christian Prince (in the person of Constantine the Great) to the universal sovereignty of the Empire, a period of peace and prosperity for the Church set in, under the fostering influences and favor of the Imperial protection and munificence.

St. John Lateran (the Basilica next in rank to St. Peter's, which is the first) is situated a short dis-



THE COLOSSEUM.

features; all of which, if fully and accurately noticed in detail, would of themselves form a goodly sized volume. Like the other Basilicas, these also date for the first half of the fourth century, when the stormy days of persecution having passed away, together with the ascendancy of Paganism, which had received a death-blow in the accession of a

tance to the west of Santa Croce, and close to the city walls in what is now the uninhabited portion of the area contained within their circuit. The site was originally occupied by the grounds and mansion of the Senator Plautius Lateranus, who lived in the time of the Emperor Nero, and who—having been accused of being implicated in a conspiracy

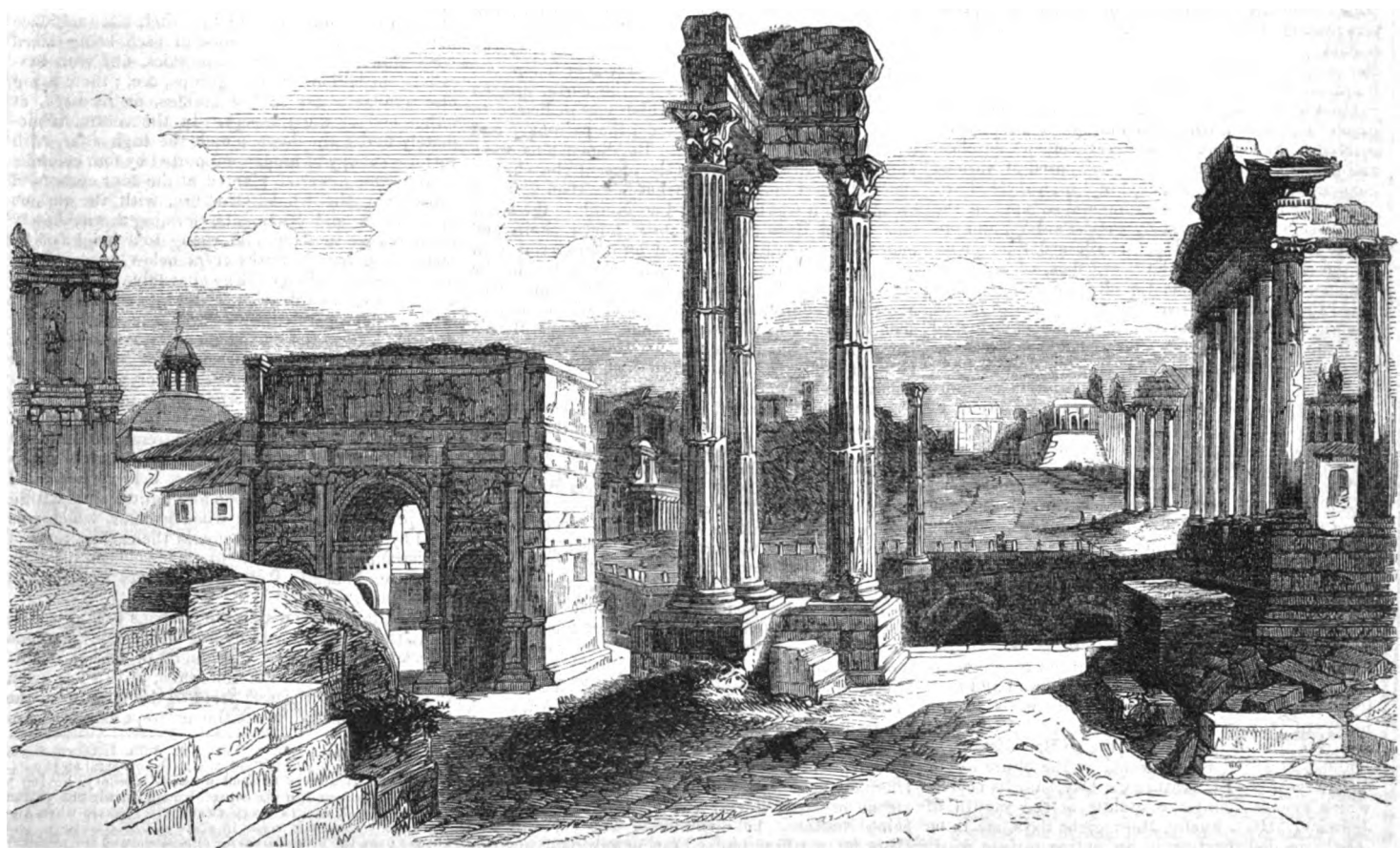
against the life of that tyrant—was, with many other nobles, put to death, and his property confiscated to the Imperial exchequer. From that period the Lateran mansion belonged to the Emperors; and, on the triumphal entry of Constantine into Rome, after the conquest of his rival at the Milvian bridge, he conferred it, together with other tracts of ground and much valuable property, upon Pope Melchisedec, and it then became the palace of the Popes. A few years later, Pope Sylvester, under the immediate auspices of the Emperor, and with the funds furnished by him for the purpose, erected a magnificent church on part of the Lateran grounds, and attached to the palace, and dedicated it to the Apostles St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. Hence the name which the Basilica still bears. It has, ever since its first foundation, been regarded as the especial cathedral church of the Pope in his capacity of Bishop of the See of Rome, who accordingly, on his elevation to the pontificate, enters upon its possession with due ceremonial and formality, and there receives the triple crown or tiara, the fisherman's ring, and all the other Papal insignia which denote at the coronation of a Pope his investiture with the two-fold authority of a temporal prince and of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church. St. John Lateran is also celebrated for the great number of provincial and œcumenical councils of the Catholic Church, which have been held in various ages within its walls.

The ancient edifice of Constantine's age is no longer in existence, having been destroyed by fire in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was immediately rebuilt, and has since that period been frequently in part restored or repaired, the last occasion dating about a century ago, when the present *façade* was erected in the pontificate of Clement XII., by the architect Gallilei. It consists of a magnificent portico raised upon a terraced basement, to which access is had by a flight of steps, and bearing an attic and balustrade. The centre of the portico projects considerably, and is surmounted by a pediment with a mosaic tympanum, which supports a colossal statue of Christ bearing the cross in one hand, and pointing to the heavens with the other; ten or twelve other statues on either side give full effect to the whole. On the frieze of the entablature there is an inscription stating the dedication and the erection of the *façade* by Clement XII.; and immediately underneath a balcony opens, from which the Pope, surrounded by cardinals, prelates, princes, and nobles, and seated in a moveable throne called *Sedia Gestatoria*, from its being

borne on men's shoulders, with extended hands, gives his benediction, once a year and sometimes oftener, on great festivals, to the whole Christian world, which is generally pretty fairly represented in the kneeling crowd below, by the inhabitants of almost every nation on the globe, many of whom make the pilgrimage to Rome for the purpose, among other objects, of being present on those occasions, and are to be seen attired in cowed gown and hempen girdle, and with scrip and staff, like the Palmers of the middle ages, presenting a striking contrast to the modern order of things and appearance of life around them—a living picture of the past, such as is to be met with nowhere else in full reality. On each side of this, the central balcony, there are two others, and beneath five corresponding entrances lead into the interior of the edifice through the portico, which is decorated with an ancient colossal statue of the Emperor Constantine, found on the Quirinal. The *façade*, surmounted by a colossal figure of Christ, raised on a lofty pedestal in the centre of ten flanking statues on the balustrade of the attic, altogether presents a noble aspect, and looks towards the east, which is not usually the case with churches in Rome, which face every imaginable point of the compass indiscriminately. (The Illustration shows the principal front of the edifice.) The nave, which is about 300 feet long and 200 feet broad, is divided into five alleys by rows of enormous piers running up its length from the entrances to the choir, or sanctuary; the central division being considerably wider than those on either flank, and its piers, which contain niches in front filled with large marble statues of the Apostles, being of much more massive proportions than the others. All of them are covered on their different sides with marble monuments to popes, cardinals, and other distinguished personages. There are nine lateral chapels in the nave, five leading out of the southern and four out of the northern alley, all of which are decorated with rich monuments and altars, statuary, mosaics, &c., the most beautiful being the Corsini Chapel, the first from the entrance of the church on the southern side. It was constructed from the designs of the architect Gallilei for Clement XII., in a style of the most superb decoration, its principal objects of admiration being the magnificent altar, with its mosaic altarpiece, antique marble columns, and bronze figures; and the gorgeous monument of Clement XII., in which is incorporated an ancient tomb of porphyry, which was found some four centuries ago in an excavation under the *façade* of the Pantheon.

No description, however detailed, could convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the Corsini Chapel, without the aid of colored drawings. Within the choir of the Basilica, at its southern end, stands the altar of the Holy Sacrament, a splendid structure: its pediment is supported by four large columns of gilded bronze, which in times of the Empire, belonged to the great Temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, and are said to have been cast, by order of the Emperor Augustus, from the bronze of the ships taken from the enemy at the battle of Actium. The other end is occupied by the organ; and in the centre, opposite the middle alley of the nave, the high altar, with the confessional of St. John at its base, rears its lofty proportions, which terminate in a spire and pinnacles in the Gothic style. The whole structure, with the exception of the flanking columns of granite, is of white marble, and with its tabernacle, which is said to contain the heads of the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul, and its bronze figures of angels, and other ornaments, has a most imposing effect when viewed from the centre of the nave. The front of the altar, instead of facing the nave, in the usual manner, looks the opposite way, so that the ecclesiastic celebrating mass at it stands with his face towards the entrance of the church. There are three other chapels beyond the transept or choir, at the western extremity of the church; and all of them, together with the various other parts of the Basilica, are ornamented with sculptures and monumental erections of the rarest colored marbles, and with bronzes, mosaics, &c.

In immediate contact with the Basilica is the *Lateran Palace*, both forming, as it were, a twin structure united by a portico on the northern exterior of the transept. It is a large, plain building, with nothing very remarkable about it, and was originally intended as a residence for the popes, but has been long used as a museum of inferior character. Its principal restoration was effected in the latter part of the sixteenth century, by Sixtus V., who restored the Leonine chapel and chamber of Leo III., built at the close of the eighth century, which originally formed part of the old Lateran Palace, but which Sixtus detached, and lodged therein the Scala Santa, or Sacred Stairs of marble, which is stated to be the identical stairs of Pontius Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, up which our Lord was led during his passion, and shown from the balcony, all covered with wounds, to excite the commiseration of the Jews, with the words *Ecce Homo*. Whatever may be the correctness or probability of the traditions or historical memoranda on which the belief of this



THE ANCIENT FORUM.

identity rests, the means of affirming or denying their accuracy will always be judged according to religious bias. Let it suffice, therefore, to state, that by the Roman people at the present day there is no one relic regarded with greater veneration; and it is considered as a pious act of lively faith, by devout people, on certain great festivals of the Church, to make the ascent of its twenty-eight steps, which is always done upon the knees. This edifice is called, from the relic in question, the *Scala Santa*.

In the *Piazza San Giovanni*, and in close proximity to the *Lateran Basilica*, is situated the church called the *Baptistry of Constantine*, where that Emperor was baptized by Pope Sylvester, in a large stone font, which is still preserved there.

The *Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore* is situated on a commanding site, at the extreme east of the inhabited parts of the city, in the centre of the great thoroughfare leading, under various names, such as the *Via Felice*, *Via Sistina*, *Via della Quattro Fontane*, &c., from the *Pincian Hill*, in a south-eastern direction, to the *Basilica of Santa Croce*. It ranks immediately after *St. John Lateran*, and like it has cathedral jurisdiction, a chapter and canons, &c. It is called *St. Mary the Greater*, from its being the largest of all the numerous churches in Rome dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. In the open area in front of its principal or south-eastern *façade*, a magnificent ancient Corinthian column of white marble, surmounted by a groupe in bronze of the Virgin and Child, is raised upon a pedestal, which also serves as a fountain. This column, the fluted shaft of which is nearly fifty feet high, belonged to what is now known to have been the *Basilica of Constantine*, in the *Campo Vaccino*, but which was formerly supposed to be the ruins of the *Temple of Peace*; and accordingly Pope Paul V., who transplanted it from its original to its present position (A.D. 1614,) has perpetuated the error in the inscription on the pedestal. The piazza in front of the north-western *façade* is decorated with the Egyptian obelisk described in another page.

The principal *façade*, consisting of a portico with three open balconies above to serve the purposes of Papal benediction once a year, as at the *Lateran*, is surmounted by a balustrade at top, which supports a *Madonna and Child* and some other statues. The portico, the interior of which is richly decorated with marble pilasters, cornices, and bas-reliefs, has five entrances both from the exterior and leading to the inside *Basilica*, notwithstanding that the nave has but three avenues, which are separated from each other by a long row of magnificent ancient marble columns, supporting a continuous entablature, above which is an attic, divided into compartments by pilasters reaching to the cornice of the ceiling, which latter is flat; and in all these characteristic features of a *Basilica*, *Santa Maria Maggiore* adheres most strictly, of all the others, to the ancient model.

Off the nave there are eleven lateral chapels, the greater number of which are more or less richly decorated in the manner of the great Roman Churches, and contain some monuments composed of various colored marbles, and executed in a high style of art. The principal are the monumental Chapel of the *Borghese family*, erected by Pope Paul V., and opposite to it the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. At the end of the nave the raised dais, according to the ancient model, forms the choir, which is terminated by the characteristic *abais* referred to in the general notice of *Basilicas*. The *abais* is embellished with mosaics. The high altar stands isolated at the entrance of the choir, and is surmounted by a domed canopy, supported by four porphyry columns and their entablature. On the top rests a group of angels, in marble, bearing a bronze crown and cross. *Santa Maria Maggiore* was built in the middle of the fourth century, by Pope Liberius.

We give a view representing the south-eastern *façade* of the *Basilica* in the background, with the large marble Corinthian column in front, towards the left hand; the smaller column (which is of granite) in its vicinity being a modern erection, placed there to commemorate the ceremony of the reception of Henry IV. of France, in the year 1595, within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, on his renunciation of the Protestant faith. In the foreground, on the right, is the church of *St. Antonio Abate*, remarkable alike for the quaint and grotesque delineation in fresco, on the walls of the nave, of the "Temptation of St. Anthony," and for the ceremony of the "Benediction of Animals," which is performed at the church door once a year on St. Anthony's Day, and its octave, which occurs about the middle of the month of January. Here, during those eight days, are to be seen, crowded together in an indiscriminate mass, the stately equipages and sleek horses of the Pope, the Cardinals, or the Roman nobles, the rude carts

and rough heavy beasts of the peasantry, broken-down hackney-coach horses, together with mules, donkeys, dogs, &c., all advancing in single file up to the church door, and there passing, as it were, in review before the priest, who stands on the steps attired in his vestments, and, as the motley cavalcade moves past, with *asperges* in hand, sprinkles the animals with holy water, at the same time pronouncing on them a short benediction in Latin, while his assistant receives a trifling fee from the driver, giving him in return a small brass cross to be worn by the horse, mule, or donkey, as the case may be; and, accordingly, almost every beast of the kind (particularly those of the peasantry) to be met with in and around Rome, carries St. Anthony's cross on his forehead throughout the year. The scene is generally one of great merriment and rustic fun, as the light-hearted crowd is kept in a continual state of frolic at the contrast between the prancing steed and his blind spavined neighbor limping along at his side. The ceremony is, we believe, peculiar to the "Eternal City."

ST. PETER'S.—From what has been already stated relative to the general characteristics of *Basilicas* and to the particular features of those above-mentioned, it becomes unnecessary to enter into any relation professing to be a regular description of this magnificent temple, which differs from them not much in kind, but chiefly in degree—in the greater splendor and richness of all its details, and in the enormous extent and vastness of its colossal proportions. The indication of its greatest wonders, and a few historical *memoranda*, then, may suffice, the more so as fully detailed descriptions of St. Peter's have been given in every work of any authority upon Rome, whatever other monuments may have been passed over in silence; and a full notice would by its extent frustrate our object of presenting, as far as possible, within the limits of this memoir, an epitome of that extraordinary city which was itself justly styled in the days of its greatness "an epitome of the universe."

The present *Basilica* occupies the site of the original one erected by the Emperor Constantine on a spot where a little oratory was raised, A.D. 108, by the Bishop Anacleto, to mark the crypt or sand-pit (afterwards called catacomb), close to the circus of Nero, beyond the Tiber, in the Vatican fields, in which the body of St. Peter, on the night succeeding his crucifixion on the Janiculum, was laid by his pious disciples, before it was deposited for greater security in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, at the other side of the city. In the time of Constantine the little oratory had long lain in the ruins to which it had been reduced during the persecutions of the second and third centuries; and the Christian Emperor wishing to do honor to the memory of the Prince of the Apostles, on the very spot where his mangled body was first laid in the earth, erected there the gorgeous *Basilica*, which was dedicated to the service of the true God, under the patronage and with the name of St. Peter. Its dimensions were about one half the extent of the present church, viz. about 300 feet long by somewhat more than 200 feet broad; and it was constructed according to the strict model of a *Basilica*, with *abais*, raised choir, and manifold nave (quintuple), and on the exterior with quadrangular atrium and portico, decorated in the centre with a large *cantharus*, or fountain. This ancient structure, representations of which may be seen in the Vatican Museum, though frequently restored in succeeding ages, had, however, after the lapse of 1100 years, fallen into such a state of dilapidation in the pontificate of Nicholas V., that that Pope resolved to rebuild it anew, and commenced his operations in the year 1450. From that period, during upwards of two hundred years, until the erection of the grand portico surrounding the great court or atrium in front, by the architect Bernini, in the pontificate of Alexander VII. (A.D. 1655-1667), the genius and talents of Bramante, Raffaele, M. Angelo, and the numerous other great architects, painters, and sculptors of those prolific times, were employed with more or less continuous perseverance, until it became what it now is, the most stupendous and magnificent temple that was ever raised to the worship of the Almighty God. The approach, after crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, is by an interior street called the *Borgo Vecchio*, which leads direct to the *Piazza of St. Peters*—a large oval area, which is continued in a quadrangular form up to the *façade* of the *Basilica*, and is surrounded throughout by the majestic portico or colonnade of Bernini, the enormous extent of which may be conceived from the arcade or covered way (which is sixty feet wide) being sustained by upwards of 260 columns and about 90 or 100 pilasters, bearing an entablature and balustrade crowned by an innumerable array of colossal statues—the whole structure being about

70 feet high. The vast area, set as it were in this enormous frame, serves as the atrium of the *Basilica*; and in the centre of the oval part, the Egyptian obelisk, flanked by two beautiful fountains, all of which are noticed in another page, offer an agreeable rest for the eye, dazzled and bewildered at the first view of the extraordinary magnitude, the almost alpine proportions of the stupendous architectural pile that meets the gaze. The elliptical division of the *Piazza* is about 800 feet long by 760 broad, and the quadrangle something more than 360 feet square. The *façade* of the church has an eastern aspect, and consists of a portico, approached by a lofty flight of steps, and surmounted by five open balconies (from the central one of which the papal benediction is given on great festivals), corresponding with the five portals below entering the vestibule, and sustaining a noble frieze and entablature—the entire height of the *façade* being 150 feet, its width being 465 feet. The great dome (built by M. Angelo) rises in the centre of the edifice to an elevation of 450 feet; while the two smaller ones, on each side, are 190 feet high. Within the spacious portico, at either end, stands a colossal equestrian statue of Constantine and Charlemagne; and the communication with the interior of the church is by five doors opposite to the external portals; three of these doors communicate with the central, the other two with the lateral aisles of the nave, which is of a triple form, divided by enormous piers, with large, lofty arches between, opening into the side aisles. These piers, on all their four sides, and the walls on almost every available space, are covered with marble statues, bas-reliefs, medallions, and monuments or cenotaphs, of the most varied character; which, combined with the mosaic pictures, enriched cornices and mouldings, bronze ornaments, varied and exquisitely contrasted hues of the different colored marbles to be seen in the choir and lateral chapels, form an *ensemble* of beauty, splendor, and magnificence, which at the same delights, astonishes, and perplexes the vision of the beholder. Amongst the monuments in the nave are to be seen those of the old and young Pretender—the son and grandson of James II. of England—and of the wife of the former, the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski; of Pope Innocent VIII.; of Innocent XI.; of Leo XI.; of Leo XII.; of Christina, Queen of Sweden; of Innocent XII.; of Sixtus IV.; of Gregory XIII. Of the chapels, those named the Chapel of the Choir and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament are the most worthy of attention. The nave terminates in the transept, above which rises the matchless dome of Michael Angelo, supported upon four piers, one at each corner of the sanctuary, of such extraordinary size that their circumference measures 285 feet, the sides of each being faced with altars, surmounted by mosaics, and with bas-reliefs, medallions, marble groups, &c.; there being also similar altars in the absides, or recesses, at either end of the transept. In the centre, immediately under the dome, stands the high altar, with its lofty canopy of bronze, supported by four columns of the same material planted at the four corners of the altar; the whole structure, with its various appendages and ornaments, forming a moderately sized temple in itself, and rising to a height of 95 feet. Underneath, in the crypt below, is placed the sepulchre of St. Peter. The altar table is of marble, and faces westward, with its back to the nave, from which it is separated by a large excavation, richly decorated, so as to form a semi-subterranean chapel, which is called the Confessional of St. Peter, and from which a passage leads to the crypt below, containing the shrine of the Apostle, on the site of the little oratory of the first century, mentioned above. The *abais*, or tribune, at the extreme western end of the church beyond the transept, contains above its altar, amongst other objects, a large pontifical chair of bronze, resting upon four figures; and within it is preserved an ancient wooden chair, which was used by the Bishops of Rome in the earliest ages of Christianity, and is thought to have been used by St. Peter himself; it is at all events a relic of a remote age.

These few notes may serve perhaps to apprise the tourist of what he is to expect within the gorgeous interior of St. Peter's, the length of which, exclusive of the thickness of the walls, is 610 feet from the entrance at the east front to the tribune at the western extremity, while the transept extends from

* In the *Basilicas* of St. Peter, St. John Lateran, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, and St. Paul, the interior portal on the extreme right is always blocked up with masonry, having a brass cross inserted in the centre, except during the year of Jubilee, which occurs every twenty-five years, when the Pope or his cardinals come in state on Christmas-eve, and knock upon the bronze cross for admission, and the masonry is removed. The portal then remains open until the following Christmas-eve, when it is again blocked up for the next twenty-five years. This gate is called the *Porta Santa*.

north to south 450 feet or thereabouts, the church thus constituting the figure of a cross, and thereby deviating from the classical model of a Basilica, which was oblong and without a dome.

Before concluding our brief notice of the churches, there are two which require to be mentioned on account of the associations connected with them, viz. *The Pantheon*, usually called *Santa Maria della Rotonda*, and the church of *Ara Celi* on the Capitol. The former occupies one side of a small piazza of the same name, situated about midway between the Piazza Navona and the Corso, and is celebrated as being the most perfect specimen of an ancient Pagan temple now remaining.

It was built a few years before the Christian era, by one of the most magnificent of the decorators of old Rome, viz. Marcus Agrippa, the friend of the Emperor Augustus Caesar; and, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of nearly nineteen hundred years, and the various spoiliations of which it has been the object, it retains its original circular figure in complete perfection; and its brick walls, formerly sheathed with marble, appear as though they would last nineteen hundred years more. The form of the roof is a flattened dome, which was originally covered with bronze; and the entrance is through a noble colonnade, which supports an entablature and pediment, and which is thought by many not to be of the same ancient date as the edifice itself. The frieze of the entablature bears the original inscription of the temple cut deep in the stone, for the purpose of holding the bronze letters (which have long since disappeared); viz.—

M. AGRIPPA. L. F. COS. TERTIVM. FECIT.

The tympanum of the pediment presents a naked, deformed appearance, from the absence of the bronze sculptures with which it was formerly filled. In many places, however, the marble sheathing of the circular walls still remains; and the lover of the antique can have his eyes gratified with Marcus Agrippa's ancient bronze doors, which still turn as freely on their hinges as they did in the days of Augustus.

The interior is arranged after the usual manner of Roman Catholic churches, having lateral chapels on the sides; and in the large recess facing the entrance, which was formerly occupied by the statue of Jupiter, the high altar now stands.

The Pantheon, in modern times, derives additional interest from its being the burial-place of Raffaele, A. Caracci, Zuccari, Peruzzi, and other eminent artists. But, independently of all associations, its beautiful interior—the circular figure of which is set off to the greatest advantage by a row of large Corinthian columns and pilasters, which sustain a magnificent entablature above, all constructed of rare marbles—will ever excite wonder and admiration.

The Church of *Santa Maria d' Ara Celi* is remarkable as occupying the site of the celebrated Pagan temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; and, though placed in a most commanding position, on the top of the Capitoline Hill, the ascent to which is by a flight of 124 steps, its external appearance is mean and unfinished. This interior, however, formed in a triple nave, is spacious, richly decorated, and furnished with as many chapels as St. Peter's; and the columns, pilasters, cornices, marble sheathings, and, in fact, almost all the materials used in its construction, show, from their varied character, how numerous were the structures of ancient Rome which contributed to its formation. Its early history, nevertheless, is wrapt in obscurity, as well as the origin of its name.

The ancient Egyptian Obelisks and the numerous Fountains constitute two remarkable features of modern Rome.

THE OBELISKS.

The Obelisks are twelve in number, and situated in various localities throughout the city, as follows:—In the Piazza del Popolo, on the promenade of the Pincian Hill, in the Piazza di Monte Citorio, before the Church of San Trinità de' Monti, in the Piazza Minerva, the Piazza Navona, the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, the Piazza of St. John Lateran, the Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore, the Piazza of St. Peter's, and the Piazza of Pantheon, to which may be added a fragment in the grounds of the neglected Villa Mattei, on the Celian Mount. These relics of remote antiquity belong (according to archaeologists) to three different epochs of Egyptian history: first, the period anterior to the Persian conquest, when the dynasty of the Pharaohs reigned over the valley of the Nile, and the countries adjoining; second, the period succeeding that conquest, when the royal race of the Ptolemies swayed the sceptre; and lastly the age when the universal dominion of the Romans absorbed Egypt amongst the other provinces of the

Empire. The Obelisks of the Piazza del Popolo, the Piazza di Monte Citorio, and the Piazza di San Giovanni Laterano, alone belong to the earliest period. The first of the three was brought to Rome by Augustus Caesar, when he returned after his victory at Actium, and was erected by him on the Circus Maximus, and dedicated anew to the sun. Prostrated during some one of the disasters which befell the city in the decline of the Empire, it lay for centuries buried amidst ruins and rubbish on the spot where it had stood, until Pope Sixtus V. raised it (as well as several of the others, as already mentioned; and when the three fragments into which it had been broken were carefully united, under the direction of the architect Fontana, no other damage having been sustained by it, had it removed and planted on its present site, surmounted by a cross, as emblematic of the triumph of Christianity over the superstitions of Paganism. The shaft of this beautiful ornament consists of a single block of red granite, eighty feet high, and covered with hieroglyphics. It stands upon a square pedestal, approached by a flight of steps on each side, and in the centre of a large basin, into which the figures of four lionesses pour streams of water. The whole structure forms a grand and imposing ornament in the centre of the finest Piazza in Rome. This obelisk originally stood in front of the temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. When it was re-dedicated to the sun by Augustus Caesar, he caused to be cut on two of the sides of the pedestal an inscription to that effect, which is quite legible at the present day, a circumstance, however, not so very remarkable, since the Egyptian hieroglyphics appear as clear cut as though they were but just made. The inscription is as follows:—

IMP. CÆSAR. DIV. F. AUGUSTUS. PONTIFEX. MAXIMUS. IMP. XII. COS. XI. TRIB. POP. XIV. EGYPTO. IN. POSTE. STATUM. POPULI. ROMANI. REDACTA. SOLI. DONUM. DEDIT. There are two other inscriptions, both by Sixtus V., one stating the fact of its recovery and removal to its present site by that Pope, in the fourth year of his pontificate, A.D. 1589; the other, which is quite characteristic of the man, and refers to its original destination and its present position in front of the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, is as follows:—*Ante sacrum illius Sedem, augustior lætiorque surgit, cuius ex utero Sol Justitiæ exortus est!*

The Obelisk of *Monte Citorio* also stood originally before the temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, in Egypt, and was transferred to Rome by Augustus, who placed it in the Campus Martius, where, according to a rather unintelligible account of it in "Pliny's Natural History," it was made to subserve the use of a gigantic sun-dial, formed at its base, on the pavement of which it would appear to have been the gnomon—hence its title, Obeliscus Solaris. The shaft is of granite, about 70 or 71 feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, and is surmounted by a gilt globe. When discovered it was broken into several pieces, which were cemented together, and otherwise repaired with the fragments of another similar obelisk. It bears on its pedestal an Augustan inscription, similar to the former above-mentioned, and also two inscriptions relating to its restoration and erection, by Pius VI., in the year 1792.

The third of these ancient monuments of primeval civilization also owes its resurrection to Sixtus V., who had it dug up from a superincumbent heap of soil, nearly thirty feet in depth, in the ancient Circus Maximus, now the Via de' Cerchi, and erected in the year 1588 in its present situation, in the centre of an irregular area, formed by the convergence of several streets, and which, from the adjoining church of St. John Lateran, is called the Piazza di San Giovanni. This obelisk is the largest in Rome, being within a few inches of 106 feet high, and 10 feet across the base, and is formed, like the two others, from a gigantic block of red granite. It stands upon a lofty pedestal, which is also a fountain, and the entire height of both united is not less than 150 feet. Its sides are covered with hieroglyphics; and from the inscriptions on the pedestal, we learn that it was conveyed down the Nile by Constantine the Great, from its original position (in front of the Temple of the Sun, at Thebes), to Alexandria, whence it was transported to Rome by his son Constantius. There is a cross on its summit.

The obelisks of the second epoch are more numerous; they also have the hieroglyphics, but they are generally of a smaller size. The shaft of that at Santa Trinità de' Monti is 48 feet high, crowned with a cross; it was found in the Gardens of Sallust, and was placed as at present by Pius VI., in the year 1789. The small shaft on the Pincian Promenade was discovered in the year 1822, in the ruins

* "Before the sacred seat of her, out of whose womb arose the Sun of Justice, I arise more august and joyous."

of the Esquiline Gardens, and is supposed to have been brought to Rome by the Emperor Aurelian; Pius VII., gave it its present resting-place. The two small obelisks in the Piazza Minerva and Piazza della Rotonda (or the Pantheon) were both found in one excavation at the former place, and are supposed to have decorated the temples of the Egyptian deities, Isis and Serapis, at Rome. The former is placed on the back of a white marble elephant, and its shaft is about 18 feet high. Its present destination is due to Alexander VII., about two centuries ago. That in the Place of the Pantheon has a fountain for its pedestal, and was erected about 130 years ago, by Clement XI. The shaft on the Piazza Navona is about 50 feet in height; but its pedestal, which is of a considerable elevation itself, being raised upon a lofty basement that serves as a fountain, the whole structure to the cross on the top is nearly 120 feet in height.

The three remaining obelisks have only the form and the material (red granite) in common with the others. They are devoid of hieroglyphics, and are, therefore, regarded as having been constructed in Egypt, either by the Romans or by Egyptians under their directions, in imitation of the ancient pillars, at the comparatively recent period when that country fell under the Roman dominion. That which is on Monte di Cavallo, and the one opposite the north front of Santa Maria Maggiore, are said to have been brought to Rome by the Emperor Claudius, and placed in front of the Mausoleum of Augustus Caesar, in the Campus Martius; they are both about 48 feet high. The latter was raised upon its fountain pedestal by Sixtus V.; the former was placed in its present position, between the celebrated groups of "the men and horses," by Pius VI. The obelisk in the Piazza of St. Peter's, was brought to Rome by the Emperor Caligula, and decorated the circus, known afterwards as that of Nero, where the blood of so many Christian martyrs was shed by that tyrant; and of all the obelisks in Rome, it alone continued standing erect in its original position, through all the vicissitudes of fifteen hundred years, a curious but incontrovertible confirmation of the correctness of the historical account which is given of the selection of the site of St. Peter's by Constantine the Great. The site, we are told, was chosen because upon it stood the ruins of a little oratory or chapel, which had been erected A.D. 106, to mark the spot beneath which the body of St. Peter, after his crucifixion on the Janiculum, was first deposited by the Christians, in a crypt of the sand-pits of the Vatican, which crypt was always spoken of, during the first three centuries of the Christian era, as being close to the Circus of Nero; the exact position of the Circus being indicated in modern times by the Egyptian obelisk of Caligula, as it stood before its removal in the sixteenth century to its present position. In the early ages of Christianity, before the general local aspect of the Imperial city had been obliterated by repeated captures, sack, and spoliation, there was little need of such an index as the Egyptian Obelisk to point out the site of Nero's Circus; the cruel tortures to which the martyr's were subjected, and the great number of them that were put to death upon its arena by that sanguinary monster, having associated with it recollections of too horrid and terrific a nature to admit of the identity of its locality escaping from the minds of men. The original site of the obelisk is now occupied by the Sacristy of St. Peter's, on the south side of the church, whence the indefatigable Sixtus V. removed it to its present position in the Piazza facing the Basilica A.D. 1586.

Of the obelisk in the grounds of the Villa Mattei only a small portion is ancient; but that is valuable as being covered with hieroglyphics. The pillar, however, is altogether a piece of modern patchwork with that exception, and can scarcely be ranked among the obelisks of Rome.

(To be continued.)

PEACE.—Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.

HUMAN WEAKNESS.—All men fear, dislike, and grieve; all men desire, hope, and rejoice; though, of course, different men feel those passions unequally. All men, however, are not susceptible of love, hatred, of envy, or of despair. The strongest men, too, have their various weaknesses. Johnson united moral credulity to mental vigor, and he dishonored his strength by arguing for victory rather than for truth.

BEAUTY'S SMILES.—An Italian proverb says that "the smiles of beauty are the tears of the purse."

The Insurgents at Nanking.

A CORRESPONDENT who has recently returned from China, describes the appearance of the insurgents as exceedingly grotesque, on account of their allowing the hair to grow, contrary to the prevailing custom in the Celestial Empire. The most faithful sketches of many of the Chinese soldiers would be taken for gross caricatures in this country. The great chiefs wear a red pasteboard helmet, surmounted by the figure of a lion, and adorned with a tassel. The head-dress of the minor leaders is a yellow cap, which droops behind in rather a picturesque manner. Their arms consist of halberds, short swords, and matchlocks, and are all so wretchedly bad that the returns of killed and wounded amount to a very small figure, notwithstanding all their engagements.

The strange and interesting correspondence which took place last year between the English, the leader of the Insurgents, the Eastern King, and the *so-disant* Holy Ghost, was sent home by Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, but has not yet been made public. Whatever may have been the feeling of the insurgents generally, the leaders did not show the slightest disposition to court the advances of Europeans. The Eastern King is said to have all the hauteur and offensive manner of a Canton Chinese. The general belief that his success would lead to a more cordial commercial intercourse does not, therefore, seem to be well-founded. All accounts, however, agree in representing the insurgent King as a very able man. Though called an impostor, as all such adventurers are till they have made their position good, he is certainly a very clever one, as is plainly evinced by the wonderful manner in which he contrives to rule his followers.

The latest news relating to the Rebels is that the Imperialists, led on by Manchoo officers, had defeated them in Kiang-si, Human, and Hu-pek, in many encounters, and retaken several important cities on the Yang-tse-kiang. There is now so large a naval force, British and American, near Canton, that the city is safe from attack, but it is said that trade is at a stand, without a prospect of being resumed until its avenues are cleared of the banditti who infest them. A conclave, consisting of Sir John Bowring, Sir James Stirling, Captain Abbot, Dr. Parker, and Mr. Consul Robertson, was held recently at the Admiral's residence. Fighting by the Triad bands against the associated villagers on shore, and against the war-junks on the river, still continued, to the utter destruction of commerce.

CHANGES IN THE SURFACE OF THE GLOBE.—An Arabian writer, Mahommed Kazwini, who flourished about six hundred years ago, has left a work in manuscript, entitled the "Wonders of Nature," in which he treats of the successive changes which the surface of the globe has undergone in the course of ages, through the unheeded influence of physical causes. By way, as we should suppose, of satirizing the conceited notions of the ignorant, who imagine that the surface of the earth has always been much the same as we see it, he introduces an allegorical personage who thus describes his experience:—"I passed one day," said he, "by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded. 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he, 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.' Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed. 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he. 'The ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.' 'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered he, 'so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such.' On my return there, five hundred years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters? 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned five hundred years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time; and when I fain would have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.'"



WOO, GOVERNOR OF CHINKIANG-FOO AND KWACHOU

the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundation of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us, at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "A thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearls and inestimable stones, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death." The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland, and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. A company is now engaged with the project of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wires along the plateau from the eastern shores of Newfoundland to the western shores of Ireland. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1,600 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.

A CRYSTAL PALACE IN 1520.—Three hundred and thirty-five years ago, that is in June 1520, an interview was held between Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France, on the field of the Cloth of Gold. The scene was as brilliant as it was interesting, and those who "assisted" describe it as surpassing anything hitherto beheld. Everything which could add to the magnificence of the fifteen days' festival was readily contributed by the nobility of both countries. "The Lords," says old Martin du Bellay, "carried their mills and forests and wide estates on their shoulders." The fields were covered with tents and pavilions, and the vast plain between Andres and Guisnes, sparkled with cloth of gold and cloth of silver. Among the splendid tents and pavilions, those of the two kings were, of course, most conspicuous. The king of France had erected three beautiful mansions at Andres; the king of England was content with one, but it was far more elegant, though less substantial than that of Francis. Robert de la Mark, marshal of France, has given a grand description of the residence of King Henry VIII. "It was a house of glass," he says; being, in fact, what we should call a Crystal Palace. "It was a marvellously grand structure," he continues, "near the gates of Gheneas, all of wood and glass, chiefly of glass, and glass more beautiful than I ever beheld; half of the mansion was entirely of glass, fine and clear, and here lodged the English Prince. Before the gate were two fair fountains and three conduits, one of yppocras, one of wine, and the last of water; the chapel was a marvel of grandeur, well stuffed with all sorts of relics." This royal lodging was constructed by an English builder, who came "all the way over the sea" to erect a fitting dwelling for his king.

THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC.—The Basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that there the waters which he called seas might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose to view this great sea-gash, which separates continents, and extends from the Arctic to



NANKING INSURGENT SOLDIER.



INSURGENT CHIEF COMMANDING NOMINALLY 15,000 MEN.



YOUNG MANKING REBEL.

Taganrog.

On the accession of Peter the Great, the White Sea was the only maritime outlet, and Archangel the only seaport, within the limits of Russian Europe. But that sagacious monarch soon perceived the advantages, political as well as commercial, which the Western nations derived from foreign trade; and the first object to which he directed his attention—the first military enterprise in which he engaged—was the successful attempt to extend the boundaries of his empire to the shores of the Sea of Azof, in which he afterwards laid the foundations of future naval power and mercantile importance, by establishing a commercial emporium on the estuary of the Don.

The ancient *entrepot* of these regions, the port of Azof, lying on the Asiatic side of the delta of the Don, was blocked up with sand, and had become all but inaccessible. Accordingly Taganrog was founded on the European side; and, in spite of the great disadvantages under which every commercial town of the Sea of Azof is placed—namely, the shallowness of the water—the new port has flourished, and in a great measure answered the expectations of its founder.

Travellers have noticed the diversities of race and language, of manners and customs, among its various inhabitants as altogether unexampled: every street, they tell us, resembles a masquerade, in which representatives of distant commercial nations, as well as of the neighboring countries, may be found assembled for commercial purposes. The exports are conveyed to the town partly by water-carriage, down the Don and its numerous tributaries from the vast area in Europe and Asia drained by these rivers, and partly by land, in wagons, from the Ukraine and neighborhood.

Anapa.

ANAPA is in every sense the most important of the towns and fortresses on the littoral of the Black Sea abandoned by Russians since the commencement of this war. The town, situate on the northeast coast of the Euxine, at the northern termination of the Caucasian range, forty-seven miles southeast of Yenikale, is inhabited by a miscellaneous population of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Russians, and others, to the number of five thousand. The adverse relations of its masters with the tribes inhabiting the mountain country in its rear have almost neutralized the great advantages offered by its situation, and prevented its growth. Its exports are at present grain, tallow, butter, hides, peltries, wax, &c. It is, however, as a military post that it has been most prized by Russia, most deplored by Turkey. The fort, built by the Turks in 1784, was taken by the Russians in 1791 and in 1807, and only given up with the greatest reluc-

tance. In May, 1828, a detached Russian corps, assisted by the fleet and commanded by Menschikoff, laid siege to Anapa, and with great difficulty surrounded the place with a strong line of circumvallation, intersecting the neck of land on which Anapa is situated, and extending on each side to the sea.

In a few days the works were advanced to the glacis, and three breaches having been made, the governor was summoned to surrender. The garrison had consisted of three thousand men—they had defended the fort for forty days—Navarino had destroyed the fleet which might have brought them relief—and nothing remained but to surrender. Upon the conclusion of this war Anapa was not restored; at the Peace of Adrianople it was ceded to Russia, with all the coast towns and forts from the Kouban to Fort St Nicholas. The name of this last fort will be remembered—although its Turkish denomination of Shaf-Katil is perhaps better known—as having been taken by the Turks at the opening of last year's Asiatic campaign. Anapa, at the other extremity of the coast line, closes the list. At any other time the transfer of this military position from the Russians to the Circassians—the most vigorous and constant of their enemies—might have been deemed an event of considerable importance; but its evacuation at the present moment is peculiarly interesting as a sign of the severe pressure under which the power of Russia is visibly collapsing.

MANKIND AND THEIR LANGUAGE.—Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generation carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of them, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

WIT.—Genuine and innocent wit, when combined with sense and information—when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle—when it is in the hands of a man who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, religion, ten thousand times more than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Man would direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marle.

THE HOURS OF A WISE MAN AND A FOOL.—The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts—or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

KERTCH is said to be the place where Cæsar penned his pithy despatch—"Veni, vidi, vici!"

THE Viceroy of Egypt has raised five thousand black soldiers in the Soudan.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL has just received the relics lately brought to England of poor Sir John Franklin and his companions. They are placed next to another most interesting relic—the coat in which Lord Nelson received his death wound at Trafalgar.

WROUGHT-IRON guns of monster size and calibre are in course of manufacture at the iron-works of Messrs. Nasmyth, near Manchester. They will be upwards of three feet in diameter and about twelve feet long, weighing upwards of twenty tons each, and will discharge a shell of at least 1000 lbs. weight a distance of five miles. One gun is almost completed, and another is in an advanced state. The forge and machinery specially required for the manufacture have cost \$50,000.

ANCIENT MODE OF LIGHTING LONDON.—John Wardall, by will, dated the 29th of August, 1666, gave to the Grocers' Company a tenement called the White Bear, in Walbrook, to the intent that they should yearly, within thirty days after Michaelmas, pay to the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, \$20 to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern, with a candle, for the direction of passengers to go with more security to and from the water-side, all night long, to be fixed at the northeast corner of the parish church of St. Botolph, from the feast-day of St. Bartholomew to Lady Day; out of which sum \$5 was to be paid to the sexton for taking care of the lantern. This annuity is now applied to the support of a lamp in the place prescribed, which is lighted with gas.

NEARLY 400 vessels have gone up since the restriction on the navigation of the Danube had been removed.

AUTOCRATIC POLITENESS.—The late Emperor of Russia sent a letter to the Duke of Devonshire congratulating his grace upon his recovery from his recent illness. The duke thought it right to forward the letter to the Foreign Office, it being a communication from one of the Queen's enemies.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT—and we might take the hint—requests the directors of the railways in the empire to plant young trees, of a description indicated, at convenient distances along the lines, intending them to replace eventually the posts upon which telegraphic wires are at present affixed.

DURING the last 188 years, the first born of the English royal family has invariably been a princess.

DEAN KIRWAN'S CHARITY SERMON.—The shortest sermon on record was preached by probably one of the most eloquent men who ever adorned a pulpit—the late Dean Kirwan. He was pressed, while suffering from a severe cold, to preach in the church of St. Peter's, Dublin, for the orphan children in the parish school. He tried to excuse himself, but at last yielded, ill as he was. After mounting the pulpit, while the church was crowded to suffocation, and having given out the text, he merely pointed his hand to the orphan children in the aisle, and said: "There they are!" It is said the collection on that occasion exceeded all belief. Dean Kirwan left a son, the present Dean of Limerick.

CHANGES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—Until a very recent period the hallowed precincts of St. Sophia were closed against the stranger who was unprepared to pay largely—\$50 to \$60—for admission. Now it is profaned by the merest slave amongst the Christians at the cost of a few piastres, and without even the ceremony of taking off his shoes. To all military men of the allied forces it is open, free of charge.

HELIGOLAND, the most diminutive of all her British Majesty's possessions, derives its only value from its geographical position, commanding, as it does, the entrance to the Elbe, Weser, and Eyder; but therefore assumes a degree of importance in time of war. This miniature colony is in the shape of a triangle, and its whole circumference is not four miles.

Two gay young Parisians, as a practical joke and pleasant termination of a day's jollity, the other night intercepted a quiet citizen who was proceeding on a lonely highway to his country residence, and demanded his money or his life. After taking his purse and watch, they made him descend, and they drove off in his gig towards Paris, where they took the spoil to the prefecture of police, on the pretext that they had found them abandoned on the road. On the morrow, however, the real facts transpired: the jokers were arrested, and notwithstanding their protestations that it was only an innocent freak, they were sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment.



REBEL OF THE KWANGSI PROVINCE.

A Dead Man's Shoes.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

BY RAPHAEL FLEMING.

At a moment when the eyes of all Europe are turned upon the country which, ever since the days of Peter the Great, has exercised so baneful an influence on European politics, it may not be uninteresting to our readers, as offering a curious revelation of Russian manners, to lay before them the dramatic incidents of a remarkable cause brought before a Moscovite tribunal some twenty years ago, which awakened as much curiosity and breathless excitement throughout the vast empire of Russia, as the tragic details of Fualde's murder had heretofore created amongst the French nation.

In the month of November of the year 183-, a Jew, named Abramowitch, who tenanted the public house belonging to the village of Semenowe-Lozy, presented himself before the Captain Ispravnitz (or chief of the police), of the district of Rodomyset, in the government of Kiow, and made a declaration to the effect that a nobleman, named Francis Salezy-Krynszloft, the owner of the village of Semenowe-Lozy, a wealthy man, much respected in the neighborhood, was an impostor, who had assumed a name not belonging to him, and who owed his riches and the esteem in which he was held solely to the most complicated and successful piece of knavery.

The Captain Ispravnitz began by representing to the Jew, that so serious an accusation required to be supported by the most irrefragable proofs, and warned him of the dangers of the course on which he was recklessly embarking, in the attempt to attack the honor and the sources of the fortune of a powerful man, hitherto looked upon as a model of civic virtue and Christian charity; but Abraham was not to be shaken from his purpose, and the following facts were elicited from his evidence:

In the year 1800 there lived in Mozyr, a poor gentleman, named John Chrysostome Krynszloft, a widower, who had two sons, Francis Salezy and Joachim. Not possessing any means of subsistence, these three unfortunate gentlemen entered the service of Major Fogel (it must be observed, that in Russia military titles are given to civil functionaries), who filled the office of receiver of taxes in the above-named town. Old Krynszloft died on the 26th May, 1802, as may be seen in the registry of burials in Mozyr. Francis Salezy took military service in a regiment of dragoons, and was killed at the battle of Borodino, in 1812, and the details of his glorious death were officially communicated to the authorities of Mozyr. As to Joachim, who was accused, in 1814, of having poisoned the Countess Sero-Komoleska, and drowned her grand nephew, the young Count Sero-Komoleska, and was imprisoned in the fortress, and tried before a criminal court;—he died suddenly while the trial was still pending, on the 12th of November, 1819, at Mozyr.

Having given these circumstantial details, the Jew added: "Your honor must now perceive that the family of Krynszloft is extinguished, and that no one is entitled to bear the name. Therefore the present owner of Semenowe-Lozy is either a ghost or an impostor.

The Jew displayed such warmth and such conviction in his asseverations, that the Captain Ispravnitz thought the matter worth clearing up, and therefore instructed the assessor, Ivorylof, to open the preliminary proceedings.

The latter consequently repaired to Semenowe-Lozy, and having explained the object of his mission, called upon the lord of the manor to exhibit his credentials. Krynszloft showed him the certificate of his birth, in which he was styled Francis Salezy Krynszloft, son of John Chrysostome Krynszloft and of Maria Anne Davidoff, born at Mozyr, on the 22d September, 1777. This exactly coincided with what the captain of dragoons' age could be, supposing he had lived; so that, in spite of the conformity of date between the certificate and the apparent age of the lord of Semenowe-Lozy, the recorder thought it his duty to have Krynszloft conveyed to Radomyst, where he was confined in the town prison, and a judicial inquiry immediately commenced.

This inquiry entered into the minutest details of the case. Above three hundred witnesses were called; more than two hundred civil and military registers were examined; and officers and soldiers who had served at the same period, or under the command of the captain of dragoons, Francis Salezy Krynszloft, were summoned from the army in the Caucasus, or the garrisons of Siberia, to give their evidence.

Every proof of the death of the brothers Krynszloft, sons of John Chrysostome and of Marie Anne

Davidoff, was undeniably established, and no doubt remained about the imposture of Lord of Semenowe-Lozy; when the latter, unable to contend against such an overwhelming mass of evidence, at length owned that he was not Francis Salezy, but Joachim Krynszloft, and the following romantic history was gathered from his revelations:

"After my father's death I remained with Major Fogel, who took a liking to me, and appointed me his secretary and confidential agent, but never made a confidant of me. I fulfilled all his orders punctually, but never knew anything of his plans or designs.

"At that time there lived in Mozyr a rich widow, the Countess Sero-Komoleska, who had no children, and was supposed to have bequeathed her whole fortune to the Capuchin monks in this city. It was even added that a will had been drawn up to this effect, and the names of some of the highest people in the town were mentioned as having acted as witnesses on the occasion. Public rumor likewise stated that this will was deposited in a casket, which the countess always kept under her pillow.

"Major Fogel had become intimate with the countess, and frequented her house. In time their friendship had grown so great that the countess placed the most unlimited confidence in the major, and, much to the jealous displeasure of the Capuchins, entrusted to him the entire management of her property and her affairs. The countess had for a companion a young orphan of exceeding beauty, named Julia Krynewieska, with whom I fell desperately in love, and whose affections I had the happiness to win. But the countess opposed our marriage, alleging that Mademoiselle Krynewieska was as yet too young to become a wife.

"One day the Major brought the Countess a few bottles of Tokay, which he pretended was above a hundred years old. The countess tasted it, and thought it excellent.

"Then don't let anybody taste it but yourself, and keep it entirely for your own use," said Major Fogel. "Each bottle is a treasure, and I would not have you share it even with Julia," added he laughing.

"The countess followed his injunctions but too faithfully. Every day after dinner she sipped a glassful of this exquisite wine; but from that period she grew sickly, her health, hitherto so excellent, visibly declined, and she took to her bed. The Major and some of the Capuchins sat up with her by turns, night after night. Julia Krynewieska, since become my wife, related to me that one night, when the sick lady was dosing, and the Capuchin who sat watching her had fallen fast asleep, Fogel gently raised the countess's pillow, drew the casket from under it, and having opened it, took out a large paper, which he exchanged for another of the same size. He then replaced the casket as it was before. In less than half-an-hour the invalid awoke, when the Major hastened to offer the physic prescribed the day before by the surgeon Isailoff. But scarcely had the countess swallowed it, when she was seized with vomiting, and breathed her last amidst the most fearful convulsions.

"I know not whether Major Fogel suspected that Julia had seen from the cabinet in the countess's alcove, where she slept, the wicked action he had committed; but he endeavored to console the grief the young orphan displayed on witnessing the inanimate body of her benefactress, by saying, 'I will undertake to give you a marriage portion, so that you may marry Joachim.'

"No sooner had Madame Sero-Komoleska's decease been legally proved, than the casket was forthwith opened, when, to the surprise of every one, and more especially to the Capuchins, a will was found, signed by the countess, and by four witnesses—all of them Russian functionaries belonging to Mozyr—constituting Major Fogel the executor and sole legatee of the deceased's property, subject, however, to the clause that no legal heir to the countess's fortune should prefer his claim during the space of three years. In the latter case, and should such heir or heirs present incontestible vouchers, setting forth their claims to the countess's estate, Major Fogel would then be entitled to the quarter only of her real and personal property. The countess's riches amounted to two millions of rubles.

Scarcely five months had elapsed since the Countess Sero-Komoleska's death, when the young Count Edmond Sero-Komoleska, son to a nephew of the countess, arrived in Mozyr. The young man's claim to the countess's property was known to everybody, nor was Major Fogel more ignorant on this head than ourselves. The major received Madame Sero-Komoleska's heir with every show of fair dealing, and with even paternal kindness; he invited him

to take up his abode in his house, and lavished the most refined attentions upon him, taking every care that he should want for nothing that could prove agreeable to him.

"Unfortunately, on leaving Cracovia, where he usually resided, the young Count Edmond had neglected to bring the certificate of his parent's death, fancying that the deeds setting forth his claims, which he had brought with him, were more than sufficient to prove his identity. Major Fogel adverted to his deficiency, when the young count showed him the family documents, adding, 'Not but what I am fully persuaded, my dear sir, that you are really the legal heir to the Countess Sero-Komoleska, but justice, you know, requires great formalities, to which one is obliged to submit.'

"The count readily admitted the wisdom and the soundness of these remarks, and a trusty servant was accordingly dispatched to Cracovia to fetch the document, without which nothing could be definitely settled.

"During the interval that must necessarily elapse before the express could return, the major sought every possible means of entertaining Count Edmond, and I was obliged to accompany him everywhere. One day, when we were going a-shooting, the major gave me his gun: 'Mind you load it properly,' said he to me, 'for Count Edmond is to make use of it.'

"I loaded it as usual on such occasions, yet the gun burst the first time he fired, and the count was wounded in the cheek and in the arm. Fortunately the wounds were but slight, and he soon recovered.

"Another day the major brought me a horse for Count Edmond's use. The animal seemed to be extremely docile, and Major Fogel had him saddled with his own saddle, and after showing me that every portion of the harness was in proper order, he desired me to accompany the count, who had expressed the wish to take a ride into the country. Scarcely, however, had we passed the city gates, when the apparently docile horse began to rear and plunge, the saddle-girth gave way, and the count, though an accomplished rider, was thrown, and his arm put out of joint. It was a wonder he was not killed, for the road is strewn with rocks and sharp pebbles; he escaped, however, once more, and after being bled a few times, and keeping his bed for several days, he recovered his health.

"I fancied all these events to be the results of pure fatality. Some persons cannot change places without being exposed to ailments, dangers and tribulations of all kinds.* Count Edmond, I thought, no doubt belonged to that class of individuals. But a circumstance, shortly after, opened my eyes to the real state of the case. The major, one day, took me aside and informed me very mysteriously that Edmond was courting Julia, and that he had evidently formed the design of seducing my affianced one. This pretended disclosure did not, however, disturb me ever so slightly. I felt as sure of Edmond's upright feelings and delicacy as I was of Julia's virtue; nevertheless, the major's meddlesome solicitude awakened sundry suspicions of another nature, which I resolved to clear up. I began by examining the gun that had burst, and that happened still to be in the house, and ascertained that the barrel had been designedly perforated in several places; and I likewise found out that the horse, which had nearly caused the young count's death, had been sold with this character, viz., That he was extremely docile in town, but the moment he reached the open country he became mettlesome, as to be completely unmanageable, even in the hands of an experienced groom.

"I would fain have spoken, but my dependent position forbade me mentioning anything in the first instance, and that which subsequently was more than mere suspicion—namely, the result of my investigations. I should not have inspired the least confidence—for those who do not hold an important social position never command belief. I therefore held my peace, both before the young count and the rest of my acquaintance.

"We now all three went to visit the rural estates of the late countess, situated near Pynski, on the confines of some vast marshes. The major would often remind us that, at our age, amusement ought to be our principal occupation; accordingly, Edmond and I frequently took a boat, and went duck shooting amongst the numerous winged tribes that inhabited the marshes. I generally rowed, and he shot. We succeeded so well, and brought down so much game, that I fancied the fatality that hovered

* This is a prevalent superstition in Russia, which the authorities would be sorry to discountenance, as it renders the wretched serfs attached to their inhospitable soil.

over the young count's head ceased to pursue him, and by degrees the result of my inquiries about the gun that had burst, and the vicious horse, faded away from my memory, and I grew confiding once more.

"One day the major proposed to Count Edmond to visit a nobleman, whose castle was situated beyond the marshes. 'You will see,' said he, 'one of the most splendid relics of the middle ages. And besides, the beauty of the site on which it is built, the castle possesses one of the most extensive libraries in our country.'

"More was not wanting to induce the young count to undertake this pilgrimage; for, contrary to most young men of his age, the count liked study almost as well as pleasure, and his connoisseurship in literature, and the fine arts, had given him a taste for everything grand and ancient. We were to shoot ducks on our way through the marshes, while the major, feeling little inclination for such sport, said he would join us beyond the morasses.

"We therefore took the boat we usually made use of, but no sooner had we reached the middle of the lake, than our frail skiff began to fill with water, on perceiving which I fell to rowing vigorously towards land. Count Edmond was alarmed; for he could not swim.

"'Count,' said I, 'do not stir—we may be saved yet.' But, instead of attending to my advice, he kept moving about, which made the water rise so rapidly that it soon upset the boat, and we were plunged into the flood.

"'Count,' said I, 'hold fast to the boat, and I will come up with you.'

"So saying, I tried to seize him by his hair, but he was too frightened to hear me, and endeavored to reach the bank, and in another moment I saw him struggling against the waters some twenty yards off, now coming to the surface, then disappearing, till at length he sank to rise no more. By dint of strenuous efforts I finished by reaching the shore, and called aloud for help, when some fishermen came and dragged the lake, and at the end of an hour, brought back the inanimate corpse of the unfortunate young count.

"I was so petrified that I could scarcely believe in the reality of the misfortune that I had witnessed. The fishermen, being less agitated than myself, examined the boat, and found out that its hold had been perforated in several places by a gimblet, and that the holes had been cunningly filled up with bread crumb from a buckwheat loaf. A gardener, living in the vicinity of the marshes, added that he had seen the major, at break of day, examining the fatal craft.

"The major had been hastily sent for, and on his making his appearance, I declared to him, though in measured terms, the suspicions I had long harbored, and that were now confirmed by the catastrophe that had just taken place. But instead of giving me credit for my moderation and temperate language, Major Fogel affected the most violent despair, and heaping a thousand curses on my head, ordered me to be bound like a criminal, and sent me to Pendiz, from whence I was taken to Mozyr, thrown into prison, and treated as the murderer of Count Edmond Sero-Komoleska. An inquest was forthwith commenced.

"Though appalled by the audacity of such wickedness, I persevered in asserting my innocence, and sought every means of defending myself from so foul an accusation. But everybody remained deaf to my remonstrances. I heard I was to be condemned to die under the *knout*. The thought that I—born of gentle blood—was to perish in so ignominious a manner, made me shudder with rage. By dint of entreaties, I obtained from the goaler pen, ink, and paper, and drew up a petition to the Marshal of the nobility of Mozyr, in which I set forth the whole affair in its hideous reality. The goaler, who took pity on me, and began to think me innocent, promised to have my petition laid before the Marshal, and succeeded in so doing; for, three days afterwards, I learned that a fresh inquest was to take place.

"One night as I lay sleepless, with my brain on fire, and trying to hope that my character would be cleared in time, my prison door was opened, and Major Fogel entered.

"'The affection I formerly felt for you,' said he, in a low voice, 'has induced me to come to save you.' 'To save me,' echoed I, 'it is somewhat late I fear.'

"'It is still time,' resumed the major, 'but the moments are too precious to be trifled away in useless conversation. Once more, I wish to save you from an ignominious death, and from the tortures of the knout—do you not wish it?'

"Wish it?' cried I, forgetting, so invincible is our attachment to life, that the author of all my misfortunes stood before me, and that I was about to owe honor, life, and liberty to so great a miscreant. 'Oh! speak, speak—Monsieur Fogel!'

"The major then told me I must pretend to be ill, and then to die. 'And after your resurrection,' added he, 'you must take the name of your elder brother, who fell at the battle of Borrodino.'

"That would be forgery,' said I.

"Nay,' said the major, 'you will still bear the name of your father and your family. If you play your part well—and you can easily do so—I will provide for you, as soon as you shall have assumed your elder brother's name, and trust me, your lot shall not be an unenviable one!'

There is an old proverb that says, 'a drowning man will catch at the blade of a razor.' I was that man, and I consented to everything.

"I now complained of my health, and pretended to be ill, and a doctor was called, who prescribed several medicines with a sly smile. I next asked for a priest, who came and heard me confess, and declared, like the doctor, that I was in great danger. Doctor, priest, and jailer, had all been bribed. In short, I had not to play the part of being dead for a long time before they brought a coffin, in which they laid me, and transported me to the chapel, from whence the major effected my escape during the night. The next day it was with a secret satisfaction that I witnessed my own funeral from Major Fogel's window.

"You are now saved,' said the major, embracing me, 'but it remains for me to acquit myself of the promise I made you.'

"How strange a mystery is the human heart! This same man, who had committed two murders for the sake of wealth, actually wept as he pressed me to his heart.

"The next day the major gave me fifty thousand roubles, and married me to Julia, the late countess's ward. A week after, my wife and I set off for Bessarabia, where we resided for several years. Having heard of Major Fogel's death, I could not resist the wish to behold my native place once more; and I came back to Radomysl, where I purchased some domains with the full intention of ending my days in that district."

Such were the revelations made by the prisoner, which he signed, and then confirmed by the oath required by the law, to the effect that he had said nothing but the truth.

Julia Krynewieska, now Madame Krynszloft, confirmed her husband's confessions.

By a most providential chance, the gardener, who had seen the major examining the boat on the morning of the day when Count Edmond was drowned, was still to be found in Pendiz, while the retired officer who had sold the vicious horse to the major, was still living in Mozyr.

As to the four functionaries who had signed the countess's mock will, they had all been banished to Siberia for being guilty of peculation, and of robbing the imperial treasury. It was not clearly ascertained whether or no they still lived in Tobolski, but any way, being degraded characters, their testimony would not have been of the slightest value.

Major Fogel's immense fortune had been spent by his heirs, who were in a state of complete penury, the sad and inevitable fate of those who are enriched by the spoils of crime.

The tribunal acquitted M. Krynszloft, but ordered him to resume the name of Joachim. The sentence re-instated him entirely in his property, and in all the honors and dignities that he enjoyed.

The tribunal of Kiow confirmed this judgment, but old Joachim Krynszloft received so great a shock from the whole affair, that he died three weeks after this full acquittal, leaving his aged widow inconsolable for his loss, and his three daughters married to three wealthy and honorable inhabitants of Bessarabia.

GRIEFS OF BOYHOOD.—God have mercy on the boy who learns to grieve early! Condemn it as a sentiment if you will; talk as you will of the fearlessness and strength of the boy's heart, yet there belongs to it many tenderly strung chords of affection, which give forth low and gentle music, that consoles and ripens the ear for all the harmonies of life. These chords, a little rude or unnatural tension will break, and break for ever. Watch your boy, then, if so be he will bear the strain; try his nature, if it be rude or delicate; and if delicate, in God's name do not, as you value your peace and his, breed a harsh spirit in him, that shall take pride in subjugating and forgetting the finer affection.

CONVERSATION.—Among a large proportion of young women, and especially among those who are not remarkable for the strengths of their understandings, and who have not been accustomed to estimate the worth of objects according to the standard of reason and religion, conversation loaded with flatteries, as silly as they are gross, too often finds welcome hearers. Hence, also, discourse is confined, in circles of this description, to scenes, topics, and incidents, which embrace little more than the amusements of the preceding or ensuing afternoon; the looks and the dress of the present company, or of their acquaintance; petty anecdotes of the neighborhood and local scandal. Is it wonderful, then, that the wish prevalent in most men, and especially in young men, to render themselves acceptable in social intercourse to the female sex, should betray them into a mode of behavior which they perceive to be so generally welcome? Is it wonderful that he who discovers trifling to be the way to please, should become a trifle? that he who, by the casual introduction of a subject which seemed to call upon the reason to exert itself, has brought an ominous yawn over the countenance of his fair auditor, should guard against repetition of the offence.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.—A writer giving an account of some very remarkable "spiritual manifestations," declares that he saw and experienced at the house of a neighbor, among other things, the spirit of his grandfather, which rapped him on the forehead with such force, "that the sound could be heard in every part of the room." We should think it very likely. There are heads which, as is common with empty shells of all sorts, make capital mediums of sound. His "grandfather" could not have made a better selection.

GLOSSARY OF MILITARY TERMS.—Deploy: to open; to extend. Thus a column is said to deploy when the front spreads out on each side, as is commonly done in making an attack. Enfilade: To pierce, scour, or rake with shot, in the direction of a line, or through the whole line. Escalade: A furious attack made by troops on a fortified place, in which ladders are used to pass a ditch or mount a rampart. Redoubt: A general name for nearly every kind of work in the class of field fortifications; particularly, a parapet enclosing a square or polygonal area.

LEVERETS MARKED WITH WHITE STARS.—The Rev. W. B. Daniel, who was well known as a sportsman in his day, has the following passage in his book on Rural Sports:—"In the spring of 1799, in the orchard of W. Cole, of Helons Lampstead, in Essex, seven young hares were found in one form; each was marked with a star of white on its forehead. This mark, according to received opinion, is always seen when the young exceed two in number." I well remember, more than thirty-five years ago, having seen four very young leverets in a form all marked with white stars on their forehead, and doubtless belonging to the same litter, for they were under a balk in the parish of Little Chertford, then unenclosed. This corroboration of Mr. Daniel's theory, is, however, shaken by the testimony of three of my game-keepers, who have had much experience in such matters, and have been recently questioned on the subject. One of them states his having seen, some years ago, at Shortgrove, in this county, a litter or cast, as he expressed himself, of four leverets, one of which had only a white star, but that he had often observed a single young rabbit marked in the same way. Another keeper had occasionally seen one young hare with the white mark, and the third keeper had never observed or heard of the peculiarity.

MENTAL AND CORPOREAL SUFFERING.—There is a very pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be more severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound with a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near, but not seize the lamb, and also put food before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten all the food placed before him—the other was found dead from fright.

A NEW ACID.—The scarlet-leaf species of geranium yields a new acid. It has a sharp, pleasant odor, and is soluble in water.

A UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.—The well-known antiquarian and linguist, Professor Lepsius, at the instigation of Chevalier Bunsen, has completed an alphabet containing the sounds and letters of all the languages in the world.

Ascent of the Peter Botte Mountain.

AFTER a rather unpleasant journey over very rough roads, we arrived at the house of a French planter, situated about half a mile from the foot of the mountain, where we were most hospitably received; and, after having partaken of a good dinner, retired betimes to rest. At dawn of day, we snatched a hasty breakfast, and were fairly on the move by six o'clock.

Three negroes accompanied us, carrying coils of rope, a bamboo, measuring thirty feet, for a flag-staff, materials for luncheon &c. Our route lay up a steep ravine, at the lower part of which grows a dense forest of ebony, and "bois de natte" through which we made our way, and soon got completely wet through, from the dripping of the dew of the branches of the trees and long grass. Besides this, we experienced much difficulty and delay in keeping the negroes who were carrying the ropes up with the rest of our party, and were only able to do so by helping them as much as possible with their loads, when we found matters were coming to a stand-still. On getting past the forest, a view broke upon us which showed the difficulties we had to encounter.

On our right was "the shoulder," which we knew must first be gained before we could ascend "the neck;" and immediately above us rose the spire-like pinnacle, surmounted by its ponderous head of solid rock. We had now to walk with great care, as we found that the ravine increased in steepness as it decreased in density of trees and shrubs, by whose friendly support we had proceeded thus far. Moreover, the loose rocks and stones, on the slightest touch, rolled thundering down the ravine, threatening to annihilate those of our party who were beneath. On getting nearly to the top of the ravine, we turned off to the right, and crossed over the face of the mountain to "the shoulder," which we were enabled to reach without much difficulty. This part of our journey took us two hours to accomplish. Our path now lay along a narrow ridge of rocks, with a steep precipice on each side, up to the base of two perpendicular rocks of about forty feet in height. This was the point at which all previous adventurers, except two, had stuck, and how to surmount these required some consideration. After various suggestions, we hit upon the plan of resting the lower end of our flag-staff on a ledge of rock about eighteen inches broad, situated near the base of these rocks, placing the other end against the

rocks themselves. Up this bamboo I first climbed, (the others steadying me below,) and found, when I had reached its upper end, that the rocks presented certain unevennesses invisible to those below, which offered a slight hold for the hands and feet, by the vigorous use of which I at length reached the top of the rocks in safety. Beasley, Protheroe, and the carpenter soon followed; the rest choosing to re-

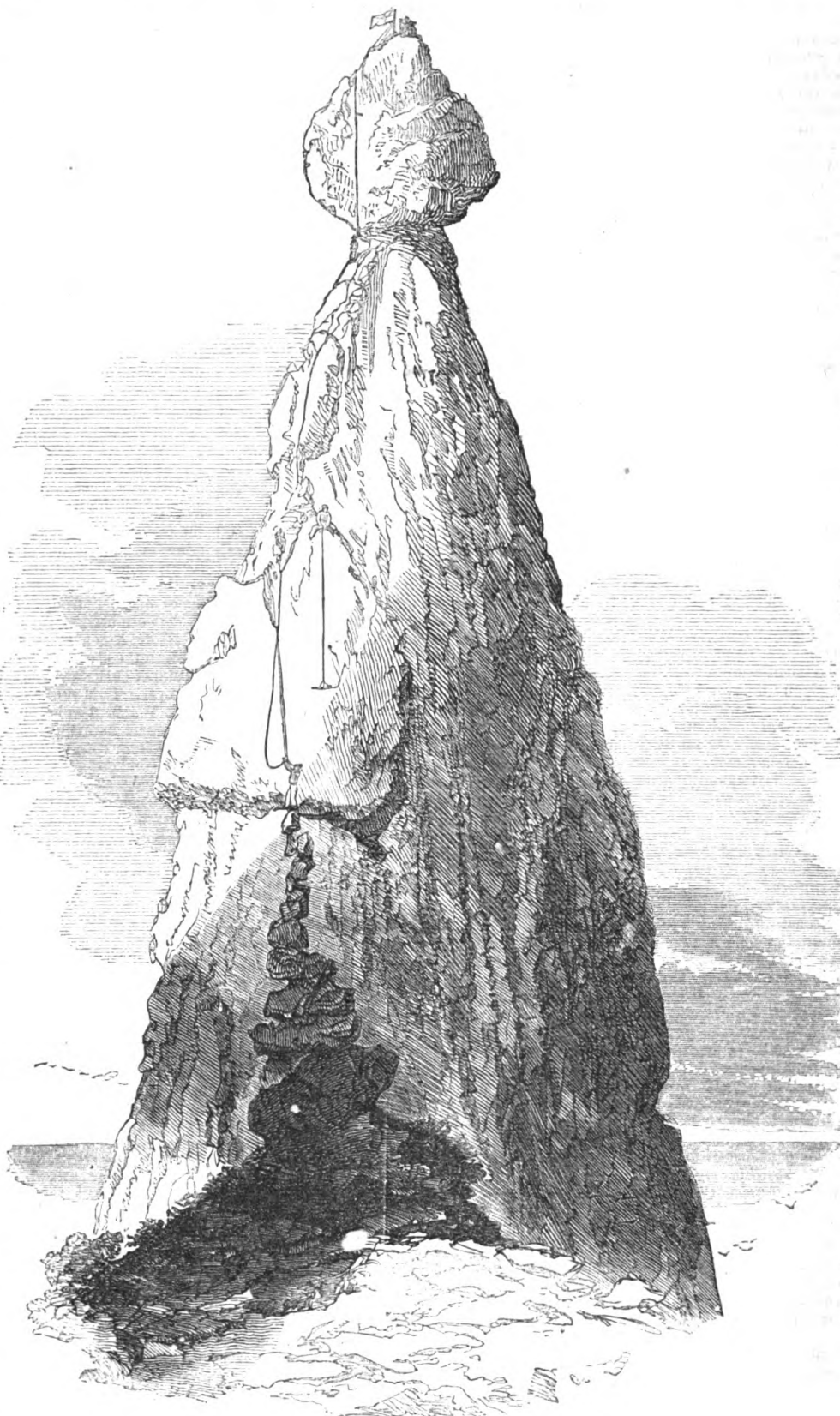
more difficult task than the one we had just accomplished, as we had not the bamboo to help us, and were, consequently, obliged to trust entirely to our feet and hands; and after scrambling up the remainder of the precipice, which was comparatively easy, we at length found ourselves on the neck. We now lowered a rope right down to the base of the twin blocks, making the other end fast to a rock close to the "neck."

Up this rope the rest of the party ascended, with the exception of Messrs. Surtees and Barclay, who felt too giddy to trust themselves any further. None of the negroes could be induced to advance a step.

Having all reached "the neck" in safety, the carpenter who was a good leadsman, proceeded to heave a plummet of lead, attached to a fishing line, over a cleft on one side of the head. To do this he was obliged to lean over the extreme edge of the precipice; and to enable him to stand firmly, we made a rope fast to his leg, to which we all held on stoutly. At the fourth swing he succeeded in pitching it right over the cleft, the plummet, with the end of the line, coming down on the opposite side. Having attached a stronger rope to this, we pulled it over; and while we held on one end, the carpenter ascended by the other, pulling up a still stronger rope with knots in it, which he made fast to a projecting rock at the top. By means of this we now ascended one by one to the summit of this long inaccessible mountain; and well were we repaid for our exertions.

From that height we saw stretched out a most magnificent panorama of the whole island, perhaps presenting more varied scenery than any spot in the world. On one side of us lay the deep ravines of the grand river, with its magnificent waterfalls, whose diamond brightness contrasted beautifully with the emerald green of the dense forests with which its banks were skirted. On the other lay the fertile district of Pamplémousses, with its graceful cane fields, dotted here and there with planters' houses and factories; while in front was the grand range of rugged mountains, of the loveliest hues, which surround Port Louis, and whose

irregular abrupt outlines conjured themselves to the mind's eye into a hundred fantastic shapes. It was an exhilarating moment; and the three hearty cheers, which announced the planting of the flag, resounded from hill to crag, until they were re-echoed by the crowds assembled on the plains below, who hailed the accomplishment of the feat with a tumultuous burst of applause.



ASCENT OF THE PETER BOOTE MOUNTAIN, IN THE MAURITIUS.

main where they were until a rope should have been lowered, to trusting the precarious support of a bamboo, standing on a smooth stone base of only eighteen inches broad, the slightest slip of which on either side must have precipitated them to the distance of 1800 or 2000 feet. Meanwhile Beasley, the carpenter, and I, had scaled another formidable rock, about twenty feet high; this proved even a

MASKS AND FACES.

CHAPTER I.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory as we come
From God who is our home.

WORDSWORTH.

RATHER more than half way between the ancient city of Canterbury and Burham Downs, is the pretty village of Brook, dropped, as it were, at the foot of a gently sloping hill, from whose summit the towers of the venerable cathedral which gives his title to the primate of England and the picturesque remains of the Abbey of St. Augustine are distinctly visible.

Previous to the introduction of railroads, Brook was a bustling, lively place; the mail, numerous stage-coaches, and heavy wagons laden with merchandise passed daily through it, on their way between the metropolis and Dover, to the no small profit of the inn-keepers, who drove a thriving trade.

Alas! for the mutability of human affairs! Few things are stable in this world. And so it proved with the prosperity of Brook—for as steam-communication advanced, stage-coaches, wagons, and mails gradually disappeared from the road. Three out of the five inns in process of time were closed, and the stable-boys and hangers-on—always a numerous tribe—driven to seek employment on the neighboring farms, or as porters at the various stations of the railroad.

Amongst the few persons whom prudence and economy in early life enabled to meet the change, was Matthew Price, the landlord of the Warden's Arms, who declared that as long as he lived, the house should never close—a resolution which Mr. Shanks, the old waiter, and Peter Brin, the ostler, highly approved.

Every morning, as the village clock struck five, as regularly as in the palmy days of the establishment, the inn was opened, and the fire lit in the cosy, well-stocked bar, in which numerous punchcoons of goodly form and dimensions, and bottles with inviting labels, were symmetrically arranged.

But what the landlord chiefly prided himself upon were his punch-bowls, of which he had a numerous and valuable collection—the accumulation of centuries—for the Warden's Arms had descended from

father to son for at least three hundred years. No German baron of sixteen quarters ever contemplated his genealogical tree with greater satisfaction than Matthew Price did these honorable trophies of his predecessors. No hand but his own was ever permitted to dust them. It was a labor of love to the old man; and, to do them justice, they were worthy of his care: several of the largest being of mandarin china, others of enamelled Indian and delicate Japan, so highly esteemed by connoisseurs and collectors.

The possessor of these treasures—for such he considered them—was a hale old bachelor, between fifty and sixty years of age, a warm-tempered, but rather indolent sort of personage, with a decided weakness for good living and strong ale, a profound contempt for everything modern, little caring how the world wagged, provided everything went on smoothly at the Warden's Arms.

The only serious misfortune he had ever known was the falling off of his trade; not that he felt the pecuniary loss so much as the want of occupation; time hung heavily on his hands—for he had no intellectual resources. He seldom read, unless it was the column of local news in the county paper, which generally sent him asleep before he had half waded through it. Books were his aversion; and as for travel, the longest journey he had ever made was from the domicile where he was born to Dover.

It was long—very long—before Matthew Price could bring himself to believe in the permanency of the change which had taken place. To him a railroad—for he had never seen one—was a myth—a sort of carnivorous monster, whose ravenous appetite could only be appeased by the sacrifice of unfortunate inn-keepers, ostlers, waiters and post-boys, whom, figuratively speaking, it crunched in its iron jaws.

In moments of confidence he had been heard to declare that he had never known what it was to dream till after the introduction of the new-fangled mode of travelling, which he emphatically predicted would ultimately bring ruin upon the country, by doubling the poor-rates, cutting up the land, poisoning the green fields, and infecting the air with the smoke of the filthy furnace.

The person of our worthy but somewhat eccentric host was not inclined to what our Gallic neighbors term *embonpoint*. That was a state it had long since passed. He was fat—uncommonly fat. A pair of massive legs, such as a Dutch burgomaster might have been proud of, supported his goodly trunk. His

square shoulders would not have disgraced a prize ox, whilst the round, bullet head, resting on an exceedingly short neck, suggested ideas of apoplexy.

The features of this mountain of flesh and bone were broad, and, unless excited by anger or mirth, perfectly inexpressive.

When roused by any sudden emotion, pleasurable or otherwise, from his usual state of apathy, the small, sleepy, grey eyes of Matthew Price would gradually dilate till they seemed ready to spring out upon you; then, as the feeling subsided, as gently contract again, leaving no deeper trace than the lazy ripple on the surface of a stagnant pool overgrown by chickweed into which some mischievous urchin had cast a stone.

Shanks, the waiter, who had lived thirty years in his service, treated him with great respect, whilst Brin, the ostler, used to declare that the *guy's* bark was much worse than his bite. As the two last-mentioned personages and one female servant constituted the entire establishment of the Warden's Arms, it may be as well to introduce them at once to our readers.

The first, Reuben Shanks, was a tall, thin, melancholy-looking man, of a semi-clerical appearance, to which his white cravat, tied in the enormous bow which Beau Brummel brought into fashion at the commencement of the present century, and well-brushed suit of black not a little contributed. Some men are born to be waiters—and Reuben was evidently one of them. No amount of impatience or insolence could tire his politeness or ruffle his equanimity. There was a mingled air of resignation and fallen greatness in his manners at once touching and amusing.

The only serious fault his master ever found with him was, that he would not grow fat. Good living, he used to assert, was thrown away upon him. In fact, the worthy host had once stretched his imaginative powers so far as to compare him to a cross between a bulrush and a parish clerk—a reproach which his fellow-servants delighted to taunt him with.

Since the falling off of his perquisites, Shanks had taken to tea and Methodism, to the great disgust of Matthew Price, who had a decided antipathy to both.

Brin, the ostler, on the contrary, followed his master's tastes. He had the same affection for good living and ale, enjoyed a joke, and was considered quite an oracle in the village on all points connected with horse-flesh and racing. He was a hard-featured



ORLANDO AND MR. SIDNEY'S COACHMAN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH.

old man, strong and wiry as a terrier, with a small, round head, whose features were highly suggestive of a crab apple. Between him and the cook a species of flirtation had been carried on for the last twenty years, but somehow or other Brin could never bring her to the point. The fact was, Sally Stret secretly aspired to become mistress of the Warden's Arms—and as her hopes rose or fell, so did she regulate her conduct towards her more humble admirer.

Matthew Price was seated in his comfortable bar on a sharp, frosty morning in the month of November, eighteen hundred and —, but no matter for the exact date. He had just done justice to an ample breakfast, the remains of which were still on the table beside him. The old man was gazing dreamily on the fire, which burned cheerfully in the huge grate before him.

Once or twice he moved his legs as the heat incommoded them; then sank again into his apathetic, musing state.

The half hatch of the bar was gently opened, and Shanks made his appearance, with a letter in his hand.

"For you, sir!" he said.

"Lay it on the table," answered his master, annoyed at being disturbed in his meditations.

"Marked 'Immediate,' sir!"

The curiosity of the landlord was roused. Who could write to him? He had but few correspondents, and but one relative in the world—a cousin, who had emigrated twenty years previously to America.

After eyeing the address for some time, he broke the seal.

It was from a lawyer named Mant—who was perfectly well known to him, seeing that he had the management of more than one estate in the neighborhood—written to inform him that a party of five gentlemen would arrive that very day at the Warden's Arms, and directing him to have dinner and rooms prepared.

Shanks absolutely started at the alacrity with which the host bounded from his seat: it was not so much the idea of profit which excited him, as the pleasure of occupation.

"Light a fire in the long room—tell Sally to see the best beds are well aired!" he exclaimed. "Send Brin to me—he must ride to Canterbury! Let me see," he added, speaking as if he were consulting with himself, "we must have fish—no time for soup—a saddle of mutton, fowls, and a tart—that will do very well, considering the shortness of the notice!"

The waiter started as if he thought his master was going mad. He was soon made, however, to comprehend the important event about to take place, and a faint smile flitted for an instant over his melancholy, respectable face.

The worthy landlord was once more in his element. During the day he bustled from the kitchen to the parlor, from the parlor to the bed-rooms, to see that everything was in proper order to receive his expected guests. His next care was to draw from some curiously-contrived recess in the bar, the secret of which was known only to himself, several antique articles of massive plate, together with a sufficient number of ladles, spoons, and forks; these he carefully cleaned and polished before giving them into the charge of the waiter, who received them with all due reverence—for they were only used on very rare occasions.

It was not till he had seen the table arranged to his satisfaction, and the preparations properly advanced in the kitchen, that Matthew Price returned to his sanctum to indulge in his pipe and glass of ale.

Once or twice Reuben Shanks thrust his head over the hatch, to ask certain directions—for, although he knew very well what the answer would be, he did not like to take too much upon himself—added to which, the attention flattered the old man.

"The gentlemen will take wine with their dinner, I suppose, sir?"

"Of course!" replied his master; "Lawyer Mant would never send any twopenny travellers to my house!"

"Am I to say that you have any of the fifteen port left, if they ask for it?"

This was a query not to be answered without due reflection. This was the supernaculum of the cellar, and, slack as trade had become, the landlord of the Warden's Arms was as tenacious as ever of producing it.

"Hear what they say to the pale sherry, first. If they praise that—Well, perhaps—we shall see!"

This was an intimation to the waiter to press the subject no further for the present.

Just as the soles were turning deliciously brown, and the saddle done to a turn, a phaeton and pair drove up to the porch of the old-fashioned inn, and

the expected guests alighted: four insides—as the waiter called them—and one outside—the latter, being the youngest of the party, rode with the driver on the box—five travellers in all.

Their luggage consisted of an equal number of travelling bags, several portfolios, and an instrument which, as Matthew Price described it that same evening, to the schoolmaster of the village, resembled a very long three-legged stool with a brass box and spy-glass at the top, instead of a seat.

When he first beheld it the worthy host eyed it with a vacant stare, mentally wondering what possible use it could be for. Not so with Brin, the ostler. He had travelled further than his master—seen more of the world. The honest fellow began to entertain horrible misgivings, but before he ventured to hint his suspicions—which he well knew, if once imparted to the landlord, would set him frantic—he resolved to ascertain whether they were correct or not, by pumping the driver.

The dinner passed off to the satisfaction of all parties; the pale sherry was highly commended and the fifteen port—the pride of the Warden's Arms—produced in honor of the occasion.

Matthew Price was smoking his pipe in the bar, satisfied with himself and rather more reconciled with the world, when Shanks made his appearance, with a fresh order for wine.

"I knew they'd want it!" observed the old man, pointing to a couple of respectable magnums enveloped in venerable cobwebs and sawdust upon the table. "Mind how you decant it—its downright sinful to disturb such a crust!"

The waiter sighed.

"Not every customer, I'd give it to!" continued the speaker, eyeing the bottles affectionately; "the fifteen is getting fearfully low—not more than six dozen and a half left! No such wine to be had now-a-days, all along of those infernal railroads, which are destroying everything in England!"

What the railroads of England had to do with the vintage of Portugal might have puzzled his master to tell. Like many men in a far more elevated sphere of life, he jumped to his conclusions—an easier method than arriving at them by the tedious process of reasoning.

"Are the gentlemen pretty merry, Shanks?"

"They are noisy enough, sir!" was the reply.

"Ah!" ejaculated the host, "good wine maketh the tongue wag! They have a right to be merry! Men who travel in the good old fashion must have a good conscience! I'd be bound they would not risk their necks on the rail!"

The waiter gave a dry dissatisfied cough. Whilst waiting on the party at dinner, he had heard enough to satisfy him how far his master's opinion of his guests was correct or not.

"You are growing over-precise, Reuben!" observed the old man, with a chuckle—for in the innocence of his heart he concluded that his servant's strict notions of propriety had been shocked by some rather too free expression or broad jest amongst the gentlemen up stairs. "I wish to heaven," he added, "you would laugh and get fat. Your very appearance is a discredit to the place! Since you took to the Methodists and the rheumatiz you have never been the man you were. I shall be obliged to have a second waiter if business goes on increasing at the Warden's Arms!"

With all his ill humor, Matthew Price was too kind-hearted to say another waiter. He would as soon have thought of selling the signboard of his house—which he considered one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest picture ever painted—or one of his favorite punch-bowls, as parting with either of his domestics.

Shanks quitted the bar with the magnums, one in each hand, and an air of sly satisfaction was upon his parchment-colored, melancholy features; perhaps he felt that the hour of retribution was not far distant.

The landlord resumed his pipe, and sank again into that dreamy, half-conscious state which might almost be considered his normal condition.

After breakfast the following morning the travellers paid their bill without a murmur—for the charges, like the entertainment, were unexceptionable. The carpet bags were duly arranged in the phaeton, to the secret content of Brin, who felt anxious to see them safely out of the place.

"We shall be back to-morrow, at five, landlord!" said the elder of the party, addressing himself to the host, who had been busily engaged handing the portfolios into the carriage.

Matthew bowed.

"If you could procure a dish of game to add to our dinner!"

A knowing smile lit for an instant on the broad features of the master of the Warden's Arms.

Shanks asserted that he even attempted to wink—but this must have been a calumny.

A sigh of mingled relief and satisfaction escaped from the hearts both of ostler and waiter as the vehicle drove off.

"Gentlemen!" muttered their master; "perfect gentlemen! I wonder where they are going to!"

"Lawyer Littleton's!" said Brin, answering the question for him.

This was the name of the gentleman at the head of every railway scheme in the county. Matthew Price no sooner heard it than his eyes began slowly to dilate as if some painful conviction was gradually stealing over him; we say gradually—for his perceptive as well as his imaginative faculties not being of the highest order, the process was both slow and tedious.

"Lawyer Littleton's!" he repeated.

"Yes, master! I heard them direct the postboy where to drive to!"

Then—no—it can't be! I have never given my number fifteen to—to—"

The conclusion was so horrible, that he could not complete the sentence.

The ostler nodded, as much as to say, "Indeed, master, but you have!" whilst the waiter thrust the corner of his napkin into his mouth, to hide the grin which he felt unable to repress.

Matthew Price had always entertained the idea that if the innkeepers of England had done their duty, railroads would never have been established in this country. He at least had hitherto been faithful, surveyors, draughtsmen, and agents, had been sternly refused lodging and entertainment at the Warden's Arms; he had even carried his principles so far as to refuse several dinners ordered by a committee of landholders and gentry in the neighborhood, whose interests were affected—and to be taken in at last! The explosion of his wrath was terrible. If words had not come to his relief, apoplexy must.

"Villains!" he exclaimed, shaking his fat fist at his servants; "you to deceive me!"

"I did not know it till this morning," said Brin, resolutely; "and I thought it best to let them go without a rumpus!"

"A rumpus—I'd have—well, it's finished with the Warden's Arms at last! I'm a disgraced man! I'll shut up the place, and you may go to the work-house—or the rail!"

"I thought they were no gentlemen," observed Shanks, who by this time had recovered his gravity.

"Gentlemen!" repeated the host. "Run, you canting rascal, and look after the spoons!"

The waiter, glad of an escape, disappeared instantly.

His master followed him.

It was amusing to hear Matthew's commentaries and self-reproaches, as he gathered up the various articles of old-fashioned plate, which, in justice to his late guests, we must state he found quite correct. The sight of the empty bottles of his choice fifteen, called forth a fresh burst of lamentation.

"That I should have been such a fool," he muttered, "to have let the enemy into my camp! I shall never be able to endure the place again! The poor punch-bowls won't look at me as they used to do! Game! Yes—I'll provide them with game! Only let them come back—I wish they may, that's all—that's all!"

Had the speaker been possessed of the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, his desire could not have been more speedily answered—for the wheels of the phaeton were heard as the vehicle drove up once more to the entrance.

Brin, who had followed the speaker, ran to the window.

"There they are again!" he said.

"Shanks, run and close the door!" exclaimed Matthew Price; "draw the bolts and double lock it—they shan't set foot in my place again, though I do keep an inn, my house is my castle!"

He listened till the creaking of the heavy door upon its hinges, assured him his orders had been complied with. Then with an air of solemn dignity he walked to the open window.

"What is the matter?" demanded the elder gentleman of the party, as soon as he saw him; "do you take us for housebreakers?"

"You shan't break into my house again!" replied the old man, doggedly, "You won't make a railroad here!"

A loud laugh from the surveyors and agents announced how exceedingly they enjoyed the joke—for they were perfectly aware of their late host's prejudices and peculiarities.

"Capital dinner!" shouted one.

"Any of the fifteen left?" added a second.

"Don't forget the game, Matthew!"

The landlord turned very red in the face, and his eyes became so unusually extended that the faithful Brin began to doubt whether they would ever return to their natural size again.

"No malice, Matthew!" said the person who had been the spokesman; "we have had an excellent dinner, and won our bet; but we have no wish to annoy you—so send down the theodolite which we forgot to take with us, and let us part friends!"

Had he asked for a rhinoceros the landlord could not have been more puzzled.

"What does the fellow want?" he said.

The ostler pointed to the instrument whose use had so puzzled his master when he assisted to remove it from the carriage.

To seize it with both hands and hurl it at them through the window, was the work of a moment—that done, overcome by the exertion, Matthew Price stood glaring upon them like an angry tiger in a cage.

"Smashed!" exclaimed Brin.

To all their reproaches and threats of action for damage done to the theodolite—which really was a very valuable one—the landlord replied with a look of defiance; and as they drove off to seek what redress they might, an air of satisfaction mingled with the stern expression of his features.

"I don't think they will come to the Warden's Arms again!" he observed to the ostler.

"I wouldn't advise 'em, master!" replied Brin, clenching his fist—for he shared the old man's horror of every person and everything connected with railways. "Go down to the bar," he added, in a coaxing tone, and let me mix 'ee a glass of old rum and water—it will do thee good!"

"And thee no harm!" said his master, suffering himself to be persuaded—for he really felt fatigued with excitement and passion. "I have said it often, and I say it again," he added, striking his heavy fist emphatically upon the table, "railroads are the ruin of England, and none but a rogue or a fool would travel by them!"

Having thus deliberately recorded, for the hundredth time at least, his opinion upon the to him all engrossing subject, the speaker descended, as Brin had advised, to the bar, and after handing the ostler his promised glass, sternly locked himself in.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the desperate resolutions which flitted like Banquo's ghostly vision, through the excited brain of the innkeeper. At one moment he thought of tearing down the time-honored sign of the Warden's Arms, and consigning it to the flames. The next he half made up his mind to remove the board with "Matthew Price, Licensed Vintner," painted in large red letters upon it, and turning the house into a hermitage, into which he could shut himself up, and bid defiance to railroads and the troubles of the world.

Fortunately for himself, as well as the progress of our tale, his ideas were destined to take another direction.

Shanks tapped at the glass window over the door of the bar, and had to repeat his application for admission several times before his master paid the least attention to it.

"Well!" roared the old man.

"Lady and servant in post-chaise, sir!"

"Tell 'em the house is shut up!"

"But the lady is ill, sir!" urged the waiter.

"Can't help it! Go—"

By this time the travellers had alighted.

"I really am incapable of proceeding any further to-day!" said a female voice; "and yet I am most anxious to reach London, where my husband expects me!"

Shanks looked at his master through the window, to see if he could detect any signs of relenting: but Matthew Price continued firm.

"What is the lady to do, sir?" he asked.

"Tell her to take the rail!" replied the old man bitterly.

"I cannot travel by the railroad!" observed the lady, "I dislike it so much!"

There is an "open sesame" to every heart, if we only seek for it in the right place. "Not like the rail!" the stern resolution of the eccentric innkeeper vanished instantly. Of course he could accommodate the lady—to respectable travellers his house was always open. The lady and her waiting-maid were conducted to the apartment so lately desecrated: and, to make amends for his churlishness, Matthew Price, when dinner was served, placed the first dish upon the table himself.

The new guest was a pale, beautiful girl, apparently not more than nineteen years of age, and evidently destined very soon to become a mother; which last circumstance, although palpable to every one else, escaped the notice of the master of the Warden's Arms.

In the course of the following day the lady became worse, and towards evening the waiting-maid found it necessary to call in the services of Dr. Chambers, who, after seeing his patient, instantly sent off to Canterbury to procure an experienced nurse.

Matthew, who had not the slightest suspicion of the important event about to take place, wondered what could possibly be the matter with his guest. She could not have taken anything in his house to disagree with her—his conscience was perfectly easy on that score.

There was a bustle and confusion in the place—a consultation between the waiting-maid, nurse, and his old servant, Sally Stret, that began to annoy as well as perplex him.

"Well, doctor," he exclaimed, as the medical gentleman made his appearance, after what the speaker considered a very long visit up stairs, "is the lady better?"

"Without anticipating any immediate danger," answered Dr. Chambers, gravely, "her state is far from being as satisfactory as I could wish; but the infant is strong and hearty!"

"Infant!" repeated the landlord; "I saw no infant!"

The doctor would have been very much surprised if he had, seeing that the helpless innocent had only drawn the breath of life within the hour.

As this was gradually explained to him, the eyes of Matthew Price dilated to twice their usual size.

"An infant!" he slowly ejaculated to himself; "a baby!"

"A boy," continued his informant; "but do not be uneasy at the circumstance—the lady is highly respectable! I will be answerable for any expense!"

"Curse the expense!" ejaculated the host; "though railroads are ruining England and destroying trade, do you think that I have no humanity?"

The gentleman shook him warmly by the hand.

"A boy, too!" continued the old man; "well, that is singular! I never remember such an event at the Warden's Arms before!"

Seeing that the speaker was himself the last person who had been born in the house, it would have been very remarkable if he had. The circumstance rather pleased the old man than otherwise, contrary to the expectation of Sally Stret and her fellow-servants.

"Lord, doctor," observed Matthew Price, in a philosophical tone, "what fools some of us are! I thought it was sea-sickness all the time—for the waiting-maid told Sally her mistress had just come from France! Do you know—"

"Yes and must write to her husband to-night," replied the kind-hearted man.

"I dare say he will be delighted with the news!" observed Matthew Price, musingly; "how singular that it should be a boy!"

"Not very!"

"I was a boy you know," added the host, with touching simplicity, "and born in that very room!"

"Indeed!"

"In the same bed! Well, it is remarkable!"

Dr. Chambers had no time to listen to any further speculation on the part of the landlord, whom he shook once more heartily by the hand, and quitted the Warden's Arms. He had previously given directions to the nurse to send for him if any change for the worse should take place in his patient.

Matthew saw him to the door, which he closed very gently after him, so as to make as little noise as possible.

"A boy!" he muttered to himself, as with a step as careful as that of an elephant treading on ship-board, he mounted the staircase to retire for the night; "well, it is odd!"

CHAPTER II.

The heraldry of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
SHAKSPERE.

In the private room of one of the most opulent banking houses in Lombard Street was seated a hard-featured but rather gentlemanly-looking man, apparently about fifty years of age. There was an air of precision in his white neck-tie and well brushed suit of black which indicated the character of the wearer, who was looked upon by all who knew him as one of the shrewdest men in the city.

Richard Graham, whom we are about to introduce to our readers, might be termed a safe card. Speculation—no matter how enticing the prospect, how glittering the bait—never tempted him from what he considered the legitimate path of business. By legitimate we mean *sure*—for, on the score of morality, the probability was that he acted up to no higher standard than the rest of the moneyed world

—his religion was prudence. Panics arrived and passed away—"Change had its periodical fits of convulsion; but none of them ever affected for an instant the stability of his house—upon which a run, even in times of the greatest mistrust and confusion, was unheard of. Men would as soon have doubted the solvency of the Bank of England.

He was rich—fearfully rich—and the knowledge that he was so constituted one of his few enjoyments.

The love of money was not the only key to the banker's heart. He was ambitious—desirous of founding a family—of seeing his name rank with the aristocracy of the land; for this he labored in secret, and regarded his wealth as a means.

As for such honors as it was in the power of his fellow-citizens to bestow, he might years since have achieved the highest; but, like many great mercantile men in the city, he despised them, and paid the usual fine to evade the ridicule of being sheriff—the stepping-stone to the aldermanic gown, and the empty dignity of Lord Mayor.

Richard Graham had married, as he did everything else, with an eye to business. As a young man, he looked upon his name to the marriage contract in the same light as his signature to a bill—an indorsement too valuable to be thrown away. Affection, if he had ever experienced such an emotion, was an extravagance not to be indulged in at the expense of money. The object of his choice was the daughter of the gentleman who had founded the house which he was now the head.

Mrs. Graham accepted her father's choice with resignation. It was a contract between so much in the Three and so much in the Five per Cents. Inclination on either side was the last thing thought of in the transaction.

To do the banker justice, he made the lady a very tolerable husband. In the eyes of the world she had very little to complain of: her house at Dulwich was exceedingly well appointed, she had a carriage for her exclusive use, and, thanks to her father's forethought, a very handsome income at her command.

But unfortunately Mrs. Graham had a heart—time had enabled her to school its regrets, if not entirely to subdue them.

Two sons were the issue of this ill-assorted marriage. The eldest, Captain Graham, was in the Guards, with an exceedingly liberal allowance from his father. The second son, who was five years his junior, had been brought up in the banking-house. The first was indulged in almost every extravagance—the other kept closely to business, under the stern eye of his parent.

Men wondered at the distinction which the banker made; but he knew very well what he was about. At their birth he had fixed in his own mind the destination of both his boys.

The old gentleman had nearly concluded his foreign correspondence, when his second son, Walter, entered the room: he was an exceedingly quiet-looking young man, very pale, and not without certain pretensions to be called good looking.

"Well?" said his father, without raising his eyes from the letter he was writing.

"Merrydew and Wells wish to overdraw their account sir, and I thought it advisable to take your instructions!"

"Right!" said the banker. "How much do they require?"

"Two thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds, sir!"

The thick, grey, bushy brows of Richard Graham were knit for an instant in reflection.

"Has the Tigress arrived?" he demanded.

This was the name of a vessel, laden with indigo and cochineal, belonging to the firm in question, which was daily expected from India.

"Telegraphed from Southampton, sir, this morning!"

"Sure?"

"Saw it on 'Change myself, sir!"

The brows of his father unknit.

"Let them have it," he said; "for the next three months they are safe!"

The young man was about to withdraw, when the door of the room opened, and his brother, the captain, made his appearance. He was a tall, dashing, handsome fellow, in the undress uniform of his regiment; few who gazed on his frank, open countenance would have guessed the near relationship between him and the previous speakers.

The pale countenance of Walter flushed with pleasure as he gently grasped the hand extended to him.

Richard Graham looked up, and, nodding to his younger son, bade him attend to the instructions he had given him at once.

His clerk left the room.

"You keep Walter too closely to business, father!" observed the young officer.

"Not more than myself!" was the reply.

"Surely it cannot be necessary—"

"Of that I am the best judge!" interrupted the old gentleman, sharply. "Be satisfied," he added, "to enjoy your own liberty, without troubling your head about us! I sent for you to talk over matters of importance. I said three in my note, and it is now half-past!"

The captain muttered something about regimental business.

"You need not trouble yourself for an excuse!" replied his father. "I know the exact value of one—I have fifty, at the very least, every day of my life. Frederick," he continued, "you are now six-and-twenty—an age at which most men think of settling in the world. You make little use of the opportunities my indulgence has afforded you!"

The joyous tone and cheerful voice of his son abandoned him in an instant, and a close observer might have detected something like confusion in his manner as he stammered, in reply, that he was too much devoted to his profession to think of marrying yet—quite time enough at thirty—in fact, that he had no leisure to fall in love, but that, since his father wished it, he would think seriously of the matter.

The old gentleman heard him to an end with exemplary patience—one of the few virtues he possessed. There was the same cold, polite, half-smile upon his lips with which he listened to the pleadings of a customer soliciting him to discount doubtful paper.

"I have considered all this, Frederick," he replied, "and have decided for you!"

Cold drops of perspiration started on the forehead of the young man, who well knew, from the dreadfully calm tone in which the announcement was made, that his father's mind was made up, and that no entreaty could alter it.

"I have reason to believe—nay, I am certain," continued the banker, "that Lady Sybella, the daughter of Lord Minton, whose estate joins the property I lately purchased in Berkshire, regards you with an eye of favor. His lordship and I have talked over the affair; the match is a most eligible one—in fact, you have only to propose to be accepted!"

"But I do not love Lady Sybella!" exclaimed the captain.

"You may if you please!" was the dry response.

"But she is so plain!"

"I did not marry for beauty!" observed the old man; then, seeing the flush which suddenly passed over the countenance of his son at this indelicate allusion to his mother, he added: "No, sir—I married for more sterling qualities—and I think you will do me the justice to confess that I have done my duty as a husband?"

"Certainly!"

"And as a father!"

"I, at least, should be ungrateful to deny it!" replied Captain Graham.

As he said this, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to his brother Walter.

"Well, sir," resumed his parent, "am I to be favored with your reply? None but a madman would hesitate—the alliance is unexceptionable. Lady Sybella is young, rich, and noble—her father in great favor with the king, and, what is better, with the ministry. His only son, Lord Allan, is a sickly youth. The reversion of the title is not improbable!"

"I thought you despised titles?"

"Some titles!" answered the banker.

"Father," said the young man, "you cannot expect—you will not exact this sacrifice—it is too terrible a price to pay for the years of extravagance and dissipation you have indulged me in! My heart revolts at it—it would cloud the rest of my existence—condemn me to misery and self-reproach! Let me appeal to your reason and affection! Give up this project, and in all else, you shall find me obedient as becomes a son!"

The features of the old man became rigid as if they were cast in iron.

"Have you concluded?" he demanded, at last; "if you have any reasons to urge against the match, I am willing to listen to them; but romantic, empty declamation is thrown away upon me! Do you think I am ignorant of your proceedings—your flirtation with the penniless daughter of a country curate, during your late visit to Paris. Any indiscretion in that quarter," he added, "I am willing to look over—nay, more—enable you to provide for the consequences; but a marriage with the girl would beggar you!"

There was something sickening in the utter want

of principle thus coldly enunciated by a parent to his son.

"Give me three months to consider!" exclaimed the captain.

"No!"

"But one, then—and I pledge you my honor that the flirtation shall be carried on no further between me and the curate's daughter!"

Richard Graham reflected for a few moments, then, opening a private memorandum-book which was lying on the table before him, he began to write.

"Although I make it a principle not to depart from a resolution," he observed, "which I have once arrived at, I will for once break the rule. This is the fifteenth of November!"

"It is, sir!"

"On the fifteenth of December I shall expect the honor of Captain Graham's reply—to hear definitively his choice between wealth or poverty—between the indulgence of a ridiculous caprice and the affection of his father. Good morning!"

"At least let us part friends, sir!" said his son, at the same time extending his hand to him.

The banker declined it, coldly observing that it was unnecessary till he knew whether they were to meet again as friends or not.

With these words, which evinced his unalterable resolution, the stern old man resumed the occupation which the visit of Captain Graham had interrupted.

Frederick Graham passed through the banking-house in a state of agitation more easy to imagine than describe. Little did the clerks, who raised their eyes from the ponderous ledgers and regarded him with envy, suspect his feelings at that moment.

"Happy fellow!" was the thought of most of them, as the Guardsman sprang into the elegant cabriolet which was waiting for him at the door, and drove at desperate speed from Lombard street.

Could they have read his misery, not one of them would have changed positions with him, brilliant as his prospects seemed.

Exactly at the same hour as it had done for the last five-and-twenty years, the well-appointed equipage of the wealthy banker drove up in front of the establishment, and before St. Paul's had done striking, the gentleman quitted his private room. There were traces of unusual thought upon his brow, and the cashier and clerks, when they saw it, appeared intently busy.

As he passed through the offices, the eye of the old man rested for an instant on the pale features of his second son.

"Walter," he said, in a tone of unusual consideration, "you had better quit business for a few days!"

The young man stared with astonishment. It was the first time in his life his father had shown so much interest in his health.

"A trip to Brighton will be of service to you!" continued the speaker; "take a week! Banks can attend to the correspondence!"

And, without waiting either for reply or thanks, the speaker entered his carriage, and drove off.

"I owe this to Fred!" thought his brother; "God bless him! His heart is in the right place—and yet I am weak enough sometimes to envy him!"

He did indeed owe it to his brother—but not from the reasons he supposed.

When Captain Graham arrived at his apartments in Bond street, he saw a brother officer—Lieutenant Orme—waiting for him.

"Fred!" exclaimed the latter, "you look devilishly dull! Has the governor been reading you a lecture?"

"Worse!"

"Refused the supplies?"

"Worse, again!"

"That's impossible!" replied his friend, with a laugh; "seeing it is the last misfortune in the catalogue of human ills that flesh is heir to! I have seen the colonel, and obtained three days' leave of absence for both of us! What the deuce is the matter with you?" he continued, in a more serious tone, when he saw that Frederick's agitation increased; "no ill news, I trust, from Paris?"

"I am a ruined man!" replied the young Guardsman; "my father insists upon my marrying Lady Sybella!"

The countenance of Lieutenant Orme changed from its mirthful to a more serious expression.

"Threatens to disinherit me if I refuse! It is not the loss of wealth or the world's derision," he continued, "that I dread! Were I alone, I could face poverty! But when I reflect that Helen must share it with me, the thought maddens and unmans me!"

"Do you think the governor suspects that you are married?"

"Had he the slightest suspicion of such an event, he would have cursed me in the bitterness of his wrath—not have remonstrated with me! With the utmost difficulty, and by a promise in which I, like a coward, equivocated with truth, I obtained from him a respite for one month before I gave a final answer to his wishes!"

"Well, Fred," philosophically observed the lieutenant, "it is a month's liberty and enjoyment gained, at all events."

"And when it expires?"

His friend shrugged his shoulders.

Captain Graham rang the bell, and inquired of his valet, who answered it, if any letters had arrived. The man handed him one.

"I do not know the writing!" observed his master, as he took it from the salver and broke the seal.

Scarcely had he perused the first three or four lines, when he sank back on the sofa like one who had received a sudden blow either on the brain or in the heart. Fortunately the servant had left the room.

"Heavens, my dear fellow!" exclaimed his brother officer, "what has happened?"

A groan of suppressed agony, such as physical suffering could not have wrung from the lips of the strong man, was the only reply.

"Shall I ring for assistance?"

"Dying!" murmured Frederick; "dying!"

"Who is dying? Not—not Ellen!"

At the name of the wife whom in a few hours more her husband had fondly anticipated he should clasp in his arms, the unhappy man burst into a flood of tears.

Bitter, indeed, must be the anguish of the soul when manhood weeps. Like the rending of the rock or the convulsions of the earthquake, it is terrible to witness. It is the last struggle of nature to relieve the overfraught heart, which else would break.

"My dear fellow——"

"Don't speak to me, Orme!" hoarsely articulated his friend; "I can't bear the sound of a human voice! I shall be a man again soon, or mad!" he added, twining his fingers in his hair and tearing it; "or mad! Ellen—Ellen—this cruel, ill-advised concealment of our marriage has destroyed her! Had I been worthy of her, I should have braved the loss of fortune—the curse of twenty fathers! But now, too late—too late! Read—read!"

Lieutenant Orme took the letter from his hand, and read it to the end. Although a gay and exceedingly dissipated man, he had not naturally a bad heart. He had been the only witness of the secret marriage between his friend and the curate's penniless daughter, as the banker had contemptuously styled her.

"Fred," he said, "you are a father."

Captain Graham started to his feet at the word. He felt that he had still something to live for.

"There is a chance," continued the speaker, "that by using expedition you may yet see Ellen again—receive her last embrace! Besides, whilst there is life there is also hope. This Doctor Chambers appears a very worthy man, but he is only a country practitioner. He may be mistaken—at least, I trust so. At any rate this is the time for action—not grief!"

"You are right," exclaimed his friend. "Oh, how weak and worthless I must appear to you for not having at once boldly avowed my marriage to my father! But I am rightly punished. Heaven saw I was unworthy of so much goodness, and will deprive me of her!"

Although the letter of the medical man was most desponding, yet, as it did not announce the death of his patient, there was still hope of seeing her before the fatal event took place—and this hope gave energy to her distracted husband. Accompanied by Lieutenant Orme, whose kindness of heart would not permit his friend to travel alone, they started at once, and took an express train for Canterbury.

We must now request our readers to accompany us once more to the Warden's Arms, to the chamber of the youthful mother and her new-born child.

On an old-fashioned bed, in a roomy, comfortable apartment, reclined the form of Ellen Graham. Although her features were fearfully pale and the hand of death was visible upon her cheek, her dark eyes retained their lustre. They were turned anxiously towards the door, and every time a step was heard upon the stairs, or the noise of a passing vehicle broke the stillness of the night, she would start and vainly ask if he were come.

Occasionally she removed her gaze from the door to the infant slumbering in happy unconsciousness by her side, and with a painful effort tried to press it closer to her bosom.

At the side of the bed sat Dr. Chambers, who felt her pulse from time to time or directed the nurse,

who was half asleep by the fire, to prepare fresh cataplasms for the sufferer's feet.

Never in the course of his professional career had that kind-hearted man felt more deeply interested, or so bitterly regretted the inability of human skill to save: the utmost he could hope to do was to prolong the struggle between life and death by administering such powerful restoratives as art supplied.

"Will he not come!" murmured the sufferer, "will he not come!"

The doctor regarded his watch, and shook his head despondingly.

"I shall die without seeing him!" she continued, "without placing his boy in his arms—without receiving a last kiss and blessing!"

"He is certain to be here by morning," observed her medical attendant, soothingly.

"Keep me alive till then," replied the expecting wife, at the same time grasping the hand of the speaker, and fixing her eyes upon him with an expression of mingled agony and supplication, "alive, though I live in torture! You will," she added, "I am sure you will—for you pity me! It is hard to die so young and so beloved."

"All that my skill can do—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the patient, faintly, "I know that I must die—must quit my infant and its father; but not yet—not yet! I do not ask for life!" she added, with a burst of grief; "only a few short hours, once more to see my husband!"

"Be calm," said the doctor, kindly—for he saw that Mrs. Graham was exhausting herself by giving vent to her feelings.

"Calm!" sobbed the dying woman; "and he far distant!"

"You must spare your remaining strength."

"I know that it is impious to repine. If I must not speak of him, I will pray for him—for him and for my child!"

For some time the bruised flower thus untimely crushed by the relentless hand of approaching death remained with her eyes closed and her hands clasped in mental prayer; from time to time a single tear stole from beneath their quivering lids and trickled down her cheeks, like drops of dew on the pale features of a marble statue.

The medical man felt deeply affected, and more than once was compelled to wipe away the moisture which obscured his own vision.

"She is sinking rapidly," he thought, "her last wish unfulfilled!"

Suddenly Mrs. Graham opened her eyes, and, half raising herself on the pillow, listened eagerly.

"No," said the doctor, mournfully.

"Tis he—it is my husband!" she exclaimed, "I hear a carriage!"

In a few seconds the gentleman heard it too.

It was painful to watch the alternate expressions of hope and despair in the features of the dying woman, as the sound of the wheels drew near; it stopped at last in front of the inn.

The next minute a hasty step was heard upon the stairs, and Captain Graham, pale and haggard with mental suffering, staggered rather than walked into the room.

His wife almost sprang from the bed as she threw herself upon his breast.

"Frederick!" she exclaimed, with renewed strength; "husband! Oh, I am happy now! Heaven has heard my prayer! Death has no terror in your arms! I see you once again—I feel your warm tears upon my cheek—hear you murmur the name of Ellen—Ellen, who so loves you!"

The tears of the husband fell fast, as the poor girl, exhausted with the effort she had made, sank upon his shoulder.

"Live, Ellen—live for me!"

"It may not be!" faintly answered his wife; "it is hard—very hard—to part—both in years and love young—life's dream so early broken! I ought not to repine—but heaven is very merciful and will forgive me! I leave you my boy, Frederick! You wished it might prove a son! Love him, for my sake! He is my dying gift to you! Bless him, Frederick! Oh, let me hear you bless him ere I die!"

A mother's heart spoke in those words, and Captain Graham so far mastered the grief which consumed him, as to breathe a benediction over the unconscious child whose birth had cost him so dear.

"Kiss me!" murmured his wife.

A faint smile passed over her countenance as the broken-hearted man pressed his lips to her pale cheek—her head sank gently back upon his breast, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, her spirit returned to Him who gave it.

Let us draw a veil over the agony of the bereaved husband, who had loved as only true and generous hearts can love—forget his impious murmurings at the

decree of heaven, even as the pitying angel, whose assigned task is to note down all our words and actions, it is to be hoped, forgot them, too.

CHAPTER III.

How loved, how honored once availed thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

POPE'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

It was a clear, bright, frosty morning when the funeral train which conveyed the remains of Ellen Graham to their last resting-place started from the Warden's Arms. The bereaved husband, his friend Lieutenant Orme, and Dr. Chambers were the only mourners. It was conducted without pomp or ceremony—simple and unaffected as her life had been.

The grave had been prepared directly under the eastern window of the church, in a spot which caught the first rays of the sun, and where the village children loved to play. The earliest daisies peeped through the mossy ground and showed their modest, speckled faces there; and, as the spring advanced, were quickly followed by their fragrant rivals the violets, which the hand of affection had planted round the humble, turf-bound mounds.

The death of a stranger under such painfully interesting circumstances had called forth something better than the curiosity—it had excited the sympathy—of the villagers, groups of whom lined the pathway, as the coffin, preceded by the rector, who had already commenced the magnificent service for the dead, slowly advanced along the churchyard.

In the sacred edifice were many of the better class of parishioners—chiefly ladies—eager to catch a glimpse of the two officers—to comment on their looks and appearance—in fact, to have something to talk about at the party to be given that very evening by the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, a widow lady, who in early life had deeply offended her family by a marriage with a man of humble birth, and had been neglected or disowned by them ever since.

In London, despite her rank, the presence of such a person would have been ignored—in Brook it created quite a sensation. In the former place, from her limited income, she would scarcely have followed the fashions—in the latter she led them; she was an exceedingly weak-minded but kind-hearted personage.

In the progress of our tale we shall have occasion to speak more of her.

The handful of earth which the grey-haired sexton threw into the grave fell with a dull, leaden sound upon the coffin. The awful words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" were pronounced, and the yawning aperture, like the jaws of some monster gorged with its prey, closed over the warmest heart and kindest nature which human love had consecrated.

All save Captain Graham slowly retired from the churchyard; even the prying eyes of the villagers respected his sorrow, and he was gradually left alone to commune with his own sad thoughts, to meditate and pray by the dead.

The bereaved husband felt like one suddenly startled by some rude hand from a delicious dream. An unexpected void had been created in his existence. The sweetest flower in his spring of life had been gathered, and the future appeared to him like a desert path, dark and interminable—no home for his affections in the distance.

Only a few weeks before, when suddenly called from Paris by his regimental duties, he had quitted his wife full of hope and anticipation of the joy of their re-union, Ellen's tears glistening like dew in the sunshine of her smiles as she listened to his vows of love. They had met again. And what a meeting! He had arrived in time to receive her last kiss.

There is something inexpressibly sad in that little word, the "last." It sounds like the heart's knell. How often will it vibrate on our ears amid the busy scenes of life, arrest for awhile the strong purpose of manhood, or recall to age the recollection of its youth. It falls like the stone upon the sepulchre, sealing affections, joys, and gentle memories for ever withered.

It is only when some such tie is broken that man can truly say it is the last. For sorrow is like our shadow, quitting humanity but at the tomb—we cast no shadow there.

Captain Graham stood for a long time silently contemplating the narrow spot of earth which contained all that he had ever loved. Had his grief been more violent the chances are it would have proved less lasting. He felt that it would have been a relief to weep—but tears were denied him. If the consciousness of the difficulties of his position, his

father's projects, menaces, and wrath crossed his brain, he dismissed the recollection with a bitter smile.

What, he asked himself, had he now to hope or fear? Wed with another! Repeat the vow he had breathed in Ellen's ear—pollute the temple where she had reigned, by enshrining a false idol in his heart. The idea seemed monstrous—impossible. He had yet to learn that the resolution which boasts itself the strongest is oftentimes traced in sand—the returning tide effaces it.

Orme, who really, for one so young and thoughtless, had evinced a deeper feeling of sympathy than the mere superficial observer of his character would have given him credit for, began to feel uneasy at the prolonged absence of his friend, who entered the apartment at the inn just as he was about to issue forth in search of him.

"I know, my dear fellow," he observed, extending his hand to the mourner, "how useless—nay, almost insulting—consolation must appear when offered at a moment like this; but upon my soul I feel for you!"

"I am sure you do!" replied the captain, returning his grasp; "you have proved it! I am grateful to you—deeply grateful!"

"I have received letters from the regiment," said the young officer. "The colonel is angry at our absence!"

The captain heard him with as much indifference as if the affair did not in any way concern him. What was the pleasure or displeasure of his military commander now?

"I have written," continued the speaker, "to explain as far as I could, the cause. Of course," he added, "I entered into no detail!"

"It matters little!" replied his friend; "I shall quit the service!"

"You will think better of it!"

"Or at least exchange into the line! The difference will enable me to pay my debts and make some provision for my boy! Besides," continued the mourner, impatiently, "I want action—change of scene—the strife of war—the hum of busy life, to rouse me from my lethargy! The blow has not fallen upon my heart alone!"

As he gave utterance to the last observation, he passed his hand through the tangled masses of his dark, curling hair, and dashed it back as if to relieve his brain from some unusual pressure.

"I have answered the letter of the adjutant," observed the lieutenant.

"Well?"

"And stated that we shall join by to-morrow! I feel certain that when the colonel sees you his anger will vanish!"

"It is immaterial!"

"To you, perhaps!" replied Orme; "but not to me!"

There was a slight accent of reproach in the tone in which the words were uttered which produced the effect intended.

"Right!" exclaimed Graham. "Pray forgive me—but sorrow is ever selfish! I thought not of you—I spoke only for myself! Since I must brave the world—meet the hollow, cheating spectre once more face to face—the sooner I nerve my courage for the contest the better! And yet," he added, with a bewildered air, "I know not how to arrange—"

"My dear fellow," said his companion, "I have arranged it for you. The servant who accompanied your late wife to England must return to her friends in France—you cannot possibly retain her with you. The convenience of society will not permit it!"

"And the infant?" observed his friend.

"Of that, too, I have thought," continued the young officer. "It is far too young to travel. For the present you must leave it here. I have spoken with the landlord, who really seems a very worthy fellow. A nurse has been engaged, and he is quite willing to take charge of it—merely for a time," he added—"till your plans for the future are definitively settled."

As under the circumstances this was not only the best but almost the only arrangement which could be made for the motherless child, its father consented, and the master of the Warden's Arms at once was sent for.

"Of course," said Matthew Price, with a gush of honest feeling, "I'll take care of it! Wasn't it born in the house—in the same bed as myself—and hasn't the poor dear little fellow a right to remain here? Take care of it!" he repeated; "ay, as much as if it was my own!"

The conditions were soon made—both the contracting parties wishing to act liberally—and that same evening Captain Graham and his companion

returned to London, from which they had now been absent eight days.

Great was the surprise and dissatisfaction both of the waiter and cook when they heard of the introduction of the infant into the family. Each declared that their master must be mad; the latter rather spitefully added, "that if he was so fond of babies, he ought to marry, and have some of his own." Brin was the only person who appeared satisfied with the arrangement: the landlord, he observed, was well to do in the world, and had a right to please himself—to turn the whole house into a nursery, if he thought fit—and that, for his part, he should have done just the same had he been in his place: a declaration which, as our readers may suppose, did not advance his suit with Sally Stret.

A respectable widow, who had just lost both her husband and infant, was engaged to take charge of the little stranger; and, to the great disgust of the cook and Shanks, were installed in the best chamber: both of them, however, were careful to keep their feelings upon the subject from their master's knowledge. They knew that he had a very summary way of trenching a difficulty when roused; and at their age, situations, as the waiter prudently observed, were not as plentiful as blackberries.

Morning and night Matthew Price visited the infant. He would stand gazing upon it as it lay asleep in its cradle, with his eyes dilated in a most extraordinary manner. Then, as they contracted again, he would gently pat its soft cheek with one of his huge fingers, and descend to the bar, muttering to himself:—

"A boy—in the same bed, too—how odd!"

After a week or two, all Matthew's attention was not confined to the child—he began to feel conscious of the presence of the nurse, whom he invited, on the third Sunday of her residence, to take her tea in the bar.

When the ostler heard of it, he gave a significant whistle, which he accompanied by a saucy wink at Sally, which said as plainly as words could have done, "Your hopes are at an end!" The lady answered only by a look of defiance, which might have been interpreted into, "You have not won me yet!"

As for Shanks, he had a pious fit of bile on the occasion; for it had long since entered into the calculations of that far-seeing personage that, as his master was much older than himself, without a relative in the world, and not an unlikely subject to be taken off by apoplexy, he might possibly stand a chance of coming in for a share of his property—possibly of arriving at the dignity of landlord of the *Warden's Arms*.

In a fit of zeal he had once tried to awaken the old man to a sense of what he considered a sinful state; but the attempt had been received with such a torrent of wrath and indignation, that he never ventured to repeat it.

Things were in this state when news arrived that a gentleman of the name of Sidney had taken an old mansion in the neighborhood of Brook, called *Charlton House*, with the intention of converting it into a manufactory—a paper-mill, or something of that kind—and coming down to live there. This intelligence created quite a sensation in the village. The tradesmen and remaining innkeepers anticipated considerable advantage from the change. Not so the aristocracy of the place—which comprised all who lived independently, no matter how small their means—the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, as a matter of course, being considered their head.

The last-named lady positively announced that she should break up her establishment—consisting of two maids and a great lubberly boy, whom she dignified with the title of page—and remove to London, to be nearer, as she said, to her aristocratic friends. The rector's lady, Mrs. Mendal, and her three unmarried daughters, declared that there would be no keeping a servant in her proper place, on account of the number of young men which the manufactory or mill—whichever it might prove to be—would introduce into the place. The curate, the Rev. Theodosius Pophy—a gentleman with remarkably white hands and irreproachable neck-tie—predicted unheard-of scandals; and they all came to a conclusion that the intruder in the neighborhood, as they termed Mr. Sidney, was on no account to be visited.

"Doubtless, some horrid old man," observed Miss Euphemia Mendal, "with a troop of gawky daughters. We shall not notice them."

"And a vulgar wife!" charitably added her mamma.

"Disgusting!" chimed in the curate.

"Shocking!" observed the exclusives.

Despite the affected exclusiveness, considerable anxiety was manifested on the first Sunday that it was known Mr. Sidney would make his appearance at the village church. More than one bonnet had

been retrimmed for the occasion; and if report spoke truly, the rector's three daughters sported new ones on the occasion.

To their great surprise, the monster whose settling amongst them was to produce such a terrible revolution in the place turned out to be neither old nor ugly; on the contrary, he was a remarkably elegant, well dressed man, certainly not more than five-and-twenty. The curate experienced something like a pang of jealousy as he mounted the pulpit to read the morning prayers. He felt there was a rival in the field. Never did he lisp through the service more interestingly or display his white hand and diamond ring—some were malicious enough to say it was paste—to greater advantage.

By the time he had called upon the congregation to save their souls alive a calm stole over his troubled spirit—for he discovered that Mr. Sidney was accompanied by a lady at least five years his senior—a plain and not very amiable-looking personage, with features rather shrewish than otherwise: the reverend gentleman decided at once in his own mind that it was his wife—and he was not singular in coming to that conclusion.

At the termination of the service, which was rather longer than usual—for the rector had indulged his parishoners with a prosy sermon on the doctrine of especial grace—the congregation quitted the church; not a bow or smile did Mrs. Mendal deign to bestow upon the strangers as she sailed, majestically up the aisle, followed by her three daughters. At the porch they were joined by the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, and they began to compare notes.

"So," said Miss Euphemia, "the man is not old, after all."

"Or ugly," added her younger sister—who, being only three-and-twenty, was looked upon as a mere child, and frowned down whenever she presumed to give an opinion.

"But then his wife?"

It is astonishing with what unanimity they agreed that she was decidedly a vulgar person.

By this time they were joined by the Reverend Theodosius Pophy, who offered his arm to the rector's lady—it was considered a part of his Sunday duty to do so—and the party advanced through the churchyard, increased by the lawyer's wife and a Miss Pettars—a lady of a very uncertain age—to whom it was whispered the curate was making up, after having been refused by the daughters of his patron, one after the other; and yet, like a prudent man, he had commenced with the eldest, who sometimes looked and felt as if she regretted her precipitation.

"An odd neighborhood," observed the lady whose personal attractions had been so freely descanted on.

This was addressed to Mr. Sidney, upon whose arm she leaned.

The gentleman replied only by a quiet smile.

In order to quit the churchyard, the strangers were compelled either to pass through the turnstile with the humble portion of the congregation, or by the group of exclusives who stood chatting at the principal entrance, and who would have considered it a triumph to have forced them to make their exit with the charity children, farmers' wives and petty tradesmen of the place; but the gentleman saw their design, and determined to disappoint it.

As if perfectly unconscious of their presence, he passed between the party, paused for an instant on the step, and then beckoned to the driver of a plain but elegant chariot to draw up.

"Can't, sir," replied the London coachman, "*that cart* stops the way."

The vehicle thus ignobly designated as a cart, was a low, old-fashioned chaise, drawn by a wall-eyed pony. The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, when speaking of her equipage, always called it her park phaeton.

It was driven by Orlando—his real name was Peter, but his mistress had compelled him to change it, as being unpoetical—her page, who in his Sunday livery of sky blue, with silver buttons and pink collar, and cuffs, was the admiration of all the dairy maids and envy of the rustics of his own age in the place. Although a heavy, dull-looking boy, he was a bit of a humorist in his way, possessed a high notion of his lady's dignity, and a still greater one of his own.

"Draw on one side, my lad," said Mr. Sidney's coachman.

"Can't—must wait."

"What!" repeated the man.

"Yes! *quality before quantity!*"

But somehow or other the coachman did not choose to wait: at the second sign made by his master, who began to feel annoyed at the tittering and observations which he could not avoid hearing,

the man drove up as closely as possible to the gate of the churchyard, but not without coming in contact with the park phaeton of the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, which he slightly damaged as the wheels became locked.

Orlando, in self-defence, was compelled to give up the post of honor and draw off.

Nothing could be more cool and self-possessed than the manner in which Mr. Sidney handed the lady who accompanied him into the carriage. They neither drew up the glasses impatiently nor pronounced the word "home" in a loud, haughty tone. The footman closed the door after them, and they drove off as unconcerned as though the display of arrogance and vanity had not been intended for them.

"A carriage, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Mendal, spitefully. "Well, trade has come to a pretty pass!"

"Ah! his wife's, no doubt!" observed the amiable Euphemia, "most likely he married her for her money!"

"Coarse, insolent man!" said the curate, "low, decidedly—very low!"

If the honorable owner of the country cart had hitherto remained silent, it was neither for lack of words nor indignation—but the want of some one to vent it upon. When the page drove up, she found relief in a torrent of dignified expletives, and concluded by asking how he dared look her in the face after giving place to a *parvenu*.

"It *worn't* my fault, my lady!"—he always called her my lady—replied the overgrown lad, in a whimpering tone. "What could I do? Poor old Jovial"—this was the name of the wall-eyed pony—"and our light trap against his carriage and stunning greys?"

"Do! you should have been crushed before moving an inch!"

"Don't exactly see it!" muttered the boy, in an under tone.

The curate assisted the angry lady to the carriage, and she threw herself back in dignified silence, replying only by a nod to his respectful salute as the vehicle drove off.

"Well," charitably observed the rector's wife, "there is something really ridiculous in calling that thing a carriage; but poor dear Mrs. Bouchier is so ostentatious!"

"And vain!" added the Reverend Theodosius Pophy—a remark which was graciously received by all the ladies.

Mr. Sidney had returned home scarcely more than an hour when he received the following note:

"The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier feels exceedingly indignant at the outrage committed upon her equipage and servant."

"The panel of the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's carriage has been grazed and otherwise materially injured. Part of the crest—a lion rampant and three gules—has been effaced from the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's arms."

"The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier expects Mr. Sidney will not only apologise, but in order to avoid legal consequences, cause the necessary repair to be made to her—the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's—carriage."

"The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier expects an immediate reply to her very just and reasonable demand."

"Upon my word, Clara," said the gentleman, at the same time handing the note to the lady who had accompanied him in the morning to church, "the war has begun in earnest! I must leave you to conduct the campaign—I have something more serious to think of!"

The lady took up her pen, and without the least hesitation, wrote the following answer:

"Mr. Sidney begs to acknowledge the receipt of the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's note."

"If the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier will take the trouble to inquire, she—the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier—will find that the *contretemps* arose entirely from the obstinacy and stupidity of the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's servant."

"Mr. Sidney has nothing more to add, unless it is the expression of his regret that such a circumstance should have occurred—a circumstance doubly unpleasant to him, since he is in daily expectation of receiving a visit from his old college friend, Lord Allan, the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's nephew."

"Admirable, Clara!" said the gentleman, as he perused her reply, "had you been bred a diplomatist, you could not have penned it better."

The letter was duly sealed and given to the page Orlando, who was waiting in the servants' hall below.

When the boy first arrived at Charlton, he had doggedly refused the invitation of the coachman—who bore no malice—to make himself comfortable whilst waiting for an answer. Like his immortal

namesake, there were temptations which Orlando could resist, and temptations which he could not resist; of the latter, strong ale was one. At the sight of the foaming tankard which his late enemy produced, he forgot the rebukes of his mistress—his own indignant feelings were buried in the hearty draught which washed them down.

"That is ale!" he observed, in a tone of admiration, as with a mingled sigh of repletion and regret he replaced the empty tankard on the table.

"Of course it's ale!" replied the coachman; "ale is always ale!"

"If that's your opinion," said the messenger, "it's a pleasing delusion. I'll not ask you to break it by inviting you to taste our brewing—but my lady says strong beer isn't genteel."

"Ay," answered Mr. Sidney's servant, with a grin; "quantity before quality where malt and hops are concerned. By-the-by, she seems a queer sort of a lady that mistress of yours."

"She's an honorable!" remarked the boy, gravely.

"Her father was lord—but sometimes she is difficult to understand! It's my private opinion," he added, in a confidential tone—for the friendly reception he had met with had not only opened his heart but loosened his tongue, "that she bean't always right?"

"What, a little mad or so—eh?"

The boy nodded in the affirmative.

"Would you believe it," he continued, "I heard her tell the *jam de-sham*—that's our Mary, but misses gives us all fine names—my real one's Peter, not Orlando—that your master had scratched three owls out of her arms?"

The readers have not forgotten the gules in her coat of arms which the Hon. Mrs. Boucher alluded to in her letter.

"Three what?" said the coachman.

"Owls!" repeated the boy; "I am sure she said owls! Now where should she get them? She didn't take 'em with her to church! I never saw any owls in her arms, nor anything else, except those cursed fat lap-dogs, Zephyr and Poila, which I am expected to wash and comb every morning!"

"Rather a hard place," observed his new friend.

Orlando confessed that it was hard—in fact, that he was butler, groom, coachman, gardener, and everything. "But then," he added, glancing complacently at his fanciful livery, "the dress is very handsome!"

By this time the footman returned with the answer to the letter—upon receiving which the page shook hands with his new acquaintance, and took his leave.

"Of course we are friends!" he said; "only don't feel hurt if I don't notice you when I am driving my lady! Your people are in trade, and we never visit such persons!"

With this observation the speaker strutted away, perfectly persuaded in his own mind that he had excited a mingled feeling of envy and admiration in the servants of Mr. Sidney.

When the Honorable Mrs. Boucher read the reply to her haughty though not very dignified communication, a sudden consternation seized her. Bitterly did she regret her precipitation. The fact of her nephew, Lord Allan, who had never condescended to notice her, being a friend and visitor of Mr. Sidney invested that gentleman with peculiar interest. Her opinion respecting him entirely changed. She saw at once that the dispute had originated entirely through the stupidity of her own servant—that the coachman of Mr. Sidney was not in any way to blame.

After mature deliberation, she resolved to drive over to Charlton the following morning, and make the *amende honorable*.

"I must be friends with them," she muttered to herself, "before my nephew arrives! Afterwards it will be too late.

Then the idea of what the Mendals and the Reverend Theodosius Popply would say caused her for an instant to waver.

Little did she imagine that the ladies and the clerical dandy would soon be as anxious for an introduction to the Sidneys as herself.

During the evening, Dr. Chambers, who had driven over from Canterbury to visit the infant left under the care of Matthew Price, dropped in at the rectory. Mrs. Mendal, her three daughters, and one or two lady visitors were at tea—and scandal, as a matter of course.

The gentleman was assailed by all sorts of inquiries and complaints of and respecting the detestable Mr. Sidney and his very plain-looking wife. He listened to them patiently, and answered only by a quiet smile.

The outrage on the Honorable Mrs. Boucher's

carriage and servant were related; but even that enormity failed to excite his indignation.

"Quite useless!" observed Miss Euphemia, sarcastically; "has no sympathy, except for the poor and vulgar! He is quite a philanthropist!"

"Pardon me!" replied the visitor; "my feelings are quite as deeply interested in the rich and silly, seeing that they are far greater objects of pity!"

The lady turned very red in the face.

"But Charles Sidney is neither one nor the other!" resumed the speaker, good-naturedly giving a turn to his previous remark which deprived it of its sting, or at least supplied wounded vanity with a balm to assuage its pain. "He was, I hear, a distinguished man at college, and possesses a handsome fortune!"

"By his marriage, of course?" said the second Miss Mendal.

"He is still a bachelor."

Here all the ladies opened upon him, declaring that they had seen Mrs. Sidney, whom they described with even less than their sex's charity.

"So you see," concluded the bevy, with almost one voice, "that you are mistaken!"

"Not in the least!" pertinaciously answered their informant; "the lady in question—not that I should recognize her from your portrait—is his sister! I regret," he added, "that so much prejudice appears to have been excited against them—for I have every reason to believe that they are most estimable persons—rich, well-educated, and accustomed to good society!"

It was extraordinary how soon the opinions of the party became modified when perfectly convinced that Mr. Sidney was a bachelor. Even his sister came in for some share of indulgence—Miss Euphemia observing that there certainly was a sort of second-hand kind of gentility about her.

"She will be quite an attraction in the country!" observed Dr. Chambers.

She an attraction! The ladies tittered at the idea.

"She has thirty thousand pounds in her own right!" added the gentleman; "and unless the world is very much altered, that would make her an attraction anywhere!"

At this piece of information, the Reverend Theodosius Popply became suddenly interested, and left off admiring himself in the glass to listen to the conversation.

"Well," observed the rector's lady, thoughtfully—for, like a prudent mother, she began to ask herself if, with three daughters hanging on hand, it were not giving a chance away to continue hostilities—"since Dr. Chambers speaks so highly of these people, I really don't see why we ought not to notice them!"

"Certainly not!" said Miss Euphemia, in a decided tone—for, being the oldest of the three graces—rather forlorn ones—she very naturally felt the most interested.

"Wisely as well as kindly decided—for we are likely to have gay times at Charlton!" continued the visitor, with something like a satirical smile; "Lord Allan and several very eligible young men are expected down. It would be a pity, my dear madam, to deprive the ladies of such an opportunity of displaying their powers of fascination!"

"Oh, fie!" and the assurance that such a motive would be the last consideration escaped from the lips of the three Misses Mendal.

The doctor saw quite enough to feel convinced that they would not remain many hours longer without making the acquaintance of the Sidneys.

The Honorable Mrs. Boucher was announced, and every hesitation was removed by her declaring that she should drive over in the morning. She had received, she said, a very handsome letter of apology for the accident, and felt it her duty, much as she disliked making new acquaintances, to show a spirit of conciliation.

"We are going to call, too!" observed Mrs. Mendal; "by-the-bye, you are related to Lord Allan?"

"He is my nephew!" replied the Honorable Mrs. Boucher, proudly; "a very fine young man, I hear—for I have not seen him lately?"

Considering that the speaker had been estranged from her family before the birth of the young nobleman alluded to, she might with far more honesty have stated that she had never seen him at all.

"He is coming down to Charlton!" exclaimed the three Misses Mendal.

"I have received a letter to that effect!" said their visitor, pompously, but without saying from whom—wishing it to be inferred that it was from her titled relative himself. "Of course it would be exceedingly painful for me to be at variance with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney!"

"Mr. and Miss Sidney, if you please!" said Dr. Chambers; "the lady you saw at church is his sister!"

"And has thirty thousand pounds!" observed the Rev. Theodosius Popply; "she will create quite a sensation!"

The Honorable Mrs. Boucher saw at once the motives of the rector's wife and daughters in making the first advances to the *parvenu* people at Charlton; and as she was too old to entertain any views of a matrimonial nature herself, she anticipated considerable amusement from watching the progress of the game.

CHAPTER IV.

Men make resolves and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind. With how much ease
In such resolves doth interest make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was raised to law.

CHURCHILL.

WHEN Captain Graham arrived in London, it was with the fixed and, as he imagined, unchangeable resolution of exchanging from the Guards into some regiment of the line on Indian service—of braving his father's wrath—in short, of enduring the extreme of poverty, rather than break the faith he had plighted to the memory of the dead. His first care was to collect in the accounts of his debts, which as is generally found to be the case, amounted to a much larger sum than he expected. They had run on from year to year—tradesmen were never in a hurry with him—no polite notes with pressing entreaties for a settlement, on account of bills to meet or other equally truthful emergencies. He was known to be the son and presumed heir of the wealthy banker, Richard Graham—and that was enough; in fact, so great was the confidence his name inspired, that it was not till after repeated applications all his accounts were got in.

A week only remained of the time, at the expiration of which he was to give a final answer to his father. Hitherto the idea of yielding had never entered his imagination. Yield—never! His fidelity, like his regret, was destined to be eternal; at least he said so, and, what is more, believed it.

He was seated one evening in his rooms, vainly attempting to make the sum which he could obtain by the exchange of his commission balance the amount of his debts—it was useless—figures were such obstinate things—when his friend Lieutenant Orme dropped in to pass an hour with him.

"What!" said the young man; "still at those infernal stupid papers! Why don't you put them in the fire—it's all they are fit for?"

"It is time to do that when they are paid!"

"Paid!" repeated the young man; "you talk as coolly of paying eight thousand pounds as I would of discharging my washerwoman's bill! Why you will only get five thousand for the exchange!" he added, taking a seat, "what will you do for the other three?"

"Can't tell!" replied the captain, with a sigh; "borrow it, perhaps?"

Orme, who, for so young a man, had seen a great deal of the world, smiled incredulously.

"Borrow it!" he repeated, "Of whom! I should like to make the acquaintance of such a friend! Introduce him to me—he will answer my purpose when you have done with him—for such very soft heads will generally bear squeezing more than once. And when you have borrowed it," he added, "paid your debts, and started for active service in India, how will you provide for the helpless child of poor Ellen?"

Graham started from his chair, and for several minutes paced the apartment gloomily. He had thought of this before, but dismissed it from his mind like some unwelcome guest; but now, when it was forced upon him by the terrible logic of his friend, there was no evading the question.

"I shall go mad!" he said, "my brain is reeling!"

"You tax it too much!" philosophically observed the lieutenant, who really entertained something like friendship for him—that is to say, if the article was not pure gold, it was the very best pinchbeck. But let us not blame him for that—genuine friendship is very scarce in the world—and he was not less sincere than most of his age and position. "Leave this dull room," he said, "where you have shut yourself up like a hermit for the last fortnight, and drop in with me at Lady Milday's. Pleasant house—few visitors!"

"I cannot go into society!" was the reply.

"It is not society—no formal party! Of course I would not ask you to join anything fast or crowded—only half a dozen friends."

"No!"

The "No!" his visitor fancied was pronounced somewhat less resolutely than before.

"This is unreasonable!" he urged; "you must mix in the world again—and why not commence at once? The longer you remain absent the more difficult you will find it to make the effort! Come, for your child's sake!"

"Well," said Captain Graham, with a sigh, "for my child's sake, just for one hour; but I cannot take the trouble to dress!"

"For fear of accidents," said the lieutenant, "besides, it will look so odd—you may just as well make the sacrifice complete!"

Again the mourner suffered himself to be persuaded, fancying all the while that he was yielding to his considerations of his boy's welfare, instead of obeying the secret inclination of his own heart. The fact was, he already began to tire of the solitude to which he had condemned himself. Sorrow, like love, is seldom destined to prove eternal—at least in this world.

On reaching the house of Lady Mildmay, Lieutenant Orme was very much surprised to find that her ladyship had a large party. *Of course he had not anticipated anything of the kind—at least so he assured his companion, who, after a little more coquetting with his grief, permitted himself to be dragged into the world once more.*

"But only for an hour!" he said, as he gave way. Somehow it was three in the morning before he returned to his rooms; he had even walked through a quadrille with the lady of the mansion, to avoid appearing singular—a triumph over his feelings which his friend highly applauded.

The fatal fifteenth of December—the day on which he was to give a final answer to his father—at last arrived, and Captain Graham drove into the city. It was poverty or wealth he was about to accept—a life of luxurious ease and the homage of the world, its flatteries and caresses—or an existence of stern privation—a struggle with necessity. In the examination of his affairs he had seen the spectre at a distance, and shuddered at the lineaments of its iron face.

The banker was seated in the same room, almost in the same position, when his son entered. There was not the least sign, either of anger or impatience upon his countenance—it was as impassible as that of a statue. He nodded, and pointing to a chair, coolly finished the letter he was writing.

A very methodical as well as very wealthy man was Mr. Richard Graham. Laying down the pen which he carefully wiped first, the old gentleman opened his private memorandum-book and referred to the date.

"The fifteenth," he said, "you are punctual."

"Father!" exclaimed the young man, fixing his eyes upon him imploringly. "I—"

The cold glance which encountered his, checked him. He stopped short—his last hope had left him.

"May I remind Captain Graham that it is an answer I expect—not a scene—I am too old to enjoy a comedy!"

"I hate Lady Sybella!" muttered his son.

As his loving or hating was a point of little importance to the man of money, provided he married her, he made no comment on this burst of passion.

"I should be miserable if I wed her!"

"And what will you be if you do not?" demanded his parent.

"I know—a beggar! Why did you not make me your drudge, like Walter? Why send me into the world to taste its pleasures—the independence of wealth—only to crush my hopes at last?"

"Simply, because I had other views respecting you!"

"Had you a heart, I would appeal to it!" continued the young man; "but I know that it is useless, and I abstain!"

"Wisely so!" was the reply.

Captain Graham experienced something very much like a feeling of contempt at the cold-blooded rejoinder. Had he been called upon to make the sacrifice required of him by the world, by the tyranny of circumstances, his regret would have been less poignant—it was the fact of his parent exacting it that added to its bitterness.

The old man quietly drew forth his watch, and placed it on the desk before him.

"I have an engagement at three," he said, "and punctuality, to an unromantic, business personage, like myself, is both a habit and a virtue. I live in no ideal world, but in one of reality! I have only half an hour left at your disposal!"

"In a word, then," replied the young man, haughtily, "I consent!"

Something very much like a smile of quiet satisfaction curled the lips of his parent.

"Consent," continued his son, "to barter the dearest privilege of manhood—the right to choose the being who is to share my name, to be the mother

of my children, the companion of my life—for be assured I will not act as heartlessly by her as you have done by me."

The banker replaced the watch in his pocket, then rang the bell twice.

It was answered by the cashier.

"You must take these securities to the Bank," he said, "and deliver them on the receipt of Masterman & Co. Sir John will be there. Apologize for my absence, and say I will see him at the same hour to-morrow."

The man was about to withdraw with the papers, when his employer told him to give orders in the bank that he was not to be disturbed by any one.

"And now," he continued, turning towards the captain as soon as they were once more alone, "I shall be happy to shake hands with you—you have decided wisely."

Their hands met coldly, and without emotion on either side.

"When will you accompany me to his lordship?"

"Name your time, sir!"

"Let me see—Thursday—yes, Thursday will do very well," muttered the banker to himself; "I will write! And now Frederick," he continued, "to prove to you that I am not the unnatural parent which in your romantic folly you suppose, I will impart to you fully my arrangements for your welfare. The match is a splendid one—the day on which you become the husband of Lady Sybella makes you master not only of my property in Berkshire, but of the adjoining estate. Lord Allen has consented to cut off the entail, in consideration of the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which I have agreed to pay him—altogether it will form one of the finest properties in England!"

"But will this be just towards Walter!" demanded his brother.

"Perfectly!" replied the old man, "he will have the bank when I am dead! It is my intention," he continued, "to have this princely fortune—for such it is—settled by the strictest entail upon you and your heirs for ever; are you satisfied?"

"With the fortune, certainly, but not with the bride!"

"Pooh! who ever heard of taking an estate without some incumbrance? Lady Sybella may not be handsome; but she has blood—Norman blood, sir, old as the conquest! Her brother's health is failing him—should he die, the peerage with a little management, might be yours!"

As the speaker, like the tempter of old, continued to enumerate the present and contingent advantages, the features of his listener appeared less clouded.

"Doubtless you have some debts, Frederick?" observed his father; "a young man holding a commission in the Guards, moving as you move, in the very best society, cannot regulate his expenditure like a city clerk!"

The captain modestly confessed that he had debts.

"To what amount?"

"Eight thousand pounds, sir!"

Although his father in the whole course of his existence had never expended as many shillings in extravagance, pleasure, or charity—nay, on that very morning had refused his wife a new carriage, on the plea of economy—he heard the sum named without betraying the least emotion.

"Of course I am to consider your word as irrevocably given?" he said.

"Irrevocably!" repeated the young man.

"I shall place fifteen thousand pounds to your credit," observed Mr. Graham; "you can draw upon me to that amount! Lady Sybella, I hear, has her mother's diamonds—still I would wish you to act liberally in that respect. Go to Storr and Mortimer's, and tell them to send the account to me!"

This was liberal, and yet the son felt no gratitude: he might wonder at the largeness of the price paid for the barter of his happiness—but it failed to reconcile him to the loss of it.

After taking leave of his father, he returned to his rooms, where his friend Orme was awaiting his return.

"Well, old fellow!" exclaimed the latter.

"I am sold!" exclaimed the captain, bitterly.

"At what figure?"

"Thirty thousand a year, at the very least!"

"And deucedly well sold, too!" observed the young man, with a laugh; "I wish to heaven any one would bid for me—they should have me at half the price. Will you announce it at mess?"

"Not till after Thursday!" was the reply; "spare your badinage, Orme!" he added; "when I reflect upon my weakness, I blush for myself; heaven knows that I am truly wretched!"

His friend was convinced that he was so—for five minutes afterwards he heard him hum several bars from the favorite opera of last season.

Although only introduced to him for a few seconds, we trust our readers have not forgotten that Richard Graham has a second son, named Walter—a quiet, patient drudge, who by years of constant attention and slavery had mastered all the details of the bank, conducted the correspondence of the house, and managed—of course under the direction of his father—all the affairs upon 'Change.

In business hours he was the old man's right hand—at other times he scarcely remembered his existence.

Notwithstanding his father's wealth, Walter's appointments were very little more than those of a junior clerk; and had not his mother assisted him privately from her income, despite his habits of economy, he must have fallen into arrears.

On the day in which the important affair of the captain's marriage was settled, Mr. Graham left the bank earlier than usual—quitted Lombard Street without a word to Walter, whose heart ached with the bitter sense of the injustice and coolness with which he was treated; but he knew it was not his brother's fault—and that conviction consoled him.

When the neglected son quitted the office, he strolled as far as London Bridge, and was retracing his steps towards home, when a young man who was running very quickly pushed against him.

It was Belton, one of his father's clerks.

"A thousand pardons, Mr. Walter!" he said, stopping to draw his breath; "didn't see you; but I am in such a hurry to catch the Greenwich steamer!"

"It has just started, Charles!" replied the son of his employer; "I stood upon the bridge and saw it off!"

"How provoking! I must take a coach, then—and they are so slow!"

"Anything the matter?"

"It's my sister Fanny's birthday. She is eighteen; I promised to be home as early as possible—in fact, I should have asked to quit an hour sooner, only the second cashier advised me not!"

"I would have asked for you!" observed Walter. "Thank you sir—but I did not like to trouble you!"

"And so you expect to be very happy?"

"Glorious!" exclaimed the young man; "my cousin Marian, who lives as governess in Lady Jane Torrington's family, has promised to be there—my aunts from the City—in fact all our friends! Quite a family party! But what is the matter with you, Mr. Graham?" he added; "you appear very dull and sad!"

"To confess the truth, Charles, I am not in the best spirits. Good bye!"

The young clerk hesitated, looked at him wistfully, and seemed very much inclined to speak—to invite his employer's son to accompany him. But then the difference of their rank.

"No—no!" he thought; "he would misunderstand me, perhaps, and think I wanted to curry favor!"

"I thought you said you were in a hurry?" observed Walter.

"I was in a hurry," replied the young man; "but a foolish thought struck me, and— But no—I had better not tell it you!"

"Why not?"

"Because you might laugh at me. Never mind," he added, "if you do! You appear very dull—almost unhappy. Come home with me sir—I can promise you a humble though hearty welcome!"

"Is the invitation sincerely given?" demanded Walter.

"Else it had not been given at all, sir!"

"Then as frankly will I accept it!" said the gentleman, with a smile.

The young men shook hands and started at once for Greenwich.

It was no vain boast Charles Belton had made when he said that the evening would be a glorious one: his mother, the widow of an officer, lived only to promote the happiness of her two children, and under her influence and example, their home was a home of love and peace.

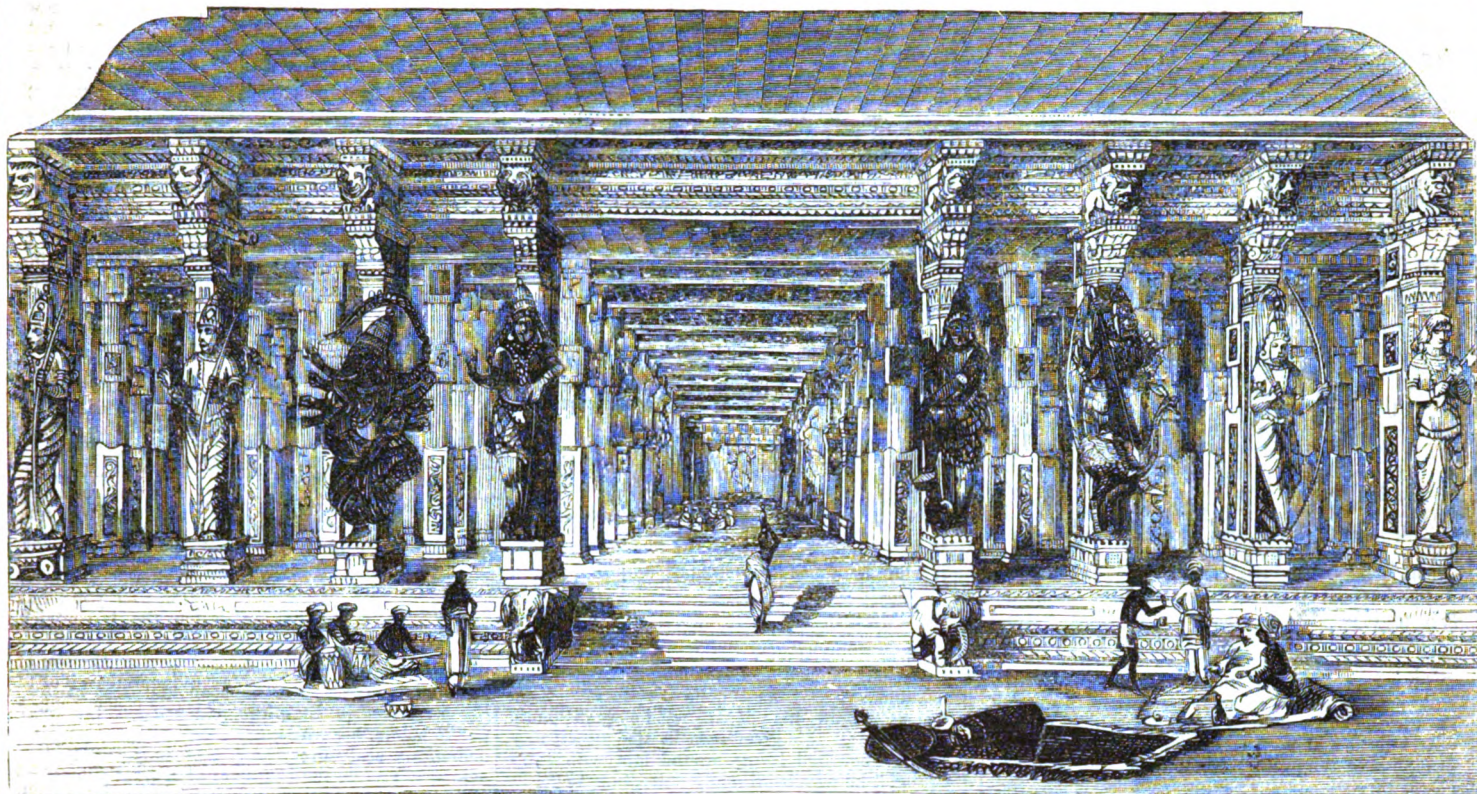
The governess, a very pretty and unassuming girl, was there, and it very soon became evident to Walter that she and her cousin were likely to be even more nearly related.

But by far the most lovely and interesting girl of the party was Fanny, in honor of whose birthday the little *fete* was given. She appeared like one of those graceful, joyous beings whom we dream of in our youth, and consider as the creature of an ideal world till we find their semblance upon earth, when, as the wisest thing we can do, we immediately fall in love with it.

Before the evening was half over, Walter—the timid, silent, unassuming Walter Graham—felt that he had no longer a heart to give.

It was gone—and Fanny was its keeper.

(To be continued.)



CHOLTRY OF 999 COLUMNS, AT MADURA.

Tales of the Brahmins.

HIGH shone the sun, and cloudless was the sky, above the ruins of Madura—a very ancient place at the extremity of Southern India; but all this natural glory was profaned by the rites of fiendish superstition. As the hackery containing our friend, the traveller, and the Brahmin who had been his guide and interpreter during his Indian peregrinations, drove into the village—for the habitable portion was nothing more—they were informed that a widow, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, would that day offer herself up as a sacrifice on the body of her departed husband.

"Who is she?" asked the Brahmin, as he calmly surveyed the crowd, that seemed to have been gathered from every village, farm, and hut in the neighbourhood of Madura.

"The late partner of Ramoa Sand, the merchant," was the reply.

"What was the origin of the suttee?" inquired the traveller, "who first invented such a horror?"

The Brahmin gravely replied:—

"At the demise of the mortal part of the great Hindoo lawgiver and prophet, Brahma, his wives, inconsolable for his loss, resolved not to survive him, and offered themselves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. The wives of the chief rajahs, the first officers of the state, being unwilling to have it thought that they were deficient in fidelity and affection, followed the heroic example set them by the wives of Brahma. The Brahmins, a cast then but lately established by the great legislator, pronounced and declared—as no doubt they were authorised by inspiration—that the souls of those heroines immediately ceased from their transmigrations, and had entered the first boboon of purification. It followed that the wives of the Brahmins claimed a right of making a sacrifice of their mortal forms to the divinity and the manes of their deceased husbands. The wives of every hindoo caught the pious flame, and thus the heroic acts of a few women brought about a general custom."

"Say rather the madness!" interrupted the traveller; "for if the priesthood had not given the custom the countenance of religion, and instituted the forms and ceremonies that were to accompany the sacrifice, it would never have obtained a permanent hold on the Hindoo mind."

"Very likely," assented the Brahmin; "but you must, at all events, give the early exposition of the law of Brahma the benefit of the admission, that they studiously sought to make it a voluntary act of glory, piety, and fortitude?"

The traveller could not demur to this, but he immediately added:—

"This explanation may be the true historical one, but I do not think it the actual one."

"Why, O pundit of a great and valiant race?" said the Brahmin, evincing some curiosity.

"Because I think the custom had its origin in the selfishness of the stronger sex. No man cherishes the idea of his wife passing into the possession of another after his death. In his last hours he clings to her in wild agony, and I have no doubt the example of Brahma's wives was eagerly caught at by the men, and an act of devotion to the memory of a man of extraordinary genius in time cultivated into a sentiment, a madness, among the women, which the men encouraged, because it gratified one of the dominant passions of their hearts. Nothing, my friend, is so fierce and selfish as the love between the sexes—it survives beyond the tomb; and you Hindoos gratify the indomitable desire, by coaxing your wives to accompany you into eternity. But you are not singular in that respect. In my own land I have heard a dying husband implore his wife not to marry again. The very idea embitters his expiring moments. One case I remember distinctly. It came under my notice in the character of medical attendant. The man was a rude, untutored laborer, young, and a very giant in strength. He had met with an accident, and could not possibly recover. His wife was a pretty peasant girl, somewhat of a coquette, but quite as illiterate as himself. She sat by his bedside in all the agony of unaffected grief, and as she hung over him, her hot tears fell on his pallid face.

"Poll!" said he, as his large brow's hand tremblingly played with her curls, 'I ain't afraid to die! I've never done nothing to make me, unless it may be giving the blow before the word, now and then; but there's one thing on my mind which distresses me.'

"What is it, Bill?" sobbed his wife.

"The man, by a desperate effort, raised himself on his elbow, and, fixing a loving and imploring glance on her face, said:—

"Promise me you won't marry anybody else when I'm gone, but stick to me like a brick."

"Oh, Bill, what puts such a thing into your head now?"

"Promise!—promise, Poll! Do, there's a dear! If I thought you were to go to buckle to with any one else, I'd—I'd"—

"What else trembled on his tongue never was uttered—for he fell back and expired, with an expression on his convulsed features of such intense fear—I might say jealousy—that I shall never forget it. It was selfishness in its most violent, its most passionate and exacting form."

"Is it not better the wife should die on her husband's bier than make a promise she can never keep?" suggested the Brahmin.

"It is. But why ask her to make the promise at all?" replied the traveller. "Why attempt to continue an engagement broken off by the grave? Should not the wife in that event be as free as the husband?"

"No!" said the Brahmin, with some animation; "for the wife belongs to the husband—not the husband to the wife. She becomes his property, or part of himself."

"And does not the husband equally become a part of the wife, her property, her possession?" retorted the traveller. "If she is bone of his bone, is not he also bone of her bone? And, above all, does not the spiritual relationship created by marriage subsist entirely on mutuality of interest and affection? You cannot, my friend, make one party to the union different from the other; if you do, there is no union—no marriage!"

"Answer me this question," said the Brahmin, with some warmth. "Can a woman have more than one living husband?"

"No! Both the Divine and human law prohibit such a custom; even among the most barbarous tribes in the world, the practice does not, and never did prevail."

"Very well. Now as a woman can only have one husband, it follows that a wife can only be the property of one man. With the man the case is reversed. He may have many wives, and all of them belong to him as much as the one does."

"Oh no—no!" interrupted the traveller; "the woman is the equal of the man—his equal in the eye of heaven—in the eye of human policy, expediency, and natural justice."

The Brahmin, at this declaration, instantly recovered his taciturnity of demeanor, and coldly answered:—

"The customs of the east and the west disagree. In the lands where the human race had its beginning, man is lord of the soil, and all that is upon it. Woman is his vassal, and although he elevates her to the dignity of his companion, he does not part with one atom of his authority. What was ordained at the beginning, must endure to the end. Circumstances may modify many conditions, but they cannot change the ordinations of Providence. Woman belongs to man—not man to woman; and while that is the law, the selfishness of man in respect to woman, of which you complained just now, is her safeguard and his birthright. Without it there would be no love, no homes, no cities, no organisations, no society. However, as you are a Nazarene and I am a humble disciple of Brahma, we should never agree, if we were to sit here disputing for a century: so I recommend, as the sun is now at its height, that we sleep—so as to be better able a few hours hence to resume our journey—or talk, just as it will please you."

The traveller laughingly concurred, and, following the Brahmin's example, stretched himself on the low couch on which he had been sitting, and in a few minutes was as sound asleep as any of the hundred Hindoos and Mussulmen whom the choultry sheltered from the fierce rays of the mid-day sun,

When he awoke it was evening, and he was enveloped in partial darkness. On calling out, the Brahmin promptly answered, and together they strolled into the area in the centre of the choultry. The scene was solemn—almost grand. At the entrance, the atmosphere could be seen illuminated by the soft but brilliant silver light of the eastern morn. Some palm-trees in the distance could be observed gently waving.

The sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.

Within the choultry a sort of twilight reigned. The massive roof and the innumerable columns, grotesquely wreathed here and there with the enormous head of a carved bull, and on the ground the recumbent figure of a sleeping living representation of the Indian lawgiver, presented a dim, shadowy aspect. The interior looked more like a huge tomb than a hospitable place of shelter; and as the traveller glanced around, he could not resist subscribing to the opinion, that caverns and grottoes were the original models of all the great masses of architecture in the world, the palaces of the laity, the temples of the various orders of priesthood. In ancient times a good cavern was a superb palace; it is so still, under certain circumstances. And if, as is very probable, the strongest, fiercest, and craftiest—the lions and tigers of the human race—were the first to take violent possession of these natural habitations, and consequently became afterwards objects of superstitious adoration; or if they themselves were the original framers of systems of superstition, we shall no longer be at a loss to account for the almost universal tradition which characterises rocks and caverns as the haunts and sacred dwellings of the heathen gods, or of the form and gloom of such caverns having been universally imitated in the oldest temples. The ancient architecture of India essentially embodies this idea, and is of itself a convincing proof of the remote antiquity of the remains of the last scattered all over the country, if not of the Hindoo race.

The traveller, at length, as if wearied with speculation, said to his guide:—

"This choultry seems of very ancient date. I should imagine it to be one of the specimens of the earliest stile of Hindoo architecture."

"It is older than the Christianity which your English missionaries are so sedulously attempting to introduce into India: tradition assigns its erection to Bickermajit, the eighth and greatest of the solar kings of India."

"I have read a good deal about that celebrated monarch. We are told that in the fifty-sixth year before the Christian era, he, by a series of bold exploits, attained the supreme sovereignty in India. I presume the building has been named after him?"

"No; it is called the '999 Columns Choultry.'"

"How! are there so many? I should not have thought it!"

"Very likely. Frequent spoliations by the Malay pirates, the Gingalese, the Moors, and native robbers, have shorn it of somewhat of its ancient grandeur; but it is still an hotel—if you choose to term it one—larger than any you can boast of in Europe."

"You are about right, there; but in Europe, my friend, in our economical arrangements we prefer comfort to grandeur. However, not to institute comparisons which can scarcely be maintained, can you inform me whether tradition has preserved a memoir of any of the circumstances that attended the erection of this certainly stupendous building?"

The Brahmin answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to detail the following narrative:—

The lord of India, the representative of the sun and moon, the emperor of the Universe, now known to posterity by the uneuphonic title of Bickermajit—in one of his progresses through his empire, came to Madura, then the capital of a powerful principality that bordered on the sea, and protected the extremities of Southern India from invasion. The rajah received him with all due honors, and, during his stay, resigned the administration of justice and the laws into his sovereign hands. The emperor was happy. He had just made a satisfactory tour through his vast dominions, and found peace everywhere prevailing; his tributaries loyal, his subjects industrious and prosperous. But, sir traveller, before I relate to you the particulars of the tradition, I must tell you that the accounts given by all, concur in stating that the emperor was one of the most magnificent that ever occupied the throne of India. He is recorded to have been unequalled by any former emperor in the science of jurisprudence, in governing, in fortitude, in justice, and in wisdom. Peter the Great, in modern times, must have had his example in his eye—for Bickermajit travelled, in the habit of a mendicant, over the greater part of

the east, so as to acquire the arts, learning, and policy of foreign nations, and transplant them into his own. He was even thought to have taken up arms by the divine command, as Rama did of old, to purge the empire of vice and tyranny. Most certain is it that he exalted aloft, in the centre of the land, the standard of equity and the banners of religion. Both poets and historians are uniform in their praise of this great and just man. The former, to impress us with an idea of his inflexible justice, affirm that the magnet, without his permission, dared not exert its power upon iron, nor amber upon the chaff of the field; and the latter add, such was his temperance and contempt of grandeur, that he slept upon a mat, and reduced the furniture of his apartment to an earthenware pot, filled with water from the spring. He was also a munificent patron of learning, and the poet and philosopher, Calidas, who flourished in his reign, was particularly protected by him. The latter was considered the chief of fourteen learned Brahmins, whom the emperor had invited to his court from different parts of Hindostan, and who were denominated the fourteen jewels of his crown. To animate the religious zeal of the inferior classes, he set up the great image of Mahi Cali, or Time, in the city of Oojein, which he built while he himself worshipped only the infinite and invisible God.

Such, O traveller, was Bickermajit, when, towards the end of his long and brilliant reign, he visited Madura, and, seated on a throne radiant in diamonds and precious stones, he could lay his hand on his heart, and say, "I have done my duty." Some few days before his departure, he gave public audience to all the great men in the principality, and as he showered favors around him with a prodigal hand, he was continually entreating to be informed what better return he could make for the splendid hospitality he had received at the court of the rajah. All present, save one—a churlish old man who had lived apart from his fellow-creatures, and was in great repute for wisdom and sanctity—loudly declared that his munificence was unbounded, and more than they had deserved.

"Nay," interposed the monarch, "you must allow me to be the best judge of what is due from myself in return for favors received! Kings should be generous as well as just. They should be beneficent for many generations—not one; therefore, if you will give me leave, I will tell you what I have resolved. Having considered that our honored and valiant city of Madura, on account of its holiness, and contiguity to the holy places where the great works of Brahma, as well as other illustrious avatars of the deity, were studied and perfected, is much frequented by pilgrims from all nations—by the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind—I have be thought me that I should best express my gratitude to you and posterity, by erecting a resting-place in which the poor will find bread, the afflicted consolation, and the pious shelter."

This announcement was received with deafening applause, in the midst of which Calidas, the great poet and philosopher, rose, and, after obtaining silence, said:—

"O emperor! I should wish that this lasting memorial of your magnificence should also be a lasting monument of your goodness! And would wish that the columns that shall support its mighty roof should be in number the same as that of the good deeds by which you have covered your name and reign by eternal glory."

Several of the nobles and Brahmins exclaimed against the impracticability of the proposition. "Count the stars, or the shells of the shore!" cried some, while others boldly asserted that it would be impossible to enumerate the good deeds of his majesty. The emperor alone was silent, although inwardly pleased with such homage. The discussion was conducted in a very lively tone for some time, and the Rajah of Madura was on the point of rising to declare emphatically that he could not think of having his humble territory made the cause of putting his majesty to such enormous expense, when the churlish old man before-mentioned hastily averred that he could himself build such a choultry as that suggested by the learned Calidas.

Amazement seized upon the brilliant throng, and, in the midst of a profound silence, Phaoan, the ascetic, repeated his assertion.

"Old, feeble, and poor as I am," he said, "I will myself undertake to build a temple of charity, supported by as many pillars as the emperor's good deeds will number!"

"The man is mad!" chorussed the fourteen Brahmins—the jewels of the imperial crown.

The rajah was indignant, and was about to expel the daring ascetic from the presence-chamber, when the emperor interfered, and desired Phaoan to speak freely.

"I will, O king!" answered the seer—for in his day Phaoan had vaticinated among the sacred piles at Mayalipuram. "I am no flatterer. I have breathed the free air of heaven too long, to feed even monarchs with the poisoned honey of false praise! Give me but until to-morrow, and I will make good my word!"

The emperor cheerfully assented, and the court broke up in considerable agitation. On the morrow Phaoan appeared at the foot of the throne with a long roll of parchment in his hands. The emperor was in a gracious mood, and smilingly commanded him to redeem his promise. Phaoan obeyed the royal order by presenting to the emperor the roll of parchment. As the latter perused its contents his brow darkened, and, after a long and oppressive pause, he exclaimed:—

"What, all this straw, and not one grain of rice! Calidas, this holy man has read us a lesson—a bitter one; and not the less bitter for being true! Read, so that the world may know the true character of him who has been styled the greatest of the illustrious—Surya-Varsha!"

The court philosopher, as he ran his eye down the Sanscrit characters, hesitated, and, it is reported, turned saffron in visage; but the emperor was peremptory, and he tremblingly read aloud the contents of this remarkable document, than which a stranger or more audacious one had never been presented to an insignificant, much less a powerful sovereign. It contained an analytical summary of the most distinguished incidents in the life of the reigning monarch; described all his great battles, his patronage of literature and science, his temperate habits, his wisdom and benevolence, his self-denial, his zeal—everything that is generally imagined to elevate the character of a great potentate, and concluded with these remarkable words:—"I find that his Majesty, the Light of the World, has performed 999 great deeds; but among them all, I cannot discover a good one. He has labored for himself—not for mankind. His people are as wretched as when he ascended the throne—the tyranny of princes as insolent—the bigotry of priests as furious—the advent of the truth as remote. His grandeur is his own grandeur—his greatness his own greatness—his glory his own glory. He has failed in everything, but in gaining the applauses of all time. He is a great king; his memory will survive through untold ages; but, as his labors have only gathered splendors round himself and throne, he has not performed one of the good deeds that heaven expects from a king; and therefore do I say, that with these aged hands will I erect every pillar in the contemplated house of charity."

Shouts of laughter and derision hailed this singular denunciation of one of the most popular monarchs that ever sat on the throne of India; and the cynic would have been sacrificed on the spot, had not the emperor mercifully extended to him his protection, and dismissed him, with a safe escort. The princes and nobles present then unanimously resolved that, in refutation of the slander, they, at their own cost, would erect a choultry, supported by 999 columns, in commemoration of the manifold virtues of their beloved emperor, and as a solid memorial of the appreciation and unchanging affection of the millions who had lived and flourished under his beneficent rule.

The tradition at this point becomes obscure. It refers to an interview which the emperor had with the cynic, wherein they elaborately discussed the 999 points of excellence in his majesty's character; and concludes with the following passages:—

"Is not my adoration of the infinite and invisible God a work of goodness?" demanded the emperor.

"No!" was the emphatic reply; "it is a mark of selfishness. You erect idols for your subjects—while you fall down before the truth for your individual advantage. Besides, O king, you have not worshipped the Invisible for His glory, but for your own safety. You have wished God to care everything for you, while all the while you have done nothing to show that you cared about Him! Where is the Church to Him on earth? O king, you are wise and great, but you are not good! Self is the only God before whom you have sincerely prostrated yourself!"

"Such, Sir traveller!" concluded the Brahmin, "is the legend connected with this imposing Hindoo edifice; and I have only to add, from historical records, that the great Bickermajit, towards the close of his reign, made some serious endeavors to be regarded as a good as well as a great emperor. He attempted to ameliorate the condition of the lower castes, to put a curb on the wantonly exercised authority of his rajahs, to reform the church—but he failed in them all; and was slain, in his old age, about the commencement of the Christian era, in a battle against a confederacy of the princes of the Deccan.

The Gum Trade.

Gum is one of those useful productions of nature which are furnished to man without any exertion of his own, except that of gathering the fruit liberally supplied by a bountiful Providence. Its economic use is of great importance to the most civilized nations, whilst its commerce affords a revenue to the wildest sons of the desert. Gum is a vegetable mucilage, exuding in small quantities from the trunks of several trees, as any one may see in the common cherry or plum tree. But the gum of commerce is produced in the wilds of Africa and Arabia, the most arid regions of the world. The gum usually termed Arabic, comes from a species of *mimosæ*, or *acacia Arabica*, and was famous in ancient times for its use in medicine and in the dyer's art. It is said to be of highly nutritive qualities, so that caravans which have been unexpectedly detained in the desert after all their provisions were expended, have been supported by feeding upon the gum which formed part of their merchandise. But this celebrated article is now surpassed in European commerce by the gum *acacia* of Africa, which is not only produced in larger quantities, but is more mucilaginous and gummy than the Asiatic species.

If the reader examine a map of Africa, he will find in the northwestern part, a large region designated Sahara, or the Great Desert. It is an immense district of arid soil, chiefly consisting of the driest sand. A few oases are scattered through this barren country, possessed by tribes of Moors, who alone inhabit this dreary region. The manners of these swarthy people correspond with their wild dwelling-place. They are capable of enduring great hunger and thirst, as well as exposure to a burning heat, and are generally in the extremes of abstinence or gluttony, of exercise or indolence. They subsist chiefly on the milk and flesh of their cattle, of which they possess large numbers. They live in tents, covered with a strong cloth, woven from thread spun by their women from the hair of goats. Females of the wealthier class are brought up luxuriously, and are educated in maxims of voluptuousness and of absolute submission to their lords. They are regarded as beings created for no other use than to minister to the wants and pleasures of their husbands, whose whims and caprices they must endeavor to humor and promote. For instance, the Moor considers corpulence to be synonymous with beauty, and quite a desideratum in the fair sex; and this is sought to be attained by all possible means, even at the risk of losing health, and of becoming unable to walk without assistance.

The laborious kinds of employment are performed by slaves, male and female, who are generally procured by predatory incursions into the negro territories, which are undertaken on the slightest pretences of complaint, or without any excuse whatever. These slaves are treated in the harshest manner, being compelled to perform severe labor with a very scanty supply of food and covering. The kings or chiefs seem to have absolute power over the mass of the people, even to the taking away of life, though this is rarely done. In times of peace, the Moors engage in a little agriculture, but their delight is in plundering their weaker neighbors. This is more easily effected by their superiority in horsemanship. Their horses are generally very valuable, of excellent breed, and surprising swiftness. They are exceedingly skilful in the management of their steeds, being able to stop them at full gallop, and to fire with accuracy whilst riding at utmost speed.

The Moorish tribes rove about, seeking pasturage for their herds and flocks; and when the scanty herbage of one place is eaten up, they move on to another, receding from the desert as the drought prevails. Their principal wealth consists in their camels, the milk of which is deemed very nutritious, and the flesh highly prized. Besides, these animals can subsist on a little, and are admirably formed by nature to be "ships of the desert." Of all other quadrupeds, only the antelope and ostrich are to be found in these arid regions; for their amazing speed enables them to reach the watering places, which are few and far between. The lion, panther, elephant, and other wild beasts, range the immense forests which skirt the desert, and separate it from the rivers.

The tribes of Moors to whom the gum forests belong are the Farshez, the Bracknez, and Darmanks. These occupy several oases in that part of the desert which is bounded on the south by the river Senegal, and on the west by the Atlantic ocean. The principal forests of gum trees are those called Sahel, El Fatack, and El Hiebar. The first produces the verreck or white gum, which is held in highest estimation; the others yield nebuel, the red gum of commerce. The *acacia* which grows in the desert, is of more stunted form and rugged appearance than that

which flourishes by the river-side; for the banks of the Senegal are partially covered with a stratum of vegetable earth, where foliage abounds, but the gum trees of these places are not numerous. In the desert, the *acacia* seldom exceeds twenty feet in height and three feet in circumference; and it has that rugged and crooked form which is common to the herbage of this arid region, where the great drought and parching winds give a blighted and stunted appearance to all vegetable productions. The branches of the gum tree are thorny at the projections of the leaves, which are a dirty green hue. The blossoms are short, and of a white color.

In western Africa there are only two seasons in the year, the dry and the rainy. The duration of the rains slightly varies according to the latitude, being of longest continuance near to the equator. In Senegambia they last about two months, which are preceded and followed by a month of storms called tornadoes. During eight months of the year the sun shines brilliantly in a cloudless atmosphere. October may be termed the drying month, a period fruitful in productions of the soil, and prolific of fevers and other dangerous diseases, since the atmosphere is then filled with miasmata from decomposed vegetable matter. At this time, the gum trees swell with moisture, and prepare for their harvest season. In November, the bark, which had been smooth and of a dark green color, begins to crack in numberless places, and give out the gum. No help of man is required to make incisions in the stem, for nature performs the whole work. The hot wind of the desert begins to blow, drying up everything with such severity, that no vegetable matter can resist its influence. The tall grass of the plains now withers and becomes like straw; trees on the high grounds put on a wintry appearance, and would soon burn like fire-wood; and household furniture warps and cracks, so that drawers will not shut nor boxes lock. Even hard and well-seasoned wood cannot wholly resist the scorching influences of the *harmattan*. These effects are increased by clouds of fine sand, which are carried in the hot blasts and terrific whirlwinds which sweep over the country.

The gum issues from the cracks of the tree in different forms, but principally in drops about the size of a partridge's egg. The juice adheres, as is well known, to the bark, where it quickly dries, and is soon ready to be gathered. Though the gum has a dull appearance on the outside, it presents a beautifully clear and brilliant surface wherever it is broken, and if put into the mouth for a few moments becomes transparent as crystal. About a month is allowed for natural causes to accomplish the exuding process, when the trees are supposed to have completed their yield for the year. The Moors now prepare for the harvest. They quit their camps in the desert, leaving only the aged, infirm, and little children, with a few persons to take charge of the cattle which remain behind. A tumultuous assembly of horse and foot, men and cattle, women and children, proceed in a promiscuous crowd to the forest belonging to the tribe. Here they form an encampment, in which they remain about six weeks whilst gathering the gum. Old and young engage in the work, stimulated by the chiefs and princes who overlook their labor. The gum is piled up in heaps until the whole is collected, when it is loaded on cattle brought for this purpose. The beasts of burden are the camel and ox; the former carrying four or five hundred-weight, the latter about one and a half. The gum is stowed in large leathern sacks made of tanned ox hides, two of which are fastened together and slung over the backs of the cattle, so as to balance.

The work proceeds slowly, as there is no fear of rain to interrupt it, and Africans seldom hurry in the performance of their tasks. Their field operations occupy but a short period of the year, and time is of little value in their eyes. At length the harvest is completed, and the day for moving arrives. When the signal for departure has been given, the tents are struck, the cattle are laden with baggage and merchandise, and the whole multitude set off in the same tumultuous manner as that in which they arrived. The princes and rich men are mounted on beautiful horses, or fleet dromedaries, gaily caparisoned. Their wives are seated on the best camels, in a kind of basket covered with an awning, decked out with gorgeous colors. Cattle and goats necessary for provision by the way, are mixed up with the beasts of burden and crowds of foot-passengers, filling the air with a variety of discordant sounds. A choice band of armed men act as cavalry and mounted police, to defend the caravan, and preserve some kind of order amongst them.

In this manner the caravan proceeds to the annual gum fair, held on the banks of the Senegal, a considerable distance above Fort Louis, which is the

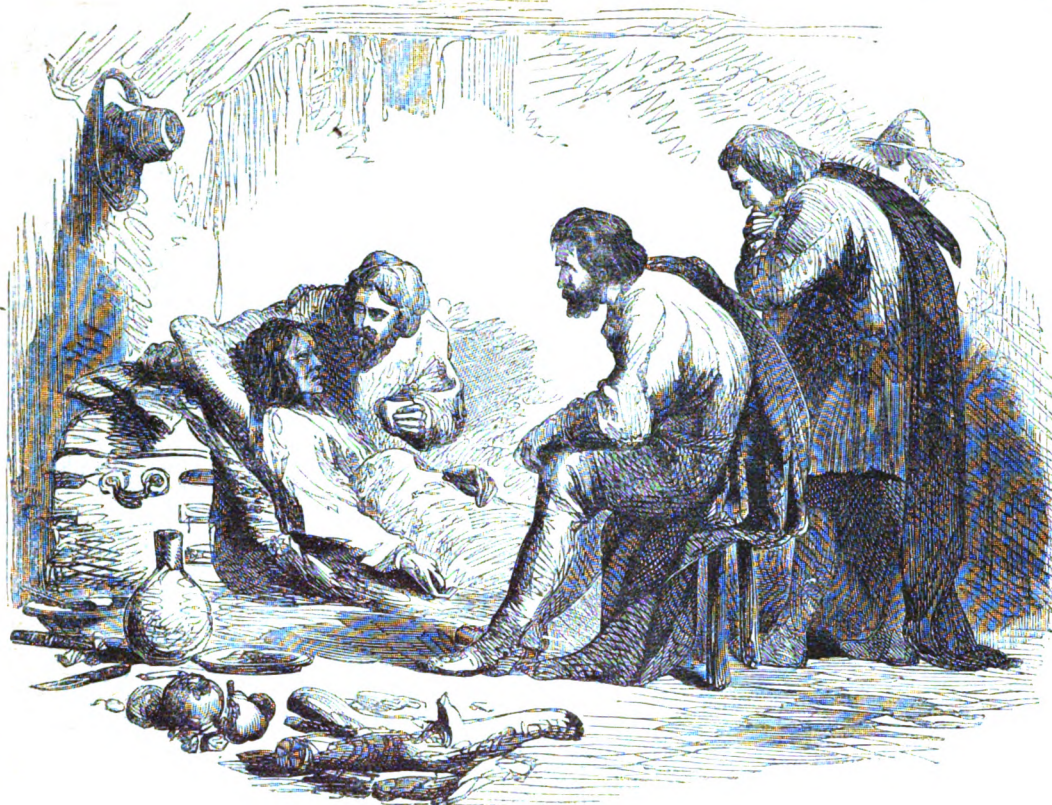
principal settlement of the French on this river. This people commenced trading operations with Western Africa about the beginning of last century, and established themselves in the Senegal. Saint Louis is a small island about four leagues above the bar at the mouth of the river. This bar or ridge of sand is a formidable obstruction to navigation, as it only allows small vessels to pass with safety. Once across this dangerous reef, such craft can easily sail to Podor, about 180 miles up the stream, and in the rainy season to Galam, which is five or six hundred miles higher. The French have small establishments at both of these places, and all the trade of the river, in so far as Europeans are concerned, is in their hands. The English pursue their commerce with this part of Western Africa through the Gambia, which is a better river for navigation; and their trade in gum is carried on at Portendie, a small settlement on the coast, a little above the Senegal; but this lucrative branch of commerce is chiefly in the hands of the French.

The lower part of Senegal is bordered with immense forests, filled with wild beasts, monkeys, and parrots of various species. Higher up, the desert land reaches to the northern bank of the river, and here the great gum fair is held, at a place about half way up to Podor. It is one of the most desolate spots in the world, being a vast plain of moving sands, glistening with whiteness. This solitude extends as far as the eye can reach, unrelieved by any tree or plant. It is an ocean of sparkling sand. Here the French merchants await the arrival of the Moorish tribes. The din of their approach can be heard at a great distance over the dreary solitude. The noise grows louder and louder, till an immense cloud of dust betokens their near arrival. And soon the barren plain is covered with men and beasts in teeming crowds, which it requires a long time to settle in anything like an orderly manner.

At length, when all things are ready, a cannon is fired as the signal for commencing business, and Franks and Moors try every artifice to make a good bargain. The Moorish princes fabricate all kinds of excuses for raising the price of the gum, and invent a hundred reasons for delaying the negotiations. Their procrastination and apparent apathy madden their more lively customers, who are sometimes obliged to yield under a threat of the gum being carried to Portendie and sold to the English. The French, in their turn, try to overreach the Moors, which they often do by enlarging the size of the *kantar* or measure by which the gum is sold. The Africans do not understand the principles of mensuration, and their customers have gradually increased the *kantar* from 500 to 2000 pounds.

The price of the gum is paid in pieces of Indian cotton cloth, or blue baft, which meets with a ready sale to the tribes of the interior. The merchants have tried to substitute articles of French manufacture for this eastern cloth, but the Moors cannot be tricked in this respect, as they instantly detect a spurious from a genuine article by the smell. The mode of barter is always disadvantageous to the Africans, who may understand the value of their own merchandise and the price which it will fetch in an European market, but do not know the cost price of the goods which they receive in exchange. For instance, when they barter gold for iron, they may insist upon having the mint price for the precious metal, but they are duped by the European, who estimates his iron at four times its value, and thus obtains the gold at a fourth of its real worth. In this way gum has been purchased in Africa as low as four cents the pound, whilst it has sold in Europe for thirty or thirty-six cents. In 1833, it was worth \$19 per cwt., in England, or more than thirty-six cents per lb., after payment of duty at twelve shillings per cwt. In 1843, garbled gum sold at \$24 per cwt., or about twenty cents per lb. The English imports for three years ending 1842 amounted on an average to 17,715 cwt., or nearly two millions of pounds annually; while at the close of last century the whole quantity exported from Africa was about 600,000 lbs. annually. During the last wars, all the French settlements in Africa were taken by the English, who restored them at the making of peace, thus giving up a considerable privilege in the gum trade.

INGENUITY.—The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was displayed by a Kaffir, who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to struggle across the stream at a time when, to ford it, was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head, and then walked, with perfect ease, through the torrent to the opposite side.



DEATH OF SQUAND, THE INDIAN INTERPRETER.

Glimpses of the Pilgrim Fathers.

PART IV.

SORROWS AND TRIUMPHS.

The ship *Sparrow* proved the forerunner of evil to the New Englanders. A letter, received by Governor Carver, conveyed the unwelcome news to the colony that a rival settlement would shortly be established; and towards the close of June, the *Charity and Swan*, bringing over sixty emigrants, cast anchor in the bay. The pilgrims found their new neighbors a fruitful source of disturbance and anxiety. They dreamed of "no aim to do good or plant religion;" and the conduct of the band of adventurers towards the Indians soon tended to weaken the confidence so lately established between the children of the wild and the white men. Loud clamors from the Indians arose that these new settlers stole their corn, and otherwise injured them. Whilst under this new cloud of grief, a failure in their crops led the settlers to anticipate winter with fear and anxiety. But God, who remembereth the sparrows, forgot not his children in the wilderness, and, to their great joy, one morning two English ships were seen to enter the bay. The *Sparrow* and *Discovery* brought means of support; though one cannot but regret the meanness of the English captains, who demanded so much the higher price for the provisions they supplied, as they perceived the sharp necessities of the purchasers; yet the gentle and charitable comment of Winslow is simply this:—"as he used us kindly, so he made us pay largely for the things which we had;" and he further adds: "Had not the Almighty, in his all-ordering providence, directed him (Captain Jones) to us, it would have gone worse with us than before; but, through God's mercy we had wherewith, and did supply our wants competently." In addition to bread and other provisions, the colonists purchased a stock of clasp knives, scissors, beads, and trinkets, by means of which they were able to traffic with the Indians for corn and furs, and thereby to secure the expected returns.

The advice and experience of the pilgrims were resorted to by the new settlers; and, on the death of the governor Bradford was requested to leave his charge at Plymouth, in order to direct the neighboring colonists. Squand, the Indian interpreter, died about this time; the consistent piety of the exiles had won his heart, and while on his death-bed he called Governor Bradford to his side, and besought him to pray that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven.

Such was the influence of love; for the pilgrim fathers' maxim was, to use the language of their chroniclers, that "warring with them after another manner than their wont, by friendly usage, love,

peace, honest dealing, just carriage, and good counsel, we and they may not only live in peace in the land, and they yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of peace, Christ Jesus."

It is to be regretted that they did not carry out a little further the principle of peace with these children of the wild. "How is it," asked a chief, "that with the love you profess, when we come to see you, you are standing on your guard, with the mouths of your pieces presented to us?"

In the mean time, matters grew worse and worse with Weston's new colony. The distrust of the Indians increased, and a war was threatened. The Indians conspired to exterminate the white man—every one who bore the hated badge of the "pale face." Keenly did the pilgrims feel the barrier which the folly and sin of their countrymen had placed between them and their fellow-creatures of the forest; and now they must fight with the weapons of this world—they, who had hitherto only wielded the sword of the Spirit. Well might Robinson write from Leyden, when hearing of the war—"How happy a thing it would have been had you converted some before you killed any!"

The struggle was short and productive of less loss of life than might have been anticipated. The victory of the Plymouth colonists was complete; but war once commenced, where was the trust and confidence of the Indians? It was lost.

Spring brought fresh sorrows. A great drought set in, and a famine was threatened. God seemed to frown on the late blood-shedding, and to withhold the dew of his blessing from the pilgrim's labors.

A solemn day of fasting and humiliation was enjoined; and it is pleasant to find that, amid human imperfection and great tests of sincerity and faith, religion never forsook the pilgrim fathers. Their prayers were heard. "Oh!" writes Winslow, "the mercy of our God! For though the morning when we assembled the heavens were clear, yet before our departure the weather was overcast; the clouds gathered, and next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers, continuing fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, that it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were more quickened and revived." The Indians happened to be in the neighborhood on the very day, and great was their surprise when the matter was explained to them, and still greater when the rain fell.

The hearts of the exiles were further cheered by the arrival of the remnant of the pilgrim band, and many a glad reunion took place beside the log-house hearth in this spring. Robinson, however, was never permitted to rejoin his flock; and five years from the time that he gave them his parting

benediction in Delft Haven, he fell asleep. His remains were interred with honor in the church of St. Peter's, at Leyden. It was a good name that the pastor left behind him. Brewster, who had supplied his place at Plymouth—"Elder Brewster" he was called—was much loved and respected by the pilgrims. He was a thorough Christian gentleman, and his religious character was never darkened by a cloud of inconsistency or suspicion.

These are but a few details of the early difficulties and struggles of these good men. By degrees some of their troubles passed away, and as the old men were gathered as shocks of corn fully ripe, youth and zeal and piety took their vacant places, and the colony flourished and prospered. There was a great work. Driven from their native land, theirs was the honor and the blessing of carrying with them to the red Indian the indestructible word of truth. The new world had as yet seen little of the Christianity of a Christian country. Love of money and of gain, but not of God, had brought the first colonists to America. But these men, for the sake of Christ, had forsaken all and followed him; and still is the memory of the Plymouth pilgrims present as an example or warning, not to their descendants alone, but to many a settler, from St. Lawrence to Mexico. The swords of Carver and Elder Brewster are still shown to the visitor by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and at Boston, a lineal descendant of General Winslow preserves the portrait of his

ancestor. His Bible, too, is still in being—that well-worn Bible, which must have been to the good man a very well-spring in a desert—a rock on an ocean. Trifles are these relics, but they are precious to those who venerate the character of the pious dead, and for them we may say, "Behold their record is on high."

The pilgrim fathers are now at rest, but the Spirit which guided and sustained them is still ready to guide and strengthen every follower of the Saviour; and he will need that strength—never doubt it—for the world is a battle-field, and without the whole armor of God, the soldiers will fall in the conflict, and the world will be triumphant.

PEREKOP.—The Isthmus of Perekop, is called in the Tartar language the "Gate of Gold," and is situated between the Black and Putrid Seas. It is about eight miles long by four in width. To the west extends the gulf of Perekop, closed on the side of the continent by Cape Sellgash, and on the side of the Crimea by a promontory of the same name as the isthmus. Perekop is the capital of the circle of that name which touches the circles of Alschi, Simpheropol, and Eupatoria. The town and fortress of Perekop are situated in the isthmus, between the gulf of Siwash in the sea of Azoff, and a line of ramparts running from east to west. A trench of twenty-four feet deep, provided with a drawbridge, and coated with cut stone at both sides, runs across the isthmus opposite the town. The situation of the town is not a good one, and the houses are poor in appearance, being covered with thatch, and the streets narrow and dirty. The great article of trade is salt, which whole caravans come to carry away in summer. The inhabitants, about 3,000 in number, are composed of Russians, Tartars, Armenians, and Jews. The citadel had formerly a certain importance, but a few years ago the walls were allowed to fall to ruin. Lately considerable repairs have been effected in the building, and other works have been erected. In very early times Perekop was a place of note, though not under its present name. The Scythians were continually invading the more civilized nations of the Crimea. In consequence of this they built a wall across the isthmus, and kept watch and ward continually. From Perekop, at a later period, the rapacious bands of the Tartars set out on plundering forays, and blackened ruins, and devastated fields, and the bodies of the slain marked the road they took, and gave dismal interest to the desolate steppes of New Russia.

It was truly said by a writer of the last century, that "if some persons could come out of their coffins, and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave."

Cherries.

The cherry is a highly popular fruit in this country—planted much more extensively, we think, than it is elsewhere. One reason for this is, that the Heart and Bigarreau varieties are generally rapid growing, beautiful trees, and are, on that account regarded as being suitable for fruit gardens and dooryards, where shade and ornament are sought for as well as fruit. Another reason is, that it thrives and bears well in a great variety of soils and situations, and over a very large portion of the country. A third and very strong reason for its general cultivation is, that it ripens early, while fruit is scarce, and forms a cooling, healthy and agreeable dessert in the warmest weather of the year. On all these accounts, as well as others, the cultivation of the cherry has assumed an importance here that it never has in any other country. We might be safe in saying that one nursery in the State of New York grows and sells more cherry trees in one season than the whole of England or France.

The most extensively grown varieties are still of foreign origin, such as the Black Tartarian, Black Eagle, Yellow Spanish, Elton, Knight's Early Black, Napoleon Bigarreau, Early Purple Guigne, May Duke, English Morello, &c. Among those of American origin the Downer's late red has, no doubt, been the most widely disseminated, and it may be justly considered as one of the leading sorts. Coe's transparent, Burr's Seedling, Manning's Mottled, Madison Bigarreau, Gridley, Wilkinson, Sparhawk's Honey, and some others, have been planted but sparingly, and only as a general thing by way of making up collections. Among Dr. Kirtland's list of fine seedlings, the Gov. Wood and Rockport Bigarreau have already acquired deservedly a great popularity, and several others of his will be highly prized, we doubt not, as soon as they become known.

The last number of Hovey's Colored Fruits, has a portrait of a seedling variety, produced by Hovey & Co. It is called the "Hovey," and is described as a very large and beautiful amber colored cherry, mottled with brilliant red. Tree, vigorous, upright, and pyramidal in its growth, and a profuse bearer. Ripe middle of July to beginning of August. This, according to Mr. Hovey's description, must be a valuable acquisition. At this rate we shall soon be able to make a very respectable catalogue of American cherries. But what we most want are the varieties of the Duke cherries, that will bear the climate of the North, and of the South, and West, where the Heart and Bigarreau classes fail. We hope the attention of persons who are experimenting with seedlings will keep this in view. Hardiness is a point of the utmost importance. At the present moment, after all that has been done, we know of no cherry of such universal utility as the May Duke.

Among the large quantities of new foreign fruits, we have received but a small number of cherries. The Belle d'Orleans is an acquisition, being among our earlier sorts, ripening with Bauman's May and Early Purple Guigne, and being light colored, is not so much attacked by birds. It is also a very beautiful and delicious fruit.

The *Bigarreau Monstreuse de Mezel*, of which we give a portrait, proves to be a large productive variety, and, as the fruit is firm, valuable for marketing. The tree is a very strong, irregular grower—more so than the Elton, or any other variety we know of, and, as far as we have observed, quite hardy. Fruit—very large, larger than Black Tartarian, obtuse heart-shaped, with an uneven surface. Stalk—long and slender. Color—dark mahogany. Flesh—firm, somewhat like the Tradescant's Black Heart, juicy and agreeable, though not highly flavored. The fruit is produced in very large clusters. Ripe, at Rochester, latter end of June and beginning of July—usually lasts to the middle of July.

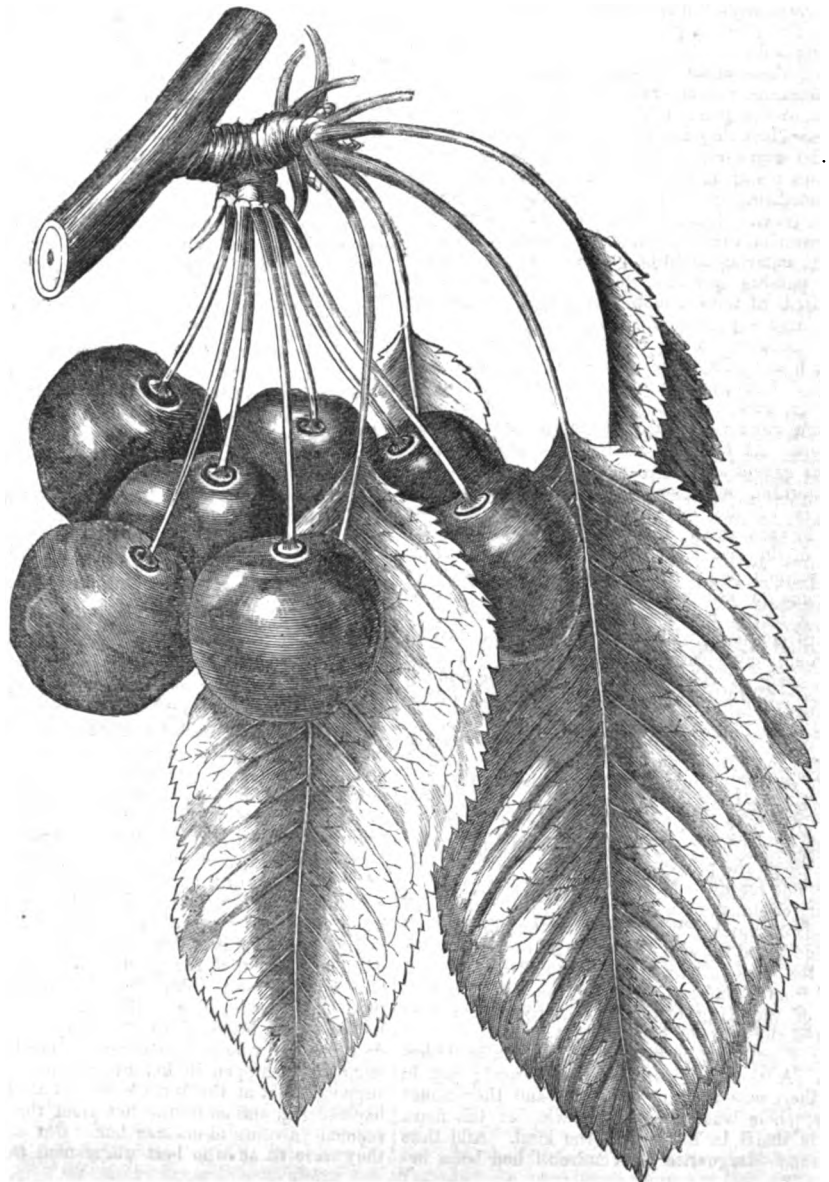
THE CLEAN VILLAGE OF BROEK.—Mr. Albert Smith—in his scenic journey to his autumn estate, Mont Blanc—gives us a most vivid painting of Broek, the Dutch village, kept so intensely clean, that we believe boys are hired to scare even the flies from the principal precincts. Washington Irving has a delicious description of the uncomfortable spotlessness of the place. The inhabitants hate dirt, always excepting the dirt of filthy lucre. One woman, we are told, died from pure chagrin at having failed "to scour a black man white." She probably brought him no nearer than the mulatto state. I alighted outside of the village (writes Irving), for no horse or vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust of my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch

cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush. The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or courtyards, paved in mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the streets by curiously-wrought railings or ballustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of the exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, except on christenings, marriages, or funerals: on all ordinary occasions visitors enter by the back door. In former times persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on. This village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed, you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is, in fact, the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades everything else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place: but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is dain-

tily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a ribbon!

ELECTRIC LIGHTS ON RAILWAYS.—During a fog, the ordinary red and green lights on railways are all but obscure, or, if seen, appear but of one color, and trains are left to the chance of fog-signals. Through the heaviest fog that ever swallowed the metropolis in its murky jaws, the electric light shines in all its mid-day brilliancy, heedless of heavy atmosphere. Along our dangerous coasts, during winter months, how many ships are lost, how many lives are sacrificed, how many valuable cargoes destroyed, from the want of a light sufficiently powerful to burst through the midnight haze of storm, and warn the voyager of the hidden danger ere it be too late. Surely in these cases interest and humanity would prompt the availing of this new and now cheap and simple light. It is worth while, too, to dwell upon the simplicity of the electric lamp, which may be turned on and attended to by the most ordinary person; and inasmuch as the electric light signals proposed to be employed do not depend on color, but on shape for their signification, there can be no confusion during the most foggy weather. A simple straight line of electric light denotes that all is right; a semicircle of brilliant rays to the left or right of the signal-post indicates the side on which danger presents itself; whilst an entire circle of light warns an approaching train to stop altogether.

The following return of the numbers daily printed by the principal Paris journals is taken from M. Didot's pamphlet on the fabrication of paper; it may be regarded as official:—*Presse*, 40,000; *Sicile*, 35,000; *Constitutionnel*, 25,000; *Moniteur*, 24,000; *Patrie*, 18,000; *Pays*, 14,000; *Débats*, 9,000; *Assemblée Nationale*, 6,000; *Univers*, 3,500; *Union*, 3,500; *Gazette de France*, 2,500; *Gazette de Tribunaux*, 2,500. These journals are all printed in five offices, and the quantity of paper they annually consume amounts to more than twenty millions of dollars.



THE CHERRY.—BIGARREAU MONSTREUSE DE MEZEL.

Marguerite de Vaudreuil.

"Nor so, not so," said King Henry, "I have sworn it; and though I may pity thee, I may not be forsworn. To-morrow thou must to a convent, there to abide for ever!"

"And that will not be long," answered the girl, a gleam of her old pride and impetuosity lighting up her fair features.

"By heaven, I say for ever!" cried Henry, stamping his foot on the ground angrily.

"And I reply, not long!"

A cold and dark north-easter had swept together a host of straggling vapors and thin lowering clouds over the French metropolis—the course of the Seine might be traced easily among the grotesque roofs and Gothic towers which at that day adorned its banks, by the grey ghostly mist which seethed up from its sluggish waters—a small fine rain was falling noiselessly, and almost imperceptibly, by its own weight, as it were, from the surcharged and watery atmosphere—the air was keenly cold and piercing, although the seasons had not crept far as yet beyond the confines of the summer. The trees, for there were many in the streets of Paris, and still more in the faubourgs and gardens of the *haute noblesse*, were thickly covered with white rime, as were the manes and frontlets of the horses, the clothes, and hair, and eye-brows of the human beings who ventured forth in spite of the inclement weather. A sadder and more gloomy scene can scarcely be conceived than is presented by the streets of a large city in such a time as that I have attempted to describe. But this peculiar sadness was, on the day of which I write, augmented and exaggerated by the continual tolling of the great bell of St. Germain Auxerrois, replying to the iron din which arose from the grey towers of Notre Dame. From an early hour of the day the people had been congregating in the streets and about the bridges leading to the precincts of the royal palace, the Chateau des Tournelles, which then stood—long since obliterated almost from the memory of men—upon the Isle de Paris, the greater part of which was covered with the courts, and terraces, and gardens of that princely pile.

Strong bodies of the household troops were posted here and there about the avenues and gates of the royal demesne, and several large detachments of the archers of the *prevot's* guard—still called so from the arms which they had long since ceased to carry—might be seen everywhere on duty. Yet there were no symptoms of an *emeute* among the crowd, which was increasing every moment as the day waxed toward noon. Some feeling certainly there was. Grief, wonder, expectation, and a sort of half-doubtful pity, as far as might be gathered from the words of the passing speakers, were the more prominent ingredients of the common feeling which had called out so large a portion of the city's population on a day so unsuited to any spectacle of interest. For several hours this mob, increasing, as it has been described, from hour to hour, varied but little in its character, save that, as the day wore, it became more and more respectable in the appearance of its members. At first it had been composed, almost without exception, of artisans and shop-boys. As the morning advanced, however, many of the burghers of the city and respectable craftsmen might be seen among the crowd; and a little later many of the secondary gentry and *petite noblesse*, with women and children, all showing the same symptoms of sad yet eager expectation. Now, when it lacked but a few minutes of noon, long trains of courtiers, with their retinue and armed attendants, many a head of a renowned and ancient house, many a warrior, famous for valor and for conduct might be seen threading the mazes of the crowded thoroughfares toward the royal palace.

A double ceremony of singular and solemn nature was soon to be enacted there—the interment of a noble soldier, slain lately in an unjust quarrel, and the investiture of an unwilling woman with the robes of a holy sisterhood preparatory to her life-long interment in that sepulchre of the living body—sepulchre of the pining soul—the convent cloisters. Armand de Laguy!—Marguerite de Vaudreuil.

Many circumstances had united to call forth much excitement, much grave interest in the minds of all who had heard the singular and wild romance of the story, the furious and cruel combat which had resulted from it, and last, not least, the violent resentment of the King toward the guilty victim who survived the ruin she had wrought.

The story, was, in truth, then, but little understood. A thousand rumors were abroad; yet in each there was a share of truth; and the amount of the whole was perhaps less wide of the mark than is usual in matters of the kind. And thus they ran: Marguerite de Vaudreuil had been be-

trothed to the youngest of France's famous warriors, Charles de La-Hiré, who after a time fell—as it was related by his young friend and kinsman, Armand de Laguy—covered with wounds and honor. The body had been found outstretched beneath the survivor, who, himself desperately hurt, had alone witnessed, and in vain endeavored—he said—to prevent his cousin's slaughter. The face of Charles de La-Hiré, as all men deemed the corpse to be, was mangled and defaced so frightfully as to render recognition by the features utterly hopeless; yet, from the emblazoned surcoat which it bore, the well-known armor on the limbs, the signet-ring upon the finger, and the accustomed sword clenched in the dead right hand, none doubted the identity of the body, or questioned the truth of Armand's story.

Armand de Laguy, succeeding by La-Hiré's death to all his lands and lordships, returned to the metropolis, and mixed in the gaities of that gay period, when all the court of France was revelling in the celebration of the union of the dauphin with the lovely Mary Stuart, in after-days the hapless Queen of Scotland. He wore no decent and accustomed garb of mourning. He suffered no interval, however brief—due to decorum at least, if not to kindly feeling—to elapse, before it was announced that Marguerite de Vaudreuil, the dead man's late betrothed, was instantly to wed his living cousin! She had already accepted him, and declared her love for him. Her wondrous beauty, her all-seductive manners, her extreme youth, had in vain pleaded against the general censure of the court—the world. Men had frowned on her for a while, and women sneered and slandered; but after a little while, as the novelty of the story wore away, the indignation against her inconstancy ceased, and she was once again installed the leader of the court's unwedded beauties.

Suddenly, on the very eve of her intended nuptials, Charles de La-Hiré returned!—ransomed, as it turned out, from the Italian dungeons of the prince of Parma, and making fearful charges of treason and intended murder against Armand de Laguy. The king had commanded that the truth should be proved by a solemn combat; had sworn to execute upon the felon's block whichever of the two should yield or confess falsehood; had sworn that the inconstant Marguerite (who, on the return of De La-Hiré, had returned instantly to her former feelings, asserting her perfect confidence in the truth of Charles, the treachery of Armand) should either wed the victor, or live and die the inmate of the most rigorous convent in his realm.

The battle had been fought yesterday! Armand de Laguy fell, mortally wounded by his wronged cousin's hand, and with his latest breath declared his treasons, and implored pardon from his king, his kinsman, and his God—happy to perish by a brave man's sword, not by a headman's axe. And Marguerite, rejected by the man she had once betrayed—herself refusing, even if he were willing, to wed with him whom she could but dishonor—had now no option save death or the cloister.

And now men pitied—women wept—all frowned, and wondered, and kept silence. That a young, vain, capricious beauty—the pet and spoiled child from her very cradle, of a gay and luxurious court, worshipped for her charms like a second Aphrodite, intoxicated with the love of admiration—that such a one should be inconstant, fickle—should swerve from her fealty to the dead—a questionable fealty always—and be won to a rash second love by the falsehood and treasons of a man young, and brave, and handsome—falsehood which had deceived wise men—that such should be the course of events, men said, was neither strange nor monstrous! It was a fault, which might indeed make her future faith suspected, which would surely justify Charles de La-Hiré in casting back her hand—but which at the worst, deserved no such doom as the soul-chilling cloister. She had, they said, in no respect participated in the guilt, or shared the treacheries of Armand. On the contrary, she, the victim of his fraud, had been the first to denounce him.

But the king was relentless. "Either the wife of De La-Hiré, or the bride of God in the cloister!" was his unvarying reply. No further answer would he give—no disclosure of his motives would he make, even to his wisest councillors. Some, indeed, augured that the good monarch's anger was but feigned, and that, deeming her sufficiently punished already, he was desirous still of forcing her to be the bride of him to whom she had been destined, and whom she still despite her brief inconstancy, worshipped in her heart; and all men still supposed that at the last Charles would forgive the hapless girl, and so relieve her from the tomb that seemed yawning to enclose her. But others—and they were those who best understood the mood of

France's second Henry—vowed that the wrath was real; and felt that he never would forgive the guilty girl, whose frailty, as he swore, had caused such bloodshed.

But now it was high noon: and forth filed from the palace-gates a long and glittering train—Henry and all his Court, with all the rank and beauty of the realm, knights, nobles, peers and princes, damsels and dames, the pride of France and Europe. But at the monarch's right walked one, clad in no gay attire, pale, languid, wounded, and war-worn—Charles de La-Hiré, the victor. A sad, deep gloom o'ercast his large dark eye, and threw a shadow over his massy forehead. His lip had forgot to smile, his glance to lighten; yet was there no remorse, no doubt, no wavering in his calm, noble features—only fixed, settled sorrow. His long and waving hair, evenly parted on his crown, fell down on either cheek, while a scarf of black taffeta supported his weapon—a heavy, double-edged, straight broadsword—and served at the same time to support his left arm, the sleeve of which hung open, tied in with points of riband. He was clad in black, and a slouched hat, without feather, completed the suit of melancholy mourning.

In the midst of the train was a yet sadder sight—Marguerite de Vaudreuil, robed in the snow-white vestments of a novice, with all her glorious ringlets, soon to be shorn, flowing in loose redundancy over her shoulders and bosom, pale as the monumental stone, and only not as rigid. A hard featured, grey-headed monk supported her on either hand; and a long train of priests swept after, with crucifix, and rosary, and censer.

Scarcely had this strange procession issued from the great gates of Les Tournelles—the death-bells tolling still from every tower and steeple—before another train, gloomier yet and sadder, filed out from the gate of the royal tilt-yard, at the farther end of which stood a superb pavilion. Sixteen black Benedictine monks led the array, chanting the mournful *Miserere*. Next behind these (strange contrast!) strode on the grim, gaunt form, clad in his blood-stained tabard, and bearing full displayed his broad two-handed axe—fell emblem of his odious calling—the public executioner of Paris. Immediately in the rear of this dark functionary, not borne by his bold captains, nor followed by his gallant vassals with arms reversed and signs of martial sorrow, but ignominiously supported by the grim-visaged ministers of the law, came on the bier of Armand, the last Count de Laguy.

Stretched in a coffin of the rudest material and construction, with his pale visage bare, displaying still in its distorted lines and sharpened features the agonies of mind and body which had preceded his untimely dissolution, the bad but haughty noble was borne to his long home in the graveyard of Notre Dame. His sword, broken in twain, was laid across his breast, his spurs had been hacked from his heels by the cleaver of the scullion, and his reversed escutcheon was hung above his head.

The funeral-train preceded the King, and his Court followed. They reached the graveyard, hard beneath those superb grey towers; they reached the grave, in a remote and gloomy corner, where, in unconsecrated earth, reposed the executed felon. The priests attended not the corpse beyond the precincts of that unholy spot; their solemn chant died mournfully away; no rites were done, no prayers were said above the senseless clay, but in silence was it lowered into the ready pit—silence disturbed only by the deep, hollow sound of the clods that fell fast and heavy on the breast of the guilty noble! Three forms stood by the grave—stood till the last clod had been heaped upon its kindred clay, and the dark headstone planted: Henry, the King; Charles, Baron de La-Hiré; and Marguerite de Vaudreuil.

And as the last clod was flattened down upon the dead—after the stone was fixed—De La-Hiré crossed the grave to the despairing girl, where she had stood gazing with a fixed, rayless eye on the sad ceremony, and took her by the hand, and spoke so loud that all might hear his words, while Henry looked on, not without an air of wondering excitement:—

"Not that I did not love thee," he said, "Marguerite! Not that I did not pardon thee thy brief inconstancy, caused as it was by evil arts of which we will say nothing now—since he who plotted them hath suffered even above his merits, and is, we trust, now pardoned! Not for these causes, nor for any of them, I have declined thine hand thus far; but that the king commanded, judging it in his wisdom best for both of us. Now, Armand is gone hence; and let all doubt and sorrow go hence with him! Let all your tears, all my suspicions, be buried in his grave for ever! I take your hand, dear Marguerite—I take you as my bride—I claim you mine for ever!"

Thus far the girl had listened to him, not with any sign of renewed hope or rekindled happiness in her pale features—but with cold attention. But now she put away his hand, and spoke with a firm, unflinching voice.

"Be not so weak!" she said: "be not so weak, Charles de La-Hiré—nor fancy me so vain! The weight and wisdom of years have passed above my head since yester morning: then was I a vain, thoughtless girl; now am I a woman! That I have sinned, is very true—that I have betrayed thee, wronged thee! It may be, you had spoken of pardon yesterday—it all might have been well! But if it were dishonor to take me yesterday, by what is it made honor now? No! no! Charles de La-Hiré! do not think that Marguerite de Vandreuil will owe to man's compassion what she owes not to love? Peace, Charles de La-Hiré! my last words to thee have been spoken. And now, Sir King, may God judge between thee and me, as thou hast judged! If I was frail and fickle, if I sinned deeply against De La-Hiré, I sinned not knowingly. If I sinned deeply, more deeply was I sinned against, more deeply was I left to suffer, even hadst thou heaped no more brands upon the burning! If to bear hopeless love—to repent with continual remorse—to writhe with trampled pride!—if this be to suffer, then, Sir King, had I enough suffered without thy just interposition!" As she spoke, a bitter sneer curled her lip for a moment; but as she saw Henry again about to speak, a wilder and higher expression flashed over all her features.

"Nay," she cried, "thou shalt hear me out! Thou didst swear yesterday I should live in a cloister cell for ever! and I replied to thy words then, 'Not long!' I have thought better now; and now I answer, 'NEVER!' Lo here! ye who have marked the doom of Armand—mark now the doom of Marguerite!"

And with the words, before any one could interfere, she raised her right hand on high—and all then saw the quick twinkle of a weapon—and struck herself, a quick, slight blow immediately under the left bosom! It seemed a quick, slight blow, but it had been so accurately studied—so steadily aimed and fatally—that the keen blade, scarcely three inches long, was driven home into her heart. She spoke no syllable again, nor uttered any cry!—nor did a single spasm contract her pallid features, a single convulsion distort her shapely limbs; but she leaped forward, and fell upon her face, quite dead, at the king's feet!

Henry smiled not again for many a day thereafter. Charles de La-Hiré died very old, a Carthusian monk of the strictest order, having mourned sixty years and prayed in silence for the sorrows and sins of that most hapless woman.

The Fatal Pleasure Trip.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

A FEW leagues from the western shore of Norway are some deep and extensive eddies, among which is a tremendous whirlpool, called the *Malström*, and by sailors the *Navel of the sea*. It is found between the islands of *Moskenesöe* and *Moscöe*. The waters in it are kept in fearful commotion. Ships of the heaviest burden, if drawn within it, are shivered to atoms; and the whale itself is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and crushed to pieces in its vortex. Its suction affects the water to a considerable distance round. Persons in boats or small vessels, who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence, can seldom make an effort sufficiently powerful to effect an escape. They are generally drawn into the funnel and perish.

Some years ago, a party of young ladies and gentlemen, who were residing on the shore at no great distance from this whirlpool, resolved, one afternoon in the month of July, to take an excursion that evening in a pleasure boat. They were not much accustomed to the sea, and the young men were not qualified to ply the oar with anything like dexterity or skill; but they supposed there was no danger. Young and gay, they were buoyant and lively. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam played briskly on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oil on the billow, and it slept. The water presented a smooth, unruffled surface, and seemed a sea of glass. Danger! who, even the most timorous, could suspect that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking so near the surface?

The evening came. The young people assembled on the beach. The pleasure-boat was unmoored, and the party gaily entered. The boat was pushed from the shore, and was soon under weigh. It was propelled by those at the oar with more rapidity than skill. But they soon discovered that it would skim gently over the water when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They therefore allowed the boat

to glide gently along, and all was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel became gradually, though to them insensibly, more rapid. They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool, and the motion being rotary, they soon came round almost to the same spot from whence they had sailed. At this critical moment—the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved—several persons on shore discovered them, and, being aware of their danger, instantly gave the alarm. They shouted to those in the boat, and entreated them to make one desperate effort, and regain the shore if possible. But their endeavors were in vain; the pleasure-party laughed at the talk of danger, made no attempt to deliver themselves, and united in striking up a lively glee.

The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually increasing, and the circle around which it was drawn, by the rotary movement of the water, becoming smaller. It soon appeared the second time to those on the land. Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who, if delivered, must be delivered by their own exertions; for those on shore, even if they launched another boat, and rushed into the very jaws of danger, could not save them while they determined to remain inactive, and allowed themselves to be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this fearful mouth, ready to swallow at once both them and their boat. Still the party moved on in merriment. Peals of laughter were often heard, and mocking sneers were given to those on shore, who had cautioned, and who would have delighted in saving them. For a time they continued to move round, and, in their thoughtlessness, expressed the pleasure they felt in the peculiar motion of the vessel; that motion which was the prelude to destruction!

Presently, however, the pleasure-party began to hear the roar of the tremendous vortex. It sounded like the distant sea in a storm, or like the hoarse, unsteady bellows of the all-devouring earthquake. Ever and anon the boat began to quiver like an aspen leaf, and then it shot like lightning through the now foam-covered sea. Mirth was suspended, and solemnity overspread every countenance. The party began to suspect that danger was near, and soon they felt it. When they came again in sight of the land, their cries for assistance became loud and piercing. "Help! help! for mercy's sake, help!" was shrieked out in tones of despair. And, as if to add to the horror of this scene of distress, a thick, black cloud shrouded the heavens in darkness. Now all was excitement and energy. The helm was turned, the sail was hoisted; the oars were pulled till the blood seemed ready to start from every vein. But the oars were soon snapped in pieces, and the fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss! the boat now trembled—now tossed and pitched—now whirled suddenly round—now was lashed by the spray—and presently was thrown with violence into the jaws of death, opened wide to receive it, and the immortals whom it carried!

Thus perished the pleasure-boat and all who sailed in it. And thus perish thousands in the vortex of dissipation. At first they sailed smoothly around its outermost verge, and were scarcely, as they supposed, within the sphere of its influence; and they laughed, perhaps, at those who faithfully warned them of their danger. Let the young, and especially young men, lay up in the storehouse of their memory, the account here given of the pleasure-boat and its destruction. Let them remember it when sinful pleasure beckons them to its fatal bower.

A similar incident has been successfully employed by the celebrated temperance advocate, Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, as an illustration of the gradual and almost imperceptible, but yet certain results of a persevering use of alcoholic beverages. In his illustration the scene is laid on the *Niagara River*, and he describes it thus:—

"Now launch your bark on the river; it is bright, smooth, glassy, beautiful. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sail, helm in proper trim, as you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank: 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' you cry. 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha, ha, we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we find that we are going too fast, we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then, on boys, don't be alarmed; there's no danger.' Again the voice is heard, 'Young men, ahoy!' 'Well, what is it?' 'The rapids are below you!' 'Oh, all is delightful; we will laugh and quaff. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment: time enough to steer

out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.' Again the voice is heard, more sharp and shrill, 'Young men, ahoy!' 'Well, what is it?' 'Beware! beware! the rapids are just below you!' 'The rapids?' Ah, now you feel it. Now you see the water foaming all around. See, how fast you pass that point! Ah, up with the helm! Now turn! Pull! pull hard! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord on the brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go! And thus thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through the power of evil habit. Friends see the danger, and warn them of it; but they console themselves, and go gaily on, saying, 'When we find that we are in danger, then we will give it up.'"

KERTSCH AND YENIKALE.—What is called the Sea of Azoff is in reality nothing more than a vast pond or gulf, noted for its shallowness, and united to the Black sea by the Strait of Yenikalé. The Sea of Azoff is inaccessible to what would be properly called vessels of war; it is defended on the south by Kertsch and Yenikalé, and on the north by Taganrog and Azoff. It will be now no longer traversed, as it has hitherto been, by a multitude of small vessels, conveying troops and provisions for Sebastopol, for it is without doubt part of the plan of the allied commanders to send in a number of their own vessels and maintain the command of the whole sea. Kertsch is a small town, the chief place of the peninsula of that name. It is remarkable for its commanding position on the Strait of Yenikalé. Its roadstead is fine, and it is celebrated for its fine museum of antiquities, medals, sculpture, &c., found in the neighborhood. There are several constructions of enormous size near it, which are known by the name of the Houses of the Cyclops. Yenikalé is a small town, but important on account of its citadel, which commands the Strait, and which has always been highly considered by the Russians as a fortress. The distance from Yenikalé to Kertsch is about nine miles, across a verdant plain. Kertsch is completely built of stone, and the houses are handsome. It contains a population of about 10,000 souls. It was a place of only slight importance when it was ceded by the Porte to Russia, in 1774, but it soon after partly recovered its original splendor, to the detriment of Theodosia, the ancient Kaffa. All the commerce carried on at Theodosia was removed by the Russian government to Kertsch, where all vessels bound to the Sea of Azoff were compelled to undergo a quarantine of four days.

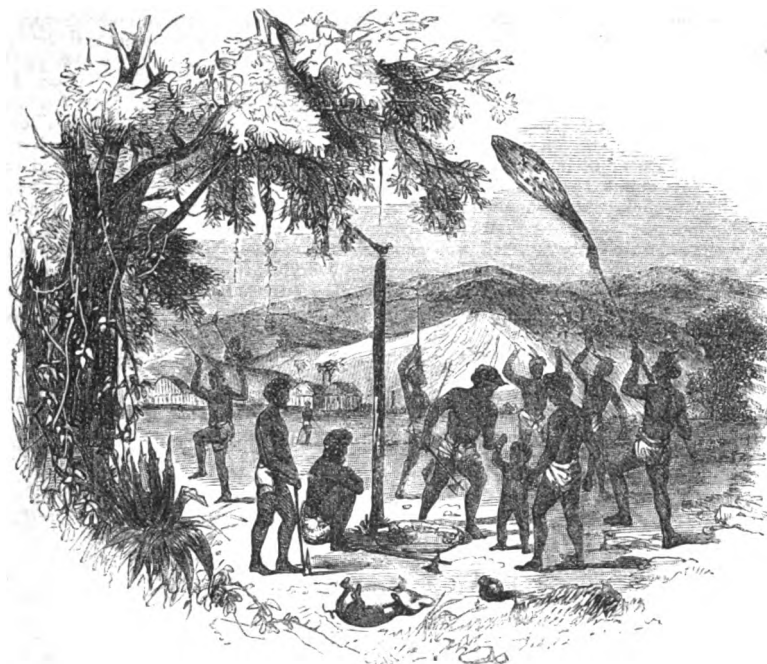
MARIUPOLE.—This town, captured by the allies, is a place of much commercial activity. In it is gathered the grain brought from the interior, and taken by Genoese merchantmen, who have not forgotten this route, which was so well known to their ancestors, and where the Genoese flag was once so powerful. Beyond Marioupol, the coast, bordered with cliffs, runs nine miles and a half to the south-west, and terminates at Cape Bielosarai, at the foot of which is formed a tongue of sand, seven miles in extent, to the south-west, curving towards the west. There are fourteen feet of water at about a mile from the shore, from Marioupol to Cape Bielosarai. The same bottom is found the whole length of the tongue at half a mile from its eastern shore. It changes to the south-west of the light-house and successively throughout the whole western part, when only fourteen feet are found at two miles from land. From the north-west of the light house along the coast which runs towards the west the sea gets deeper, and at a mile it is sixteen feet.

THE RIGHT STUDY.—Some men are exceedingly diligent in acquiring a vast compass of learning; some in aspiring to honor and preferments; some in heaping up riches; others are intent upon pleasures and diversions—hunting or play, or vain contrivances—to pass away their time; others are taken up in useless speculations; others set up for men of business, and spend all their days in hurry and noise; but amidst this variety, few apply themselves to the true wisdom which should direct their lives.

If a man does what he ought to do, he'll never do it constantly or equally, without knowing why he does it; and if it be only chance or custom, he that does well by chance may do ill so, too.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

FALSEHOOD, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but when blended with wholesome ingredients, may be swallowed unperceived.



SUPERSTITIOUS OBSERVANCES OF THE KHANDS AND KOOKEES.

The Khandes and Kookees.

A HISTORY of superstition would be one of the most remarkable narratives which the hand of man has ever penned, and perhaps very few portions of it would be more extraordinary than those which referred to the superstitions of the Khandes of Orissa. Hid in their mountain fastnesses, these people were only known to us, until a recent period, by obscure report. Happily, however, we are told that their cruel practices are already discontinued, and we shall accordingly speak of them as of things no longer existing. We presume, however, that the main features of the Khond religion remain unaltered; and we shall therefore write, after this caution, in the present tense, when not alluding to the practices of infanticide and human sacrifice.

The Khandes believe in a deity whom they call Boora Pennu, who first created a wife for himself, called Tari Pennu, and afterwards made the lower earth, on which he dwelt with her. Her lack of conjugal love estranged his affections, and he determined to create a new race of more obedient beings. A native legend records the creation of vegetables and of various kinds of animals, and last of all man, who was made sinless, and without disease, or need of toil for the produce of the ground. Holding free communion with his Creator, he went about unclad and unhurt by the lower creation. But man was tempted by Tari, and fell, with the exception of a few who stood firm, and were therefore translated to heaven by Boora, and made partakers of his divinity. The remainder of mankind was subjected to death, the ground was cursed, animals became destructive, and flowers and fruits poisonous, and the conflict between good and evil commenced.

Thus far the Khandes agree in their creed as to the creation and fall of man; but here they branch off into two sects—the worshippers of Boora and the devotees of Tari. The sect of Boora hold that Tari is only able to act so as to promote the wishes of Boora, and as an instrument of his moral rule. The sect of Tari maintain that Boora cannot control her, and that she has the power of conferring every earthly good, as well as of inflicting every ill. Wishful that a moderate happiness should still be within the reach of man, Boora created three subordinate orders of gods to watch over human concerns. The first class sprang from Boora and Tari, and six of them preside respectively over Rain, Vegetation, Increase, the Chase, War, and Boundaries; the seventh sees justice done to the dead. The second rank consists of the sinless mortals of the golden age; and the third, of the progeny of the two superior classes of gods.

Dinga Pennu, the God of the Dead, lives on a mountain called the Leaping Rock, which lies beyond the seas, and to this the souls of the dead are driven. They are compelled to leap a dark unfathomable Styx, which girds it, alighting upon a smooth rock, slippery, like a floor covered with mustard seed. This dangerous leap occasions injuries and deformities; and the latter, and perhaps the former, are believed to be transmitted to the bodies into which they next transmigrate. On this rock sits Dinga, who is occupied night and day in writing

transmigration. We presume, however, that these are not the only virtues and vices in the ethics of the Khandes.

The sect of Tari maintain that she also wishes to raise man from his fallen condition, and that she taught mankind agriculture, the chase, and the art of war, without the medium of other gods.

But to pass on from legendary fancies to actual events, let us now notice the human sacrifices of the Khandes. These were offered to Tari; and the regular sacrifices were generally made about the time when the crops were put in, so that every family might have a fragment of flesh buried in their fields. But besides these, others were offered whenever the goddess was supposed to have exhibited tokens of anger—such as the ravages of a tiger, murrain among the cattle, or threatened dearth.

Meriah, or victims, must have been obtained by purchase, or have been the property of those who offered them, and they were usually furnished by two smaller tribes, who either sold them from their own families, or bought or kidnapped children from the Hindus of the plain. The Khandes would sell their own children in a time of famine; and this is not very surprising when we reflect that to die by sacrifice was looked upon as a distinction, and as a certain mode of reaching heaven. The meriah was revered by the tribe, and if he grew up, a wife, who was frequently a meriah also, was provided for him, and they were supplied with a farm and stock. Being so well treated, and hoping that their turn for sacrifice might never come, it was expected that the meriahs would not attempt to escape. There was also the dread of a probable recapture, with the sentence of confinement in fetters, until they were required for sacrifice, to act as a check upon them, together with the carefully-instilled belief that the goddess would revenge an escape, and cause them to die miserably by disease.

The hair of the victim was cut off ten or twelve days before the time of sacrifice. A drunken feast was held for three days, and was attended by a great concourse of people, and on the second day before the sacrifice the victim was led out of the village, in a new garment, with music and dancing, to the meriah grove. This was left in uncultivated luxuriance, and was considered to be haunted ground. The Janni, who officiated at these rites, appears to have led a very extraordinary life, for we are told that he must live in a filthy hut, and wash only with spittle, and that he ate such dainties as pieces of grilled skin, the feet of sacrificed buffaloes, and the heads of sacrificed fowls. We are somewhat incredulous, however, about the severe asceticism of the Janni, although we have no reason for our lack of faith beyond a suspicion that human nature would not submit, except for some very powerful reason, and in special individuals, to such a mode of life as this. The Janni now anointed the victim, to whom great reverence was paid throughout the day, and on the following morning he was refreshed with milk and palm sago. The licentious orgies which had been going forwards about him during the night were brought to a close at the noon of this day, and

upon it a record of the actions of every man during his life. Troops of shades are despatched by him to fulfil his just and inflexible award. The souls of the virtuous are admitted into Elysium, but those of the wicked go back to earth again, to suffer in a new life the penalties of their guilt. To kill a foe, to die in battle, or as a victim to the earth-goddess, and to be a priest, entitle a soul to enter Elysium.

Broken oaths, lies, except to save a guest, debt, incest, skulking in time of war, infractions of the law of hospitality, and the betrayal of state secrets, subject a soul to the victim was loosed from his stake and stupefied with opium.

A strange scene followed. A kind of dialogue commenced, in which the character of the victim, and sometimes that of the other celebrants, was performed by those best able to sustain the horrible ritual. Invocation, entreaty, and imprecation were all introduced into this savage ceremony, and at its close the victim was removed to a spot made choice of on the previous night. Here the neck or the chest of the meriah was placed in the cleft arm of a green tree, and the divided ends were fastened with cords. The priest now gave the first blow; the crowd rushed upon the poor creature and stripped off the flesh from the bones. On the day after the sacrifice, the remains of the meriah were consumed—the ashes they scattered over the fields.

Those who had come from the other villages of the tribe hastened home with their portion of flesh, which they gave to the priest, who divided it into two pieces, one of which was buried, and the other distributed to the families in the village. Each family buried its own piece of flesh in the favorite field. The rites ended with a common feast. In one district the victim was roasted over a slow fire, and the flesh cut and distributed on the following day.

The gods of the Khandes are of human form but of ethereal texture. They are of different colors, and all, except three, live upon the earth, moving at the height of about two cubits above its surface, invisible to man, but visible to the lower animals. All the gods worship Tari and Boora, and those of inferior rank worship those above them, and offer up victims to them. When a bullock or pig vanishes, or is found dead, the priests tell the owner that some god required it for a sacrifice; and if this explanation is as satisfactory as it is convenient, we may suspect that some of these priests take care that gods often come on such errands. It is stated in another account that the arm, or if needful, the leg-bones of the victim, were broken in several places, as he must neither suffer bound, nor exhibit any tokens of resistance. The mode of procedure varied, perhaps, at different times and in different districts. Any one may become a priest who chooses; but whether every priest is, or may become a sacrificing Janni, is not apparent.

The Khandes have neither temples nor images. Groves, untouched by the axe; hoar rocks; the tops of hills; gushing fountains, and the banks of streams, are regarded as the most suitable places for devotion. At one or two places, however, pieces of stone or iron are preserved in houses appropriated to this purpose, but here the Khandes are much exposed to Hindu influence. To find out the cause of sickness is one of the chief functions of the priesthood, for sickness is believed to proceed from the anger of a god, or the arts of a foe. To ascertain which god is displeased, the priest takes his seat by the afflicted person, and divides some rice into little heaps, each of which he dedicates to some god. He then places a few grains of rice upon each end of a suspended sickle, and calls upon all the gods by name, and if the sickle moves slightly as any name is mentioned, that is held to show that a god has come and rested upon the rice. The priest declares the name of the god, lays down the sickle, and counts the grains in the heap. If the number be odd, the god is offended—if even, he is pleased. In the former case, the priest becomes inspired, loosens his long hair, shakes his head, and disgorges a flood of incoherent words. The patient humbly inquires why the god is displeased, and makes the offering which is prescribed; and this, we must remember, might cost the life of some human being.

The sect of Boora offer a contrast in their rites, and will not sleep under the roof of a manslaying tribe until they have burnt straws from the thatch, to indicate their conquest over it and its inhabitants. They, however, are like the sect of Tari, in that they practised female infanticide. A dissolute festival is their principal ceremony. The worshippers of the Earth Goddess spare no female child, except such as are the firstborn children of their mothers. In some tribes, if not in all, women have remarkable privileges, and this has led to most of the sanguinary feuds existing between the branches of the Khandes. Hence daughters are regarded as a curse to their tribe. To such an extent is infanticide carried, that in some tribes scarcely a female is spared, and it is believed that no portion of the Khond people is wholly free from it. There is a notion also, that the mental qualities of boys are improved, and their number increased by this destruction of females.

MODESTY and humility make up the brightest crown of great performances.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 59, Vol. II.

CHAPTER LXIII.

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not, but by her.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE English nation were the last people in the world likely to submit tamely to such an insult as that which Philip of Spain had offered in the threatened invasion of the island. They burned to retaliate, and the means were soon found to gratify their wish.

The claimant to the crown of Portugal, who was generally known by the name of Don Antonio, had long been a resident in England, in the hope of enlisting it in his cause. His representations were

now backed by the request of Parliament that her majesty would undertake an expedition to rend Portugal from the grasp of Spain, and place the prince upon the throne. Bitterly as the queen hated her brother-in-law, the Spanish king, she was either too prudent or too parsimonious to consent openly to declare war in favor of Don Antonio; but she permitted an expedition which was fitted out by Drake and others to assist him, and subscribed six thousand pounds towards the cost.

This enterprise was doomed to cost the queen more annoyance than even the Armada had done; for the latter ultimately redounded to her popularity and security.

Of all the favorites of the maiden queen, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, appears to have been the most worthy; for he neither compromised his honor and manhood by the servile submissiveness of his predecessors, nor abused his influence by acts of cruelty and rapacity. Young, ardent, and chivalrous, he burned with ardor to distinguish himself in the approaching enterprise, and requested permission of her majesty to depart.

"Depart?" replied the mature coquette, with a look of tenderness. "No, Robert—no! I cannot part with the only friend in whose counsels I place confidence! You must not leave me!"

"The call of honor!" urged the young man.

"Is not more imperative," said Elizabeth, "than that of loyalty! I require your services in England. You must assist my hand to hold the sceptre!"

"You have Burleigh, Walsingham, and your council, gracious madam!" exclaimed the young man, impatiently. "Their experience—did you require assistance in the task of government—far outweighs any service I could proffer!"

"Well, then," replied the queen, sharply, "it is my pleasure that you remain! Ungrateful boy, since you are so heedless of our friendship, we lay our commands upon you!"

The suppliant bowed to conceal his ill-humor, and retired. That very day Elizabeth gave orders that her wilful favorite should be watched; nor was it till the expedition had actually left the shores of England, that the young earl found himself a free agent.

But Essex was just as cunning as his royal mistress. Most probably he was wearied of her maudlin fondness, and anxious to relieve himself of her presence, as well as to earn distinction in the war.

No sooner had the fleet of adventurers sailed, than he secretly left London, embarked on board a sloop-of-war, called the *Swiftsure*, and joined Drake and his companions in the channel, where their ships were wind-bound.

In speaking of the expedition, it is only necessary to say, that although it achieved some success at the commencement, the result was most disastrous. Essex—who was foremost in every struggle—advanced as far as the gates of Lisbon, where he defied the Spanish governor to single combat: the city held out, and sickness soon after appearing in the ranks of the English troops, the fleet returned to England, but not before it had lost six thousand men out of the eighteen thousand engaged in this ill-considered and worse-directed enterprise.

Many courtiers thought that Elizabeth would have severely punished her favorite, for thus braving her authority, by quitting England without her permission. On the contrary, she received him with marks of the greatest tenderness, and manifested her delight at his return, by heaping fresh favors upon him.



ALDERMAN PARLEY AND HIS DAUGHTER COMPELLED TO DISMOUNT.

Walsingham—the unprincipled Walsingham—died about this period, a poor and disappointed man. Unlike Burleigh, he had not possessed sufficient craft to rear a fortune—on the contrary, he had spent one. He died as he had lived, little beloved by the nation—leaving his widow in comparative poverty.

His daughter, the young and beautiful widow of the noble Sir Philip Sidney, resided with her mother. Long had she mourned the memory of her husband, with the constancy of a Greek or Roman matron. The first thing which brought consolation to her heart, was her acquaintance with the Earl of Essex. They met and loved in secret—for both feared the jealous wrath of their suspicious sovereign.

CHAPTER LXIV.

But war's a game which, were the people wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny grasp of heroes
Whose infirm and baby minds are gratified with mischief,
And who spoil, because men suffer it, their toy—
The world. SHAKESPEARE.

ELIZABETH was led, not only by personal friendship for the French king, but by sound policy, to send troops to France, to assist him to obtain the

throne which, on the death of his predecessor, descended to him by hereditary right. It was not merely a civil war which raged in the neighboring kingdom, but a religious one. The Catholic party were bent on excluding him on account of his religion, and Philip of Spain openly assisted them in their rebellious attempt: had they succeeded, there is little doubt that the two kingdoms would have united their forces, and attempted a second descent upon England—the strong fortress of the Reformed Church; added to which, the Catholic princes of Europe still bitterly resented the death of the unfortunate Mary.

Finding that the league was getting the upper hand, Henry wrote flattering and earnest letters to Elizabeth, imploring further aid—and, despite her naturally parsimonious habits, the request was readily complied with—for that astute princess saw at once that it was her own crown she was defending, as well as her Gallic neighbor's; she even sent him a scarf embroidered by her own hands, and entered into regular correspondence with him.

Although the enamored queen had refused the prayer of her favorite, Essex, to be appointed to the command of the troops first sent, she yielded to the request of the French king, and permitted her youthful Master of the Horse to undertake the expedition. The great probability is, that she was incited thereto by the jealousy which she felt on the occasion of his marriage; and deprived herself of the pleasure she took in having him near her person, to gratify her resentment against his wife. When Elizabeth agreed to assist the French monarch in the recovery of his crown from the rebellious league, she bargained that her troops should only be employed against the Spanish auxiliaries who had invaded France, to assist the Catholic party. But Henry, disregarding the conditions, employed them against his own subjects—a breach of contract which provoked the following indignant remonstrance from the English queen. As a specimen of her truly English style and angry eloquence, it stands unrivalled in the mass of her correspondence which has descended to us.

"I am astonished that any one who is so much beholden to us for aid in his need, should pay his most assured friend in such base coin. Can you imagine that the softness of my sex deprives me of courage to resent a public affront? The royal blood I boast could not brook from the mightiest prince in Christendom such treatment as you have within the last three months offered to me. Be not displeased if I tell you roundly, that if thus you treat your friends, who fully, and from pure affection, are serving you at a most important time, they will fail you afterwards at your greatest need. I would instantly have withdrawn my troops, had it not been the result, if the others, led by my example, and apprehending similar treatment, should desert you.

"This consideration induces me to allow them to remain a little longer; blushing, meantime, that I am made to the world the spectacle of a despised princess. I beseech the Creator to inspire you with a better way of preserving your friends.

"Your sister, who merits better treatment than she has had,

"E. R."

Henri Quatre was one of the most chivalrous princes in Europe, and not less renowned for his gallantries with the fair sex, than his success in the

cabinet and the field. By means of the power of Essex, who still retained his influence over the heart of the aged coquette, the French King contrived to appease the anger of her majesty; and matters were permitted to remain upon the same footing as previous to the letter we have quoted.

Lord Burleigh had long been solicitous that Elizabeth should confer the place of Secretary of State upon his son, who was a crooked, deformed, little man, and ill-suited to win the favor of the queen. Essex had been equally unfortunate in his solicitations that it should be given to Davison, who had already suffered so much on account of the death of the Scottish queen, and the part he had been duped into acting in that fearful tragedy; but her majesty refused for a long time to decide, and kept both candidates in suspense. Burleigh was no longer omnipotent with her, and she seemed to take a pleasure in displaying the altered state of their relations, by treating his advice and wishes with contemptuous indifference.

Great preparations were being made at Burleigh House for the reception of the queen, who was expected to honor her minister with a visit. Sir Robert Cecil, his son—for her majesty lately had knighted him—whilst staying at his father's seat, Theobalds, was looking on with an air of discontent, when the old statesman whispered in his ear:

"Put on a cheerful visage! In less than three days you shall be Secretary!"

"Has the queen promised?"

"No!"

"I have heard," replied the deformed aspirant for office, "that she has promised her favorite, Essex, to confer it upon his protégé, Davison! If all is true that I have heard," he added, bitterly, "she owes him no less a recompense for the affair of the Scottish queen's death! It rid her of a dangerous enemy, and you also!"

"Do not speak of it!" said the old man, sharply: not that he was touched by any compunctious visitings of conscience—for his long career proves that he was incapable alike of remorse or any generous sentiment—but there were unpleasant reminiscences connected with that mournful event. It had released his sovereign from the thrall in which he had contrived to hold her, and he was made daily and hourly to feel that he was no longer the indispensable minister.

The loud shouts from the populace who were congregated in the Strand, awaiting the arrival of her majesty, announced the near approach of the cavalcade, without which Elizabeth seldom appeared in public—for she was as fond of the "pomp and circumstance of royalty" as of the power it conveyed. Burleigh had scarcely time to hurry on his gown of velvet and miniver, and descend to the porch of his mansion, before the heavy gilt vehicle drew up to the door.

The guests, consisting of the nobility and courtiers who were assembled to receive her, bent the knee as the monarch alighted; but their compliments were drowned in the vociferous cries of the people in the street, of "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "Heaven preserve your majesty!"

"Thank you, my good people!" replied her majesty, who, radiant in gold and diamonds, bowed graciously, to the great risk of deranging her cumbersome head-dress of false hair, surmounted by a small imperial crown; "your queen is never so happy as when in the midst of her subjects!"

So saying, she accepted the arm of the master of the house, and, followed by her ladies and the train of nobles who attended her, disappeared from the gaze of the loyal and admiring crowd.

After the dinner, Elizabeth, still leaning on the arm of Lord Burleigh, walked through the principal rooms of the house, the good taste and luxury of which she very much commended.

"Plain and simple are my tastes, please your majesty," replied the old courtier, "in comparison with that of one who stands higher in the favor of his sovereign than myself!"

"And who may he be?" demanded the royal coquette, with a smile.

"My Lord of Essex!"

The queen, to avoid a direct reply, advanced to a distant part of the room, and paused before a portrait of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, painted previous to her marriage with Henry VII., whilst in the first bloom of girlhood. It had ever been one of the vanities of her descendant to be considered like her maternal ancestress.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed, as she gazed upon the canvas.

"And so like your majesty!" observed Sir Robert Cecil, with a low bow; all who see it are struck by the resemblance, which renders it doubly valuable in the eyes of our family!"

Elizabeth smiled graciously, and for the first time regarded the insignificant little speaker with some degree of complacency. By this time old Burleigh had rejoined his sovereign.

"She must indeed have been lovely!" he said. "The last time my Lord of Essex honored my poor mansion by a visit, we had an argument together touching the merits of the picture. The Master of the Horse contended that he had a portrait in his cabinet which far exceeded it in the beauty of the person it represented!"

The royal coquette bit her lips, to conceal the vexation which the words of the speaker conveyed to her jealous mind.

"And what was your reply, my lord?" she said. "That doubtless he meant your majesty's; and, if so, that I agreed with him!"

During the banquet which followed, the wary statesman noticed, with secret joy, that the queen appeared abstracted and dull. Scarcely was it concluded, when she took his arm, and, as they quitted the table, whispered in his ear:

"Let a carriage be ready in ten minutes, at some private entrance to your mansion, and be ready to attend me!"

"Where to?" demanded her host, with well-feigned surprise.

"To Essex House!"

CHAPTER LXV.

He that is once deceived will hardly speed. This is the world's soul: and just of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit. SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT was the consternation and astonishment at Essex House when Lord Burleigh and Elizabeth alighted from the carriage which had been driven into the court-yard. An aged domestic, who acted as major domo to the absent earl, whispered a few words hastily into the ear of one of his fellow-servants, who was about to retreat into the interior of the mansion, when the sharp voice of the queen arrested his steps.

"Come back, sirrah!" she exclaimed. "Your lord being absent in the wars, we need no one to announce us!"

With a pale countenance, the fellow returned.

"Whom have you here?" continued the royal visitor, addressing the principal domestic.

"The household of my lord!" replied the man, submissively.

"We will inspect the house of our faithful Master of the Horse!" replied Elizabeth. "It is only fitting that whilst he is in France upon our service, we see that his home does not suffer from carelessness in his absence! Follow my Lord of Burleigh and myself," she added; "but, on pain of my displeasure, let no one precede us!"

The look which accompanied the words, even more than the threat which they conveyed, told how dangerous it would be to disobey her commands. Her countenance was ghastly pale, denoting how strongly the demon passion, jealousy, was rankling in her breast. Taking the arm of her companion, she muttered, in a hoarse voice:

"Now then, my lord, for this same picture which you spoke of!"

Ascending the great stairs, the royal coquette crossed the picture gallery and the principal apartments, guided by Burleigh. She directed her steps at once to the cabinet of her absent lover, in which the portrait was supposed to be kept. With an imperious gesture, she pushed open the door and entered the room, followed by the trembling domestics.

Seated at a table near the window were two ladies—one young and beautiful, the other of mature age and matronly appearance. They were the widow of the late Secretary, Walsingham, and her daughter, the Countess of Essex. Both rose at the sudden, unwelcome apparition of the aged queen and her crafty minister, the deadly enemy of him whose safety was so dear to them.

"Who are these women?" demanded Elizabeth, haughtily; "and why do I find them here, in the absence of your master?"

There was a profound silence. None ventured to reply to her.

"What do they here?" she repeated, with increased vehemence, at the same time stamping her foot on the ground. "God's death! must I speak twice, and still remain unanswered? Is it thus you guard your lord's house, whilst he is away—making it a refuge for your wanton lemans? Thrust them forth into the street, and let them be grateful that I send them not to prison for presuming to appear in our presence!"

The domestics appeared irresolute. Not one of them dared to inform their angry sovereign that the ladies were the wife and mother-in-law of their

master. Still less could they bring themselves to commit an act which would render them unworthy of the trust reposed in them.

In this emergency, Lady Walsingham, who was a woman of great spirit, undertook the dangerous task of braving the wrath of the roused lioness.

"If your majesty will deign to look upon me," she said, "you will recognize the features of no dishonest woman, but those of the widow of the unquihle Francis Walsingham, whose fidelity to your throne and person even his enemies have never called in question—seeing that he spent his patrimony in your royal service! His wife and daughter, madam," she added, proudly, "deserve better usage at your hands than to be styled lemans in the presence of their household!"

"Mother—mother!" whispered Lady Essex—who, during the absence of her husband, had taken up her abode at Essex House, but not so secretly that her enemy Burleigh had not heard of it—"be patient, for his sake!"

"And what does Lady Walsingham and the pale, sickly thing she calls her daughter," demanded Elizabeth, "do in the mansion of my Master of the Horse? Their household!" she added, quoting the words of the widow of her former minister; "their household! I thought it had been that of my Lord of Essex—not that of his mistress!"

At the word "mistress" the countess shuddered, and turned deadly pale. It was but for an instant that the weakness overcame her; not even from her sovereign's lips would she endure the foul slander to be cast upon her fame. She remembered what was due alike to the absent, the living, and the dead.

"His wife, madam!" she replied, in a firm but respectful tone, "and not the mistress of the Earl of Essex—as some slanderer must have led you to suppose! The Countess of Essex, in the absence of her lord, will be proud to do the honors of his poor mansion to so august a visitor!"

"Wife, minion!" almost shrieked the queen, seizing her violently by the arm; "it is false! Without my consent there can have been no marriage—there shall have been no marriage! He has but gulled you with the vain pretence you were too eager to be caught by!"

Lady Essex neither spoke nor offered the least resistance to the grasp of the speaker, but stood like a statue of calm dignity, waiting till Elizabeth should release her arm—which the royal virago did at last, ashamed in some measure of her violence and unseemly bearing.

"That, madam," said the countess, "is a question for my husband and his peers to decide! I do not presume to judge how far it is necessary that the sovereign should consent, before one of her nobles can legally contract a marriage—seeing it is the first time I ever heard of such a pretence on the part of the crown!"

"You will quit this house!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"By force—if it is your will to create a scandal in the kingdom!" replied Lady Essex; "for I am powerless to resist it! I can bear persecution, but not willingly incur disgrace! Oh, madam," she added, sinking on her knees, and grasping the robe of the queen, "why persecute a creature who never willingly offended—the child of your dead servant, whose years were past in defending your throne and state? Act nobly, like yourself! and, instead of an afflicted, desolate woman, whom your anger can crush, but not degrade, leave a being made happy by your bounty!"

Elizabeth began to feel that her passion had carried her too far. The speaker, she well knew, was a peeress of England, and as such had her privileges; added to which, she did not wish to incur the scandal and odium of an act which would inevitably bring both ridicule and reproach upon her.

"Lady Walsingham," she said, addressing the mother of the suppliant Lady Essex, "till I know the nature of your daughter's claims to the rank she asserts, I cannot address myself to her! I may well feel surprised at hearing of a marriage which has never been announced to me by my Master of the Horse—to whom, methinks, I have proved an indulgent mistress! We will cause the matter to be looked into by Lord Burleigh and our council! Then, neither you nor she will reside within twenty miles of our court, on pain of our displeasure! You may retire!"

Without a look or word of courtesy, Elizabeth took the arm of her companion, and left the cabinet, to return to Burleigh House, in the Strand. During their ride thither, she said but little. Or her arrival, the fruit of the old statesman's treachery was received: his son Robert was named by her majesty to the long-coveted post of Secretary of State.

Shortly after the appointment of Sir Robert Cecil to the important office of Secretary of State, Elizabeth honored him by a visit at his own house, where she was magnificently received and entertained. Amongst other pageants and contrivances to flatter her, a species of drama, between one of her gentlemen-ushers and a courier, was introduced. In the original manuscript he is termed "Post." In it the new Secretary offered that income which his royal mistress never seemed to tire of.

During her long reign, she was more complimented and flattered than any sovereign or female that ever existed. Language seems to have been exhausted by poets and courtiers in inventing pageants and writing verses in her honor.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard, and shoestrings green,
His high crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

GRAY.

THE ministers who had been the chief support of her reign, and grown grey in the service of the maiden queen, began to drop off. This year her majesty had to regret the loss of her Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, who had first won her favor by his grace in dancing; although it would be absurd to suppose that his excelling in so trivial an accomplishment had been the sole means—as the poet insinuates—of his preferment. With all her faults, Elizabeth was one of those monarchs who displayed the greatest prudence in the choice of her ministers.

His death is supposed to have been hastened by the extreme harshness shown by his royal mistress, in exacting a debt due to the crown; but parsimony had ever been one of the leading traits in her character.

The affairs of Henri Quatre progressed but slowly, and the king sent as his ambassador, Du Plessis De Mornay, to solicit further assistance.

Elizabeth read the letter of credence of the envoy in ominous silence. Personally the new ambassador was distasteful to her—for her spies in France had reported that on several occasions he had taken the liberty of mocking her vanity and accent in speaking French at his own house, on the occasion of a visit from his predecessor.

"I trust, madam," he observed, as the queen coolly handed the letter to her new secretary, Sir Cecil, "that your majesty will lend a favorable ear to the request of my royal master!"

"My good brother of France," replied the affronted majesty of England, "has not conducted himself with such faith towards me, that I should impoverish my realm by further efforts in his favor! He has employed my troops, against our express stipulation, in fighting his own subjects, instead of opposing the auxiliaries of Spain—his enemies and mine! God's death!" she added, "does he think so lightly of our friendship, that it may be played with?"

All present at this extraordinary reception, saw that Elizabeth was greatly angered—for it was not usual with her to express herself so abruptly in her intercourse with the representatives of foreign potentates.

"Alas, madam!" replied De Mornay, "considering the position in which my master has been placed by the unnatural rebellion of his subjects, his is the cause of every legitimate sovereign in Europe. The faction of the league aim no less at your crown than the independence of his. Should they succeed in depriving him of his inheritance—the throne of France—they would not rest till they had enlisted Spain and the Catholic princes of Europe against your majesty!"

"Let them league!" said the queen, scornfully; "England fears no foreign foe! Spain tried it, and had to repent of the temerity!"

The ambassador was not to be put off with reasons such as these. Had he been better acquainted with the domestic policy of the court to which he was accredited, he would not have fallen into the error which he afterwards committed. After urging every topic which he could think of to obtain a favorable reply, he concluded by adding, that the Earl of Essex greatly desired the success of his mission.

Elizabeth—who had neither forgiven her favorite his marriage nor his absence, which irritated her—grew absolutely red with passion.

"The insolent traitor!" she exclaimed, "does he presume to advise me in the government of my realm? I know he has the vanity to think and say that I am governed by him; but it is false my lord!

I am governed by no one, or ever will be: of which I will give you and his abettors a proof, by not only refusing to send your master more troops, but by recalling those I have already assisted him with!"

The envoy of the French King was thunderstruck at such an unfavorable reception, so contrary to his expectations, and his master's interests. To all his high-flown compliments on her beauty, prudence, and wisdom, the incensed queen turned a deaf ear; and, bidding him give the memorial which he had drawn up to Lord Burleigh, she suddenly broke off the audience, and retired from the presence-chamber. She further vented her spleen upon the unfortunate diplomat, by complaining publicly of the insult offered to her by the French, in sending a fool to her as his representative; and so mortified De Mornay, that he speedily returned to France.

Henry afterwards dispatched another ambassador—Turenne—who was more graciously received, and finally succeeded in the object of his mission. The ridiculous passion of the aged queen for her absent Master of the Horse could no longer be controlled; and she dispatched a letter commanding him to return home: this missive reached him just after the Tower Gornye had yielded to his arms.

The mortified and dejected Essex instantly dispatched Carey home with letters, entreating his enamored sovereign to have more consideration for his honor. Elizabeth's reception of the messenger was violent in the extreme. She threatened to make the hot-headed rebel, as she termed him, an example to the world. True, she afterwards relented, and wrote to him that he might remain; but Essex, by the advice of his friends, was already upon his road to England; he and Carey missed each other, and the earl shortly afterwards arrived in London.

His reception, contrary to the expectations and hopes of his enemies, was affectionate in the extreme. The aged queen lavished upon him such open marks of affection, that men began to ask where such favor would end? Had he not already rendered his elevation impossible, by his marriage with the young and beautiful widow of Sir Philip Sidney, many considered that he might have aspired to the hand of his infatuated sovereign.

It was not without great tears and lamentation that Elizabeth permitted his return; but the honor of her favorite demanded the sacrifice, and she heroically made it, moved thereto by the satisfaction of separating him from his wife, whom, in her fits of passion, she still continued to threaten and vituperate.

Elizabeth had, from the very commencement of her reign, shown an impatient distaste for all parliamentary interference with her government; and more than four years had been permitted to elapse, without it once being summoned. The state of her finances compelled her at last to assent to the long delayed measure, and it was opened by a speech by her new Lord Chancellor, who plainly told the Lords and Commons in the queen's name, that her majesty had not called them together to make laws, or to waste their time in idle debates on matters which did not concern them; but to vote a supply for the defence of the realm, and his carrying on of her government.

She soon after evinced that the words were really hers, by sending Sir Thomas Bromley and Wentworth—two members who had ventured to move in the Commons the usual address for liberty of speech and freedom from arrest—to the Tower.

Never had the most despotic sovereign ventured to treat the Parliament of England as Elizabeth treated hers. Both Catholics and Puritans—the latter a strong party—had groaned under the persecution to which all nonconformists were subjected; and Sir James Morris attempted to introduce a bill to lessen the power of the ecclesiastical courts, as well as of the civil tribunals on such matters.

No sooner was Elizabeth informed of this bold step, than she sent for the Speaker, Sir Edward Coke, to attend her at her palace at Hampton. He was purposely kept waiting in the ante-room, before his angry sovereign condescended to admit him to her presence.

"So!" she exclaimed, as the first commoner of England knelt before her; "what unheard-of thing is this, that the burghesses and commons should attempt to brave the crown! Is my sceptre changed to a distaff, that men no longer fear it?"

"Gracious queen," faltered Sir Edward, utterly confounded by the unseemly wrath of the royal virago. "never had prince more dutiful subjects than your majesty!"

"Let them show it, then, by quitting their idle prating!" replied Elizabeth, and, "dispatching the affairs for which I called them together! Am I not Queen of England! Are not the commons my subjects—the creatures of my will? Their decisions nought without my sanction? I forbid them,"

she added, "to introduce any bills touching religious or state affairs without my sanction; and you, Sir Edward, to permit any such to be read!"

"Alas, madam!" replied the unhappy speaker, "what can I do? I am bound by oath to respect the privileges of the members!"

"Privileges!" repeated Elizabeth, in a tone of contempt; "know that they have no privileges but such as I choose to grant them! You have received our commands! See that you execute them on your allegiance, or look to your head—for it shall answer it!"

To show that she was in earnest, she that very day arrested Morris in his place in the house, and sent him off a close prisoner to the Castle of Tutbury. After which bold stretch of prerogative all further opposition ceased, and the bills passed as Good Queen Bess required.

When the son of her successor—the unfortunate Charles I.—tried the same game, the times had changed. Men were no longer curs to be spurned or used at pleasure.

FUNERALS.—A curious practice once existed, that in the room of the house of the deceased where the company met to attend the funeral, every clear or shining object was covered with white cloths, as looking-glasses, pictures, &c., the intention of which was probably no more than that the attention should not be diverted from the occasion. In Scotland, where no funeral service is performed at the grave's mouth, the company usually wait till the corpse is lowered into its resting-place, when each person touches or lifts his hat, which ceremony may be understood as a simple mark of respect both to the deceased and to his relations present. The number of persons invited to attend funerals are of late years much reduced. It was once not unusual, when the head of a respectable family died, to issue letters to at least one hundred individuals, those with whom he had dealt in business and had been acquainted during his life. The prayers or religious services in the house are also much shortened; and the refreshments limited to a glass of wine and piece of cake.

THE TURKS.—The admirers of Addison will remember one of his most humorous papers in "The Tatler" (No. 155), in which he describes his interview in St. James's Park with a great politician, in the form of a decayed upholsterer. The topics discussed on that occasion have a curious identity with those at present agitating the public mind. Addison says, "The chief politician of the bench was a great assessor of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that, for his part, he did not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons, who were not much talked of; 'and these,' says he, 'are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola.'" Thus we see that, nearly a century and a half ago, the very bugbear existed which flourishes in our day. May we not hope that, a hundred or a thousand years hence, it will still be matter of speculation "when the Great Turk will be driven out of Europe?"

CULTIVATE SMALL PLEASURES.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures—since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

FLUENCY.—The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of a language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people can come quicker out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

A MINISTER discoursing with great solemnity on the realities of a future state, was greatly annoyed by a young dandy who, proud of a new watch, was continually pulling it out and looking at it. At length the preacher could stand it no longer; so, descending from his altitude in the very climax of his sermon, he exclaimed, looking full at the offender, upon whom all eyes were now turned,—"Put up your watch, young man; we are speaking of eternity, not of time."

New Calculating Machine.

THE Calculating Machine which has created great interest in the scientific world, is the invention of Messrs. George and Edward Scheutz, of Stockholm, and is called by them a Tabulating Machine. It calculates any table not requiring more than four orders of differences to fifteen places of figures, and stereotypes the results to eight places of figures, with proper correction for the last figure, besides five places of figures in the argument. The whole machine is about the size of a small square piano.

The calculating portion of the machine, as appears in front of the drawing, consists of a row of fifteen upright steel axes passing down the middles of five rows (fifteen in each row) of silver-coated numbering-rings, each ring being supported by, and turning concentrically on, its own little brass shelf, which has a hole in it sufficiently large to allow the steel axis to pass through without touching. Round the face of each ring are engraved the ordinary numerals, one of which appears in front at a time; and the numbers shown in any horizontal row of rings are read as in ordinary writing. The first row shows the resulting number or answer to fifteen places of figures, eight places of which the machine stereotypes. The second row of rings expresses the first order of differences, if necessary, to fifteen places of figures; and the third, fourth, and fifth row of rings similarly show the second, third, and fourth orders of differences. Any row can be made to show and calculate with any numbers expressed according to the decimal scale, such as the number 98654321056789; the first eight figures of which, if in the top row, would be stereotyped. Or (by simply changing two perpendicular rows of rings), it can show and calculate with numbers expressed in the sexial system—degrees, minutes, seconds, and decimals of a second—such as 87 deg. 43 min. 24.687356402 sec., which result, if it appeared in the upper row of rings, would be stereotyped 87 deg. 43 min. 24.69 sec.

The proper argument to each result is also stereotyped at the same time, and in its proper place. Nothing more is required than to set each row of figure-rings to differences calculated from the proper formula, and place a strip of lead on the slide of the printing apparatus; when, by turning the handle (to do which requires not so much power as can be exercised by a small turn-spit dog), the whole table required is calculated and stereotyped in the lead. By stereotyping in the lead is meant that the strip of lead is made into a beautiful stereotype mould, from which any number of sharp stereotype plates can immediately be produced ready for the ordinary printing-presses. At the usual rate of working, 120 lines per hour of arguments and results are calculated and actually stereotyped ready for the press. The machine, which has been taken to England by Messrs. Donkin, has been kindly shown and explained, on several occasions, to various scientific persons, at the rooms of the Royal Society, by Mr. Gravatt, F.R.S.

The following are the details of the explanatory model:—*a* is a shaft on which are fixed the stages or platforms *b*. *c c* are circular rings on which the indices appear; these rings are in no way attached to the shaft, but are worked by the trigger-pieces (*d d*), which come into gear with the cogs (*e*) at the time when the revolution of the shaft brings the tail-piece (*f*) of the trigger (*d*) in contact with the rising piece (*g*) upon the lower ring. It will be seen that, if the shaft still revolves, it will give motion to the ring, and produce the index required. The circular ring (*c*) has upon it a projecting piece, which, when a carrying operation is required, throws out the switch lever (*h*), and, by a beautiful contrivance, not shown here, produces the required carriage. It would occupy too much space to give a complete idea of the machine; but what has been given will convey to the reader a general idea of this beautiful invention.

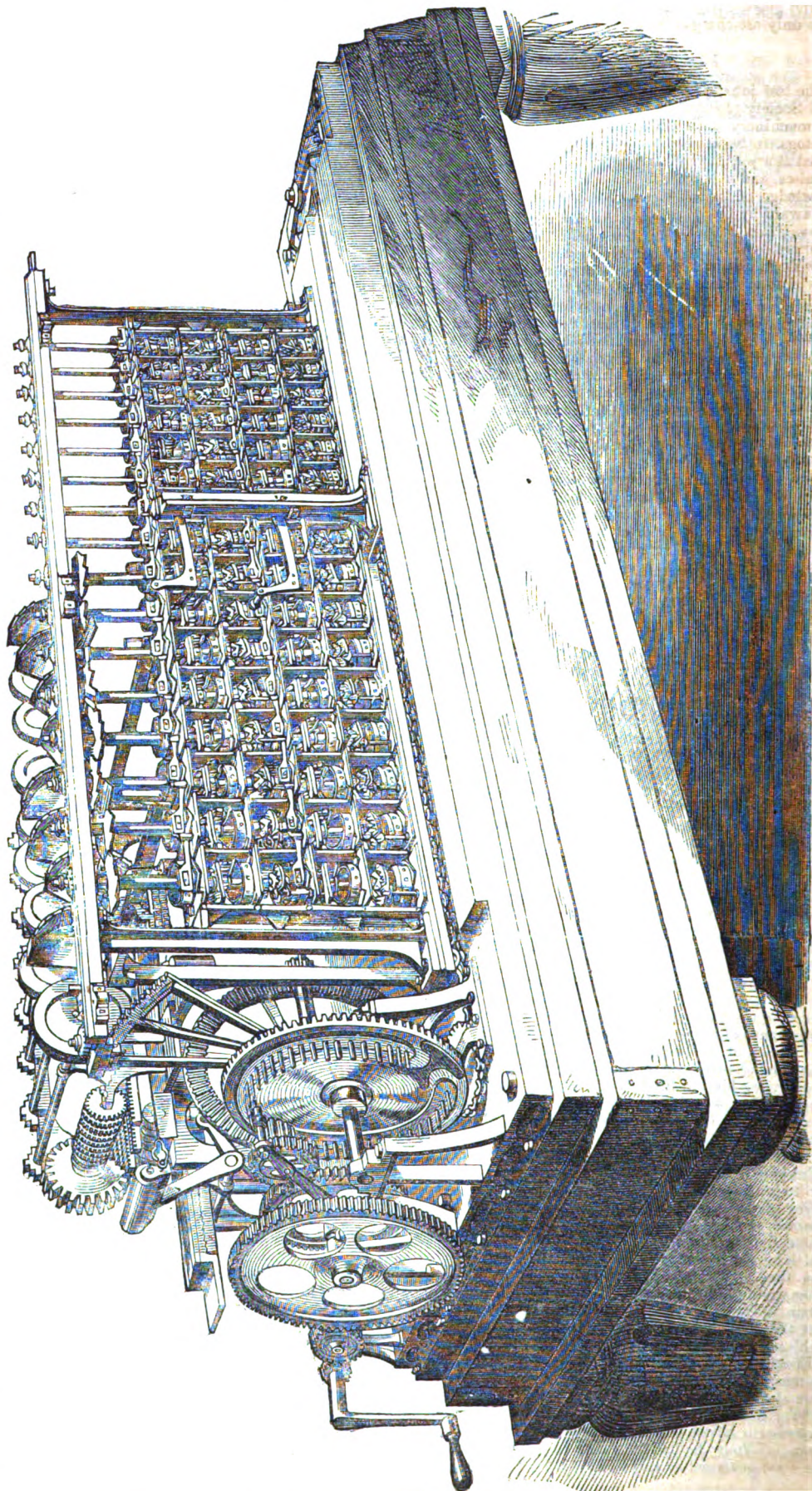
THE number of miles of railway now in operation in the whole world, is upwards of 40,000.

THE BELT OF THE EARTH.—It is said that Lieut. Jones, of the American Navy, has discovered, by observations on the zodiacal light, that the earth has a ring like Saturn's. Professor Price considers the fact established; and has demonstrated, or thinks he has, with the aid of the observations at the Cambridge Observatory, that Saturn's ring is fluid instead of being solid, as hitherto supposed.

THE Ordnance are preparing mortars upon a prodigious scale, some to carry shells as large as the huge stone balls used by the Turks at the siege of Rhodes. The range of these monster missiles is

calculated at five miles. Cronstadt will probably have the benefit of their first experiments.

SINCE the war with Russia, a new kind of domestic fowl has been introduced into England from the Black Sea, and is likely to prove a formidable rival to the Shanghai and Cochon China. It is quite as large as the barn-door fowl; is crested, has feathered legs; its color is generally all white or black—when the latter, of a raven hue and glossy. This bird is pugnacious, and its movements are very lively. Several of these fowls are to be seen at Southampton, where they have been landed from the war-transports.



MESSRS. SCHEUTZ'S NEW CALCULATING MACHINE.

The New Curricie Tribus.

This new public carriage, patented by Mr. Harvey of Lambeth House, has made its appearance in the streets of London. Our illustration shows the vehicle *en grand tenue*; it is open in front, like Hansom's patent cab, and has seats for three persons; the driver sitting at the right-hand corner behind, and the conductor to the left of the door.

It is drawn by two horses, across whose backs is the horizontal steel bar, which formed a feature of the caparisoning of curricles of old. The carriage is handsomely appointed; and, besides the shutter windows in front, has side windows, filled with ground glass. Although drawn by two horses, cab fares only are charged by this new "Tribus."

A Wonderful Pump.

The last journal of the New York State Agricultural Society contains the report of the judges upon the machinery presented at their Annual Fair at Saratoga, in September. Among the articles mentioned is a pump which we have used on our own premises, and can therefore speak of it with personal knowledge of its value. Below is the description and award by the judges.—*From the New England Farmer, Dec. 3, 1853.*

PUMPS.—A. W. GAY & Co., of 118 Maiden Lane, New York, exhibited a cast-iron pump, called "Warner's Patent Suction, Forcing and Anti-Freezing Pump." Price \$25.

It will raise with ease, twenty-seven gallons per minute, at the ordinary rate of leisurely pumping; in cases of emergency, with rapid action, it could be made to raise double and treble that amount. It has a movable air-chamber, carries a steady, continuous stream, is durable and unaffected by frost. Where a farmer desires to have a pump in his well, which, besides supplying his family and stock with water, will answer for a fire-engine, when connected with a hose and pipe; he cannot have a pump better suited to his purposes than this one. We recommend that a Diploma and Silver Medal be awarded for it.—*Express.*

Scientific and Useful.

An upright shoemaker's bench has lately been patented, and by it the work of shoemaking can be carried on better in a standing than in a sitting position. This will be a great relief to the devotees of St. Crispin, and prevent pulmonary complaints, so frequent among shoemakers.

USEFUL APPLICATION OF THE PERIWINKLE SHELL.—The periwinkle shell, of about one-third of an inch diameter, makes a very efficient igniter for percussion blasting-cartridge, also for alarm fog-signals for railways. The shell, when well cleaned out, will contain three heads of Bell's congraves, which can be kept in their places by means of an envelope of thin tough paper; when this so charged shell is crushed between two hard substances, its fractured parts will act like broken glass.

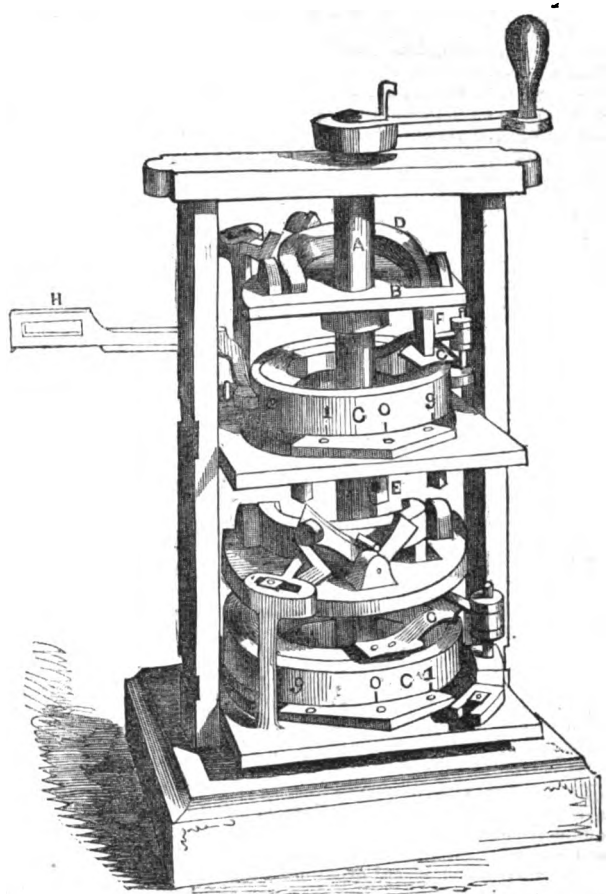
NEW MODE OF PROPAGATING CURRANTS.—In the spring of last year an old currant bush was cut down, and a number of the branches made into pea-

sticks; they supported the peas, and the greater part of them struck root in the ground. They were allowed to remain, and this season they are a row of tall bushes bearing fruit.

PRESERVING CURRANTS ON THE BUSHES.—By the following method currants may be kept good until Christmas, and often later. A slight circular frame of iron is formed, large enough to stand over the bush; this is neatly surrounded with gauze netting. A tin or zinc lid, somewhat raised in the centre, like one for a large copper, covers the top, and projects an inch or so over the edge. This admits of easily examining and gathering, and keeps the fruit dry. The gauze admits plenty of air, and yet prevents even a small fly intruding. How soon would the annual outlay for mats, etc., for such a purpose, amount to the first cost of such convenient articles, and yet, after all, make but a sorry substitute. There are many penny savings the reverse of economy.

NEW BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.—A trial has been made before scientific and practical judges of the breech-loading rifle alluded to some weeks since by Lord Hardinge, when under examination by Mr. Roebuck's committee. The rifle in question is the invention of Mr. Prince. It can be loaded and fired with perfect ease and security seven times in a minute. A simple movement with the right hand effects the opening of the breech, the placing within it the cartridge, the closing of it again, and the capping and cocking of the piece. This movement is so simple that any soldier can acquire and practise it unerringly in a few minutes. There is not the slightest escape of gas or flame at the junction of the barrel and breech. It is not necessary to bite the cartridge, as the powder in it is ignited by the flame of the cap. The musket was discharged 120 times, and never missed or hung fire.

RUSSIAN TRAPS.—The *Times* correspondent in the Crimea gives the following description of those extraordinary fougasses, or small mines, which are exploded on the touch of the foot, and which the Russians planted thickly about their advanced works. A strong case containing powder is sunk in the ground, and to it is attached a thin tube of tin or lead, several feet in length; in the upper end of the tube is enclosed a thin glass tube containing sulphuric or nitric acid. This portion of the tube is just laid above the earth, where it can be readily hid by a few blades of grass or a stone. If a person steps on it, he bends the tin tube, and breaks the



NEW CALCULATING MACHINE.—EXPLANATORY MODEL.

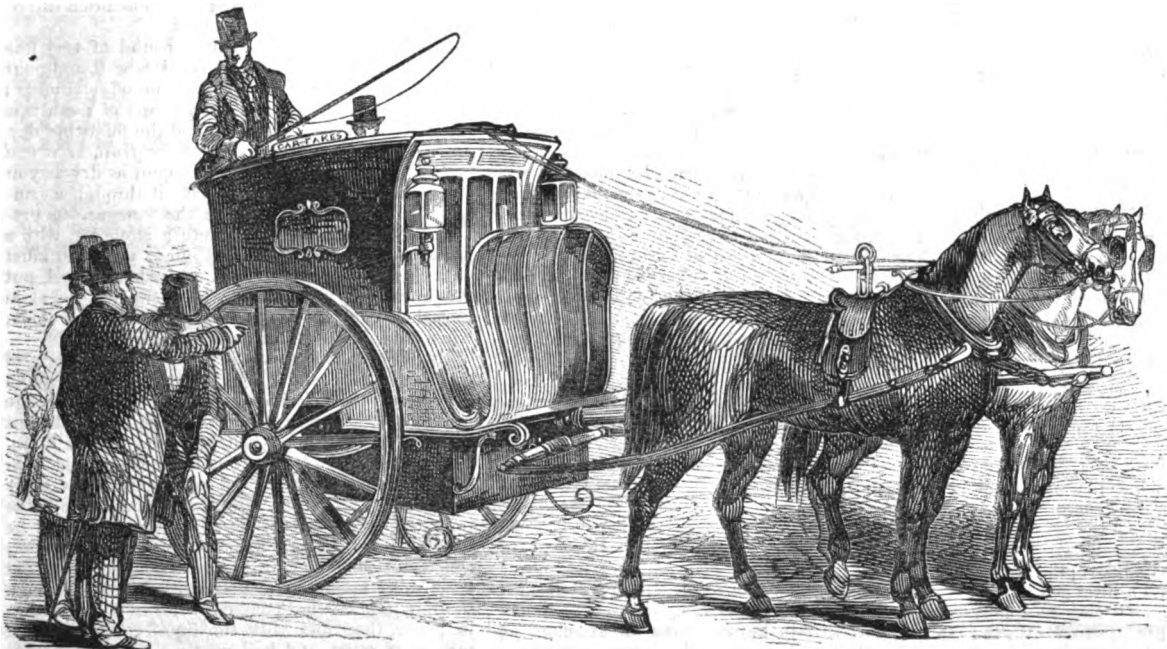
glass tube inside. The acid immediately escapes, and runs down the tin tube till it arrives close to its insertion into the case, and there meets a few grains of chlorate of potass. Combustion instantly takes place, the mine explodes, and not only destroys everything near it, but throws out a quantity of bitumen, with which it is coated, in a state of ignition, so as to burn whatever it rests upon. We have lost several men by these mines. While the ground is occupied by the Russians they mark them by small flags, which are removed when the enemy advances. It makes it disagreeable walking in the space between the works.

A FRENCH chemist is said to have discovered the secret of making alcohol in his laboratory by means of his acids and gases. He can, with the greatest ease, convert his gas-tap into a spirit-tap!

MESSEURS. LAURENTIUS & GILBERT have discovered that the human hair becomes a conductor of electricity, and that by washing the skin at an affected part with mineral salts, the vigor of a paralysed or weakened muscle is restored. Still more surprising, the hair itself is supplied with new life, and passes from grey or white to its pristine color.

SLAG AND SCORIE.

The production of iron by the smelting furnaces of Great Britain has reached 3,000,000 tons annually; and by a moderate calculation, it may be assumed, that for every ton of iron two tons of slag are formed, making an aggregate of at least 6,000,000 tons of this hitherto useless material; at the present time it costs the smelters no less than \$750,000 to cart away and get rid of this refuse. This fact is worthy of record, because Dr. Smith, of Philadelphia, has demonstrated that this substance is capable of being used for various purposes, and is more enduring than stone.



NEW PATENT CURRICIE TRIBUS.

Household Matters.

ADULTERATIONS in articles of food are so common, and fraught with such dangerous consequences, that we shall supply the processes by which they may be easily detected. Whenever numerous members of a family, after having partaken of the same kind of food are similarly affected by low pains, nausea, or relaxation, there is grave ground for suspicion that impure food has been taken. In such cases, it is alike a matter of individual protection, and public duty, to investigate the subject, and make any discovery of fraud widely known.

ADULTERATION OF SUGAR.—If brown sugar be adulterated with sand, (a very common cheat practised by unprincipled dealers) it may be detected by taking a glass full of clear water, and dissolving a quantity of the suspected sugar therein. If sand, or any similar substance be present, it will fall to the bottom after standing some time.

TO DISCOVER WHETHER BREAD IS ADULTERATED WITH ALUM.—The bread must be soaked in water, and to the water in which it has been soaked, a little of the solution of muriate of lime must be added; upon which, if any alum be present, the liquid will be pervaded with milkiness; but if the bread be pure the liquid will remain limpid. Rationale; sulphuric acid has a stronger affinity for lime than for the alumina and potass, with which it forms alum; it therefore quits those bodies to form sulphate of lime with the lime of the test, which produces the milkiness.

ANOTHER METHOD.—Run into the crumb of a loaf one day old, the blade of a knife considerably heated; and if adulterated with alum it will show its unwholesome adherences on the surface; and it may be further detected by the smell.

TO DETECT THE ADULTERATION OF BREAD BY PLASTER OF PARIS, &c.—Bone-dust or plaster of Paris may be discovered by slicing the soft part of a loaf thin, and soaking it in a large quantity of water in an earthen vessel, placed over a slow fire, three or four hours. Then having poured off the water and pap, the obnoxious matter will be found at the bottom.

TO DETERMINE WHETHER WHEAT FLOUR OR BREAD BE ADULTERATED WITH CHALK.—1st.—Mix with the flour to be tried a little vitriol; if chalk or whiting be present, an effervescence (caused by the discharge of the carbonic acid of the chalk) will take place; but if the flour be pure no effervescence is produced. 2nd.—Pour boiling water on some slices of bread, and pour into the water a little sulphuric acid; if there be chalk in the bread an effervescence ensues.

TO EXTINGUISH A FIRE IN A CHIMNEY.—So many serious fires have been caused by chimneys catching fire, and not being quickly extinguished, that the following method of doing this should be made generally known: throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the stove, or ignite some on the pipe, and then put a board or something in the front of the fire-place, to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone ascending the chimney, will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire.

Modes of Cooking Cold Meat.

MINCED BEEF.—Cut into small dice remains of cold beef; and gravy reserved from it on the first day of its being served should be put in the stew-pan with the addition of warm water, some mace, sliced eschalot, salt, and black pepper. Let the whole simmer gently for an hour. A few minutes before it is served, take out them eat and dish it, add to the gravy some walnut catsup, and a little lemon juice or walnut pickle. Boil up the gravy once more, and, when hot, pour it over the meat. Serve it with bread sippets.

COLD ROAST BEEF WITH MASHED POTATOES.—Mash some potatoes with hot milk, the yolk of an egg, some butter and salt. Slice the cold beef and lay it at the bottom of a pie dish, adding to it some sliced eschalot, pepper, salt, and a little beef gravy; cover the whole with a thick paste of potatoes, making the crust to rise in the centre above the edges of the dish. Score the potatoe crust with the point of a knife in squares of equal sizes. Put the dish before a fire in a Dutch oven, and brown it on all sides; by the time it is colored, the meat and potatoes will be sufficiently done.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—Cut into pieces, convenient for frying, cold roast or boiled beef; pepper, salt, and fry them; when done, lay them on a hot drainer, and while the meat is draining from the fat used in frying them, have in readiness a cabbage already boiled in two waters; chop it small, and put it in the frying-pan with some butter, add a little pepper and salt, and keep stirring it, that all of it may be equally done. When taken from the fire, sprinkle over the cabbage a very little vinegar, only enough to give it a slight acid taste. Place the cabbage in the centre

of the dish, and arrange the slices of meat neatly around it.

LOBSCOUS.—Mince, not too finely, some cold roast beef or mutton. Chop the bones, and put them in a saucepan with six potatoes peeled and sliced, one onion, also sliced, some pepper and salt; of these make a gravy. When the potatoes are completely incorporated with the gravy, take out the bones, and put in the meat; stew the whole together for an hour before it is to be served.

BEEF RISsoles.—Mince and season cold beef, and flavor it with mushroom or walnut catsup. Make of beef dripping a very thin paste, roll it out in thin pieces about four inches square; enclose in each piece some of the mince, in the same way as for puffs, cutting each neatly all round; fry them in dripping of a very light brown. The paste can scarcely be rolled out too thin.

MINCED VEAL.—Cut veal from the fillet or shoulder into very small dice; put into veal or mutton broth with a little mace, white pepper, salt, some lemon-peel grated, and a table-spoonful of mushroom catsup or mushroom powder, rubbed smooth into the gravy. Take out some of the gravy when nearly done, and when cool enough thicken it with flour, cream, and a little butter; boil it up with the rest of the gravy, and pour it over the meat when done. Garnish with bread sippets. A little lemon-juice added to the gravy improves its flavor.

COLD VEAL DRESSED WITH WHITE SAUCE.—Boil milk or cream with a thickening of flour and butter; put into it thin slices of cold veal, and simmer it in the gravy till it is made hot without boiling. When nearly done, beat up the yolk of an egg, with a little anchovy and white sauce; pour it gently to the rest stirring it all the time; simmer again the whole together, and serve it with sippets of bread and curled bacon alternately.

VEAL RISsoles.—Mince and pound veal extremely fine; grate into it some remains of cooked ham. Mix these well together with white sauce, flavored with mushrooms; form this mixture into balls, and enclose each in pastry. Fry them in butter of a nice brown.

The same mince may be fried in balls without pastry, being first cemented together with egg and bread crumbs.

MUTTON HASHED.—Cut cold mutton into thin slices, fat and lean together; make gravy with the bones whence the meat has been taken, boiling them long enough in water, with onion, pepper, and salt; strain the gravy, and warm, but not boil the mutton in it. Then take out some of the gravy to thicken it with flour and butter, and flavor it with mushroom catsup. Pour in the thickening and boil it up, having before taken out the meat, and placed it neatly on the dish in which it is to go to the table. Pour over it the boiling gravy, and add sippets of bread.

COLD LAMB.—Fry slices or chops of lamb in butter till they are slightly browned. Serve them on a puree of cucumbers, or on a dish of spinach; or dip the slices in bread crumbs, chopped parsley, and yolk of an egg; some grated lemon and a little nutmeg may be added. Fry them, and pour a little nice gravy over them when served.

COLD PORK.—Slices of cold pork, fried and laid on apple sauce, form an excellent side or corner dish. Boiled pork may also be made into rissoles, minced very fine like sausage meat, and seasoned sufficiently but not over much.

COLD SWEET DISHER.—**COLD RICE PUDDING.**—Over the cold rice pudding pour a custard, and add a few lumps of jelly or preserved fruit. Remember to remove the baked coating of the pudding before the custard is poured over it.

APPLE TART.—Cut into triangular pieces the remains of a cold apple tart; arrange the pieces around the sides of a glass or china bowl, and leave space in the centre for a custard to be poured in.

COLD PLUM PUDDING.—Cut into thin round slices cold plum pudding and fry them in butter. Fry also Spanish fritters, and place them high in the centre of the dish, and the fried pudding all round the heaped up fritters. Powder all with lump sugar, and serve them with wine sauce in a tureen.

TO MAKE RICE BREAD.—Take one pound and a half of rice, and boil it gently over a slow fire in three quarts of water about five hours, stirring it, and afterwards beating it up into a smooth paste. Mix this while warm into two gallons, or four pounds of flour, adding at the same time the usual quantity of yeast. Allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves, and it will be found, when baked, to produce twenty-eight or thirty pounds of excellent white bread.

Warming up Vegetables left at Table.

COLD POTATOES FRIED.—Cut into thin slices, floured, salted, and fried in butter, make an excellent and relishing dish, to be eaten either alone or with any insipid meats.

COLD POTATOES SCOLLOPED.—Bruise cold potatoes in a mortar or potatoe bowl. Beat well the yolk of an egg, and mix it with warm milk, with some salt, and a small lump of butter; rub the potatoes perfectly smooth, and incorporate this mixture with them; put into a scollop shell, score it over the surface, and put on it some small bits of butter; brown it in a dutch-oven, or with a salamander.

MASHED POTATOES AND SPINACH OR CABBAGE.—Moisten cold mashed potatoes with a little white sauce take cold cabbage or spinach, and chop either one very finely. Moisten them with a brown gravy. Fill a tin mould with layers of potatoes and cabbage; cover the top and put it into a stewpan of boiling water. Let it remain long enough to warm the vegetables; then turn the vegetables out and serve them. This might be prepared by boiling the vegetables separately, and merely putting them into the mould in layers, to be turned out when wanted. It forms a very pretty dish for an entrée.

CARROTS AND TURNIPS.—May be added to soups, if they have not been mixed with other gravies; or warmed up separately, and put into moulds in layers; they may be turned out, and served the same as the potatoes and cabbage described above.

TO MAKE GINGERBREAD NUTS.—Two pounds of flour, 1½ lb. of treacle, ½ lb. of sugar, 2oz. of ginger, ½ lb. of butter (melted), and a small quantity of cayenne pepper. The above to be mixed together and rolled out about the thickness of half an inch or not quite so much, to be cut into cakes and baked in a moderate oven.

RAISIN PUDDING.—Half-pound of beef suet, ½ lb. raisins chopped fine, 4 eggs, 4 table-spoonfuls (about 2oz.) of flour, a little salt and spice, mix well, and boil two hours. The above is a very superior pudding, fit for any table.

GREEN PEAS SOUP.—Take three pints of green peas, when shelled, and boil them in six pints of water till they are tender; then strain off the liquor, and beat the peas into a pulp in a mortar; put the liquor and mashed peas together again into the saucepan, add a few sprigs of mint, stir it well, and boil it five or six minutes. Strain the soup through a hair sieve, and serve it up with toasted bread.

MINT VINEGAR.—This is made by putting into a wide-mouthed bottle, fresh, nice, clean, mint leaves enough to fill it loosely; then fill up the bottle with good vinegar; and after it has been stopped close for two or three weeks, it is to be poured off clear into another bottle, and kept well corked for use. Serve with lamb when mint cannot be obtained.

YELLOW RICE.—Take one pound of rice, wash it clean, and put it into a saucepan which will hold three quarts; add to it half a pound of currants picked and washed, one quarter of an ounce of the best turmeric powder, previously dissolved in a cupful of water, and a stick of cinnamon; pour over them two quarts of cold water, place the saucepan uncovered on a moderate fire, and allow it to boil till the rice is dry, then stir in a quarter of a pound of sugar, and two ounces of butter; cover up, and place the pan near the fire for a few minutes, then mix it well and dish up. This is a favorite dish with the Javaneese, and will be found excellent as a vegetable, with roast meat, poultry, &c. It also forms a capital pudding, which may be improved by the addition of raisins, and a few blanched almonds.

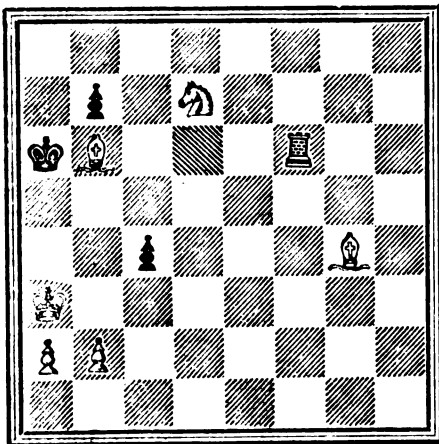
RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put a pound of very fine ripe raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour upon them a quart of the best white wine vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries, bruise them also, and the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment; only drain the liquor as dry as you can from it. The last time, pass it through a canvas bag, previously wet with the vinegar, to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar, with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; the sugar must be broken into lumps; stir it, and when melted, put the jar into a pan of water; let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it; it will be fine, and thick, when cold, like strained honey, newly prepared.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take Seville oranges, peel them by cutting round, and inserting a spoon round so as to divide each rind in two; then cut the orange into halves, beginning from the stem end; take out the pulp and the juice, and put them by in a basin, the skins and seeds put in another basin, and pour boiling water over them, and leave them till next day when you pass it through a sieve, and add to it the juice and pulp. The rinds of the oranges must be boiled full eight hours in plenty of water, changing the water four times every two hours, to prevent their being too bitter; when quite tender, put them to drain, and the next day cut them in slices as thin as paper, then mix with the liquid; add an equal weight of sugar, and boil gently a full hour and a quarter.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. IX.—By M. GROSDENANGE.—White playing first, compels Black to checkmate him in six moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. IX.—Played at Lille, 26th of March, 1850, between M. GROSDENANGE and Mr. HARRWITS; the latter giving the odds of Pawn and two moves. (Remove Black's K. B. P. from the Board.)

M. Grosdenange.

Mr. Harwits.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 K and Q P 2. | 1 K P 1. |
| 2 K B to Q 3. | 2 Q B P 2. |
| 3 Q B P 1. | 3 P takes P. |
| 4 P takes P. | 4 Q Kt to B 3. |
| 5 K Kt to K 2. | 5 Q P 2. |
| 6 K P 1. | 6 K B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) |
| 7 Q Kt to B 3. | 7 K Kt to K 2. |
| 8 K B P 2. | 8 Castles. |
| 9 K Kt P 2. | 9 K B to Q R 4. |
| 10 K R P 2 (a.) | 10 K B to Q Kt 3. |
| 11 Q B to K 3. | 11 Q B to Q 2. |
| 12 Q R P 1 (b.) | 12 K R P 2 (c.) |
| 13 P takes B (d.) | 13 K Kt to B 4. |
| 14 B takes Kt. | 14 R takes B. |
| 15 K Kt to Kt 3. | 15 R to B 2. |
| 16 Q to Q 3. | 16 Q R P 1. |
| 17 K R P 1. | 17 P takes P. |
| 18 Kt to K R 5. | 18 Kt to K 2. |
| 19 Kt to B 6 (ch.) | 19 K to R. |
| 20 K R Kt (e.) | 20 Q R to Q B (f.) |
| 21 Q R to Q. | 21 K R takes Kt (g.) |
| 22 P takes R. | 22 Kt to B 4. |
| 23 K B P 1. | 23 Q takes R P (ch.) |
| 24 K to Q 3. | 24 Q to K 7 (ch.) |
| 25 K to Q B (h.) | 25 Q B to Kt 4. |
| 26 Q takes Kt (i.) | 26 P takes Q. |
| 27 R to K R. | 27 Q to Kt 3. |
| 28 R takes P (ch.) | 28 K to Kt 2. |
| 29 R takes P. | 29 Q takes B (ch.) |
| 30 K to Kt. | 30 Q B. to B 3. |
| 31 K to R 2. | 31 K takes P. |
| 32 R to Q Kt 3. | 32 Q takes B P. |
| 33 Kt to K 2. | 33 Q to K 5. |
| 34 K to K Kt 3. | 34 Q to Q B 7. |
| 35 K R to Q 3. | 35 B to Kt 4. |
| 36 K R to Q 2. | 36 B to B 5 (ch.) |
| 37 K to R. | 37 Q to Q Kt 6. |
| 38 K to Kt. | 38 Q to R 7 (ch.) |
| 39 K to B. | 39 B to Q 6 (ch.) |
| 40 R to B 2. | 40 R takes R. |

checkmate.

Solution to Problem VIII., p. 119.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 R to Q 6. | 1 K to B 4. |
| 2 Kt to Q 2 (ch.) | 2 K to Kt 4 (best.) |
| 3 Kt to B 3 (ch.) | 3 K to R 4. |
| 4 B to K B 5. | 4 P Queens. |
| 5 B to K Kt 4. Mate. | |

NOTES TO GAME IX.

- Fine attacking style of play.
- Preparatory to Q to Q B 2, without being exposed to the attack of adverse Q Kt.
- Breaking the adverse line, and freeing his own pieces from their confinement.
- Better than advancing the attacked P.
- Well played.
- To prevent White's Castling.
- A sound sacrifice, we think.
- If, instead of this move, he had interposed his Kt, Black would equally have played B to Kt 4. with advantage.
- Brilliant, but not sound.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Pastime for the Parlor.

Procure from the printer's half a dozen of printed alphabets on cards. Cut out the letters singly, and with them make the name of a person, object, or thing, keeping the letters in your hand, or out of sight,—then shake them all together, and give them to your friend to make out what word it was you formed. Two persons may sit down, each giving a puzzle, and amuse themselves by intellectually endeavoring to be the first to find it out.

Riddles.

Brethren of a wondrous kind,
All of us in one you'll find,
Yet among us all, no brother
Knows one tittle of another.
We in frequent councils are,
And our minds of things declare,
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet the rest no watch can keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.

From Heaven I fall tho' from earth I begin,
No lady alive could show such a skin;
I'm bright as an angel and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you press me together.
Tho' candor and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare,
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

What is the strongest lock—the weakest lock—the most suitable lock—the most frightful lock—the hottest lock?—Time's lock!

What is the difference between the Emperor of Austria and a beggar with holes in his shoes?

How do you prove that all people are wise?

If you want a Doctor of Divinity to play on the violin, what word would you say?

If a man has a very thin wife, how will he make her fat, by throwing her out of the attic-window?

If you expect from me my birth,
I'm near as old as mother Earth;
And (though no credit I allow
That I am living even now,
The greatest rascal owes to me
Show of respectability.
I'm often on a lover's lips,
And offer help to each who trips.
All would-be patriots owe to me
Alone their popularity.
If any one my features traces,
He'll always find me with two faces.
'Tis said the poets love my art,
And oft in tales I bear a part;
Assist an orator in diction,
(Most when he fears no contradiction);
And last, though all join to abuse me,
Too many condescend to use me.

I'm tall, straight-form'd, and never sick,
But cannot stand without a stick;
And I please most when light in the head—
Now what I am be quickly said.

Here is a shoemaker who works without leather,
But calls to his aid the elements together;
Of fire he makes use, water, earth, air,
And for every customer makes a double pair.

My first is near the chicken's breast,
My second in the wave,
My whole when in his scarlet vest,
For it his life he gave.

Bright and gloomy is my first,
Emblem of the fate of man;
Thousands of my second are,
In every nation, race, or clan.
My whole one only can appear,
And can be seen but once a year.

Charades.

I, roaming in the fields one day,
Miss'd the path, and lost my way—
Fearing that my first would come,
In great despair began to run,
When luckily my second found,
Which safely took me o'er the ground,
It knew the way, and I was brought
Quickly to the path I'd sought;
Once more at home, I went to bed,
To pillow there my aching head.
Alas! my whole a visit paid:
In dreadful agonies I laid;
Nor till the morning sped its light,
Did I recover from my fright.

Behold you righteous priest! he can portray
The lucent likeness of th' eternal day:
When wild wild storms of every nature cease;
Obedient to the reign of endless peace.
He also can with skill my first impart,
While he allays despondence in the heart;
'Tis through my second he doth hold such sway,
In many cases, as he doth display.
A mighty engine, so he can evoke
To settle sin through the strong, strenuous stroke,
Yet, though so potent through such medium, he
Is also great in well-drawn homily.
Such priest as I portray is often found—
He dwells nigh my hill-seated whole's hale bound,
There, simply settled, in the morn or eve,
He lowers vain, props pilgrims who do grieve;
There he unfolds to noble lady fair
The far extending, providential care;
A simple sermon—eloquently said—
Before th' attentive audience is laid,
Of rank exalted; she doth meekly scan
The precious precepts of the intrepid man.

Transpositions.

To antique dame, mine entire form was given,
As sacred pledge, before observant Heaven:
But, when transposed, 'twas seen on Watcher's face,
Telling, contempt in mind had won a place.

Complete, I've form'd the title of four men,
Royal, now silent, in the graves sad pen:
Some hold it now, who when it is transposed,—
Sans vowel,—use it, when feasts are disclosed.

Entire, I am an island; where is wide,
The Atlantic-kissing, far-revolving Clyde;
Transposed, such island, holds me in her heart:
There, through me, fire-germs, on their foes do dart.

Untouch'd I wander over the blustrous brine;
Yet seldom venture so far as the line;
Boys make me small; when, on my transposed forms,
I boldly brave the fairy-fashion'd storms.

On the wide flat, in the sweet summer day,
Entire, I frame a Caledonian play;
Instead of such enjoyment, truants know,
My transposed figure will the teacher show.

Complete, Celina makes me her prime pet;
Nor do I cause the poetess regret:
Transposed, I am a pet consider'd still;
This garden-seated, that enjoying hill.

My first's an enemy to dress.
A pleasant walk my second will express.
My third describes the pace of poor old Dobbin.
When on his back he carries Farmer Robin.

The name of two rivers in England transposed,

'T will the name of two Scripture-famed persons disclose;
Transposed it again, 't will suggest to the mind

The state of the world and the plague of mankind:
Transposed it again, and then you will see

What a bright, blazing mineral's oft said to be;
By transposition next you'll find

What for concealment is design'd;
When this you've done, transpose again,

The character of Nero then
You'll find described in just one word,
From which his baseness is infer'd:
Transpose once more, and then you'll view

What all with life or breath must do;
Until, like Shakspeare, Pope, or Guy,
Or any noted man, they die!
The number of letters thus transposed, no doubt,
For the name of the rivers, you'd like to find out.
To guess what's the number I'll give you a chance;
There's an article used by musicians of France,
Remove it from one of our words, and you'll find
That just half a dozen is still left behind.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

RIDDLES.

- For-bear.
- Rest-ore.
- It is always in a rage.
- Art i-choke.
- Alone.
- Imp-rove.
- Car-ouse.
- Mis-an-thrope.
- Post-age.
- Heart, ear, lear, tear, eat, tea: earth.
- It is always infirmity (in furniture).
- A Yard.
- W I T.
- A Member of Parliament.
- When he is a-board.

TRANSPPOSITION.

- Palm—Lamp.
- Crate, Rate, Rat, Ate, Tea, Tar, Tear.
- Pap—Papa.
- Start, star, tar, tart, art, rat.

CHARADES.

REBUS.

P arasite is flatterer, weak do love.
R iver yields angling, as it on doth rove.
E mulation oft to eminence allures.
P yramid of the desert praise secures.
A riadides' probity enshrined e'er.
R egulus above life-loved honor fair.
E nigma is a puzzle "FRIEND" oft makes.

T reasure is gift that pleasure oft awakes.
O toman is an easy resting spot.

M arriage is envied by many, I wot.
E mperor is title awe-acquiring.
E nvy is passion hatred-inspiring.
T emple is edifice oft rear'd for prayer.

T eltale is idler with a soul unfair.
H ymen, unites us in love o'er and o'er,
Y ew's shades last long where Death reveals a store.

G oodness is quality of heart right rare.
O penness is gift of mind, like truth, fair.
D og is a creature signs declare oft true.

Thus nineteen words here greet the gazer's view.
These rhymes through primal letters of words those,
This precious admonition soon disclose—
"Prepare to meet thy God!" my rebus done,
My muse more notice doth at present shun;
She, shrinking maid, retires unto her cell,
Where watchful science soberly doth dwell.

ENIGMAS.

- The Pit of Theatre will duly show
Beauty, when Brilliance doth above it glow
Music, with Wit, will also thereby flow.
The Bit, recorded as quite faithless.
On Fancy's viewing heart doth sorely press:
Occasioning therein a dire distress.
The Pit arborescent, or dewy dell,
Is oft delightful:—there the Fairies' cell
Fancy doth Fashion, in a big bluebell
So, mine Enigma's mazes I unveil!
- The letter R.
- Short, which with the addition of
er becomes shorter in one sense, though longer in another.

Submarine Navigation.

THE vessel proposed for this object ought, for the facility of moving under water, to approach to the shape of certain fish. For the purpose of calculation, it may be considered as a hollow copper prism, about twelve feet long, five feet high, and three feet wide, having two triangular prismatic ends, and entirely open at the bottom.

The lower part of each of the triangular ends is filled by a copper case, half an inch thick, and one foot nine inches deep. Its use is to contain water for ballast, or air, if necessary, and it forms a seat

for the men; it will weigh 1,200 pounds. Close to the side of the vessel, and extending longitudinally between these, are two other copper cases, not quite one inch thick, one on each side; they will contain together about 6.16 cubic feet, and will weigh about 2,300 pounds. A pump must be fixed in some part of the vessel, and must be capable of being connected by means of stopcocks with any of the four cases just mentioned. At each end on the outer side must be two plates for rudders—one to act in a horizontal, the other in a vertical plane; these must admit of being fixed at any given angle by the persons on the inside.

Thick flat glasses must be fixed on the top, and at some parts in the sides of the diving-boat, in order to admit light, and to allow those within to see objects around them. Several hollow copper spheres must be provided, eighteen inches in external, and fifteen inches in internal, diameter; each of these will contain about one cubic foot, and will weigh about 400 pounds. The boat made of copper, one-fifth of an inch thick, will, together with the apparatus, weigh about 2,400 pounds, and will displace a quantity of seawater equal to nearly 8,650 pounds. If four men navigate it, we shall have for the weight of the whole equipment—

	lbs.
Boat and apparatus - - - -	2,400
Air-cases - - - -	1,200
Oxygen cases - - - -	2,300
Three spheres - - - -	1,200
Four men - - - -	600
Triangular air-cases filled with water	1,000
Total - - - -	8,700

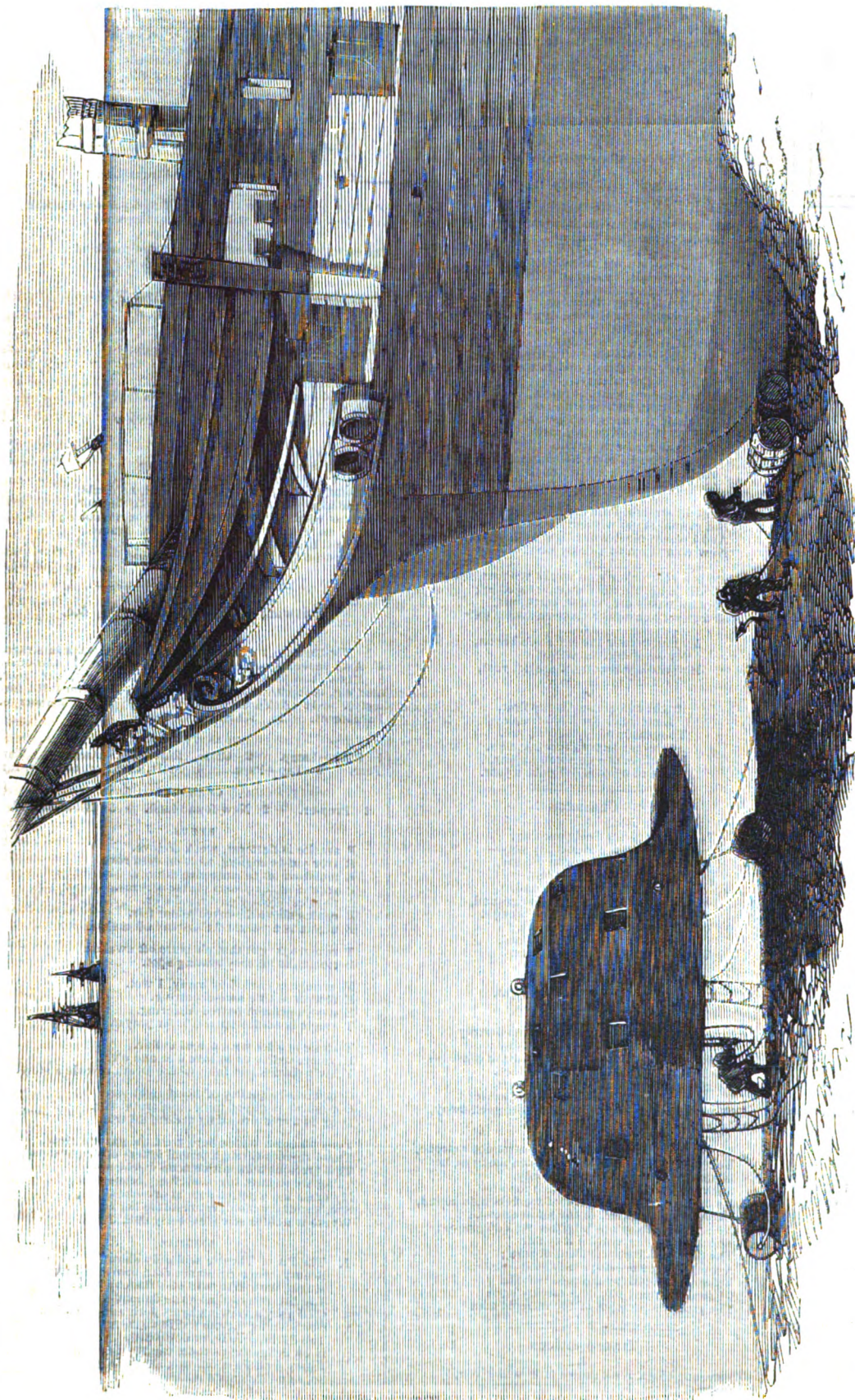
In this state, as the boat is fifty pounds heavier than an equal bulk of water, it will, of course, sink; but as any part of the 1,000 pounds weight of water may be pumped out, the whole apparatus may be reduced to such a specific gravity as just to sink. Some mechanism must be adapted to the vessel, by which the men within may be able to propel her through the water. Probably the most advantageous system would be to have a long metal bar passing out of the boat through a stuffing-box, to the outer end of which two planes may be attached by joints, in such a manner as to extend themselves completely when pushed from the boat by the men within, and nearly to close themselves when drawn in the contrary direction or towards the boat. Thus, in the first case, they would present a wide surface when making the stroke, and a very small one on the returning stroke; another advantage would be, that the act of propelling this vessel would be very similar to that of rowing. When the boat is reduced to such a specific gravity as just to sink, the two rudders, the axes of which are parallel to the horizon, must be fixed at such an angle, that that part of the propelling force which is thus converted into a vertical one, may just counteract the gravitation of the machine. The most important point in the employment of such a vessel, is the securing a supply of air, to enable the men to remain under water a sufficient time. The quantity of oxygen usually consumed by an individual is, according to the experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, 26.55 cubic inches per minute, which agrees very nearly with the quantity assigned by Sir H. Davy; an allowance of 30 cubic inches per minute will, therefore, be ample. Every cubic foot of oxygen which can be carried in the vessel will supply one man during $1728 \div 30 = 57.6$ minutes, or about one hour. The two air-vessels at the sides, as also the three spheres, may be filled with oxygen, condensed into thirty atmospheres. Oxygen is easily prepared from the black oxide of manganese; and the condensation of gases to the density mentioned, is practised every day by one of the London Gas Companies. The quantity of oxygen would stand thus:

	Cubic Feet.
Two air-cases - - - -	6.16
Three spheres - - - -	3.00
	9.16
Atmospheres - - - -	30
Number of hours' supply for one person - - - -	274.80

Supposing four persons in the vessel, they would take down with them sufficient oxygen to last them above sixty-eight hours, or more than two days and a half.

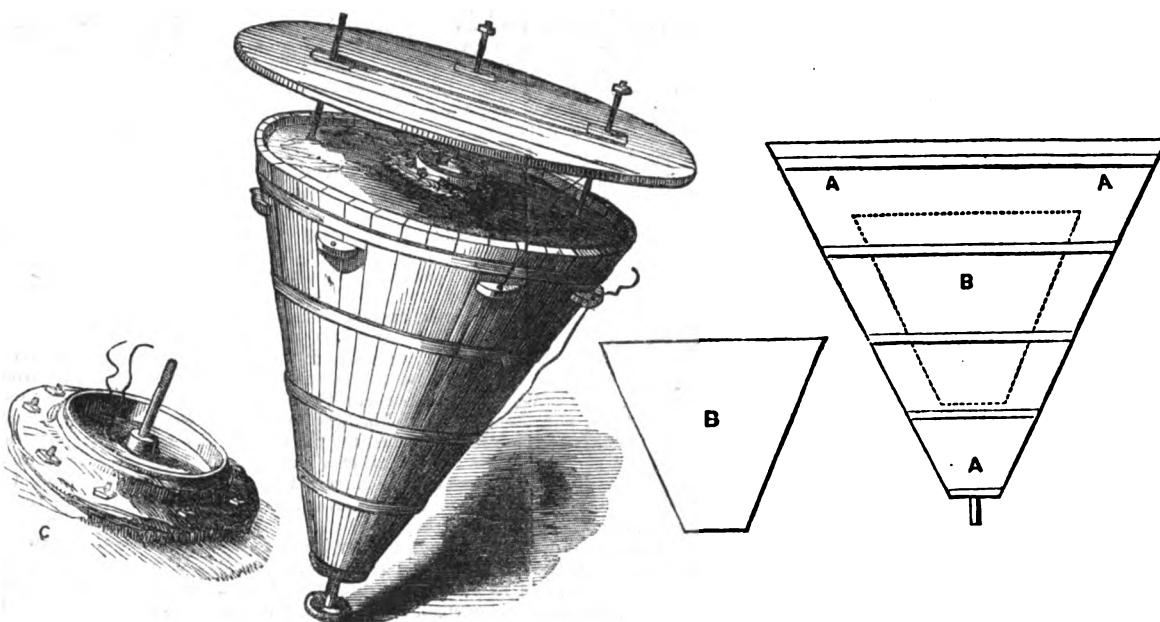
In order to get rid of the carbonic acid which would be produced, it would be necessary to employ a cream of lime just slaked, or a strong solution of ammonia; either of which would

SUBMARINE APPARATUS FOR THE EXPLOSION OF VESSELS, PROPOSED BY MR. BABBAGE.



absorb it almost as quickly as it would be produced.

Another method of procuring a fresh supply of air might in some cases be had recourse to, particularly when the vessel is near the surface; a leathern hose, connected at one end with the pump, and having a light substance to enable the other end to float on the water, might be pushed out under the edge of the vessel, and it would instantly rise to the surface; the first few strokes of the pump would draw water, which would immediately be got rid of, and fresh air might now be pumped in, either for immediate use, or it might be condensed in one of the cases for future service. If it should be feared that the float would discover the boat to an enemy, it might easily be disguised in the form of a sea-bird. The method of supplying a



RUSSIAN INFERNAL MACHINE.

vessel under water with oxygen, might perhaps be applied with economy at our dockyards, where the force for condensing might be derived from the steam engine; it would be particularly useful if the diving-bell should ever be employed at much greater depths, as the difficulty of using the air pump then becomes considerable. The diving-boat may be employed for two different objects, either as a moveable diving-bell, or as a mode of crossing undiscovered a considerable distance of water.

Russian Infernal Machine.

We have engraved, from the sketch of a correspondent, the infernal-machine found in the dock-yard at Kertch, on the allied expedition taking possession of the town. A is the outer case of the machine; B, inner case, containing the charge of fine gunpowder; C, thick ring of gutta percha, fitting closely to an inner iron ring above it; within are the wires for igniting the charge. In the entire machine is shown the table-top for protecting the wires, etc. The machine is about four feet in depth, and the circumference of the top about three feet. The whole is made with staves about three inches thick.

A New and Improved Fire-Escape.

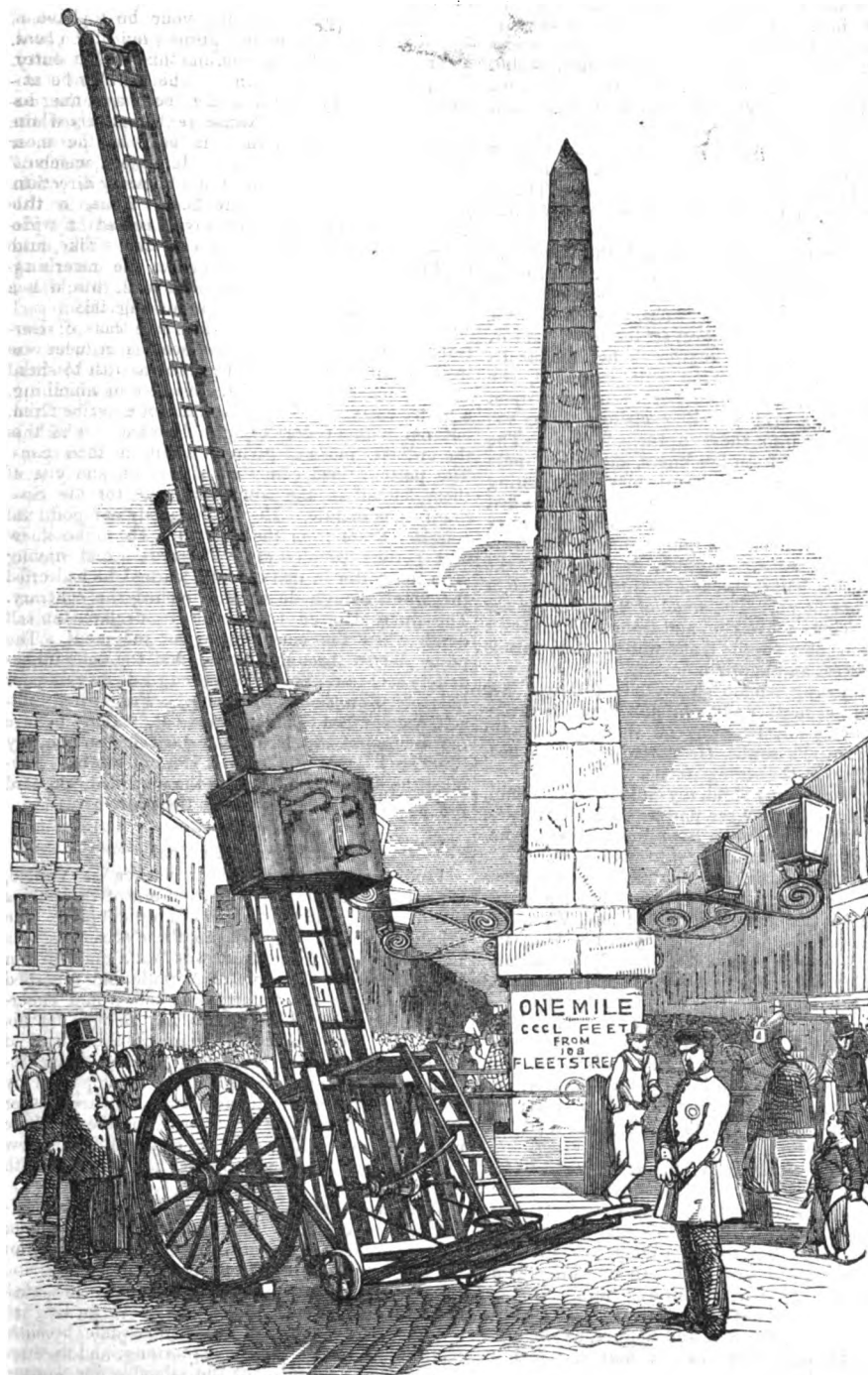
This escape (the third invented by Mr. Davies, carriage-builder to the Great Western Railway Company, England), consists of a main ladder, mounted upon a light and easily-managed travelling carriage. The ladder is trussed in a novel and ingenious manner with wire rope, so as to possess great strength, combined with lightness. A capacious balcony slides up and down the main ladder, being raised by a small windlass, the handles of which are placed at the sides of the carriage. The descent of the balcony is also controlled by a lever brake; and it is lowered on to two massive buffers of vulcanised india-rubber, to guard against accident. The main ladder is especially adapted for second-floor windows; but it carries a supplementary ladder for first-floors, or, when fixed in the balcony, for communicating with the third-floor windows or roof of a house.

A folding lever at the lower part of the carriage furnishes a ready and convenient means of propelling and guiding the machine, as it travels in the erect position.

LOOKER'S PATENT VENTILATORS.—This invention supplies what has been much wanted, namely, a simple method of ventilating buildings of various descriptions. This is effected by means of a tube fixed into an external wall, in which another is placed, perforated with small holes, in an oblique direction, two-thirds of its length. The latter is closed at the inner end, and made to slide (like a telescope) in the larger tube, by which means the ventilation may be regulated with ease, or it may be made a fixture at any point. While fresh air is admitted, the impure air finds egress, and no draught is felt. The tubes may be made of any shape or design, and the fixed tube may be made double, if required. These ventilators may be made in red pottery, at a trifling cost, for stables; in stoneware, for factories, schools, &c.; and in Staffordshire ware, porcelain, or glass, suitable for any apartments.

FIG MANURE.—A few years ago I was finishing my turnip sowings, and had finished the whole field except one corner, and it required about three cartloads of manure to do so; but I found my dung exhausted, and, as a last resource, I had all my pigsties cleaned out, and with that manure, unmixed with any thing else, got the job done. The best turnips in the whole field were grown with that dung; the best wheat grew in that corner; and the crop of grass for hay, the third year in rotation, was thicker and greener than in any other part of the field.

M. BERTHOLT, a French chemist, has discovered a process whereby alcohol is made from coal-gas.



A NEW AND IMPROVED FIRE-ESCAPE.

The Daughter's Return.

In a scantily furnished apartment in the upper story of an old and dilapidated house, lived Thomas Webb, his wife and son. Mr. Webb was about forty years old, and for much of that period he had been an intemperate man, so that his family had been reduced to abject poverty. For about twelve months previous to the time we write he had become a total abstainer, but his constitution was so broken by his former dissolute habits, that he was quite unable to labor for their support. His wife had endeavored to supply his lack of service, but she also was smitten down by sickness; and as we now look in upon them, they are both sick, though the faithful wife is bending over the fire, preparing some medicine for her husband who is confined to his bed.

He complained greatly of the chilling effect of the wind which came through the numerous cracks in the wall. His wife could only lament that she had also suffered greatly from the same cause, and that they had no means of remedying the evil. She, however, gently raised his head from the pillow, and gave him the medicine she had been preparing.

The exertion pained her exceedingly, but she let not a word betray her extreme weakness.

Just as the invalid finished the draught, a boy about twelve years of age entered the room. He was poorly clad and shivered with cold. The moment he entered the woman started from her husband's side and asked,—

"James! did you get the bread?"

"No, mother," returned the boy, while a tear rolled down his cheek. "He said he couldn't trust us any more."

"What," uttered the poor sick man, "does he refuse us even a loaf of bread? Then may God have mercy upon us! No food—no clothing—no money! Oh, what misery is mine!"

Mrs. Webb sank into a chair, and tried in vain to check her sobs and tears. The last morsel of food was used, and since the previous night she had not tasted nourishment. Starvation stared them in the face.

The boy gazed for a moment in silence; there was strange emotion in his features, and at last he said, with a startling energy, "Mother, I can procure bread at the baker's in the other street."

Will he trust us, James?" asked Mr. Webb, while a faint ray of hope brightened his emaciated features.

"No, not trust us," answered the boy, with a slight hesitancy in his manner.

"But you have not the money, have you?"

"No, father—I have no money; but there is bread upon the baker's shelves outside the window. I stood and looked at the loaves when I was out."

A strange look came over the invalid's face, as he gazed inquisitively into the face of his son. The mother said, "And must we starve when there is bread all about us?" and cast a trembling glance towards her husband.

"Did you say the bread was *outside* the window?" asked the father. "Yes," replied the boy. "And do you think you can get a loaf without money?"

"Yes," "And not be detected in the act." "I do not think the baker would see me." Mr. Webb sank back on his pillow, and groaned aloud. "We are hungered even to starvation," he murmured; "gaunt want, like a spectre of destruction, stares us in the face: I could starve, but my poor wife!" The invalid covered his face with his thin hands, and wept; James had started, and left the apartment in a very excited state.

"James!" said Mr. Webb. "He has gone, my husband," the wife said. "Alas!" exclaimed he, again covering his eyes, "were it not better to die than to live thus?" "No, no—not to die," returned Mrs. Webb; surely, 'tis no sin to live—to live is our right."

Mr. Webb made no reply. Soon James returned, bearing a loaf of bread under his jacket. His step was trembling, his face glowed with shame, and his eyes were cast stealthily about him, as though he feared some one was following his steps. "I have got it, mother," said he, as he laid down the loaf.

"The bread! have you got the bread?" exclaimed the father. "Yes, father, see, here it is." "Bring it to me James, let me feel it." The boy placed the loaf in his father's extended, trembling hands. "This is bread," said he; "this loaf will sustain life, but to get it we must sacrifice *honor*! to get it, my boy must be a *thief*!"

"Oh, say not so," said his wife, it cannot be *sin*,"

"What! no sin in stealing?" said the man; "I cannot touch it. If it be God's will that we starve, then His will be done. Take the loaf back, James, and place it where you found it. *We will not steal*."

James took the loaf and left the room. He soon

returned, looking far happier than he did when he had entered with the loaf.

"Did you place the loaf where you found it?" asked Mr. Webb. "Yes, father." "And do you not feel happier, though hungry, than you would have done if you had eaten of the stolen loaf?" "Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed the boy. "But, father, what will you do? you and mother must have food. See how weak and faint my poor mother is." "Wait till the morning, my son, and then—then—you must go out and *beg* for assistance." "Beg!" uttered the boy, trembling. "'Tis *honest* to beg." "I will go, father; anything to help my parents." "God bless you, James," said the sick man, as he gazed affectionately on his son; and then, sinking back on his pillow, almost exhausted, he closed his eyes.

The wind sounded cold and dreary from without, and all hopeless and cheerless looked everything within. Mrs. Webb drew her scanty garments around her, and James nestled his head upon her lap. Gently that mother smoothed the brow of her son, and her warm tears fell on his cheeks. "Oh, do not cry, mother," said he; "to-morrow I will go and beg some food for you and father. You shall not starve."

Mrs. Webb was on the point of replying to her son, when a light footfall upon the stairs arrested her attention; and as James raised his head from her lap, the door was opened, and a young female entered.

"Is this the residence of Mr. Thomas Webb?" she asked, in a soft, sweet tone, while a shadow flitted over her features, as she glanced at the scene before her. "It is, madam," returned Mrs. Webb, rising from her seat. "Alas!" said the visitor, "I fear you are suffering greatly. Oh that the demon strong drink, should make such havoc as this!"

"You mistake, lady," quickly returned the poor wife; "for twelve months at least, not a single drop of that fatal drink has entered our dwelling. Thank God, that misery is not ours. The cause of our present misery is my husband's sickness."

"Oh thou merciful God! I thank thee for this," the stranger murmured, as she fell upon her knees, and raised her clasped hands towards heaven.

"Mary, what voice is that?" feebly asked the sick man, as the fervent ejaculation struck upon his ear.

The wife returned no answer to her husband's inquiry, but with her hand half extended, she tottered forward, and placed her open palm upon the brow of the still kneeling visitor, while she gazed earnestly into those upturned eyes. The young woman rose from her knees, and murmured:

"Eight long years have passed since that morning when, pursued by a maddened, maniac father, I fled from the home of my childhood, determined never to return till the demon of intemperance was banished from its walls. Mother, dear mother, the sunlight has at length broken in through the night clouds of our home. The angel of Temperance has spread its wings above you, and from my husband's purse I can now supply your wants. Oh, this is indeed a sweet and happy moment."

As the young female spoke, she pillowed her head upon her mother's bosom, and wept such tears of filial joy as washed away all thoughts of pain from the invalid's soul. He started up in his bed, and gazed upon the strange scene.

"Mary, Mary—my child, my child!" he exclaimed, and then, overcome by the power of his feelings, he sank back once more upon his pillow. Soon, however, his daughter was clasped to his bosom.

Little James comprehended the scene—he remembered the blue-eyed sister of years ago; and he, too, crept to his father's bedside; and when the sick man was able to open his eyes, his daughter, wife, and son were about him. Slowly, yet firmly, he clasped his thin hands together, and a prayer of praise and thanksgiving went up from his lips.

It took but a short time for Mary to explain, how, after she had fled from her home, she had gone as servant into a wealthy family, and how she had won the affection of a clerk in her master's employ, and married him. She had enough and to spare, and soon in that humble chamber there was food and raiment in plenty.

"Oh," murmured Mr. Webb, as he began to feel invigorated by the nourishing food, and looked gratefully on his daughter; "thank God that we have been thus preserved. How nigh the tempter led us to ruin: but the Almighty has stretched forth his hand and saved us. In our misery and want we were kept from stealing! Surely an angel must have directed us!"

"Yes," uttered the wife and mother, as she drew her daughter once more to her bosom, "and an angel has saved us!"

The Duke of Ossuna.

WHEN the Neapolitan territory was subject to the monarchy of Spain, there was a certain Viceroy appointed whose just judgments gained him great praise, especially in an age when evenhanded justice was seldom to be had. This Viceroy was the Duke of Ossuna. Like Haroun Alraschid, however, he was a little despotical even in his good doings. Ferromello, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse, containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made, offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse, and brought it to the owner. Ferromello, as soon as he saw his property, could not withstand the temptation of trying to avoid the payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles, he dexterously laid aside thirty, and said to the finder, "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid." The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she would probably have remained content with her twenty pistoles, had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the Duke of Ossuna. The duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferromello, "that this old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse when she might have taken all, would be guilty of taking your thirty pistoles? No, no! The truth is, the purse *cannot* be yours. Your purse had fifty pistoles, and this had but thirty. The purse cannot be yours." The merchant stammered out, "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring."—"Nonsense!" exclaimed the duke; "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring like yours! Here, good woman," continued he, addressing the old woman, "take you the purse, and its contents. It cannot be this good gentleman's, since he says his had fifty pistoles." This judgment was enforced. The duke might have been mortally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat, but, as has been said, this was a very Haroun Alraschid-like kind of a decision.

The duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Sols, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking in the streets with his head elevated like a camelopard's. While thus marching, a porter carrying a heavy load, had run against him, but not without first crying "Beware!" which is the ordinary mode of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of faggots, and one of them fell off in the concussion, and tore the Spaniard's silk mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the Viceroy. The duke knew that porters usually cry "Beware;" and having seen the porter in this case, he learned he had cried the word, though de Sols avouched the contrary. The duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came for judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the duke immediately said to de Sols, "What can I do this poor fellow? You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself, the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'Beware!'" "Why then did you not beware?" replied the duke; and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses, and a fine to the poor.

A Singular Incident.

Lord Byron, during his residence at Venice, made frequent sea excursions, and one of those trips involved him in circumstances of no small peril. The privilege of attending him on those occasions was strongly coveted; and there was not a gondolier in Venice, nor a sailor on the Adriatic, but regarded his lordship as his countryman, and would cheerfully have exposed himself to any danger for his sake. He was particularly fond of the island of Sabioncello, situated near Ragusa, and often repaired thither in a four-oared boat, accompanied by the Countess Guiccioli, and two or three other friends. He always carried with him the requisite materials for writing; and the countess, who drew tolerably well from nature, took her portfolio with her.

It is well known, that along the coast of Dalmatia, there are many small islands, and on one or another of these the company frequently landed, for the purpose of taking refreshment, and fishing, and shooting. The island of Grossa Minore is a rock covered with scanty verdure, only half an English mile in length, and of about the same breadth. Here they went on shore one morning, and as there is nearly in the centre of the island a fine spring,

surrounded with bushes, the only spot which affords shelter from the heat of the sun, they resolved to dine there. The gondoliers too left the boat, made a fire, and set about cooking fish, while the company amused themselves. After passing several hours in this manner, when they would have embarked again, they found that the boat, having been carelessly fastened, had got loose, and they perceived her at the distance of two miles, drifting away from the shore. Grossa Minore is about twenty miles from Sabioncello, and none of the contiguous islands is inhabited.

Lord Byron smiled when he saw his companions turning pale; nevertheless, it was by no means a laughing matter, as vessels very rarely approached this spot. They had plenty of fowling pieces, shot, and fishing tackle, and likewise a small quantity of provisions, but on board there were stores sufficient for a week, and these were all lost. They hoisted the countess's white shawl on a pole, as a signal of distress, and spread mantles upon the bushes to form a kind of tent. They had nothing to expect but to perish by cold and hunger, unless they were rescued by some vessel which might perceive their flag, or hear the shots which they fired from time to time. Luckily, the weather was fine: the countess slept in the tent, and the others stretched themselves like Bedouins upon the ground. As long as the wine and brandy lasted, they kept up their spirits tolerably well; but after they had passed two nights in this manner, all of them became extremely uneasy, and they resolved to construct a raft, forgetting that there was not, upon the whole island, a stick more than a few inches in circumference. To swim from one island to another was utterly impossible, and Lord Byron himself began to be alarmed, when a Venetian, who was commonly called the Cyclops, because he had but one eye, proposed a plan for their deliverance, and, urged by his own danger, and induced by the promise of a handsome reward, he determined to put it into execution. There is no good water on Sabioncello, and they had in consequence brought on shore a cask, for the purpose of filling it at the spring. Falling to work with their knives, they cut this cask in two through the middle, and in the ticklish kind of vessel formed by one of the halves, the Cyclops embarked, with a couple of poles for oars. To keep up his spirits, they had previously given him a drop of brandy, and the company were overjoyed to see that he preserved his balance perfectly well. He pushed out to sea, where his singular boat at first turned round and round with him, but in the course of an hour it got into a rapid current and they soon lost sight of it. They could perceive that this current set in towards the land, and their hopes of deliverance revived. Another night passed, and by daylight the following morning, the Cyclops, hailed by a general shout of joy, arrived in a six-oared boat with an abundant supply of wine and fruit. He had been driven beyond the island of Sabioncello, and not far from Ragusa, and had performed in his frail vessel a voyage of nearly one hundred miles. Lord Byron liberally rewarded him, and on their return to Venice, he purchased for the Cyclops a boat as a memorial of that remarkable event, of which the latter was justly proud.

Niel Klim--The Danish Gulliver.

EVERYBODY has heard and nearly everybody has read "*Gulliver's Travels*," that spirited satire on the world of reality which finds its image in a world of fiction, and sees its own pet notions, its extravagant extravaganzas, burlesqued by Lilliputs and Brobdingnagians: yea, even by horses themselves. Danish literature boasts of a somewhat similar production, namely, the travels of Niel Klim, written by the Danish poet Holberg. This is also a satirical sketch of the world we live in, a satire which was originally written in Latin and afterwards done into German and Danish, when public taste was sufficiently cultivated to relish the joke.

Niel Klim is a good honest student of Copenhagen, who, having scrupulously kept his college terms, and passed his examination without losing a feather, repairs at last to Bergen in all the glory of B. A. Determined to contribute his quota towards the advancement of national discovery, he resolves upon descending a certain cavern--time out of mind said to be haunted by the Trolles. He is accordingly lowered in the dark abyss, lower, lower, lower: suddenly the chord snaps, and Niel Klim is precipitated into he don't-know-where, but finds himself at last on a planet of which he has often heard astronomers speak, namely, the Planet Nazar.

On this planet the men are trees: the trees, endowed with animal vitality, both walk and speak, form schools, hold tribunals, in a word compose a

regularly organized society. The inhabitants do not derive their rank from their birth--posthumous honors are unknown--they are great according to their number of branches. Those which have five or six branches are placed in the ranks of the aristocracy, and the more branches a tree has the more noble it is reckoned. Beyond this the nobles have no other privilege but that of bearing an honorary title; the men who are honored the most in this curious planet are the functionaries, who have no salaries, the artists, and the workmen.

Niel Klim, in falling so unexpectedly into this land of trees, committed many serious blunders in etiquette, but with the truest courtesy they overlooked them, which astonished him greatly, as in his world, they had been always accustomed to laugh at the mistakes of foreigners. He was introduced to the presence of his majesty, the King of the Trees, who questioned him as to his education. Niel Klim boasted of his Latin, and gloried in his Greek, but the monarch pronounced them flat, stale, and unprofitable. "Education," he said, "should develop the moral, mental, and physical faculties; unless it does this, it is no education at all." As to the philosophy of Niel Klim, they refused to receive it; it was sapling philosophy, they said, and not to be credited. When he presented, proudly, his diploma as Bachelor of Arts, the judges rejected it with scorn; and after considerable deliberation, at length decided that as he was a quick runner, nature evidently intended him for a post-man or messenger. With all due solemnity he was accordingly installed into his new office; and in bearing royal messages had occasion to visit nearly the whole of the vast provinces of Nazar. He discovered that the planet upon which he had so suddenly alighted was an immense country, occupied by races the most remarkable he ever met. One part of Nazar was the land of Intolerance, where the people were governed with a rule of iron, condemned to the most rigorous servitude at the bare word of their governors; in a neighboring district the children were the rulers, and the aged were compelled to submit in everything to them; another was the country of philosophy, where the people were so deeply absorbed in study, that they neglected the cultivation of the land altogether, but were busily planning a highway to the moon.

On his return from these journeys--flattered by the reception he had received--Niel Klim ventured to make some suggestions as to an alteration in the form of government. Of course such a suggestion--the mere possibility of improvement being denied--was highly resented, and a sentence of banishment was passed upon him. In the miserable plight he was glad to resort to any means whereby he could pass the time. Accordingly he set to work to make perukes, and the wigs attracting particular attention, as wonderful curiosities, he was restored to favor. The wheel of Fortune turned, and Niel Klim was the man of the people. Again it turned, and he was an outcast and an alien, flying from the vengeance of his foes, and in his flight discovering, by a most singular accident, the cavern through which he had reached Nazar.

So with much trouble, Niel Klim at last reached his own country, told his story, and as a reward for his important discoveries was made sacristian of Bergen Cathedral--rather a humble post, one would think, for a man who had made so many discoveries. Alas! so is talent rewarded. Was not John Stow, the antiquarian, permitted, as a reward, by royal charter, to beg in the church porch?

Courtship among the Pawnee Indians.

SUPPOSE the young lady arrived at the age when the short usurpation of Cupid is to be succeeded by the absolute monarchy of Hymen, the ceremony to be observed is (as far as we can learn) nearly as follows:--When the lover wishes to break the ice, he comes to her father's tent uninvited, and sits on the corner of the mat for a considerable time, then rises, and goes away without speaking. This is the preliminary step in the courtship, answering perhaps to the first gentle pressure of the hand--the first blushing hesitation in address--the first mutual glance of understanding. But I am treading on dangerous ground, and must proceed no further with these drawing-room "preliminaries."

After a few days the young man returns, wearing his buffalo-robe with the hair outwards, and again sits down silent in the corner of the tent; this is a regular proposal. If the father is determined to reject him at once, no skin is placed for him to sit on, no meat is offered him; but if he approves of the match, these usual rites of hospitality are observed, and he tells the young man that he will give a feast to obtain the consent of all his daughter's connec-

tions, and advises him also to do the same by his relations; should both of these feasts terminate favorably, the young man presents himself once more before his bride at the door of her tent, then turns round and walks slowly off towards his own; she rises and follows him--the marriage is then complete. If she remain sitting, it is a sign her family decline the match. As soon as he reaches home, he sends her father the marriage present or, rather, *the purchase money for his wife* (indeed it is neither more or less,) the amount of which is already pretty well ascertained by the father-in-law, and which consists of horses, blankets, or robes, according to the wealth or respectability of the contracting parties.

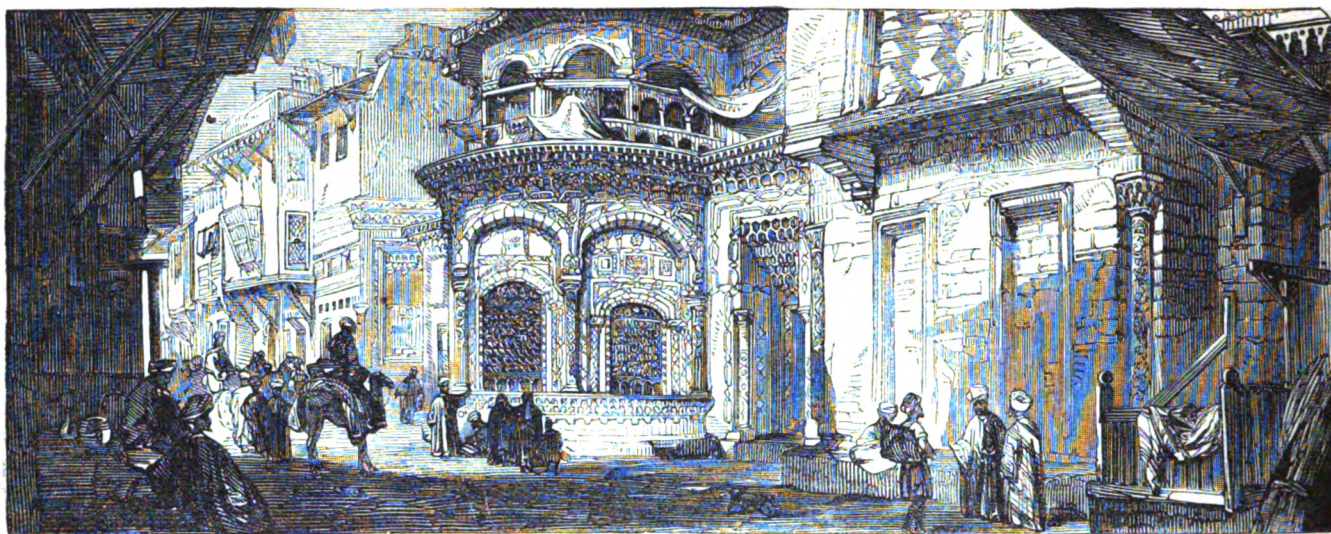
The most extraordinary part of this matrimonial affair is, that, having married the elder sister, he has a right to marry all the younger ones as they successively attain the proper age. Nor is this at all unusual; on the contrary, it is a common practice, as the husband thereby secures so many additional slaves, and can obtain so much more corn, dried meat, dressed skins, etc., all of which are the result of female labor. When the second sister becomes marriageable, or, rather, when it suits his fancy or convenience to take her, he sends her father a horse, or other proportionate present, and she comes over to his lodge; and so on with the other sisters. "I have seen several chiefs," says a recent writer, "who have in this manner married a whole family; the eldest wife being the greatest drudge, and the youngest being generally the favorite sultana, and consequently, doing the least work."

WHAT IS THE USE OF WIT?--A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common-sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation. Ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere. Subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth. Analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries. Feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards them by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. It is all good. We must despise no sort of talent; they have all their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

CHINESE OPINION OF WOMEN'S SOULS.--Master Ting, in speaking with us concerning the Leang-chan demonstration, mentioned it as such an enormity, that it is evident what is the value of women in the estimation of the Chinese. "As we were leaving Leang-chan," said he, "when we passed through the street where there were so many women assembled, I heard it said that they were Christians. Isn't that nonsense?" "No, certainly; it was the truth! They were Christians!" Master Ting looked stupefied with astonishment, and his arms fell down by his side. "I don't understand that!" said he. "I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their souls! Is that it?" "Yes--that is the object we propose to ourselves!" "Then what can the women become Christians for?" "What for? To save their souls, like the men!" "But they have no souls!" said Master Ting, stepping back a pace, and folding his arms; "women have no souls! You can't make Christians of them!" We endeavored to remove the scruples of the worthy man upon this point, and to give him some few sounder ideas on the subject of women's souls; but we are by no means sure we succeeded. The very notion tickled his fancy so much that he laughed with all his might. "Nevertheless," he said, after having listened to our dissertation, "I will be sure to recollect what you have been telling me, and when I get home again to my family, I will tell my wife that she has got a soul! She will be a little astonished, I think!"

A READY RECKONER.--A certain exquisite, during a recent tour, wishing to support his wit at the expense of a Yorkshire farmer, accosted him with: "I say, farmer, if one pound of cheese cost two pounds of butter, what will a cart-load of paving-stones come to?" "Two wagon-loads of dandies!" was the farmer's immediate reply.

A SPENDTHRIFT'S MOTTO.--Buy and buy.



CAIRO.

Route of the Overland Mail to India.

SOME of our readers may suppose that the desert is one limitless and level plain of soft smooth sand, and that the greatest difficulty in crossing it results from the horses sinking up to their knees, and the wheels of the vans to the axles. But they are very much mistaken. The travellers every now and then come to rocky eminences, or to slopes of mingled sand and great flint stones; and even where a tract of level sand unmingled with stones is found, it does not yield very readily. So that, notwithstanding the recent attempts that have been made to render travelling across the desert really a pleasure-trip, there are still more serious discomforts to be experienced.

The vans, though formed for the reception, certainly have not been constructed for the accommodation of six passengers. The two seats, narrow and hard, are along the sides of the vehicle; and the passengers, nose to nose, and knees to knees, are about as uncomfortable as it is possible to imagine. It is true no luggage is allowed, but the prohibition is needless, for no luggage could be wedged into a narrow space so well filled up with human flesh.* And then there are the rapidity with which the passengers are hurried on from stage to stage, without sufficient intervals for rest and refreshment, and the innumerable army of ravenous bugs, fleas, and other vermin, infesting every place stopped at, and which find their way on to the traveller. The vans, made with stiff springs, bounce and bump upon the huge stones, which are not to be escaped by the most skilful driver, being often only thinly covered by the sand, and lying so closely together that no navigation can avoid them. The manner in which the passengers are jolted against the roof or against each other, and back again on the hard seats, though it is often laughed at by the sufferers at starting, becomes any thing but a source of amusement after a very short experience.

A few low shrubs are sometimes seen; and the travellers can occasionally gather a handful of wild, plants in bloom—the flowers of the desert—making by no means a despicable nosegay. Some of these flowers are like the camomile and the daisy. It is strange to see shrubs and flowers growing in hot dry sand; but the heavy night dew preserves them.

The road across the desert, if such it can be called, is not often distinctly traceable by a stranger. The indentations of wheels are soon covered by the light moving sand. The best guiding marks are presented by the skeletons of camels that have died upon the journey. Sometimes are met the bodies of these poor beasts—"ships of the desert," how often wrecked!—in a horrible state of decomposition; but, though the sight is offensive, there is no disagreeable effluvia; for the perfectly dry air seems to have an effect similar to that of frost on decaying animal matter.

The desert being fortunately traversed, and all the annoyances happily overcome, the vans enter Suez. This town is situated at the head of the westernmost of the two arms or "gulfs," in which the Red Sea terminates. It is on an angle of land between the broad head of the gulf, the shore of which here runs nearly from east to west, and the narrow arm which runs up northward from the eastern corner of the gulf. It is walled on three sides, being open to the sea on the north-east, where are the harbor and a good quay. Within the walls are many open places, and several khans built around large courts.

* The "impediments" are placed upon camels.

The transit of the productions and merchandise of the East from the Red Sea to the Nile has, for a long period, made Suez an important station. The concourse of pilgrims who annually embark here for Mecca has also served to render the place of importance. Of late years its prosperity and population have been greatly increased by its being made the point of communication between Europe and India by means of steam navigation on the Red Sea.

Suez possesses little to attract attention. It has no architectural beauties and no antique remains. The houses are mostly built with a strange mixture of stone, brick, mortar, and mud, with no attempt at neatness or uniformity. In some instances, the lower rooms look quite substantial with rude stone facings, while the attics are unroofed, and the thin walls of mud and lath are falling to pieces. Many of the larger houses are two or three stories high, and look quite unsafe—as if the first puff of wind would blow them down. They remind one of houses built by children with torn and dirty cards. The bazaar which supplies the population is large, but filthy. It is filled chiefly with dates, figs, coffee, oil, rice, oranges, cloth, and cordage. You cannot walk half-a-dozen yards in the bazaar without meeting with sore eyes. Children almost naked, and in a loathsome condition, lay stretched in the sun, covered with flies, and making not the least exertion to get rid of them. Here and there, an old woman, more considerate than other mothers, will use her *choultry*, and make it serve the double duty of whisking the flies off her sweetmeats and her child, who, though diseased and filthy, is scarcely more offensive than the "sweets" amongst which it lays.

A traveller, who visited Suez a few years ago, when more than forty thousand pilgrims were there waiting to be shipped for Mecca, has described the scene in the following graphic manner:—

"The gate was open, a single soldier was lying on a mat basking in the sun, his musket gleaming brightly by his side, and a single cannon projected over the wall, frowning, with Tom Thumb greatness, upon the stranger entering the city. Passing the gate we found ourselves within a large open space crowded with pilgrims. Even the small space enclosed by the walls was not more than one quarter occupied by buildings, and these were at the farthest extremity. The whole intermediate area was occupied by pilgrims scattered about in every imaginable position and occupation, who stared at me as I passed among them in my European dress, and noticed me according to their various humors; some greeting me with a smile, some with a low and respectful salaam, and others with the black look and ferocious scowl of the bigoted and Frank-detesting Moslems. The first thing I did was to find a place to pass the night in. Directly opposite the open space was a large building containing a ground and upper floor, and open in the centre, forming a hollow square. The whole building was divided by partitions into perhaps a hundred apartments, and every one of these and the open squares outside were filled with pilgrims. The apartments consisted merely of a floor, roof, door, and walls, and sometimes one or other of these requisites was wanting, and its deficiency supplied by the excess of another. My room was in one corner, in the second story, and had a most unnecessary and uncomfortable proportion of windows; but I had no choice. After having made a tour of the town, I proceeded to the shore of the sea, where there were about a score of vessels of

some eighty or a hundred tons, sharply built, with tall spars for latten sails, high poops, and strangely painted, somewhat resembling the ancient ships of war, or the Turkish corsair or Arab pirate of modern days, riding at anchor in the harbor, and waiting to take on board the thousands of pilgrims that were all around me.

"Early next morning I found the balcony and staircase thronged with pilgrims, many still asleep, so that I was obliged to step over their bodies in going down; and out of doors the case was much the same. At home I should have thought it a peculiarly interesting circumstance to have been in the midst of a caravan of Moslems on their pilgrimage to Mecca; but now my feelings were essentially changed. All of those that I saw were abominably filthy; some were sitting around a huge dish of pilau, thrusting their hands in it up to the knuckles, squeezing the boiled rice, and throwing back their heads as they crammed the handful down their throats; others packing up their merchandise, and evidently calculating what they were likely to make by the venture; others were carrying water-skins or other articles. In a word, they presented any thing but the appearance of a devout and holy body of men."

A good story is told of a late governor of Suez. This man was a thorough Oriental, and for a long time shared in the old Mahometan feeling of hatred and contempt for Europeans. It happened, however, one day, that an English gun-brig had appeared off Suez, and sent her boats ashore to take in fresh water. Now fresh water is a scarce and precious commodity; it is kept in tanks, the chief of which is at some distance from the place. Under these circumstances the request for fresh water was refused, or, at all events, was not complied with. The captain of the brig was a simple-minded man, with a strong will of his own, and he at once declared that if his casks were not filled in three hours, he would destroy the whole place.

"A great people indeed!" said the governor: "a wonderful people the English!"

He instantly caused every cask to be filled to the brim from his own tank, and ever after entertained for the English a great degree of affection and respect.

By some biblical students it is supposed that the Israelites, when they made their miraculous passage of the red sea, entered the bed of the water at the spot where Suez now stands; others, however, are of opinion that they crossed the sea from a point some twenty or thirty miles down the coast. There are, it must be confessed, several objections to the former of these suppositions; the latter is supported by the unanimous tradition of the people, and is perfectly consistent with the account given in the fourteenth chapter of Exodus. The Arabs have a tradition that even yet, on a still evening, and sometimes when the sea is raging, the ghosts of the departed Egyptians are seen walking upon the waters. When the legend was repeated to Mr. Stephens, the narrator added: "Once, when, after a long day's journey, I lay down with my camels on this very spot, I saw the ghost of Pharaoh himself, with the crown upon his head, flying with his chariot and horses over the face of the deep; and even to this day the Arab, diving for coral, brings up fragments of swords, broken helmets, or chariot wheels, swallowed up with the host of Egypt."

When Napoleon was at Suez, he made an attempt

to follow the supposed steps of Moses, by crossing the Red Sea; but, according to the testimony of the people of Suez, he and his horsemen managed the matter in a way more resembling the failure of the Egyptians than the success of the "chosen people." According to the French account, Napoleon got out of the difficulty by that warrior-like presence of mind which served him so well when the fate of nations depended on the decision of a moment; he ordered his horsemen to disperse in all directions, in order to multiply the chances of finding shallow water, and was thus enabled to discover a line by which he and his people were extricated. The story told at Suez is very different; they declare that Napoleon parted from his horse, got thoroughly submerged, and was only saved from drowning by the assistance of the people on shore.

The commerce of the Red Sea has, almost from time immemorial, greatly suffered from the depredations of Arab pirates infesting the whole coasts. The exploits of one individual is dwelt upon by his late confederates with particular enthusiasm; and his career and deeds are really of so extraordinary a character that we shall offer no apology for giving a brief detail of them.

This dreaded man, Ramah ibn Java, the *beau idéal* of his order, the personification of an Arab sea-robber, was a native of a small village near Jiddah. At an early period he commenced a mode of life congenial to his disposition and nature. Purchasing a boat, he, with a band of about twelve companions, commenced his career as a pirate, and in the course of a few months he had been so successful that he became the owner of a vessel of 300 tons, and with a lawless crew of 350 men. It was a part of his system to leave British vessels unmolested, and he even affected to be on good terms with them. We have heard one of our old officers describe his appearance. He was then about forty-five years of age, short in stature, but with a figure compact and square, a constitution vigorous, and the characteristic qualities of his countrymen—frugality, and patience of fatigue. Several scars already seamed his face, and the bone of his arm had been shattered by a matchlock ball when boarding a vessel. It is a remarkable fact that the intermediate bones sloughed away, and the arm, connected only by flesh and muscle, was still, by means of a silver tube affixed around it, capable of exertion.

Ramah was born to be the leader of the wild spirits around him. With a sternness of purpose that awed those who were near him into a degree of dread, which totally astonished those who had been accustomed to view the terms of equality in which the Arab chiefs appear with their followers, he exacted the most implicit obedience to his will; and the manner in which he acted towards his son exhibits the length he was disposed to go with those who thwarted, or did not act up to, the spirit of his views. The young man, then a mere strippling, had been dispatched to attack some boats, but was unsuccessful. "This dastard, and son of a dog!" said the enraged father, who had been watching the progress of the affair, "you return unharmed to tell me! Fling him over the side!" The chief was obeyed; and but for a boat, which by some chance was passing some miles astern, he would have been drowned. Of his existence the father for many months was wholly unconscious, and how he was reconciled we never heard; but during the interval he was never known to utter his name. No cause, it appears, existed for a repetition of the punishment; for while yet a youth he met the death his father would have most coveted for him. He fell at the head of a party that was bravely storming a fort.

Many other acts of cruelty are related of him. Having seized a small trading-boat he plundered her, and then fastened the crew—five in number—round the anchor, suspended it from the bows, cut the cable, and let the anchor, with its living burthen, sink to the bottom. He once attacked a small town on the Persian Gulf. In this town lived one Abder Russul, a personal friend of the narrator, who related the visit of the pirates to his dwelling. Seized with a violent illness, he was stretched on a pallet spread on the floor of his apartment; his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, was attending him, his head placed in her lap. A violent noise arose below; the door was heavily assailed; it yielded; a sharp conflict took place, shouting and a rushing on the staircase were heard, and the pirates were in the apartment. "I read their purpose," said Abder to me, "in their looks; but I was bed-ridden, and could not raise a finger to save her for whose life I would gladly have forfeited. Ramah, the pirate-captain, approached her; entreaties for life were unavailing; yet for an instant her extreme beauty arrested his arm, but it was only for an

instant; his dagger again gleamed on high, and she sank a bleeding victim beside me. Cold and apparently inanimate as I was, I nevertheless felt her warm blood flowing past me, as with her life it rapidly ebbed away. My eyes must have been fixed with the vacant look of death: I even felt unmoved as the robber-chief bent down beside me, and, with spider-like fingers, stripped the jewels from my hand,—the touch of that villain who had deprived me of all which in life I valued. At length a happy insensibility stole over me. How long I remained in this condition I know not; but when I recovered my senses fever had left me; cool blood again traversed my veins. Beside me was a faithful slave, who was engaged bathing my temples. He had escaped the slaughter of his brethren by secreting himself while the murderers remained in the house."

Ramah, although a man of few words with his crew, was nevertheless very communicative to our officers whenever he fell in with them. According to his own account, he managed them by never permitting any familiarities, nor communicating his plans, and by an impartial distribution of plunder; but the grand secret he knew full well was in his utter contempt of danger, and that terrible untaught eloquence, at the hour of need, where time is brief, and sentences must be condensed into words, which marked his career. Success crowned all his exploits; he made war, and levied contributions on whom he pleased. Several times he kept important sea-port towns in a state of blockade, and his appearance was everywhere feared and dreaded.

He took possession of a small sandy islet, not many miles from his native place, where he built a fort, and would occasionally sally forth, and plunder and annoy any vessels that he met with. Although now perfectly blind and wounded in almost every part of his body, yet such was the dread inspired by the energy of this old chief, that, for a long time, no one could be found willing to attack the single vessel which he possessed. At length, a sheik, bolder than his neighbors, proceeded in three heavy boats to attack Ramah. The followers of the latter, too well trained to feel or express alarm save that which arose from affection to their chief, painted in strong terms the overwhelming superiority of the approaching force, and counselled his bearing away from them; but he spurned the idea. The evening drew near, and closed upon him; after a severe contest they gained the deck. An instant after, dead and dying, the victor and the vanquished, were given to the wind. Ramah, with a spirit in accordance with the tenor of his whole career, finding the day was going against him, was led by a little boy to the magazine, and then, it is supposed, applied the pipe he had been smoking during the action to the powder. Such, to his life, was the fitting end of the pirate chief.

Origin of Particular Terms.

MUCH interesting and valuable information is connected with the origin of many of those technical words or phrases which the wisdom of our ancestors bestowed on certain things. For instance, why do we use the word *volume*? Why do we distinguish between the *leaf* of a book and the *page* of a book? What was the origin of these terms? We present the following replies to these and similar questions:

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "VOLUME."—Writing on the inner bark of the lime-tree, superseded amongst the Romans the mode of writing on leaves. The Latin name for this bark was *liber*, and, therefore, a book formed of it was called "a *liber*." In order that these bark books might be conveniently carried, they were rolled up, and in that form were called *volume*; and this epithet was afterwards applied to all books, no matter what their form or materials.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "PAGE OF A BOOK."—All the ancient manuscripts now extant are written on parchment, and these parchments were in former days called "*pagina*," from *pango*, to write; hence the word *page*. When a "*pagina*" was filled, the written side was called *recto*, and the blank side *verso*.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "LEAF OF A BOOK."—At an earlier period than it would be possible now to discover, leaves of trees were used for the transmission of ideas by writing. The Latin word *folium* means leaf, and hence the words *folio* and *leaf* as applied to books. Leaves of trees are still used to form books by many eastern nations, but the most curious are those made at Ceylon, of the leaves of the talipot tree.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "ROMANCE."—The corrupted Latin spoken by the Franks after their settlement in Gaul was called *Romaash*, or "a mess of languages," it being composed of a confused medley of impure French and ungrammatical Latin.

The first compositions in which this dialect was used in writing, were fictitious narratives, and hence they were termed *Romaashes* or *Romances*.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE, "TO PUT A GLOSS UPON A THING."—By this expression we understand, "to put a favorable construction or interpretation on some doubtful circumstance." It had its origin in a single Greek word, signifying "gloss," which meant to put one written word to explain another. Larger expositions and commentaries were afterwards, from the same word, termed "Glossaries."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "CODE."—The wooden tables on which the Greeks wrote their laws, were fastened together at one end, and as they were large, and but roughly hewn, they had much the appearance of the trunk of a tree cut into planks, they were therefore called "*codex*," which means "stump of a tree, or part of a trunk," and hence our term "*code*."

"SCHEDULE."—When boards were covered with a thin coat of wax, and used for the inscription of common occurrences or inventions, they were termed *schēdæ*, which means a book for accounts or lists.

"BINDING IN BOARDS."—The most ancient mode of binding books was in thin wooden boards. After some years, folds of paper pasted together were used instead, and this substance, though so different from the former, preserved the name of boards, and a book bound with it is said "to be bound in boards." The term "*paste-board*" thus originated.

PREJUDICE.—All men are apt to have a high conceit of their own understanding, and to be tenacious of the opinions they profess; and yet almost all men are guided by the understanding of others, not by their own; and may be said more truly to adopt, than to beget, their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all, that universal pedagogue custom, fill the mind with notions which it has no share in framing; which it receives as passively as it receives the impressions of outward objects; and which, left to itself, it would never have framed, perhaps, or would have examined afterwards. Thus prejudices are established by education, and habits by custom. We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves; and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised, or exercised in such trammels as constrain its motions, and direct its pace, till that which was artificial becomes in some sort natural, and the mind can go no other. It may sound oddly, but it is true, in many cases, to say, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is indeed shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error. They who are in the last, must unlearn, before they can learn to any good purpose; and the first part of this double task is not, in many respects, the least difficult, for which reason it is seldom undertaken.

LOGIC AMONG FRIENDS.—If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men—nay, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one!" He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls. Let young men think of this.

UNHEALTHY PLASTERING.—A communication in the *Journal of Commerce* asserts, that the hair used in plaster for new houses is frequently so dirty as to emit unpleasant effluvia, which is quite sickening, and calculated to keep a room unhealthy for years afterwards. The writer says: "Hair used for mixing in mortar should be thoroughly washed—re-washed and dried, and thus deprived of the putrid matter that often adheres to it. The lime in mortar is not sufficient to cleanse the hair. It will generate an unpleasant sickly effluvia whenever the room is heated, until, after a long time, the mortar is converted into nitrate of lime, or so much of it as is mixed with the animal matter, incorporated in the mortar."

THE GIANT STEAM SURPASSED.—A wood-carver, named Henry Anderton, of Preston, Lancashire, and in former years a member of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Old Trafford, Manchester, after years of study and toil, has succeeded in making an engine that will work either standing still, or drive on rail the same as our locomotives. He is in a position to satisfy the most incredulous as to its capabilities, and will with pleasure answer questions, not encroaching upon his main secret, that any practical gentleman may feel disposed to ask him, as to the possibility of his engine working and driving any weight that may be put to it, and superseding steam power, without the enormous waste of coal that the country is daily put to. If circumstances had been propitious, his engine would have been brought before the world at an earlier period; but feeling assured that he was competent to prove the fact at any favorable time, he concluded that by keeping his invention secret till that time should arrive, it would only gain still further improvements and finish by the little delay.

AL-TEPPE IN PALESTINE.—The following curious account is found in a late number of "Zion's Faithful Watchman," an organ to support the interests of orthodox Judaism, published at Altona:—"Much is still unknown to philosophers, and time alone can reveal the facts and secrets of Natural History. In Palestine is found a four-footed beast, called in Arabic Al-teppe. It is about the size of an ass, has a head similar to that of a hog; its voice is harmonious, its body slender, and its motion rapid. At the sight of man, it approaches and fawns upon him, makes laughable tricks, and especially with its tail makes such ridiculous movements, while springing and bounding about, that it is impossible for the beholder to refrain from laughing. As soon, however, as the unfortunate spectator smiles, he is deprived of reason, and, like a sheep led to the slaughter, follows the devilish beast over hill and dale, till the cunning animal leads him into its den. There it sucks out his blood and brains, and leaves him dead to seek another victim. It sometimes happens that the senseless wretch hurts himself against a stone, and as soon as blood flows from the wound, he recovers his reason, and is delivered from the enemy. Some years ago, a peasant, who resided not far from Zafel, had the misfortune to be carried away by a teppe. Led by the beast to its den, the man struck his head against a rock which overhung the entrance, and, immediately coming to himself, saw several men lying dead, bloodless and brainless. The beast then fled. The holy Rabbi of Zafel, some time since on a journey with several persons, heard a loud cry; on approaching, he found a teppe squeezed between two stones, and a peasant sitting on them, holding the beast fast by his ears. Help was immediately sought in a neighboring village, and the creature was destroyed; the poor man, however, soon after died from the effects of fright. It were to be wished that some rich European would devote a sum of money to secure the animal and bring it dead or alive to Europe."

THE EAGLE & THE FOX.—Mr. Cattanaeh, of Laggan, being one day in the deer-forest, examining with his telescope the movements of the deer, his eye fell upon a large male fox sneaking slowly across the heather, and snuffing the air as if he believed his game at no great distance from him. By degrees the fox approached the summit of a hill on which a prop was erected, used at some seasons of the year for trapping vermin. Reynard neared this prop in a straight course to windward, and Mr. Cattanaeh for the first time observed an eagle of large size perched upon it, and he waited the result of the interview with considerable interest. After several manoeuvres, the fox stealthily approached the roosting-place of the eagle, and raised his body as if immediately prepared to spring upon his intended victim; but at this critical moment the eagle seemed to have aroused from its reverie, and bristled its plumage, upon which the fox instantly showed the white feather, and marched off the ground at a smart pace, leaving the eagle to resume its slumbers unmolested.

NEW TUBING.—Messrs. Smith and Philips, of Skinner street, Snow Hill, London, have just completed a patent for "a new mode of constructing and connecting pipes or tubes for gas, water, or steam purposes," which possesses many advantages over the present method. By a simple but ingenious plan, the pipes are so constructed, that when it is required to form a curve in several lengths of pipe, the faces, or surfaces which meet, are capable of being adjusted to form the bend or curve required; instead of constructing the pipe itself with a bend. The economy both in casting and in laying which will be thereby effected is of great importance. Less excavation will be required in laying the pipes in their places; and what are called "man-holes," to enable the workman to get at the joints, will not be needed. The half-coupling or under part of the socket being placed in position, the two ends of the pipe joined upon it, and the upper part of the clip or collar being screwed down upon the packing, the whole operation will be completed without the nuisance and danger arising from fires in the streets, or from the molten lead which they are used to supply. The new pipes also offer great facilities to proprietors of mills, factories, and other establishments, in which steam is the motive power. It may be added, that the principle of the invention is applicable to pipes of every material as well as iron—lead, copper, or any other kind of tubing can be made and joined in the same way.

"The Watchman."

The following beautiful lines, written after perusing the new popular novel "The Watchman," published by H. LONG & BROTHER, of this City, have been handed to us for publication. We willingly find room for them, and commend them to the notice of our readers.

Lines written at midnight, after reading the popular novel, "The Watchman."

THE WATCHMAN.

The wintry wind blows chill and drear,
And fast the snow is falling—
Not one pale star shines forth to cheer
The Watchman's weary calling.
Still paces he his lonely beat,
Now up, now down, the gloomy street,
With stiffening limbs and aching feet.
His night song hoarsely bawling—
"What of the night! Ho! Watchman tell?"
"Past ten o'clock, and all is well!"

Fast locked in slumber, housed and warm
The weary world is dreaming;
Of him who patient braves the storm
Without, but little deeming.
Still through the dark and dreary night
The Watchman tramps till morning light,
Disperses the gloom, and warm and bright
The glorious sun is leaping;
"What of the night! Ho! Watchman tell?"
"Past midnight—and still all is well!"

At length the Watchman's toils are o'er,
The day is slowly breaking;
Home and with tired steps once more
His path he's gladly taking.
No more with sore and weary feet,
Now up, now down the silent street,
The Watchman tramps his lonely beat,
Night's dreamy echoes waking;
As answering to the steeple bell,
He calls the hour and chants "All's well!"

NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY.—It is said that, by the use of an electro-chemical bath, metals which have been lodged in the system for many years can be extracted. Should this prove true, it will be of vast benefit to the human race of civilized countries. The discovery of the application of quicksilver to medical science, we, with many physicians of very extended experience, regard as the greatest curse that has been inflicted on the human constitution. It produces apparently wonderful effects. For the time it is singularly efficacious as an alterative, and as a vigorous awakener of the constitution to susceptibility; but it is a heavy metal, infinitely subtle in its reach—so subtle indeed that it penetrates into vessels into which colored water cannot be injected—there it lodges and rankles in the bones, joints, vertebrae, making the system a barometer going up and down with the weather—producing caries of the bones, initiating rheumatism, gout and other complaints. It is ridiculous to suppose that it is carried off by purgatives. Its particles set off on their travels the moment they are taken into the system, and there they wander up and down searching their own way out like lead pellets, and injuring something wherever they settle. If the discovery we have announced be therefore productive of the results it promises, it may be of vast use. Hydropathists aver that water draws out mercury, and that the sheets have been found quite black that have been taken from the person of a patient who has been dosed with that poison. Indeed, Prussnitz averred he could smell mercury on the skin of his patients who had not taken it for twenty years before.

FOLLIES OF THE WISE.—It was a favorite saying of Sir Walter Scott, that the wisest of our race often reserve the average stock of folly, to be expended upon some one flagrant absurdity.

WHENEVER you see a man spending his time in lounging about the streets, talking politics, you need not expect that he has any money to lend.

THERE is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to that of tyranny. Arbitrary power is easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.

A JUDGE being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a cent."

MAIDS OF HONOR.—A coachman in the establishment of the Prince of Wales, in 1743, who used to drive the maids of honor, was so sick of them that he left his son fifteen hundred dollars, upon condition that he never married a maid of honor.

AN EXTRAVAGANT WIFE.—"Each moment makes thee dearer!" as the parsimonious tradesman said to his extravagant wife.

ONE OF THE LARGEST DISTILLERIES in Scotland—the Leith Distillery, where, 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey used to be annually made—has been bought by a respectable and wealthy Edinburgh house, and converted into a flour mill.

MONEY.—Those who think that money will do any thing, may be suspected of doing any thing for money.

CHRISTIAN LIFE consists in faith and charity.

RUM has sunk more seamen than all the tempests that ever blew.

Do the frowns of faith startle you? Fear her smiles still more.

REPUTATION is like polished steel—it may be tarnished by a breath.

WHEN an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

PRUDENT and active men, who know their strength, and use it with limit and circumspection, alone go far in the affairs of the world.

If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.

VANITY is the great commanding passion. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds, or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant.

A SMILE.—Day begins in darkness, grows bright, strong and glorious, and in darkness closes; and so man commences life in weak childhood, attains to the meridian of manhood, and second childhood ends his day career.

DERIVATIONS.—I think it not unworthy of remark, that whilst the old patronymic termination of our northern ancestors was son, the Sclavonic and Russian patronymic was *or*. Those whom the English and Swedes named *Peterson*, the Russians called *Peterhof*; and as a polite foreign affection afterwards induced some of our ancestors to assume *filz* or *fitz*, (*i. e.* *filz* or *filius*) instead of *son*, so the Russian affection in more modern times changed *or* to *vitch*, (*i. e.* *filz*, *filz*, or *filius*), and *Peterhof* became *Petrovitch* or *Petrovitch*.

IDLENESS AND A RUNNING RIVER.—There are not so many watchers of flowing waters as is generally imagined. Such a one passes an hour with his elbow on the parapet of a bridge, and watches an angler, looks at the horses which draw a barge, or both looks at and listens to the pretty washing-maidens singing. But to recline, buried in deep grass in bloom, under the blue-leaved willows, follow with the eye a river or a rivulet, look at the reeds it bends in its course, and the grass it bears away with it, the green dragon-flies which alight upon the rosy blossoms of the flowering reed, or on the white or violet flowers of the sagittarius, or on the little white anemones, blooming over a large carpet of verdure—verdure like the green hair of a naiad—and to see nothing but that; to listen to the brushing of their gauze wings, and the murmuring of the water against the banks, and the noise of a breathing of wind among the leaves of the willows, and hear nothing but that; to forget everything else, to feel one's heart filled with unspeakable joy, to feel one's soul expand and blossom in the sun, like the little blue flowers of the forget-me-not and the rosy blossoms of the flowering reed; to be sensible of no desire and of no fear but that of seeing a large white cloud, which is rolling up from the horizon, ascend in the heavens and conceal the sun for a time—that is what I call looking at flowing water—that is not a pleasure, it is a happiness, which I reckon among the greatest that it has been given to me to taste in the course of my life.

Facetia.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—The great attraction of the "lion of the evening."

A SUMMARY PROCEEDING.—Issuing invitations to one's friends for a pic-nic.

WHAT tree is it which is of great use in history? The date-tree.

AN old lady says she can't think why they are so candid; but that some authors are quite correct in putting at the end of their books "Fine us" ("Finis.")

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ONE THING MORE—When the bullfinch has a pipe to himself, does he smoke bird's-eye?

THE LOST FOUND.—The papers frequently record in the law intelligence, the *finding* of a jury. We infer from this that they must be *lost* men!

GOING IN FOR PERFECT LIBERTY.—A friend of ours stands up so strongly for the freedom of the press, that he went, on any account, consent to have his books bound.

NOTE BY A NATURALIST.—In the Malay language the same word signifies *women* and *flowers*. This, of course, is a delicate way of intimating that each is remarkable for its (s) talk.

RATHER A QUEER QUERY FOR AN ARCHITECT TO ANSWER.—If there are many "wings" to a building, does it follow as a matter of course that there will be numerous flights of stairs?

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN ACCOUNT FOR IT.—Many people when they experience the slightest twinge of illness, betake themselves to bed. They most probably think they will alleviate their pain by using a counterpane.

CARLETT AVAUNT!—A brute, who, we are most happy to say, is enjoying his "six months" for beating his wife, tries to explain away his delinquency by declaring that he was simply "dressing a duck."

THE EXTREME OF SCRUPULOSITY.—We cannot help thinking that it is carrying a sense of conscience a little too far, when a gentleman is so afraid of breaking the game laws that he won't even look at a poached egg.

NOTHING BUT A PUFF!—Common as the system of puffing has become in various trades, still the most thorough puff we know of is a *volume* of smoke, which vanishes into absolutely nothing!

SUBSTITUTES FOR CURRY.—Amongst the prevailing features of the poultry yard we perceive "ginger" bantams. After this we should think curried fowl would be at a discount, as ginger bantams would be hot enough without the Indian condiment.

TWO MOOT POINTS RESPECTING GENTILITY.—1. Can a gentleman be said to keep low company when he gets drunk with somebody else's porter? 2. Can a person be considered vulgar if he speaks in a low tone of voice.

THE LEFT—ALTHOUGH RIGHT—LEG.—Supposing the queen were desirous of investing an officer who had lost his left leg in battle, with the garter;—what then? Would etiquette so far be changed as to allow the garter to be buckled on the right leg? But taking it in any sense, the said *right* leg would be the only *left* one for the occasion. However the point is a knotty one for the Knights of the Order.

ONE!—One all-rounder will make a fellow look ridiculous. One new bonnet will make a young lady feel happy. One "funny man" will bother a whole neighborhood. One infuriated bull will set two or three streets in an uproar. One dirty crossing-sweeper will make ten people feel cross. One bad novel will waste whole reams of good paper. One little song will set thirty people talking. One bore will set a roomful of company yawning. One "jolly row" will turn all the inhabitants of a street out of doors. One pretty flirt will make a dozen plain girls unhappy for an entire evening. One good joke will set the wits of half a score of wretches to work trying to steal it. One bad joke, if printed, will make its author disgustingly and insufferably vain for the remainder of his life. One Punch-and-Judy-show will keep fifteen old gentlemen waiting for their newspapers. One champagne supper will turn six fellows into donkeys, get three locked into the station-house, four locked out of the guv'nor's house, and five severely lectured by their indignant consorts. One sunshiny day will bring out all the butterflies and pretty girls in a suburb. One little request for a latch-key will introduce endless discord into the bosom of the best regulated family. One fit of hysterics will often obtain an opera-box, a month at the sea-side, and new silk dresses for all "the girls." One tight pair of boots will render the life of the wearer miserable for five or six days. One may as well take one's-self off when one has no more to say.

INSANE CON.—When may two people be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

ANOTHER GRAND MISTAKE.—The idea of sending out port wine to the Crimea, was another of those blunders for which the authorities at home have to answer. Considering that our troops were encamped in the field, the wine sent should have been "Tent wine."

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.—In the Warwickshire case of "Keane v. Perkins"—a chicken-spirited chemist suing a maiden for breach of promise—the jury gave the plaintiff a shilling damages. Mr. Serjeant Miller asked his lordship to certify for costs. Mr. Baron Alderson said: "Certainly not. He thought the action should not have been brought. He was of opinion a gentleman in such a case should acquiesce in the lady's decision, upon the principle that—

If a lass won't change her mind,
Nobody can make her."

And then there were two other lines, the last ending with the words that somebody he would not mention "might take her."

A BASHFUL PRINTER refused a situation in a printing-office where females were employed, saying that he never "set up" with a girl in his life.

A GENIUS who deserves to be ranked as a public benefactor, has discovered a process for converting *old toppers* into cartridge-boxes. Their superiority for this purpose consists in their being always *dry*.

CONS.—Why is a quack like a locomotive engine? Because he cannot go on without puffing. "My love, why is a Laplander like an umbrella-maker? D'y'e give it up? 'Cause he derives his support from the rain, dear (reindeer)." Might a publican who, having been "unfortunate in business" and re-opened his house, be termed a re-publican?

HOME TRUTHS.—Bitter are domestic sweets which are preserved in *family jars*.

NOVEL ARGUMENT.

If *wine* is poison, so is tea,
Only in another shape;
What matter whether one is killed
By Canister or Grape!

MERCANTILE ABSURDITY.—To present a bill payable at sight to a blind man.

A "WHIFF" OF A JOKE.—An inveterate smoker gives it as his opinion, that the tree which most resembles the remains of a smoked cigar is the *white ash*.

WHY was Don Quixote like a policeman? Because he went on knight (night) duty.

MISGIVINGS.—A young girl's affections.

A CLERICAL CHARGE.—How can churchmen complain of the church being deserted, when they themselves fill it with nothing but empty forms?

GENEROUS PLEA FOR OLD-MAIDISM.—Your pink of perfection is always considered by judges the best single.

FLOUR is an article well enough in its sphere, but we deprecate the rubbing of it on ladies faces.

WHY is a cannon ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when *fired* it generally ends in a *roll*.

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows, who have lost their husbands, practise attitudes of despair before a looking glass.

BY NO MEANS BAD.—A "Knight of the Whip" makes the following inquiry of us: "I wonder if an editor's *leaders* ever get over the traces?"

NOT AMISS.—A humorist, the other day, remarking upon the dispute pending between the teetotalers and the "jolly full" bottlers of this city, termed it the "War of the Red and White Noses."

WHAT IS "CANVASSING"?—A witness (Irish, of course, before the Clare Election Committee) having said he had been "all day canvassing" was directed to "define" canvassing, which he did thus: "To try to induce and force the voters to vote for Corny O'Brien, and if they would not, to give them drink till they could not vote at all."

As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact, that if all the girls were driven out of the world in one generation, the boys would all go out after them.

ETHICAL.—Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?

An old maid in Connecticut, being at a loss for a pincushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

"Dick! I say, why don't you turn that buffalo robe t'other side out? Hair side in is the warmest." "Bah! T'other you get out! Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide?"

AN EPITAPH.—There is an Italian epitaph which reads thus: "I was well—wanted to be better—and here I am."

Mrs. HARRIS says her "darter" Jane was only married a little over a year when she had "two boys, both sons." Smart gal, that.

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the "barber pole" pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled cork-screw.

FOND OF COMPANY.—People who buy second-hand bedsteads.

We overheard a poor weather-bound individual, the other day, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a doorway:

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell,
There always comes a soaking shower,
When I hain't got no umbrell!

The following receipt for "light refreshments" we find in the *Detroit Free Press*, and recommend to the railroad restaurants: "California Sandwiches—A slice of leather placed between two white pine chips. Price, One Shilling. Mustard gratis!"

PRECOCIOUS.—"Mother, you mustn't whip me for running away from school any more!" "Why?" "Because my school-book says that *ants* are the most industrious beings in the world; and ain't I a *true ant*?"

GIRLS, BEWARE!—Jean Paul thus cautions young girls: The young men fall on their knees before you; but remember, it is but as the infantry before the cavalry, that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on *bended knees* takes aim at his victim.

Q. What four persons would be worth eighteen-cents? A. One Joey, two Browns, and a Bob.

A TRAVELLER.—Anybody who wants anything to drink.—WALKER.

OUR SANITARY REPORT.—The best Chalk Mixture: Pure Orange County milk.

AN AWKWARD JUG.—*Lady*: You don't mean to tell me, Mary, that my new Crystal Milk Jug is Bro—? *Mary*: Yes 'M, it's the orkedist jug as hever I see—it jest took and tumbled right off its 'andle! which it's left its 'andle in my 'and, 'M.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.—*British Farmer*: Well! Here's a pretty business! I've got so much corn, that I don't know where to put it.

HERE HE LIES.—It is very common to speak of evidence as lying in a nutshell. The late court-martial, however, proves that evidence may resolve itself into narrower limits still, namely, *lying in a Colonel!*

THE REAL GRIEVANCE.—Several of the organs of the Spanish government are attempting to prove that the present constitution is a mere collection of shams. We scarcely think the point worth disputing. One fact, however, we believe to be pretty satisfactorily established, and that is, that they are sadly in want of a *collection of Reals*.

RIDICULOUS.—To imagine that an ostrich could bolt a door, because he has been known to swallow half a dozen pen knives.

A RICH DESIGN.—A pattern formed in cheques.

A MORNING CALL.—"Water-cresses!"

BURNS ON THE BENCH AND BAR.

The man who is fond of bringing actions against other people is seldom accountable for his own.

The strength of a counsel lies, like Samson's, in his hair.

The wisdom of a judge, like Solomon's, in his sentences.

An upright witness stares truth full in the face—he seldom looks at the counsel.

Briefs show their arguments on one side only; lawyers can display them on either.

The best counsel for plaintiff and defendant—Don't go to law.

Sentimentalities.

BY A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY, DE L'AGE DE 35 ANS.

The heart is a nursery of the tenderest plants to which the least chill often proves most destructive.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.

Good nature is a glow-worm that sheds light even in the dirtiest places.

Man has generally the best of everything in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with—whereas poor woman has her curl-papers.

Kindred seas are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them.



HARD SHELL CANDIDATE.

Gentlemen:—We go in for all we can catch, and hold on to all we get!

Lawyers at a Discount.

Judge W—, who had been for many years a worthy occupant of the Federal bench in Michigan, fell into a conversation a few days since, in a barber's shop, with a plain, substantial-looking, and rather aged stranger, from the neighbourhood of Tecumseh. The judge being formerly well-acquainted in that vicinity, took occasion to ask after certain of its citizens.

"You know Mr. B—, do you?" said the judge.

"Very well!" was the reply.

"He is well, is he?"

"Quite well!" was the answer.

Judge W— then remarked:

"Mr. B— is a very fine man!"

"Y-e-s!" said the old man, rather cautiously; "a fine man for a lawyer—you know we don't expect a great deal from them!"

A Rich Scene.

The following rich scene recently occurred in an American court of justice between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:—

Judge.—"What's your native language?"

Witness.—"I pe no no native. I's a Dootch-man!"

Judge.—"What's your mother tongue?"

Witness.—"Oh, fader say she be all tongue!"

Judge.—(In an irritable tone.)—"What language did you speak at the cradle?"

Witness.—"I tid not speak no language in te cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch!"

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury, and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no farther about his native language.

QUARTERING SOLDIERS.—Mrs. Partington considers that there must be something essentially wrong in the management of the army, because wherever soldiers are quartered there is sure to be a mess.



THE NEW SANITARY MOVEMENT.

Hand Labor—versus—Machines.

"LENGTHENED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."—A pretty girl six feet high.

CONSOLING.—What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.

A DREADFUL THREAT.—"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch them, so I will!"

MAN OF PARTS.—"Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Skeesieks a man of parts?" "Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part numskull, part knave, and part fool!"

QUESTION.—Who was Richard just before he was "himself again?"

MISTAKES.—To suppose a clock strikes with its hands. That a tissue of falsehoods may be purchased at so much per yard. And that the cloak of hypocrisy is made of a manufactured texture.

ENGLISH THIEVES.—A German writer observes, in a late volume on the social condition of Great Britain: "There is such a scarcity of thieves in England, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery."

BACKBITER.—What is the meaning of a "back-biter?" said a rev. gentleman, during an examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzle. It went down the class till it came to a simple little urchin, who said: "Pr'aps it be a flea!"

THE INDEX OF THE MIND.—A person in want of a situation, inquired of a rather stupid-looking individual if he could inform him of one; and upon his answering rather gruffly in the negative, he remarked that, from the look of his face, he thought he might know of a vacancy.

HELPING A THIEF.—A farmer of St. Ay, France, was recently requested by a man to give his assistance in lifting a pig into a cart: he called his man to help him, and did so. It was afterwards discovered that the pig was his own, and the man he assisted a thief.

PHILOSOPHY OF COUNTRY HEALTH.—"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," says Mrs. Partington, "and how they fat on it! For my part, I shall always think it is owing to the vittles! Air may do for camamiles and other reptiles that live on it, but I know that men must have something substantial!"

A BRIGHT SON.—"My son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up to the heavens for an answer, "I don't know, but suppose we have it 'H. Samplin and father!'" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but wouldn't adopt it.

A CLEVER BOY.—A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, "just to see what he would say," to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt—reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked, "Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?" "Say nothin', say nothin', mother, when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him!"

AN ADMIRABLE ADMIRAL.—To show the positive injustice of the complaints against the tardy movements of Admiral Dundas, we need only put our readers in possession of information received from private sources, to the effect that he has actually sacked a ship's carpenter, blown up a boatswain, and taken a severe cold.

EYES AND NO EYES.—The parliamentary vote of £140,000 for the purchase of Burlington House, has been condemned by certain persons as blind folly—an opinion that we certainly cannot coincide with, considering the large sum expended in purchasing its site.

A QUESTION FOR OUR GENERALS.—Why, when there is a seat of war, must our soldiers be still obliged to form a standing army?

LADIES ROUGING.—We will adhere to our opinion, that for a woman to look modest, and yet wear rouge, requires a certain amount of "cheek."

THE UNBIASED OPINION OF AN OLD FOGY.—Some people fly into raptures about the blackbird's whistled notes; others talk sentimental humbug about the lark's wildly thrilling notes, or the nightingale's pity-pleading notes; but my private opinion is, that the only notes really worth admiring are—bank-notes.

A DOUBLE-BARREL PUN.—Lord Erskine often punned with great glee. He once encountered his friend, Mr. Maylem, at Ramsgate. The latter observed that his physician had ordered him not to bathe. "Oh, then," said Erskine, "you are *Malum prohibetum*." "My wife, however," rejoined the other, "does bathe." "Oh, then," said Erskine, perfectly delighted, "she is *Malum in se*."



SOFT SHELL CANDIDATE.

Gentlemen:—Some are born to honor, others have it thrust upon them.

WHICH IS BEST?—"I love you, Ruth; you surely have been able to discern it? My love is ardent and sincere. Oh, say that you'll return it!" "Return it, Paul! No, no, not I. I've striven hard to gain it; and now I've got it, by your leave, I'd rather far retain it."

DEATH POSTPONED! A provincial paper concludes a long obituary with the following strange notification:—"Several deaths are unavoidably deferred."

PROOF NEGATIVE.—A judge was once about to pronounce sentence of punishment on an Irishman for theft. "And it is upon the oaths of thim two witnesses yer honor's going to condemn me?" asked Pat. "Certainly," said the judge, "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt." "Oh, murther!" exclaimed Pat; "to condemn me on the oaths of two spalpeens, who swear they saw me take the goods, when I can bring forth a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it!"

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.—A retired cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business that had enriched him, once remarked to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the Poorlaw, "You must bear it in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call 'the milk of human kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words:—"Yes, sir, I am aware of that; you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

PREACHER, PREACHER.—Prosy Coleridge, during one of his interminable table-talks, said to Lamb, "Charley, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," was the prompt and witty reply of Lamb, which has remained a favorite byword to the present day.

LIVING IN AN OVEN.—A gentleman having occasion to call on a certain writer, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it was "as hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied the author, "for 'tis here that I make my bread."



PIECE AND PLENTY.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.—PART 4.

OCTOBER, 1855.

18¢ CENTS.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. II., page 143.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Six months elapsed after the departure of the exiles from Moscow before their weary journey,

which was performed in chains and on foot, drew towards its close—six long dreary months of physical as well as moral torture passed in traversing the vast snow-covered steppes and trackless forests which Nature, in her benevolence to man, seems to have placed between Siberia and its victims—barriers which the cunning perseverance of despotism and cruelty unhappily have rendered unavailing.

Despite the sheepskin clothing and masks they had

been provided with, the prisoners suffered severely from the intense cold of the inhospitable regions through which they were doomed to pass; it pierced to their very marrow, chilled the life's stream within their veins, and deadened the action both of heart and brain. A leaden apathy crept over them, benumbing every intellectual faculty, till they resembled machines endowed with motion and feeling only.

Night was their only consolation; it brought rest



CHARLES AND HENRY IN THE COTTAGE OF REUBEN BIGHT, THE JEW, BARGAINING FOR THE USE OF RIFLES.

to their weary, frost-bitten limbs, and warmth to their half-stagnant blood which circulated lazily; for at the end of each day's toilsome march, on reaching the station, they were confined in some rude hut or prison by themselves, and the doors securely barred on them till the morning.

It was only then that, safe from the observation of their guard, their mockeries and coarse outrages, the victims of imperial villany dared to indulge in the luxury of exchange of thought or the consolation of prayer; for during the day, by a refinement of cruelty, they were forbidden to speak to each other.

Impatient at his sufferings, Henri de la Tour had several times suggested to his friend to try the influence of money on their brutal escort; but Charles, who had formed a far more correct estimate of the Russian character than he had, prevailed on him to abandon his design.

"They would strip us of every rouble we possess," he urged, "and probably murder us to conceal their crime. The sum our unknown benefactors so generously provided us with can only prove serviceable after we have reached our destination."

"I sometimes wish they would murder us," Jack Curlin exclaimed, as he listened to the reasoning of his young master, which he was quite shrewd enough to see the justice of; "the fleas were bad enough, but they were pleasant companions compared with the Cossacks or the cold."

After sufferings more easily imagined than described, the exiles reached at last the little town of Berenzoff, situated about sixteen versts from the river Obi; here they were delivered to the governor, who was to assign them their place of residence still further in the interior of the country, which their oppressor destined as their future home, and, as he supposed, their grave. In Berenzoff their chains were removed, and they were indulged in the luxury of a day's rest in the prison. They intreated by signs for a bath, but it was superciliously denied them.

The arrival of three prisoners, not one of whom was supposed to speak a word of Russian, was a source of great embarrassment to the functionary under whose surveillance they were placed; fortunately, he recollected that a young Polish exile, who resided in one of the nearest settlements, spoke French, and he sent off a messenger to command his attendance.

This procured the two friends and Jack a second day's rest.

On the third morning they were conducted to the presence of the governor, a hard-featured, shrewd-looking man, who, wrapped in an enormous pelisse lined with fox-skins, was pacing up and down the hall of the prison to keep himself warm.

Half-a-dozen soldiers, several officers and gaolers, were present, but the person who most attracted the attention of the prisoners was the Polish interpreter, a noble-looking fellow, about five-and-twenty years of age; there was a natural elegance in his person, and a dignity in his manner, which the coarse dress he wore could not entirely conceal.

Charles fancied that he detected a feeling of sympathy in the look with which he regarded them.

In the questions which the governor put to them, as well as in the directions which he gave, he invariably designated the exiles by their numbers, for officially they had no longer a name.

To avoid embarrassing our readers, we do not intend, however, to follow his example.

"Do you speak French?" inquired the Pole.

Both the friends answered in the affirmative.

"And German?"

"A little."

"Russian?"

"Not a word," replied Henry de la Tour; "Heaven forbid that I should ever pollute my lips by the language of tyranny and oppression!"

"What does he say?" inquired the governor, who was struck by the vivacity of the young Frenchman's tone and manner.

"He regrets exceedingly that he has not the honor of speaking the same language as your excellency," said the interpreter, in Russian.

"Generous fellow?" thought Charles, who had trembled at the indiscretion of his friend; "he will not add to our misfortunes."

"It is a really most embarrassing affair," observed the functionary. "What am I to do with prisoners with whom I have no means of communication? How am I to convey my orders? I can't keep you continually at Berenzoff to act as my interpreter."

"If it has puzzled your excellency's wisdom," observed the Pole, "it would be presumption in me to offer any suggestion."

The governor eyed him suspiciously, but the

countenance of the speaker remained impassible; he knew that to betray anything like interest in the prisoners would defeat his secret wish to serve them.

"It would be presumption," repeated the old man, sharply, "unless you were commanded. Berenzoff had much better have sent them to the mines. Still, if you can suggest any solution to the difficulty, you are at liberty to speak."

"Your excellency might keep them in the prison and appoint me one of the gaolers."

This the Pole well knew was a stretch of authority which the governor dared not exercise, since he was strictly forbidden to confer the meanest office upon one of his nation, or alter in anything the condition of an exile. On Charles, who was ignorant of this regulation, the proposal produced a painful revulsion of feeling, for he fancied from the previous conduct of the speaker that he had found a friend.

"A pretty scheme, truly!" exclaimed the governor, with a laugh. "No, no, the difficulty is not so embarrassing as that. I have it," he continued. "I will place them near you at Cheritz Khan, and make you answerable for their safety."

"Your excellency! is that just?"

"I have said it."

"How have I merited this addition to my punishment?" demanded the interpreter. "The charge of these stupid foreigners—my time to be occupied—the hours which I devote to the chase taken up with watching over them."

"I have said it," once more repeated the governor in a stern tone, and at the same time raising his cane; "they shall return with you. And now inform them of the regulations, which they must observe on pain of being sent to the mines for life."

The speaker proceeded to read the following instructions from a paper, which the Pole interpreted to them in a sullen tone and with a dissatisfied air; both of which were so perfectly assumed, that they deceived the two friends.

As for Jack Curlin, every word that passed, as a matter of course, was a perfect mystery to him; he scarcely paid attention to the proceedings.

"The prisoners Nos. 508, 509, and 510 will take up their abode for the present at Cheritz Khan, in a hut which the superintendent of the district will put them in possession of. They will receive the sum of thirty copecks weekly for their support."

"At the end of six months this allowance will cease, and Nos. 508, 509, 510 will then have to depend on their own industry and exertion for support."

"They will present themselves twice a week to the officers of the district."

"This order is most imperative, any violation of it being punished by the lash. In the event of illness rendering them incapable of quitting their abode, they will cause it to be notified to the above-named authority."

"On no account are prisoners permitted to travel more than five versts from the residence assigned them, without especial permission previously obtained from the governor."

The rest of the instructions related to the right of cutting wood for their use, and the conditions under which they were to be permitted to hunt the sable and ermine—the principal if not the only means of an exile's existence in Siberia.

"Do they perfectly comprehend their instructions?" demanded the governor.

"Perfectly, your excellency."

"Tis well," added the functionary; "you will return instantly with my orders to the superintendent at Cheritz Khan; and remember, I shall hold you responsible for their conduct—at least, till they are enabled to shift for themselves. I don't think they will trouble you long," he continued, with a glance at the prisoners, "they seem half dead already."

"I trust that you will consider my trouble in the affair," observed the Pole, humbly, "in my tribute."

This was an allusion to the number of furs which every exile was expected to furnish, all over the stipulated quantity they are allowed to sell on their own account.

"Not a skin," replied the old man, sharply; "you have obtained too much indulgence for one of your rebellious race already."

The noble-looking fellow to whom this coarse rejoinder was addressed, bowed lowly to conceal the flush of indignation which rose to his cheek, and quitted the hall of the prison without casting a look upon his future charge.

"How they will detest each other," observed the petty tyrant, with a smile; "nothing like setting one rogue to watch another."

His officers declared that the idea was excellent, and the great man took his leave.

At daybreak the following morning the three vic-

tims quitted Berenzoff, under the escort of an officer and half-a-dozen Cossacks; by mid-day they reached their destination, and were formally delivered over to the superintendent Marlovitch, who signed a receipt for them as for so many bales of merchandise or heads of cattle. Julian the Pole was with the functionary in order to act as his interpreter.

The hut assigned to the new comers was not more than a mile from the village. It was a low, dark building divided into two chambers, and constructed entirely of pine logs. In an out-house near were the remains of a store of firewood which had been collected by the previous occupants as a provision for winter. The unfortunate wretches had been sent only a few weeks previously to the mines for having disobeyed the atrocious regulations imposed by the governor.

"And this is to be our home," thought Charles, with a deep drawn sigh, as he cast his eyes first on the cabin, then on the scene of desolation round it, which might have appalled a stouter heart than his.

To the right rose a succession of hills, covered with firs, dark, gloomy, and to all appearance impenetrable, for he could discover no trace of road or clearing through them; on the left, the river Obi, its rapid waters chained in the sleep of winter. There was not another human habitation in sight; they were to be henceforth alone in the desert, helpless and solitary.

By the superintendent's direction, a bag of black rye bread was given to the new settlers, and ten copecks counted to each, in the small copper coin of the country. That done, the officer prepared to take his leave.

"How are we to exist in this detestable solitude?" demanded Henri de la Tour, addressing the Pole, who with an unmoved countenance translated his question to Marlovitch.

"By their own exertions," replied the latter. "Inform them that twice a week when they present themselves at the station, they must buy bread and whatever else they require. These are dainty-fingered prisoners," he added, with a smile, "and doubtless expected to find servants to wait on them, and an hotel to receive them in Siberia."

"Poor wretches!" murmured the Pole.

The exiles had seated themselves despondingly in the larger room of the hut; they had not made the least attempt to procure a fire, without which it was impossible to exist many hours in that inhospitable region.

"Are they your countrymen?" demanded the superintendent, suspiciously.

"They are two Englishmen, I believe, and one Frenchman."

"The governor tells me that he has placed them under your charge," resumed the officer, "so perhaps you had better remain with them just to put them in the way; you can return in the morning to your own station."

"No, I thank you, superintendent," replied Julian; "if any of the Cossacks should visit the hut I shall be apprehended as a deserter, and sent to the mines."

"It is my order," exclaimed the Muscovite, harshly, for he wished to rid himself of any further trouble. "In the morning when you arrive at Cheritz Khan you shall have a pass."

Without waiting to listen to any further remonstrance on the subject, the speaker took his departure, leaving the exiles with the friend whom Providence had so unexpectedly sent to console and assist them; for we need scarcely inform our readers that the reluctance, ill humor, and distaste to the office imposed upon him, were assumed as a mask only by the young Pole to conceal the joy he felt at having companions of his own age—beings who could feel and sympathize with him.

No sooner had the superintendent disappeared, than the subdued air of Julian vanished. He moved and spoke like one who felt he was once more a man.

Opening the wallet which he carried at his side, he drew from it the means of procuring fire, and set light to a pile of wood, which some kind hand, probably his own, had placed ready in the chimney. That done, he let down the shutter, which served as a window, and closed the door.

In a few minutes a genial warmth diffused itself through the hut, which was lit only by the cheerful blaze of the crackling fire.

All this time not one of the party had found courage to speak.

The pole threw off his black sheepskin cap, displaying a lofty intellectual forehead, and features in which benevolence and resolution were visibly portrayed. For several moments he regarded the three forlorn exiles in silence, and a tear of sympathy glistened in his dark eyes. Probably he recollected

the moment when he first arrived in Siberia alone, and thought of his own sufferings, despair, and useless regrets.

He advanced towards our hero, and placing his hand upon his shoulder to rouse him from the stupor into which he had fallen, demanded if he were a man?

"If suffering can make me one," replied Charles.

"It is not suffering," observed Julian, "which elevates man above the animals, for they too suffer; it is endurance, the god-like fortitude with which life's ills are borne, the stern courage which wrestles with destiny. You are not the only one," he continued, "who has been torn from country, friends, and all life's dearest ties, and yet survived their loss. I was alone, a boy of fifteen, when I first came here, ignorant of the language of our tyrants. Helpless! oh, how helpless! for, like you, I had been gently nurtured; but unlike you," he added, "without one friend to assist or sympathise with me."

"And yet you lived?"

"Yes."

"For what?" asked Henri de la Tour, in a despairing tone.

"For myself," replied the Pole, with great dignity, "if not for freedom: for God," he added, solemnly, "if not for my country. I felt I had no right to permit the faculties He had given me to perish by stagnation, to mar His merciful designs by cowardice or impatience."

"You have, indeed, shown courage," observed Charles.

"And so will you," replied their new friend, cheerfully. "I have not painted to you the fierce struggles of despair, the burning regrets, the nightly tears, which preceded it: but I was young," he added, with a smile; "you are past such weakness."

The two friends tried to rouse themselves; as for poor Jack Curling he was completely subdued.

"Why, that is well," continued Julian. "Life at our age is always worth a struggle; for its shadow, hope, has not abandoned us. Necessity is a stern spectre, and, at first sight, her lineaments appear hideous; but regard her firmly, and they gradually soften, till they smile upon you at last."

"How are we to exist in this desert?" exclaimed the young men.

"He who scattereth seed for the sparrow," answered the Pole, "will not desert the creatures He hath made in his own image. How do I exist?—by exerting the faculties which God has endowed me with, and so must you. A brief space, and you will become acclimated, and brave the horrors of a Siberian winter with impunity. I will teach you to hunt the marten, the wild fox, and the sable. The sale of their skins will enable you to purchase many little comforts, nay luxuries, which you require, and provide better clothing. It has done so for me, why not for you? In time you may soon have money."

"And what beyond the necessities of life could money purchase for us in this wretched desert?" demanded Charles.

Julian fixed his eyes upon him long and searchingly before he pronounced the word which trembled on his lips.

"Liberty!" he whispered in a voice which vibrated through the very hearts of his hearers. "And now," he added, "I have placed my life in your hands; for were it known that I pronounced the sacred name even in my dreams, the knout or the mines would be my punishment."

That one magic word produced a more beneficial effect upon the exiles than a homily on fortitude or patience could have done; it seemed to thaw their blood, and sent it bounding through their veins rich in fresh energy and hope.

"Right," said Charles Vasseur, grasping him by the hand, "God will not desert us, if we remain faithful to ourselves."

No further allusion to the subject was made at the time; the word sank like a memory into the breast of each, continually whispering in their ear, "There is a future!"

"Who is this man?" inquired the Pole, pointing to Jack.

"He was my servant," replied our hero, "but suffering and fidelity have made him my friend."

Julian smiled; the answer pleased him.

"Come," he said; "the first day in our new home may not prove so cheerless as one as you anticipated. Let us see what Providence has sent us."

With the assistance of Jack, who quickly understood what was expected from him, the speaker proceeded to remove the pile of wood which had been placed for immediate use in one corner of the hut; he first took from it a leg of dried goat's flesh, then two loaves of oatmeal bread and a bottle of corn brandy, together with an earthen pot and various utensils for cooking.

"Providence!" repeated Henri de la Tour; "say rather the generous friend whom he has sent us."

For months past the exiles had tasted no other food than the black rye bread and sour quass provided by their gaolers. The eyes of Jack Curling began to sparkle at the sight of the viand; he felt all his carnivorous propensities revive.

"Meat!" he exclaimed, in a tone of delight, "I began to think I should never taste it again. I suppose, sir," he added, addressing the Pole, "a sheep would be considered quite a natural curiosity in these parts."

A large earthen vessel was quickly filled with snow-water and placed upon the fire, together with the goat's flesh and a handful of salt; a little meal was added, and after waiting patiently for a couple of hours or so, the party sat down to a mess of excellent broth. They required no spices to season it.

The meat was next devoured; the exiles pronounced it excellent. Never had the most sumptuous repast appeared half so delicious, for their appetites were sharpened by hunger and long privation.

Julian filled each of his new friends a horn of corn brandy, after which he carefully put the bottle on one side.

"I dare not let you have any more," he observed, "after so long an absence from animal food, wine, and the usual luxuries of life, it might prove dangerous. I have known more than one exile," he added, "die from indulging in it too freely at first, and I cannot afford to lose you yet."

"You are kind, very kind," replied our hero, grasping his hand, "and by your advice we will direct ourselves in all things. Never were three more helpless beings cast upon the desert; but for you we must have perished."

"Not with your energies," replied the Pole; "I have merely smoothed its difficulties a little. The first thing to be done is to arrange your bed; to-morrow we will see about constructing a vapor-bath, without which life in Siberia would be intolerable."

"A vapor-bath!" repeated Henri with surprise.

"A very simple one, and easily accomplished. A stove is erected in a small hut, with an iron plate on the top; when it is red hot, a stream of water is made to descend gradually upon it from an earthen pot suspended over it. You have no idea," added the speaker, "how refreshing you will find it."

The bed Julian spoke of was arranged by spreading several wolf-skins, which he had brought with him for their use, upon a sort of platform, raised about three feet from the ground nearest the stove; it was sufficiently large to accommodate four persons. They instantly took possession of it. Never had any couch appeared to them half so luxurious. Jack curled himself like a terrier in one of the corners, and being unable to join in the conversation, which was in French, soon fell fast asleep.

Not so the two friends; they had a thousand questions to ask respecting their future mode of existence.

"For the first six months," said Julian, "you will receive ten copecs weekly, which the exactions of the superintendent, in the charge for bread, will reduce to about seven; for even in Siberia the Muscovite contrives to wring something from the unfortunate. This money you must economise as much as possible, in order to purchase a goat, whose milk will nourish you during the brief weeks of summer, and its flesh prove an invaluable resource in case of illness in the winter. Are you good shots?" he added.

Charles and Henri both answered in the affirmative.

"That is fortunate," resumed their companion; "there will be less difficulty in persuading Marlovitch to let you have guns, with which you must kill the wolves and sables."

"But how are they to be paid for?"

"By the skins," replied the Pole. "You will have a hard task at first, for the governor of Cheritz Khan expects a certain number as a yearly tribute; the rest you will be permitted to sell on your own account. Last year," he added, "I was so fortunate as to clear twenty silver roubles."

The two friends regarded each other for an instant, to ask whether they should reveal the fact of their having any money.

"Certainly," said Charles: "it would be ungenerous to keep a secret from such a friend."

Henri was of the same opinion.

"We are not so poor as you imagine," observed the former; "by the kindness of two of our countrymen, whom we encountered near Moscow, we were provided with money."

"And has it not been taken from you?" demanded Julian, with surprise; for exiles arriving in Siberia with money was an unheard-of event.

The friends explained that it had been given them after they had been deprived of their own clothes and every article of value they possessed.

"You must be cautious, very cautious in the use of it," observed their disinterested adviser; "for, should the governor or Marlovitch once suspect that you are rich, they would neither of them rest till they had extracted from you the last copec—is it in gold?"

"No, in notes."

"Fortunately they are more easily concealed," said Julian; "in a month's time we may expect the visit of some of the merchants who make their rounds to purchase furs; they generally bring all kinds of merchandise suited to our wants with them. Till they arrive, had you the wealth of the Czar himself it would be useless."

Henri inquired if there were many exiles in the neighborhood.

"About fifty," replied their informant; "for this is one of the remotest stations to which despotism consigns its victims. Some of them have been accompanied by their wives and families."

"And are we permitted to visit them?" demanded Henri.

The Pole explained to them, that at first it might be dangerous to do so, lest it should excite the suspicion of the superintendent, who never failed to seize on any pretext by which he could extort a few additional skins from the unfortunate wretches placed under his charge. "But you will see most of them," he added, "when you make your appearance at the station to report yourselves, or at the little chapel in the village, which you must obtain permission to attend when service is celebrated there."

"And is that frequently the case?"

"About four times a year," was the reply.

Julian, in the course of the evening, proceeded to inform them that for years he had desired the presence of companions of his own age, with whom he could sympathise and associate; "not that the exiles at the station were all of them aged men, but they were Russians, and, for the oppressors of my country," he added, proudly, "I can feel neither friendship nor interest even in Siberia."

"All Russians," repeated Henri de la Tour; "I trust I am not selfish, but the presence of a compatriot would have been a consolation."

"When I said all," observed Julian, "I ought to have stated one exception, an aged man, who resides with the Princess Troubetzkoi. I am ignorant of his country," he added, "but feel certain that he is not a Muscovite."

"The Princess Troubetzkoi," repeated Charles, "is that admirable woman here? I heard, whilst in St. Petersburg, of her devotion to a worthless husband, a craven, who betrayed the noblest cause."

"She is here," said Julian; "but none are permitted to address her, on pain of the lash. Our oppressors fear the infection of her virtues."

"What a country, where such tyranny can pass unpunished!"

The name of the noble lady alluded to has become celebrated as an example of conjugal affection. The prince entered into the conspiracy of Boyards, the ancient nobles of Russia, who raised the house of Romanoff to the throne, and who have since been systematically crushed by its ingrate descendants, who found it far more easy to destroy than to recompense them.

During the reign of Alexander, that monarch was in continual dread of assassination from this once powerful party; and there is little doubt he fell at last a victim to their revenge. On the succession of Nicholas the conspiracy broke out. The objects of its members were to establish a regency during the minority of his son, and introduce something like a representative form of government, of which Troubetzkoi was to be the head.

At the decisive moment the heart of the craven failed him; and whilst Pestal, who was afterwards hanged, and the rest of the plotters were fighting at the head of the revolted regiments, he was meanly taking the oath of allegiance to the despot, who afterwards confiscated his wealth and banished him to the mines.

From the mines he was removed to Siberia.

To the astonishment of the aristocracy, the hitherto neglected wife of the fallen man insisted upon accompanying her husband, and sharing in his privations and sufferings. From this resolution, no entreaties of her family or friends could dissuade her; and she became the voluntary partner of his exile, during which she bore him several children, though, strange to say, her marriage had previously proved a barren one.

Twice only did she venture to implore the clemency of the autocrat. The first time it was for per-

mission to educate her children; the reply was worthy of the Northern Nero.

"They will always know enough for the sons of a felon," he wrote with his own hand at the end of her touching letter.

Years elapsed, and a lady who stood well with the imperial family was induced to present a second petition for a mitigation of punishment, which she seconded with the most humble entreaties. The emperor read it, and returned the following characteristic answer:—

"I am surprised that a person should be found bold enough in Russia to name in my presence the family of a man who had the *impiety* to conspire against me."

From that time the heroic woman entreated no more, she knew that it would be hopeless.

"The *impiety* of conspiring against me!!!" Our reader's surprise will cease, though not their indignation, when we inform them that in the Russian catechism, which is placed in the hands of every serf and soldier, Nicholas is styled their God on earth, even as He who reigns supreme over all is acknowledged God in Heaven!

And yet the peacemongers of Europe, the cotton market apostles, who regard the march of civilization and liberty, the honor of nations, the freedom of the world through a veil of calico, are continually preaching up the moderation and personal virtues of the Czar!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Strong as necessity he starts away,
Clings against wrongs, and brightens into day.
SAVAGE.

In the course of a few days not only was the vapor bath completed, but with the assistance of Julian many little conveniences were added to render their abode less wretched. In the occupation—the labors which these entailed, the exiles found relief from their painful thoughts and sad regrets, which, even more than the physical sufferings they had endured, depressed and haunted them.

There is nothing like employment for disease of the mind; it is sorrow's antidote, and wisely and beneficently did the Creator pronounce that man should live by the sweat of his brow. Those who seek to abstract themselves from the general law violate one of the primary conditions of a healthful existence.

We do not mean that toil which is confined to the plough, the anvil, the loom, or mechanical crafts alone. The poet, painter, sculptor, statesman, soldier, and physician, all work in their vocations; what we would imply is, that when the hand rests the brain has a double task imposed on it.

Jack Carlin was the first to show some symptoms of returning health and vigor; no longer under the brutal surveillance of the Cossack guards, whom he hated, he enjoyed his comparative freedom, and toiled cheerfully during the day. At night he amused himself by fashioning a number of traps, not unlike those used by the English mole-catcher. His master had explained to him that their future subsistence would depend in a great measure upon the number of sables and ermines they could kill, and Jack had an idea that he should be more successful with the trap than with the gun.

Amongst the exiles at the station, were a family of Poles named Bight. They were Jews, and had been bankers at Warsaw. Having fallen under the displeasure of Constantine, the brother of Nicholas, at the time that monster was viceroy in Poland, they had been plundered of their wealth and banished to Siberia. Even in that inhospitable region, the extraordinary talents of the once chosen people for commerce developed itself. They bought up the furs of the hunters, and supplied them with arms and ammunition, and such little luxuries as the place afforded.

The governor of Cheritz Khan had granted them his license to trade, and it was generally understood was a sleeping partner in the firm of whose profits he took the lion's share, to the great disgust of the superintendent Marlovitch, who considered the commerce in skins as his peculiar privilege.

Julian carefully avoided all intercourse with this family. Not from any religious prejudice, he was far too enlightened to entertain such feelings; but from the very generally received opinion that Reuben Bight, the ex-banker, was neither more nor less than the governor's spy.

The new comers had twice made application to the superintendent for arms to hunt the sable and other animals on the usual conditions, but without success; probably the official either considered the season to be too far advanced, or doubted of their success, or that they were not sufficiently acclimated.

To Charles and Henri this refusal was a source of

great disappointment; inactivity was destroying him.

"It is provoking," observed their friend, "but remonstrance or impatience will only render him more obstinate."

"I will petition the governor," exclaimed our hero; "there can be no reason why I should be so treated worse than other prisoners; he perhaps will direct his subordinate to deal more justly by me."

The Pole shook his head.

"More justly!" he repeated, "I should have thought you had already seen enough of Russia to feel that the word is a mockery. I know but one other resource, the Jew, Reuben Bight; he is a dealer in arms. I have never had the slightest transaction with the man myself, whom for many reasons I avoid. The principal one that in the days of his prosperity he was the ready instrument of Constantine in oppressing my unhappy, down-trodden countrymen. He is avaricious and exacting," and will charge you more than the superintendent; once in his debt, it will take you months, perhaps years, to extricate yourself."

The friends declared their intention of seeing the man.

"Beware how you give him the slightest reason to suspect that you have money," observed Julian; "he might report it to the governor, and you would be plundered of your *last hope*. I would lend you the sum myself," he added, "but instead of serving I should injure you. Our petty tyrants, unable to comprehend the offices of friendship, in all probability would prevent our ever meeting again."

The cabin of the Jew was a long low building of pine logs and stone intermixed, and situated about a mile from the station, where the speakers had gone that very day to report themselves, as they were instructed to do twice a week. Reuben Bight's commerce had enabled him to furnish it with many little comforts and luxuries unknown to the rest of the exiles. With the exception of the superintendent's and Prince Troubetskoi's residence, it was the largest house in the district.

As the two friends approached the cabin they heard a female voice singing a hymn to one of those fine old Hebrew melodies which have survived the destruction of the Temple and the dispersion of its worshippers. The words were simple but expressive; both paused to listen, though Charles alone understood them.

For the benefit of our readers we shall translate them into English.

"In our sorrow, in our anguish,
Where our fathers once were free;
Though in heathen bonds we languish,
Still our trust we fix on Thee.
Hide not for ever then Thy face,
But let the dark cloud pass away;
Once more restore Thy chosen race,
Again Thy might and love display.
Unveil the terrors of Thy brow,
Show to the world that Jacob's God
Though angry with his people now,
Will rend their chains, will break their rod.
Let Judah's faded, sullied flower,
Unite into its parent stem,
Yield back the sceptre and the power,
And Israel's forfeit diadem."

"What exquisite melody!" exclaimed Henri. "I feel anxious to see the bird who can breathe such sweet notes in so sad a cage."

"It is the song of captivity," observed Charles Vavasour, in whose breast the strain had awakened similar emotions; "of a bruised but not despairing heart, for hope is not extinct."

The loud bark of a ferocious hound, which fortunately for the speakers, was confined in one of the log houses, announced the approach of strangers to their master; the door of the cabin opened, and Reuben Bight appeared upon the threshold. He was a venerable looking man, far advanced in years, dressed in a cafetan of coarse brown cloth lined throughout with sheepskin. A white beard descended to his girdle, and a black skull-cap partially concealed the few remaining white hairs thinly scattered upon his lofty brow.

His features would have impressed the beholder favorably, but for the expression of cunning in the small black eyes, which sparkled beneath their half-drooping lids, as he cast furtive glances from time to time upon those whom he conversed with: his speech was low and musical.

"What seek you?" he demanded in Russian.

Henri replied to him in French, stating that neither himself nor his companion were acquainted with the language of Muscovy.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, in the same tongue, and in a tone which betrayed a certain amount of curiosity, if not interest, "You are the foreign exiles whom Marlovitch told me of. Enter," he added, "poor as I am, stripped as I have been of everything, I can at least offer you a stool to rest

upon, and a cup of corn brandy to refresh yourselves with."

The invitation was accepted, for the friends, independent of their desire to obtain arms from him, felt a desire to see the singer, the sweetness of whose voice attracted their attention.

The interior of the cabin, although very plainly furnished, was far superior to their own wretched abode; the window in the inner room was glazed, and the stove, which was fed from the exterior of the house, was of stone. Several chests, a table, and a species of divan, covered with wolf skins, which extended round three sides of the room, were manufactured of deal.

In this apartment the visitors found three men, the eldest of whom counted fifty summers at the very least; they were the sons of the ex-banker, and had shared in his punishment. Two females were seated on that part of the divan nearest the stove, and from their likeness to each other were evidently mother and daughter. The countenance of the younger, though pale, was exceedingly beautiful; a profusion of black hair, closely braided round her head, added to the eastern expression of her features, which, in their regularity, bore a singular resemblance to the sad, stern Judith of Horace Vernet. Those of her companion were impassable and cold as an Egyptian statue's; they had even ceased to bear witness to the strong sense of injury and mental suffering she had endured.

Both were attired in cafetans like the old man, only they were of a finer texture, but without ornament of any kind.

"They are the strangers whom the governor has commanded us to watch so closely," said Reuben Bight to his three sons, as they entered the room. "I suppose they are come to intreat for guns and ammunition. I know Marlovitch has refused them."

Charles once more congratulated himself that he had concealed from all his knowledge of the language of the oppressors.

"You will let them have them," observed the youngest of the females, with a look of compassion. Poor wretches! they are unfortunate enough already."

"I was explaining to my family," observed the ex-banker, turning to his visitors, "that you are not of this country, and cannot speak its language."

"Doubtless they are acquainted with French."

"They comprehend it partially," replied the old man; "to me it was once as familiar," he added, "as my native tongue."

At a sign from the speaker, his grand-daughter placed a bottle of corn-brandy upon the table and a coarse kind of cake, made of rye meal and goat's milk.

"You have brought salt, Sara," exclaimed Reuben Bight, in a tone of reproach, "salt to the strangers!" This of course was said in Russian.

"And why not?" demanded the Jewess; "they are not of the race of our oppressors. How often have I heard you say that England and France are the only countries in the world where the despised Hebrew was not treated as an outcast and a slave. You cannot mean them any harm, they are as unfortunate as ourselves."

She poured out a small hornful of the liquor and handed it first to our hero, then to Henry de la Tour, who, with the gallantry of his nation, requested permission to drink her health.

"Better drink to my release by death from exile and degradation," replied the maiden, in excellent French; "and yet I thank you for your courtesy."

She next offered them the bread and salt, of which they each partook, though Charles only understood the meaning of the latter.

When their host and his sons had followed the example of their guests, the old Hebrew asked them cautiously the object of their visit.

"Guns! and ammunition!" repeated the trader. "Tis true I have such things intrusted to me for sale, but they are worth their weight in gold, or silver at the very least, in this desolate region. Why not apply to the superintendent at the station?"

"We have done so, and he refused," said the young men.

"You went to him first!" ejaculated the old man, sharply. "Well, well, I bear you no ill feeling on that account; it was but natural."

Our hero explained to him that until that very day they had never heard his name mentioned, or were aware of his trading in such things.

"And who told you?" demanded one of the sons, for the first time breaking silence.

"An exile, like ourselves."

"His name?"

"I think they call him Julian," said Charles, evasively. "I, at least, know him by no other."

"Then you are not friends with him?"

His visitor shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about friendship in Siberia.

"The young man is not the fool that you imagine," observed the grand-daughter, in Russian. "If he has a secret, he has also the wit to keep it."

The purport of their visit was at once entered into by the young men; and, after many hesitations and difficulties, which Sara assisted them to overcome, the old man agreed to let them have a rifle each, together with a certain amount of ammunition, to be paid for in skins at the rate of three sables or two ermines to the silver ruble. In the event of the payment not being completed before the termination of the hunting season, he was to receive back his guns, charging them only so many furs for the use of them.

It was a hard bargain, but they were glad to procure them at any price.

"Grandfather," exclaimed the girl who had expressed such a friendly interest in the two exiles, "it is not to be wondered at that our race is a despised one; toil as they will, you know that these strangers cannot fulfil the conditions. Avarice," she repeated; "avarice has been the curse of Israel."

Her father and the two Hebrews, who had taken no share either in the conversation or the transaction, began to murmur.

"Sara," observed the second son, "is ever ready to justify the persecutors of her people. One day she will turn to them."

"Never," replied the maiden, haughtily. "I might possibly desert my nation and abandon the faith of my fathers in prosperity, but never in captivity; I quit not a falling cause."

This speech would have provoked an angry retort, had not Reuben Bight interposed his authority, which he exercised with all the despotism of one of the patriarchs of old amongst his people.

"Peace," he said; "let not my soul be vexed with harsh words or complainings. Sara is a good girl, but she knows not the necessity or the value of money. Let not the heathen witness our dissension."

All this passed in the Russian language, which neither of the visitors was supposed to understand. The speaker rose from his seat, and, thanking the young men for the honor of their visit, wished them good fortune in the chase.

This was a hint to depart.

He conducted them to the door of the cabin: as he opened it a young man, evidently of the Jewish race, was seen rapidly approaching the house. He was tall—his figure denoted activity and strength; an expression of anger and distrust overspread his handsome features as his glance rested upon Charles Vavassur and Henri de la Tour.

The master of the house uttered a cry of joy as he stretched forth his hand to welcome him.

"Who are these men?" demanded the young Israelite.

"Strangers—exiles—like ourselves."

"Have they seen Sara?"

"Yes."

"Reuben, you are imprudent; not that I fear her weakness so much as her presumption," observed the stranger. "She should be guarded like an orient pearl; the eyes of the heathen are forbidden to rest on her."

"Enter," replied the ex-banker, "and vex me no more with these jealousies and suspicions."

"I would wager a trifle, now," exclaimed Henri de la Tour, as he pointed his gun, brought it to his shoulder, and handled it with the discrimination of an amateur, "that young fellow is the lover of the pretty Jewess."

His friend smiled.

"I would have given much to have understood his words; I feel certain he spoke of us."

And not in the most complimentary manner, thought Charles, who more than ever congratulated himself on his knowledge of Russian. He had a presentiment that it might one day serve him in his need.

It was night-fall before the two friends reached their cabin, where they found Julian and Jack Curlin had prepared supper for them.

"You have got the guns!" exclaimed the Pole. "Good; to-morrow you shall receive your first lesson in hunting the sable in Siberia."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Lastly came WINTER, clothed all in frize, Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill; Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze, And the dull drops that from his purple bill As from a limbeck did adown distil; In his right hand a tipped staff he held, With which his feeble steps he stayed still, For he was faint with cold and weak with old, That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to wield.

SPENSER.

At an early hour the following morning, the two friends, accompanied by Julian, set out on their first expedition against the sables and ermines, whose furs form an important article in the commerce of Siberia. To our hero and his companion the chase had all the charm of novelty to recommend it; and so well guarded against the climate did they feel in their coarse sheepskin-dresses, that, although the cold was at least sixteen degrees below the freezing point, they bore up bravely against its biting influence.

The shooting of the sable, be it observed, requires no little skill, since, to preserve the skin uninjured, it is necessary to hit the animal in the head. Henri and Charles were successful enough in killing them, but the delicate furs were sadly torn.

"You will scarcely earn the powder you expend, at this rate," observed the Pole, with a good-humored smile, after they had been engaged five or six hours at the sport, "much less pay the Jew for his rifles, for which he has had the conscience to charge you sixty rubles each."

"It matters little," answered the young Frenchman; "you forget that we have money."

"Which, I repeat to you again, is useless to you here, at least for the present; the time may come when it will prove a help in need. The guns must be paid for in furs, or returned."

"What are we to do?" demanded Charles, in a tone of despondency. "I shall never be able to attain your dexterity."

"Patience!" replied Julian, "patience!"

"It is a bitter lesson."

"Which I have practised twelve years," said the Pole. "Come," he added, "we will seek for other game; let us cross the valley and beat the wood. It's hard work, but you seem to stand it bravely. Perhaps we may have the good fortune to meet with the silver fox, wolf, hyena, or possibly a bear; one shot more, and then charge with ball."

The young men cast their eyes over the landscape, but could perceive nothing like the valley their companion spoke of. He explained to them that its disappearance had been caused by the drifting of the snow, which was not less than sixty feet deep on the very spot where they were standing.

"During the brief days of summer," he added, "you will find the configuration of the country entirely changed. The vast steppe to the left is intersected with several streams, tributaries to the Obi, and abound with excellent fish."

When Jack Curlin was informed by his young master that they were about to penetrate the wood in search of larger game, he expressed his satisfaction, observing that it was degrading for a born gentleman and thorough sportsman like Charles, to go out a *shootin'* such varmint—meaning the sables; and added that, with a brace of terriers, or a dozen or two of his mole traps, he would be bound to catch more in one night than the three friends would knock over in a week.

When this was explained to Julian, he felt exceedingly anxious to see one of Jack's celebrated traps, and observed, that if they accomplished only half his boast, not an exile in the country but would regard him as a benefactor.

A brisk walk brought them to the forest, where the cold struck them as being much more severe, for they were no longer able to maintain the brisk pace which had kept their blood in motion, having to force their way through the thick underwood, interlaced and bound into compact masses by the frozen snow, and climb over the trunks of fallen trees shivered by the lightning, or uprooted by the violence of the tempest.

To Jack, whose back was laden with a large bag, containing the provisions of the party, this was no slight labor, and our hero insisted upon relieving him from his charge.

"What!" exclaimed the honest fellow, "see you saddled like a pack-horse with the traps! No, Master Charley, I'd drop under it first. I may grumble a little at times, it's only natural after having lived in such comfortable quarters as Vavassur Manor and the Moat—but I know my place. I am still your servant."

"You are my friend!" interrupted our hero, grasping his hand, which, in its enormous sheepskin glove, resembled the paw of a polar bear, "and if ever we live to return—"

"Don't! don't talk to I in that way!" interrupted the poor lad, his eyes suddenly filling with tears. "This be a queer country to cry in: see, they be ice already."

Jack Curlin brushed aside the drops which the intense frost had already congealed upon his cheek as he spoke. They were those of affection and fidelity.

Many a gem less precious hath decked the neck of beauty, or glittered in a kingly crown.

"We will find him a resting place in a short time," said Julian, who guessed what had passed between the speakers, "where he can deposit his load and wait till our return."

Another half hour's struggle brought them to a cluster of granite hills, part of a chain which ran like a backbone through the immense tract of forest. They were composed chiefly of masses of granite, piled together by some powerful convulsion of nature.

Two of the largest had fallen, so as to form a sort of arch or cave of too considerable a depth even for the snow-drift to penetrate. It was well known to the hunters, who not unfrequently passed the night there. At the extreme end they found a store of wood, with which they quickly made a fire, and opening their store, began to refresh themselves.

"*Par Dieu!*" exclaimed Henri de la Tour, "but this is what you English call comfortable; many a *paix fois gras* have I assisted to demolish at a picnic in the woods of Montmorency and Fontainebleau with less relish than these cakes of rye bread, and this slice of smoked flesh. I had no idea," he added, "that the goat was so interesting an animal. Why it is superior to venison: not that I could make them believe so in Paris."

"Not unless you previously dieted them with with black bread and sour quass," observed Charles, with a smile.

The Frenchman made a terrible grimace at the recollection.

"I trust," he said, as he drained off a glass of the corn brandy, "that I am a Christian—at least I was baptised one; but there is one commandment I am afraid I shall never be able to fulfil."

"And what is that?"

"To love our enemies as ourselves," replied the former. "There is no rule without an exception, either expressed or understood," he added; "and Russians are my exception. I don't mean to deny the possibility of my forgiving them, should I escape and reach the patriarchal age of eighty or ninety, and my confessor particularly insist upon it; but even then I should refer it as a case of conscience to the Sorbonne."

At the word "escape," the eyes of the Pole flashed with excitement; he had now seen sufficient of the two friends to feel that he might trust them.

"You dream, then, of returning to your native land?" he said.

"Dream!" repeated Henri. "My dear, follow, waking or sleeping, I think of nothing else; it is the only hope which keeps me alive—no disparagement to your goat's flesh and corn brandy, which, as I observed before, are really excellent."

"Have you considered all the chances, dangers of such an undertaking?"

"Not one of them," replied the Frenchman, coolly; "and on principle. *En masse*, they might appal me; taken in detail, I shall vanquish them easily enough."

"And is such your determination?" demanded Julian, addressing himself to Charles Vavassur.

"Fixed as my friend's," replied our hero, calmly, "although, perhaps, I do not estimate the perils of the attempt as lightly as he does. He is a Frenchman, and reckless courage is the inheritance of his race."

"Thank you," interrupted Henri de la Tour; "that is the only compliment I have received since I arrived in Siberia."

"I have thought of this for years," observed the Pole; "from the day when, a mere boy, I first set foot in this inhospitable region—more, I will confess to you that my preparations are partly made, and that the breaking up of the winter will be the signal for their completion."

"I guessed as much," said Charles.

Julian regarded him with surprise; he had, as he imagined, been most cautious.

"Misery is a shrewd observer," continued the speaker; "discretion is not the only lesson it teaches. Our first interview proved to me that you were a noble fellow, and had a heart to feel for the misery of your fellow-man."

"How could you possibly ascertain all this, even supposing it to be true?"

"Simply because I speak Russian like a native," answered Charles, who felt that any further con-

cealment of his knowledge of the language would be unwise. "and witnessed how generously you suppressed the imprudent words which might have excited the brutal rage of the governor of Cheritz Khan."

"Comment! you speak Russian!" exclaimed Henri de la Tour, in a tone of unfeigned surprise.

"Even from you I concealed the fact," said our hero; "for I was bound by a promise made to a dear friend, who foresaw the perils I should be exposed to, not to reveal it."

The Pole listened to this extraordinary statement calmly and silently.

"To you, Julian, I owe a further explanation, which the history of my life will best afford you," continued the speaker, who at once proceeded to relate, briefly as possible, the history of his eventful life, the motive which had brought him to Russia, his adventures at St. Petersburg, arrest, and exile.

"I have nothing further either to reveal or to conceal," he said; "if you regret the secret you confided in me, of your intention to escape, or the generous interest you have shown, let us henceforth be strangers. I can owe much to friendship, but nothing to the pity of any man."

Long before he had concluded, the confidence of his new friend had returned; he grasped his hand in silence; the answer was sufficient.

"We will speak more of this to-morrow," he observed, "when we shall have to present ourselves as usual before Marlovitch, the superintendent. If you will accept me as a brother, our destinies are henceforth united."

It were useless to dwell upon the manly sincerity with which the offer was accepted. But few words passed on the occasion—they perfectly comprehended each other.

Resuming their guns, the three friends quitted the species of natural arching or cavern in which they had rested, leaving Jack behind to keep up the fire, and repose himself for a short time, for the poor fellow had suffered severely, not only from the frost, but fatigue. He did not much relish the idea of being left alone in the forest, for to him the romance of such a position had no charm; he was as unimaginative in brain as he was honest and affectionate in heart.

The first hour or two of his solitude Jack endured tolerably well. He had amused himself by walking up and down the cave close to the fire, and thinking of Susan, home, the stables at Harleyford, and the strange tale he should have to tell his cousin Nat and the neighbors, if he lived to return,—a tale which in his own mind beat not only all that he had ever read, but all that could possibly ever be written.

When he had duly meditated upon all these things, he began to get tired of the gloom and monotony of his retreat, and sallied out to ascertain if he could see any of the party returning.

"They can't be very long," he thought, as he seated himself, *only for a few minutes*, upon the trunk of a large pine which had fallen close to the entrance of the cave.

Amongst the peculiarities of a Siberian climate, it is not the least remarkable that those who fall victims to the frost, are seldom aware of their danger till they are past struggling successfully against it, it creeps over them imperceptibly, the blood becomes chill, and a desire to sleep renders them insensible alike to pain or danger.

Jack had just fallen into this half-dreamy, half-conscious state, when two strangers approached; one was a tall middle-aged man, enveloped in a pelisse of coarse cloth lined with the skin of the fox; he had a cap of the same material drawn closely over his brows, and thick boots nearly up to his hips. His attendant, for such he evidently was, from his carrying the spoil of the chase slung on a string over his shoulder, was attired in the garb usually worn by the common serfs of the country.

No sooner did the eldest of the sportsmen perceive the condition into which the poor lad had fallen, than he pointed it out to his companion, issued some order in Russian, and walked on.

The serf let fall his load of game, and approaching Jack, began to shake him roughly. All he could elicit was an inarticulate grumbling.

Suddenly he perceived that the nose of the sleeper was turning a waxy white color. He caught up a handful of snow and rubbed the organ for several minutes, varying the operation by pulling it occasionally, and striking him smartly on the cheek, till the blood, which was only partially congealed, circulated once more freely.

The object of this friendly attention became at last sufficiently sensible to understand that he was being very roughly handled. The motive for the outrage, as he considered it, he was very far from comprehending. With a violent effort he started

to his feet. His legs at first refused their office, and he stood stamping on the ground in impotent rage.

The serf, who had retreated to a respectful distance, laughed and appeared highly delighted at the success of his friendly offices; this only enraged Jack, who was now fast recovering the use of his limbs, the more. He stretched forth his clenched fist and uttered a yell of defiance.

His preserver said something to him in Russian. "Speak English."

The man several times rubbed his own nose, nodded and grinned, intending to explain by his expressive pantomime what had been the matter with the stranger.

This was more than Jack's patience could endure—to be told by a rascally *Rooshian*, as he called him, that his true born English nasal organ had been tweaked and pulled by one of a race he detested. There was little fear of his freezing now; his blood was at fever heat; clenching his fists, and squaring all the while most scientifically, he rushed upon the astonished serf, calling on him to fight it out like a man; an invitation which the former evinced his decided objection to accept by taking to his heels, followed by his assailant.

Terror added to the speed of the fugitive, who, never having seen or heard of our insular method of settling a quarrel, came to the sage conclusion that the extraordinary signs and movements Jack made with his hands and arms were a specie of incantation which, if he remained much longer, in all probability would transform him into a wolf or a bear—a superstition by no means uncommon amongst their ignorant serfs or the scarcely more enlightened masters.

When the sportsmen returned to the cave they found the fire still burning, but looked in vain for Jack; for some time they waited patiently in the hope that he would return, supposing that he had merely strayed to a short distance. But when the day drew towards a close, Charles, who was sincerely attached to the faithful fellow, began to feel uneasy.

"I must go forth in search of him," he said; "he must have lost his way, and is perishing perhaps in the snow."

Julian suggested the possibility of his having returned to the cabin, and Henri de la Tour was of the same opinion.

"He would not leave the spot where I desired him to remain," replied our hero; "as for returning, how should he find his way back? I could scarcely retrace my steps myself," he added, "without the assistance of our friend here."

After reloading his gun with a brace of bullets, he prepared to sally from their retreat; just as he reached the entrance, a loud cry, something like the yell of a wild Indian, broke upon his ear, and he heard the words "Help! help!" He recognised the voice of Jack Curlin, and advanced to his assistance.

Leaping with desperate bounds over the fallen trunks of trees, or forcing his way with equal energy through the brushwood, he recognised his terrified follower closely pursued by an enormous grisly bear. The infuriated monster was gaining rapidly upon him; Jack recognised his young master, and a word of thanksgiving escaped him.

Charles raised the rifle to his shoulder, but hesitated to pull the trigger, the animal and man being in a direct line with each other.

"Fall flat on your face, Jack," he shouted.

The poor fellow did not understand the motive of his direction, and called to him in turn to fire.

"On your face," repeated his young master in a tone of agony; "it is your last chance."

It is questionable whether Jack Curlin would have had sufficient presence of mind to obey this direction, but fortunately, just as the infuriated monster was in the act of seizing him, his foot slipped, and he fell upon the snow; our hero fired at the same instant, and the animal received the contents of the rifle in his brain.

The report brought Julian and Henri de la Tour from the cave, and all three rushed to the spot, where Jack was roaring lustily, and struggling to release himself from the weight of the bear, which was quite dead.

He was quickly released from his uncomfortable position, and found to be uninjured.

"O Master Charley! Master Charley!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered from his fright, "I should never have seen Harleyford *agin* but for you. That blessed animal would have made short work of me, sheepskins and all, and I should not even have the satisfaction of knowing that I had disagreed with him. He looks as if he could digest a crocodile."

"This is a prize, indeed," remarked the Pole. "Hit in the head, too; my dear friend, I must congratulate you. During the long years I have been in Siberia I never had the good fortune to shoot but three of them. The grizzly bear is getting scarce."

Jack thought it would have been much better if they had been quite extinct.

"The skin," continued the speaker, "will produce you, at the very least, ten silver rubles, and the flesh keep you in food half the winter."

"Is he fit to eat?" inquired Henri de la Tour, at the same time casting upon the body of the animal a look which denoted that his carnivorous propensities were deeply interested in the reply.

Julian assured him that the meat of the bear, especially the hams, was considered delicious.

"In that case," replied the young Frenchman, "let us begin at once; there is a fire in the cave, we have several cakes of oaten bread and a bottle of corn brandy left. I propose a feast."

The proposal was agreed to, and the carcass, dragged by the united strength of the party, to their place of retreat, where it was speedily deprived of its skin by Julian, and several large slices of the flesh spitted upon the ramrods of their guns and put down to roast before the fire.

Whilst these culinary operations were proceeding, Jack Curlin related his adventure with the serf; how he had followed the insulting *Rooshian*, who had tweaked him so familiarly by the nose, a considerable distance from the cave, and nearly came up with him, when the pursuit was suddenly changed into a retreat by the appearance of the bear.

The Pole laughed heartily when the circumstance was related to him, and observed that the serf, in all probability, had saved his life. Charles Vavasuer explained this to the hero of the adventure: it was some time before the poor lad could be made to understand that the tweaking of his nasal organ and the rubbing it with snow, was an attention which merited his gratitude.

"But I felt no pain," he exclaimed.

"The greater your danger," said his master. "The approach of death in these regions is most insidious; it steals over the victim like a gentle sleep. If ever you feel the sensation again, run, take exercise, do anything to restore the circulation of your half-frozen blood. It was a service, not an insult you received."

Jack felt convinced at last, and resolved, the first time he encountered the *Rooshian*, to make friends instead of giving him a thrashing as he religiously vowed to do.

The savory odor of the bear's flesh began to diffuse itself through the cave, and as soon as it was done all four sat down and made a hearty meal. They pronounced it, as Julian had predicted, delicious.

The peasants in Siberia consider it one of the greatest luxuries that can be offered them.

The hour was getting late, Henri de la Tour proposed that they should return to the cabin.

"It would be dangerous," replied the Pole; "there are too many wolves abroad. We must pass the night here. Fortunately we have a plentiful supply of fire-wood and need not fear their attacking us."

Fatigued as they were, the friends felt little disposed to brave a danger which the experience of the speaker pronounced a formidable one. It was arranged that one of the party should watch whilst the others slept. The guns were reloaded in case of accident, and the remains of the slaughtered bear removed from the entrance of the cavern, lest it should attract the solitary hyena, or the still more ferocious denizen of the forest, the wolf.

"I will be the first to watch," said Julian. "I am more used to the hunter's perils and privations than you are, and consequently better able to endure them."

Our hero and Henri would fain have persuaded him to allow them to take the first watch, but he remained firm to his resolution.

Poor Bruin's skin was spread upon the floor at a convenient distance from the fire, and the three exiles laid themselves down to sleep, whilst their generous friend, shouldering his rifle, began to march up and down the place like a sentinel on duty; taking care to add fresh fuel, from time to time, to keep up the heat on which the lives of his companions, as well as his own depended.

Near midnight the sleepers were startled by the report of Julian's gun. Charles was on his feet in an instant, and Henri de la Tour would have followed him, had he not found himself suddenly clasped round the body by Jack Curlin, who had been dreaming all the while that he was engaged in mortal combat with a bear.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the young Frenchman, "is he mad?"

"Jack!—Jack!" shouted Charles.

At the sound of his master's voice, the poor fellow recollected where he was and released his grasp. There was little time for explanation; a troop of wolves, attracted by the blood and offal at the entrance of the cave, had penetrated into the interior. The first that entered had been shot by the Pole; its companions instantly fell upon the wounded brute, tore it in pieces and devoured it, which fortunately gave the marksman time to load again.

His friends comprehended their common danger at a glance.

"What are we to do?" demanded our hero.

"Discharge our guns at one time," replied Julian calmly. "It is our only chance; direct your servant to keep up the fire, the blaze will terrify them."

As Jack was unarmed, this was the only assistance he could render.

It is only when pressed by famine, or while hunting in packs, that the wolf will venture an attack on man; it is then he is most dangerous, being far more active and ferocious than either the hyena or the bear. Nature has armed him with teeth that cut like razors; and if once he fastens on the throat of his victim, at which he instinctively springs, neither the horse nor wild ox can resist him; he tears it open in an instant.

When run down, the animal generally throws itself on its back, and will suffer itself to be beaten to death without uttering a cry; but if a limb is broken, it howls and whines most piteously till it dies.

Although Jack Curlin was unarmed, he did not lose his presence of mind. He noticed how the infuriated brutes retreated at the flash of the guns, and several times created a diversion in his companions' favor by hurling over their heads brands of flaming wood which he snatched from the fire.

This enabled the marksmen to reload.

Five of the monsters lay dead on the floor of the cave; the rest, however, showed no signs of retreating, but returned to the charge with redoubled fury. Julian looked despairing round; their ammunition was nearly exhausted; it is evident they must either retreat or seek some other means of defence.

As we before observed, there was several piles of dry wood, which had been stocked by the hunters who were in the habit of using the retreat, within the place; one of these piles, the most considerable, stood between the exiles and the entrance of the cavern; if they could only drive the wolves beyond and set fire to it, they were saved.

Charles was the first to observe and suggest this to his friends.

"Let us fire together," he said, "throw down our weapons, and arming ourselves with flaming brands, advance."

It was their last hope, and they executed it bravely. The pack retreated as usual on the discharge of the guns, and before they had recovered from their panic, the pile was in a blaze. Maddened by the sight of the flames, which the wolf, more than any other beast of prey, has a great terror of, and yelling with disappointment, the ferocious beasts retreated, leaving seven of their number, without counting the mangled remains of those they had torn in pieces when disabled, behind them.

"*Hooray! hooray!*" shouted Jack Curlin, in a tone of great excitement; England and Harleyford for ever! What would Squire Ned say? No fear of starving now; we may feast for a month at least."

He regarded the carcasses with a look of ineffable disgust when Charles informed him that they were unfit for human food.

We scarcely need inform our readers that the flesh of the wolf is so rank that, although they prey upon each other, no other animal will touch it.

He felt somewhat reconciled when reminded of the value of the skins; another such a day's chase, and the guns would be paid for.

As a matter of course, all idea of sleep for the rest of the night was abandoned; it was possible the ravenous brutes might return; the fires were to be kept up and the carcasses skinned.

Both Charles and Henri experienced a singular excitement from the adventure of their first chase in Siberia; it had roused them from their apathy, broken the leaden spell which bound their faculties in a species of moral sleep. They each assisted Julian to strip the hides from their late assailants—an operation which required no little dexterity and care not to injure the furs.

Day broke at last, and after making a second repast of bear's meat, the party set forth from the cave on their return to the cabin, each laden with his share of the spoil. About midday they reached home, completely worn out by the fatigue they had endured.

"Some one has been here," observed Julian, pointing to a letter which had been thrust beneath the door.

It was written in French, and signed "Troubet-skoï," the name of the unfortunate Russian prince who had acted so weak a part on the accession of Nicholas—whose want of nerve had betrayed the cause not only of his friends but of his country.

It was addressed to the English stranger, and had been sent to explain what the writer feared must have appeared the unaccountable conduct of the serf. It concluded with a request that the party to whom it was addressed would destroy as soon as he had perused it.

"Poor fellow!" observed Henri, as he concluded reading it to his friends; "his fate is indeed a terrible one."

"True," said the Pole, "for he is hopeless. The Czar never pardons; the word 'mercy' is excluded from his vocabulary. The only indulgence he has ever shown was in assigning the princess a miserable pittance out of the vast estates he confiscated, and even that was wrung from him by the entreaty of the Empress. Small as the sum is, it releases her from the necessity of manual labor, and enables her to provide for the wants of her children."

"And their education?" inquired Charles.

"Is strictly prohibited. The tyrant, when petitioned on the subject, insultingly answered that they would always know enough for the offspring of condemned felons; but despot as he is, his orders have not been implicitly obeyed. The money which the princess receives has enabled her to bribe the governor of Cheritz Khan to allow an aged exile—a Frenchman, I believe—to take up his residence in their hut."

"A compatriot!" exclaimed Henri; "I must see him. Have you any knowledge of his name or quality?"

"Of the former, none. Like ourselves, he is known only by his number of the exiles at the station. But I have heard that he is one of the remaining veterans of Napoleon's army."

A singular emotion thrilled through the heart of the young Frenchman on hearing this. "One of Napoleon's soldiers!" he repeated to himself; "is it possible that the victim of Russian cruelty and oppression is my unhappy grandfather?"

The idea once impressed upon his mind, he resolved, although all communication was strictly prohibited between the exiles and the family of Prince Troubet-skoï, to satisfy himself upon the subject at any risk.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Why should man despair? are there not moments
Which repay a life of suffering? Who can tell?
If heaven in mercy hath not marked,
In Time's dark calendar, one such blest hour,
On its last page for thee.—OLD PLAY.

DESPITE the fatigue they had endured, the inmates of the cabin were compelled to proceed almost immediately after reaching home to the station, to report themselves to the superintendent Marlovitch, who was authorized by the government regulation to send a party of Cossacks to arrest them in the event of non-compliance with the order, and punish them either by a certain number of lashes, or withholding the miserable pittance allowed them for their subsistence.

Avarice, not humanity, generally induced the petty tyrant to prefer the latter mode of punishment; the fines going to his own pocket.

Notwithstanding their diligence, he was about to close the register when they arrived at his office.

"You are late!" he observed, in a dissatisfied tone, for he had counted on extorting a silver rouble, at the very least, from Julian, and a week's pay for his companions.

The Pole explained the cause of their delay, by relating their adventures with the wolves in the cave. This increased the ill-humor of the mercenary functionary still more. Henri and Charles had obtained guns and ammunition from the Jew; and what was worse, were in a fair way to pay for them. He felt angry with himself for having refused them.

"And you expect me to believe this fine tale?" he said.

Julian colored to the temples, but still mastered his temper, although he longed to hurl back in the teeth of his insulter, the lie indirectly given to his assertion.

"You may convince yourself," he replied, with forced calmness; "we are on our way to the hut of Reuben Bight with the skins."

The great man, in order to satisfy himself, actually condescended to walk from the inner to the outer office, to inspect the proofs of the speaker's

veracity. To leave no doubt upon his mind, the exiles turned them over to show they had been newly taken.

"Remarkable! very remarkable?" muttered Marlovitch; "seven wolf, and one bear skin; rather a profitable day's work."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Humph! perhaps, the affair is not quite clear," muttered the Muscovite. "What do you ask for this?" he added, pointing to the skin of the bear.

Julian and Charles both understood the hint; it was the price at which the doubts of the speaker would be entirely removed.

After exchanging a glance with his friend, the former offered it to the superintendent as a gift. We need scarcely say that it was accepted; and they were all dismissed, with a caution not to make their appearance at the station again after the usual time.

As they quitted the village they encountered a rude sledge containing four persons closely wrapped up in sheepskins; it was driven by the serf whose friendly attention to Jack's nasal organ had led to the adventure with the bear. At the sight of the conjurer, as he imagined him, the poor fellow's superstitious terrors returned, and he would have dashed past them had not his employer commanded him to stop.

"You received my letter?" said the Prince, speaking in excellent French, and at the same time looking carefully round him to ascertain that no one saw him address them.

"And destroyed it as you desired," answered Henri, in his very best Parisian accent.

"You are no Englishman," observed one of the party in the sledge, in a tone of surprise not unmixed with emotion.

"I am a native of France," was the reply.

"*Ma patrie!*" exclaimed the former, "*ma belle patrie!*"

His companions whispered a few words in the ear of the speaker, who threw himself back in the vehicle with an air of impatience.

"And my name," added Henri, "is —"

"Farewell!" interrupted the Prince, ere he could finish the sentence. "I am forbidden to converse with any one, and this, at least, is too dangerous a spot to brave the iron laws of our task-masters in. I shall be shooting with my sons," he added, "in the neighborhood of the cave, to-morrow."

Without waiting for a reply, he pronounced a single word to the serf, who instantly gave the horse the rein, and the sledge was whirled rapidly from their sight.

"How unfortunate!" said the young Frenchman; "the opportunity I so anxiously desired has escaped me. *N'importe!* I must make one."

"You forget that you know where to meet the Prince to-morrow," observed Julian, who was at a loss to understand his anxiety on the subject.

"But my countryman will not be with him."

"At least you can learn all you desire to know," replied our hero, who perfectly comprehended the doubts and surmises of his friend. "Should it prove as I trust it may, means can easily be contrived to see him."

"If I risked my life in the attempt," said Henri, firmly. "I wish, dear Charles," he added, "that I could borrow a portion of your self-command; uncertainty distracts me. Should it prove the venerable, gallant relative I came to Russia to seek, my fate at once is fixed—whilst he lives, I never quit Siberia."

"Right!" replied his friend, "the path of duty may be the most rugged one, but it conducts to peace at last."

On reaching the house of the Jew, the Pole, for some reason, which he did not think proper to explain, declined accompanying them any further, but said that he would walk on to their cabin and prepare the evening meal against their return.

There was a slight degree of hesitation and embarrassment in his tone and manner, which did not escape the observation of his friends, who, as a matter of course, could only accede to the arrangement.

"Umph!—wolf-skins," muttered the old man, as he glanced disdainfully at the furs. "A mere drug in the market; but I suppose I must take them, having agreed to do so. Had they been ermine or sables, now, I should know what do with them."

"We will not force them upon you," replied Charles Vavasseur, who had learnt from Julian the lowest sum they ought to fetch. "The merchants will be round in a few weeks, and we can dispose of them to them."

"And the rifles!" ejaculated Reuben Bight, with a sneer.

"Fear not, they will be paid for; we are not the worst shots at the station, as you may perceive."

The Israelite after counting them carefully over, and remarking on the poor quality of the furs, although in reality they were excellent, offered to deduct ten rubles off their account. This was little more than half the sum Julian had fixed as the minimum of their value.

"Roll them up again," said our hero, addressing himself to Jack Curlin.

"I told you that I would act liberally with you," observed the Jew, secretly mortified that he had not offered a lower price, seeing that the young man, as he imagined, accepted his bidding so readily.

"So liberally," answered Charles, "that it is not my intention to deal with you. I am told, by those who are judges, that they are cheap at eighteen rubles."

"Eighteen rubles!" repeated Reuben Bight, in a tone of astonishment; "holy Abraham!—who ever heard of such a price for wolf-skins. Why it is nearly as much as they would fetch at the fair of Novgorod or Moscow, and they have to be dressed and conveyed there; but I guess," he added, bitterly, "the name of your informant—Julian!—a villain!—a traitor!—who never had a good word for one of my persecuted race."

"You are in error, I never heard him speak harshly of your nation."

"Or of me?" demanded the old man, his eyes flashing with anger and excitement.

"That is a question you have no right to put," observed Henri de la Tour. "The man you name is far too honorable to speak ill of any one without a cause. Ignorant, as we necessarily are, of the value of our merchandise, we naturally made inquiries of those best qualified to inform us. One would imagine," he added, "that at some period of your life you had deeply injured Julian."

The Hebrew changed color at the supposition.

"Why so?" he demanded.

"Because," answered the young Frenchman, "I have observed a tendency in some men to speak ill of those whom they have wronged."

"The stranger speaks wisely," said Sarah, for the first time breaking silence. "Julian has been deeply wronged."

Her grandfather darted at her a look of anger.

"Why drive a hard bargain," she continued, still speaking in Russian, which neither of the young men were supposed to understand, "with those who are already sufficiently unfortunate? Think you that the God of our fathers sanctions such ill deeds?"

"They are Christians," muttered the old man, "persecutors of our race."

"They are our fellow creatures," replied the maiden, calmly, "and suffering from persecution as well as ourselves, with a purer conscience, perhaps; for ingratitude merits all it may endure."

Reuben Bight, finding that the exiles were resolute not to accept the price he had offered for the furs, gradually advanced his price till it reached the sum which Julian had fixed as the minimum of their value. It was accepted. A receipt for eighteen silver rubles given, to be deducted from their account.

On their return home, they related what had passed to their friend, whom they found busily occupied in preparing the repast for them.

"She is, indeed, a noble girl," observed the Pole, with something which sounded very like a sigh, "and worthy of a better fate."

"You know her, then," said Charles.

"I have seen her," replied his friend, evasively.

"And never cultivated the acquaintance?" demanded Henri with a smile.

"Never."

"Philosopher or hypocrite, which am I to call you?" continued the young man, in a bantering tone. "The girl is really beautiful. A fairer pearl never glittered in the Judean crown."

"Nor a purer," added Julian, seriously, "therefore, if you please, we will speak of her no more. It would be ungenerous to trifle with the name of one whose virtues might redeem the crimes of half her race."

Henri and Charles had both too much tact to continue a subject of conversation which, from some cause or feeling, was a painful one to their friend. Neither the Jew nor his grand-daughter were alluded to during the rest of the evening.

As soon as the meal was over, the Pole rose to take his leave. Despite their united entreaties, he persisted in returning to his own cabin, but promised to be with them at an early hour the following morning to accompany them to the rendezvous, so indirectly given by the Prince Troubetskoi.

"He is angry with me, I fear," observed Henri de la Tour. "I wish, Charles, I could acquire a

little of your discretion. Generous fellow! I would not have wounded him for the world."

"He is unhappy," replied our hero, thoughtfully.

"Do you think he loves the girl?"

"It is not improbable that he does," answered Charles, in whose mind the singularity of Julian's manner had given rise to a similar suspicion; "but if he does, be assured that it is without hope. She is, if I understand him rightly, betrothed to another, the young man who expressed so much dissatisfaction on our first visit. But were she free as air," he added, "it could not affect our friend."

"How so?"

"Heart and soul he is a patriot, and will never wed with one descended from an enemy of his race. In the days of his prosperity, Reuben Bight was the bitter persecutor of unhappy Poland."

Here the conversation between the two friends was permitted to drop.

The next day Julian was punctual to his appointment, and the party set out ostensibly for the chase, but in reality to meet the Prince Troubetskoi at the cave. During their walk, Henri de la Tour debated in his mind whether or not his compatriot would be there; he longed, yet dreaded to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct or not.

As they approached the place of rendezvous, they encountered the prince; he walked forward to meet them, leaving his sons, two fine young men, one eighteen and the other twenty-two years of age, busily occupied in removing a heavy package from the sledge.

"If you are acquainted with my unhappy story," said the exile, "do not allude to it in the presence of my boys; it would add to my misfortunes were they to lose the respect they entertain for their unhappy father."

"Your Highness's caution is an unnecessary one," observed Charles Vasseur. "Whatever we may have heard or imagined—"

"Not that word," interrupted the old man; "an exile has no title, no rank; he is merely a number in Siberia. Call me Troubetskoi."

Calling to his sons, the young men left the sledge, and shook hands heartily with their new friends. The youngest, Alexis, evinced the most lively satisfaction in making their acquaintance, observing that existence would no longer hang so heavily on his hands; his brother expressed himself equally glad, but with more reserve in his tone and manner.

"My wife," said the prince, addressing Charles and Henri, "has sent you a few necessities; it is not much we have to offer, but it is given willingly. Being permitted to retain something from the wreck of her fortune, certain little luxuries are still within our reach."

The packet contained a small supply of tea and sugar, several bottles of wine, and four course linen shirts. The last were treasures indeed in Siberia.

"I had rather the Czar permitted us to live like the rest of his victims," observed Alexis, "in communication with our fellow creatures; it is a refinement of cruelty to condemn us to a solitude worse than death. I wonder," he added, "if he fears that we should bring an army of bears and wolves upon him."

Henri could no longer restrain his impatience; he began eagerly to inquire after the compatriot he had seen in the sledge with him the preceding day.

"He is as anxious as yourself for a meeting," answered Troubetskoi; "and, despite his advanced age, would have accompanied us here had his pupils permitted him."

"His pupils?"

"My sons, I mean," added the speaker. "But you shall see him; so many years have elapsed since my exile that my persecutor has almost forgotten me, and the governor of Cheritz Khan is far less stringent in his restrictions than formerly."

The two friends assured him that they would enter into any arrangement he proposed, adding that they should only be too happy to offer their homage and the expression of their grateful thanks to one—alluding to the princess, whose virtues and devotion ranked her in the list of her sex's noblest martyrs.

"I am sure you will like my dear, good mother," observed Alexis, his eyes filling with tears; "she is our Providence, our guardian angel, and has a heart to feel for all."

It was settled that the following night the serf, on whose fidelity Prince Troubetskoi could rely, should be sent with the sledge, and wait for them at the first of the chain of undulating hills which formed one of the boundary lines of the snow valley.

"I will come myself," whispered the youngest of the Troubetskoi to Charles Vasseur; "for it is so delightful to find a friend."

During this conversation, Jack Curlin and Peter the serf had come to a perfect understanding with

each other; that is to say, they had shaken hands, drank from the same bottle of corn brandy,—in short, they were as much friends as any two men could be whose only means of communication were signs.

Julian proposed that they should beat the forest in search of game, and related to his new acquaintances the adventure with the bear and wolves in the cave. So animated were his tones and gesture whilst narrating it, that, although it was in Russian, Henri de la Tour comprehended the subject of his conversation.

"How I should like to have been with you!" exclaimed Alexis to our hero. "You have indeed been fortunate; during the long, miserable years I have dwelt here, I never shot but one bear."

At the allusion to the wretchedness of their state, the unhappy father turned aside, wrung by the pang of remorse and vain regret.

"It will be more cheerful, more endurable now," continued the speaker, "since we have found such friends."

"Let us forget, if possible," said Julian, "that we are exiles, and commence the chase. Ten to one but Charles does not kill a second bear; if he does, I shall feel downright jealous of his skill."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

This sour informer, this bate-heeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissensionous jealousy,
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

THE night appointed for the introduction of the exiles to the family of Prince Troubetskoi, although scarcely a breath of air was stirring, proved an intensely cold one, for they were now in the midst of a Siberian winter, when the light of day does not last more than six hours; but to make amends the nights are uncommonly clear and brilliant.

It was only by walking at a very rapid pace that the three friends could keep their limbs from freezing, or their blood in circulation; whilst, to guard against a similar accident to that which had befallen poor Jack Curlin, they each wore a sheepskin mask.

So bitter was the frost, that the snow no longer yielded with a crackling sound beneath their tread; it was like marching over a marble floor, and infinitely more dangerous, for their feet slipped from under one or the other of them at almost every step.

There was a singular charm in the landscape, wild and savage as it appeared in the moonlight, that excited the admiration of the exiles. The hills, crowned with pines, rising in the distance, the plain undulating like a frozen sea, the snow-drifts representing its billows; several times our hero and his friend would have paused to indulge their contemplation of the scene, but Julian urged them on.

"Delay is death," he said. "The beauty you admire possesses the fascination of the fabled head of Medusa; gaze, and you will be changed to statues."

At this prophetic warning his companions resumed their painful march with fresh energy.

On their way to the place of rendezvous they had to pass a hut, which, till the last few days, had been uninhabited. To their surprise, they noticed a gleam of light streaming from the interstices of the heavy wooden shutter, (which was closed), and from beneath the door.

"Fresh victims," muttered the Pole; "and yet, 'tis strange, I heard not of their arrival; the news of such an event generally spreads quickly enough throughout the station."

Henri wondered if they were Russians, and would have approached to satisfy himself, had not the speaker reminded him that their visit was a secret one—adding, it was not the consequence to himself he dreaded so much as the fresh pretext it would afford Marlovitch or the governor of Cheritz Khan to practice fresh extortions on the family of the Troubetskoi in the event of a discovery.

They made a short detour in order to avoid the spot; and had succeeding in escaping, as they trusted, all observation, when a figure, muffled in a sheepskin cloak, with the capuchin so closely drawn over the head that it was impossible to recognise the wearer, suddenly crossed their path. Charles Vasseur recollected the promise of the Prince's youngest son to meet them, and, thinking he had kept his word, incautiously asked,

"Is that you, Alexis?"

The stranger grunted some unintelligible reply in Russian, and walked rapidly towards the cabin.

"Fortunately he did not understand you," observed Henri.

"Would we were sure of that," replied their friend, in a tone of vexation. "In Siberia every



JACK CURLIN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A FEROCIOUS BEAR.

man is a spy upon his fellow. Had I not spoken, masked as we are, it would have been difficult to recognise us. It is too late to retrace our steps," he added, "and useless: the danger, if any, is already incurred."

A mile further brought them to the corner of the wood where the sledge was to meet them. As they approached, they discovered the vehicle coming at a rapid rate towards them; in a few seconds it drew up, and a figure, half buried in furs, and wearing a similar mask hailed them. There was no error this time; it was the voice of young Troubetskoi.

"I trust you have not waited," said the youth; "I have been driving under the shadow of the hills for the last half hour. I dared not stop, even for a few minutes; they might have proved fatal to the horse as well as myself."

"In, in," exclaimed Julian; "this is no time for explanation, we have passed a stranger on the way."

"Did he recognise you?" demanded Alexis.

"I trust not."

"Has he followed you?"

"Not that I perceived," was the reply. "Doubtless it is an unnecessary alarm; but caution is the parent of safety."

By this time all four of the speakers had taken their seats in the sledge. As they drove off, they cast from time to time anxious looks behind them. No living thing was seen crossing the snow-covered plain, and their apprehensions gradually vanished.

"I feel so happy," said Alexis, "that you are come. My dear mother is impatient to see you, and poor old Colonel de la Tour is in ecstasy at the idea of meeting one of his countrymen again."

"Who?" exclaimed Henri.

"Colonel de la Tour," continued the young man; "mine and my brother's only friend, companion and instructor. We both love him like a second parent."

"My grandfather!"

"Your grandfather?" repeated their new friend, with surprise.

"Whom I came to Russia to seek," said Henri. "They told me in St. Petersburg that he was dead; but I doubted them; my heart whispered me I

should find him here. O Providence," he added, "how inscrutable are thy ways."

Charles pressed his hand in token of congratulation and sympathy.

"Be careful—pray be careful," said Alexis, earnestly; "the life of the old man hangs upon a thread; the least emotion may prove fatal to him. And yet," he added, "I know not how you will be able to repress the strong impulse of affection when you gaze upon his venerable face—listen to the tale of his unmerited wrongs and sufferings—hear all he has endured for his beloved France. The heart will speak despite of resolution."

The young Frenchman promised, if possible, to restrain himself.

"Does he ever speak of his family?" he demanded; "of the wife whom he must have thought faithless—of the son whom he deemed had abandoned him?"

"Frequently," answered his informant; "and with such unbroken love and confidence that it will pain your soul to listen to him. Never have I witnessed a more touching instance of unbroken trust in human faith; an angel's evidence would scarcely shake it. We must consult my mother on the subject," he added; "with all the gentleness and tact of her own sex, she possesses the strength of mind and decision attributed to ours. Leave it to her judgment to choose a fitting moment to break the secret to him."

Henri promised that he would do so, and by the time they reached the cabin of the speaker, had recovered his self-possession sufficiently, as he hoped, to enable him to keep his word.

The residence of the once-powerful Russian noble was larger and more convenient than the huts generally assigned to the victims of despotism and cruelty. The pittance, small as it was, which the Czar, in his benevolence, permitted the princess to receive from the revenues of her vast estates—which, *par parenthesis*, he had confiscated to the profit of the imperial treasury—enabled that truly admirable woman to furnish it with many little comforts unknown to less fortunate exiles. She had succeeded in collecting about twenty volumes of books—a per-

fect library for Siberia; and, by bribing the governor and superintendent, had been permitted to purchase clothes of coarse cloth, instead of the disgusting sheepskin dresses which the condemned are expected to wear, both for herself and family.

The residence of Colonel de la Tour beneath her roof cost her a yet larger sum; but she made the sacrifice cheerfully, not only from a feeling of benevolence, but a sense of the advantage it might ultimately prove to her children, in the event of their restoration to the world—a change which she considered as by no means impossible in the event of the death of Nicholas. The empress, she had many reasons to believe, sincerely pitied her.

It was this hope which sustained her when she accompanied her husband to Siberia, for the first years of her martyrdom had been passed in the mines, to which her husband had been condemned. It was there Alexis and his brother were born.

After disembarassing themselves of their coarse cloaks, which they left in the outward room of the hut, they entered the second apartment.

Under any other circumstances, Henri would have felt perfectly horrified at the idea of presenting himself in such guise before any woman, no matter how aged or humble her condition in life; but now other feelings absorbed him—his heart was too full to leave room for vanities.

The heroic Princess Troubetskoi was seated with her two daughters—one fourteen, the other sixteen years of age—busily employed in sewing together the skins of the sable, ermine, and other animals, the spoils of Alexis and his brother Oscar's guns. They were all three clothed in dresses of dark-colored cloth, with loose hanging sleeves, lined with the fur of the fox; their mother wore, in addition, the head-dress peculiar to Muscovite females—a species of *bandeau* or enclosed circlet, but without ornament of any kind to denote the rank she once held in the world.

Like the Roman matron, when asked to display her jewels, she might have pointed with equal pride to her children; they were the only treasure she possessed.

Colonel de la Tour, the worn soldier of the Em-

pire, who occupied a rude settle near the stove, might have passed, in his long caftan and flowing white beard, which descended over his breast, for one of the patriarchs of old, so venerable was his appearance. Neither suffering nor age had dimmed the brightness of his eye, and his figure still retained traces of former vigor.

The apartment, although a palace compared with the miserable hut of Henri and Charles, was but scantily furnished; the chairs, table, and small book-case were of plain white deal, fashioned and put together by the axe.

On the walls were two or three roughly but spiritedly executed drawings in unglazed frames. One of them, a likeness of Napoleon, was surmounted by a wreath of faded oak-leaves; it should have been laurel, but as the colonel used bitterly to observe, the tree of victory and honor refused to take root in the frozen soil of Siberia.

The females rose on the entrance of the party, and the princess received her guests with that quiet grace and self-possession which accompanies true dignity of character.

"It is a poor welcome that we can give you," she observed, with a melancholy smile; "but the sincerity with which it is offered must atone for its deficiency."

Our hero raised the hand presented to him respectfully to his lips; as they touched it, a tear fell on it—a prouder and more devoted homage than the devoted wife and mother had ever received in the gilded saloons of her palace in St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile Alexis, who had thrown aside his sheepskin cap, ran to Colonel de la Tour, who felt too much agitated to rise from his seat without assistance. So many long years of exile had elapsed since he grasped the hand of a fellow-countryman, or received the least intelligence of what had occurred in France, that he trembled like a child as he grasped the hand of Henri.

What would have been his feelings had he known that it was the last descendant of his race who stood before him? He would have thrown himself upon his neck and wept, as Jacob wept over his long-lost son.

"Speak to me," said the old man; "let me hear the accents of my native France, the land I fought and bled for, whose name is written on my very heart; whose glories are so dear to me. I see her often in my dreams," he added mournfully; "her sunny hills crowned with the purple vine; her lovely valleys, and her *riant* plain rich with brown harvest's promise. I feel happy then."

"Such dreams are memory's pictures," observed his grandson, deeply moved.

The old soldier started, like one who hears some half-remembered voice, familiar to his ear in childhood. Several times he passed his thin, withered hand through the scattered locks left on his time-worn brow, as if striving to recollect when and where he had heard it last.

"Again," he murmured, "speak to me again; there is music, sweet music in your tones; how the imagination will betray the heart. I could have fancied that I heard—speak!—pray speak!"

"What can I say," replied Henri de la Tour, "to soothe this terrible emotion? Courage old soldier, courage; or the meeting which ought to be a source of happiness, will unman us both."

"It is," exclaimed the colonel, with increased excitement, "it is the accent of my own Bourgoigne even as I heard it when a boy—a happy boy."

"I am from the valley of the Yonne," said the young Frenchman, who felt that his resolution every moment was forsaking him.

"I could have sworn it," answered the exile in a tone of childish ecstasy. "The Yonne," he repeated, "well do I remember its bright clear waters. I have bathed in them often in my youth—know each chateau, farm, and village on its winding banks—the names of their inhabitants were once as familiar to me as my own. Tell me your name," he added.

"De Carrignan."

This was the name of his mother's family, which, by the laws of France, the speaker was entitled to bear in addition to his own, if he thought fit. That of his father he dared not utter, lest the joy of the discovery should kill the old man.

"No better blood in France," said the colonel; "I have hunted often on their lands, between Villevalier and Ville le Roy. Francois de Carrignan was my earliest friend; we served together in the Imperial Guard—fought side by side at Wagram, Jena, Austerlitz. Are you his son?"

"His grandson," replied Henri.

This was literally true, his father having married the only daughter of the aged exile's former companion in arms.

"His grandson!" repeated Colonel de la Tour,

taking him by the hands, and gazing long and earnestly in his face. "His blood speaks in your features, but they do not all resemble his; there is an expression which reminds me of—of—"

He could not pronounce the name once so familiar to his lips.

"Fool! fool!" he added; "to let the heart retain its spring, when the snows of winter have so long settled on the brow."

"Father," said Alexis, who invariably addressed the old soldier of Napoleon by that endearing appellation, "you must not agitate yourself thus fearfully; when you are more calm you shall speak of these things again. For my mother's and my sisters' sake," he added, "be persuaded; see how they weep at your distress."

"Bless them!" murmured the colonel, as he sank back in his seat; "bless them! But I am stronger than they think; I feel the blood coursing once more freely through my veins; my pulse beats strongly, and memory recalls, in all their freshness, the scenes of other days. I am not dreaming now. Let me—pray let me speak with him, whilst I have strength to ask and hear."

It was impossible to resist the acts of entreaty in which these words were uttered, or the look which accompanied them. Henri felt that his trials were not over yet—that his grandfather was about to question him respecting those loved beings still so dear to him, his wife and son.

"My name," said the exile, grasping his hand, and pausing between each word as if to gather courage, "cannot be unknown to you."

"I have heard it frequently," replied the young man, endeavoring to appear as unembarrassed as possible; in fact, I may say that it has been familiar to me from childhood. I remember an aged lady, Adèle, Countess de la Tour—"

"My wife!" exclaimed the exile, wildly; "the mother of my son! Can you not guess the question I would ask—the words that rise in my throat and choke me? Am I to bless or curse her memory? Was I deemed dead, forgotten, and dishonored? or was she true to her first vow of love?"

"True as an angel's promise," replied Henri. "The faith she plighted ascended unbroken, with her pure, unsullied soul, to heaven."

A smile of intense joy—joy such as the heart feels when relieved from the doubt of years—rested on the countenance of Colonel de la Tour. The bitterness of his fate had passed for ever.

"And my son?" he murmured.

"Prays for you by her side in heaven."

"Happiness and sorrow mingled," said his grandfather; "it is the lesson of life, repeated from the cradle to the grave. I dare not repine; it would be impious and ungrateful. Edouard, my son! the image of Adèle! I see him as when I parted from them both, clinging round his weeping mother's neck, and wondering at her tears. Well, well, we shall soon meet again in heaven; I am the last of my race left. Strange," he added, "that the withered trunk should remain, and the green sapling be uprooted."

"You are not the last of your name," answered Henri. "Edouard de la Tour left a son, who lives one day, perchance, to ask your blessing, sir—to—"

The excess of feeling rendered it impossible for him to proceed, and deeply did all present sympathize with his emotion.

The veteran started to his feet on receiving the intelligence, but must have fallen had not the Princess Troubetskoi hastened to his assistance. For several moments he stood absorbed in mental prayer, supporting his trembling frame by placing one hand on the shoulder of the generous woman who had been to him as a daughter in his age. The other was extended towards heaven.

"Father of all," he murmured, "even from this desert Thou canst hear me; for thy power like thy mercy is illimitable. Let not the repinings of the weak creature whom thou hast afflicted in thy judgment, render his prayer less acceptable in thy sight. Bless with thy choicest blessing my dear grandson; may his years prove long in happiness as mine have been in misery! He will never know," he added, bursting into tears, "how this aged heart yearns with love for him, or hear the benediction which my lips pronounce."

"God will hear it," sobbed the princess.

"Your grandson hears it!" exclaimed Henri, throwing himself at his feet. "His love responds to you, his heart springs to meet you. I am Henri de la Tour," he added, rapidly, "Carrignan was my dear mother's name. Chance revealed to my father, before he died, the fearful secret of your existence. I came to seek you, to restore you to liberty, to France, which you so loved. I have

failed; but I can share your fate. Speak! speak! Alas, my impetuosity has killed him."

The old man stood for several moments speechless with surprise, doubt, and ecstasy. So violent were his emotions that had the struggle been prolonged, the slender thread of life must have given way. But nature kindly came to his relief in tears. "Edouard's boy!" he faltered at last; "here, close to my heart, before it breaks with joy—here, that I may feel my bliss is real."

Henri sprang to his feet, and received the old man, as he tottered toward him, in his arms.

"Thank Heaven," whispered Charles Vavasour to Julian, whose expressive countenance betrayed a sympathy deep as his own, "the discovery is made, though I still tremble for the result."

"Joy seldom kills," observed the Pole. "He will bear up against it, at least for a time."

Henri replaced his grandfather in his chair, and remained kneeling at his feet, clasping his hand in his, and anxiously watching every change in his venerable features.

"Edouard's boy," repeated the colonel. "Oh, how your father must have loved you. Memory did not deceive me, I thought that I discovered some trace of his features. This is too great a happiness. Do not leave me, or I shall take it for some vision of my distempered fancy, and the doubt will kill me."

These words were uttered in so faint a tone that the princess became alarmed; and hastily filling a small wooden cup with wine gave it to Henri. With a woman's heart she felt how much more welcome it would be from his hands.

"Drink, grandfather, he said, 'it will nerve you.'"

"To France!" exclaimed the exile, with an effort, "to France and you."

Overcome by the draught, Colonel de la Tour gradually sank into a gentle slumber, from which, however, he would occasionally start, and look uneasily round, till the eye rested on his grandson, then with a placid smile resign himself to sleep again.

"You have borne it bravely," said the princess, extending her hand to Henri.

"It has been a trial," replied her guest. "I had arranged to conceal the tie between us, to entreat you to break it to him. But nature," he added, "proved stronger than resolution. Would to heaven I had kept it!"

"Why?" asked Alexis, wonderingly.

"If I repeat my visit here, I shall bring danger on the generous friends who have sheltered him," answered Henri; "and to remove him to our wretched cabin—"

"That must not be thought of for an instant," interrupted the exemplary woman.

"I imagined," continued the former, "that in banishing me to Siberia, tyranny had done its worst. I was in error, the cup of bitterness is not yet drained."

"I must see the governor of Chertiz Khan myself," observed the Princess Troubetskoi. "The yearly pittance I receive from my estates is nearly exhausted, but what remains shall be given freely to purchase his consent to your visits."

Alexis and his brother Oscar eagerly offered to contribute their furs to add to the value of the bribe.

"Does the governor know the exact sum," inquired Julian, "which madame is in the habit of receiving yearly?"

"No," replied the lady; "it is sent to me direct from St. Petersburg, under the seal of the dreaded Berkendorf, which not even a Russian functionary would dare to violate."

Neither Charles Vavasour or his friend understood at first the motive which induced the Pole to put the question. They had forgotten the notes in their possession, till Julian reminded them that though valueless in their hands, the princess might use them.

"Take them all, dear Henri," said our hero. "Sacrifice the last rouble to glut the avarice of the governor."

"Fortunately," observed the princess, "he will be at the station in two days; Marlovitch informed my husband so, the last time he presented himself, a ceremony from which, by orders he dare not trifle with, I and my daughters are exempt."

The few acts of indulgence extended to this heroic woman, who, at the moment we write, still lingers in Siberia, have been by the connivance of Berkendorf at the solicitation of the empress, and studiously concealed from her husband, who caused her death to be given out some few years since, that he might escape all further solicitation from her relatives on the subject.

When her oppressor shall stand before the judgment seat, front to front with the spirit of his victim radiant with the martyr's holiest crown, how

his conscious soul will shrink and tremble; her glance alone will be sufficient to condemn him.

Daylight broke before the two friends quitted the cabin of the Troubetskoi—the parting between Henri and his grandfather was a painful one; each felt it hard to separate, and nothing but the sense of danger to the generous beings who had sheltered the old man, and the hope of obtaining the permission of the governor to meet again, reconciled them to it.

"I feel more assured than ever," observed Julian, as they retraced their steps through the desolate waste, "that your deliverance is not far distant. Heaven has not permitted this reunion with your grandfather but for some wise purpose."

"Yours, possibly," replied the young Frenchman; for myself, I have no hope. Think you," he added, "that were the path of escape open to me, I would follow it and leave him to die alone? Never! never!"

"Right," exclaimed Charles, "it is your duty as his grandson; and mine, as your friend, is to share your fate."

The Pole remained silent; he had too much heart not to comprehend the feelings which dictated the resolution of both the speakers.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Beware! there is an adder in your path;
But I will teach you so to draw its fangs
You may make sport with it.—OLD PLAY.

On reaching their home—if the wretched forlorn hut which sheltered them may be designated by the name—they found Jack Curlin in high glee; he had taken advantage of their absence to proceed to the wood the preceding night and set his traps, and been rewarded by taking three ermines and seven sables.

"That's the way to catch 'em, Master Charley," he exclaimed in a triumphant tone, at the same time pointing to the spoil; "these ignorant Rooshians have not brains enough to set a rat-trap; better than shooting them, isn't it?"

Julian took the animals in his hand and carefully examined them one by one; not a single skin was broken.

"This is indeed a fortunate discovery," he said, "since it not only saves ammunition, the expense of which is ruinous, but procures an unlimited supply. We must carefully conceal the means by which they have been taken," he added, "or the superintendent, Marlovitch will cause a number of similar traps to be made, and employ the Cossacks and serfs to set them on his own account. To profit by his skill, your friend Jack must keep it a secret."

This was addressed to our hero, who explained it to the lad.

"Just as you think best," replied the faithful fellow; "no fear of their learning anything from me, seeing I can't speak a word of their infernal lingo, and what is more, never should, if I were to live a hundred years amongst them. It's my belief," he added, "that a man's tongue must have a double hinge, and an uncommon length, to learn *Rooshian*, which bean't no Christian language after all."

"This is indeed a prize," exclaimed Julian, who had been carefully examining the carcase of one of the sables; "it will fetch five silver rubles at the very least."

Charles and Henri took the animal from his hands, but to their unpractised eye it appeared like the rest.

The Pole pointed to a small patch between the shoulders and the neck darker and more glossy than the rest of the skin.

"It is the fur," he said, "most prized in Russia, and generally reserved for the Czar and his family; few subjects being rich enough to purchase it. The Imperial mantle is lined with it, and is regarded as one of the most remarkable treasures of the Kremlin. Imagine how many thousands of sables must be killed, before a sufficient quantity could be collected for such a purpose; added to which, the species on which the mark is found is most rare."

During the day a Cossack lad, about fifteen years of age, called at the cabin and asked permission to warm himself,—a request never refused in Siberia, where it might entail death.

Although their means of hospitality were extremely limited, Charles offered the intruder a morsel of oat bread and a cup of quass, which, being flavored by the addition of corn brandy, the son of the desert appeared to relish highly.

It was singular to observe the furtive glances which the young savage cast around him as he sat stretching his limbs before the stove. Jack, whose terrier-like instincts were on the *qui vive*, saw him, after draining the cup of quass to its last drop, slyly

slip a paper under it as he set it down upon the rude table.

To spring forward and pinion the lad in his powerful grasp was the work of a moment.

"Be quiet, will 'ee," he exclaimed, "or curse thee, thee Rooshian varmint, I'll knock the life out of thee."

By way of affording a practical illustration of his intention, Jack shook his prisoner so violently that he yelled with terror.

"Look under the cup, Master Charley," continued the speaker, "and see what the young crocodile has put there."

Our hero removed the paper, which, after perusing, he handed to Julian.

"Release him," he said; "the letter he brings is from a friend."

"Well," muttered Jack Curlin, reluctantly letting go his hold, "it be a strange country. Who would have taken this critter, who comes sneaking into the house under pretence of warming his nose, for a *Rooshian* postman?"

The Pole smiled, and after speaking a few words to the messenger, who seemed both sullen and frightened, gave him several pieces of copper money.

On receiving the coin, the young savage uttered a yell of delight, and executed a series of gyrations which very much astonished Jack, who felt undecided at first whether they were intended as a hostile demonstration or to express pleasure: either way he was prepared.

His doubts were put an end to by the lad's seizing him by the hand, and placing it on the shaggy mass of red hair which thatched his head, which, Julian explained, was in token of friendship.

Jack only observed that he should have been quite as well satisfied if his new friend had kept his cap on. *Fleas* were not the only things he objected to in Russia.

The letter which had occasioned this little *contretemps* was written in French, and evidently in a female hand; it ran thus:—

"Your visit to the Prince Troubetskoi is known to one who is your bitterest enemy—Ishmael, the Hebrew, who hates all that is noble or good. He intends to denounce you to-morrow at the station, when you present yourselves before Marlovitch and the governor of Cheritz Khan, who is expected. Be on your guard."

"There is only one way to defeat his malice: ascertain the *purport* of his nightly visits to the deserted cabin close to the spot where you encountered him. I dare not tell it you, being bound by oath to keep it a secret. Do not use the knowledge ungenerously; employ it merely for your safety. Destroy this the instant you have read it."

It was signed "An unknown friend."

"From Sarah, the Jewess!" exclaimed Henri and Charles in the same breath.

Julian probably thought so too, though he remained silent on the subject.

"The warning must not be neglected," he said, after having complied with the request of the writer by thrusting the paper into the flames, and watching it till it was reduced to ashes. "Ishmael is an enemy not to be trifled with; he hates me bitterly."

"You can never have given him cause to justify such hatred!" observed Charles Vavasaur.

"I stepped between him and his passions," said his friend calmly; "for Ishmael is one of those unhappy beings whose instincts are ferocious and brutal. The means our unknown friend has pointed out may possibly defeat his malice; if not, his blood be on his own head."

At the words "*unknown friend*" his companions smiled.

"Would you take his life?" demanded Henri.

"As I would that of a wolf, were it to cross my path," answered Julian, "and with as little remorse. Do you know the alternative? The mines for life, or the knout, at the discretion of the governor, and we know what that means. Were my own safety alone concerned, or yours," he added, "I might hesitate; but the princess, her daughters, and the aged soldier, all would be involved in the same misery. Under such peril the death of the heartless spy becomes a necessary sacrifice, not a murder."

The alternative appeared a dreadful one: yet there was little doubt, from the determined tone in which the speaker declared his intention, but he would carry it into effect, if necessary. The two friends, though they revolted at the thought of shedding blood, knew not how to advise or dissuade him.

"The task to bring the ruffian to reason must be mine," exclaimed Henri de la Tour. "I am most interested in silencing him, since but for me the danger would not have been incurred. I will seek

him out, challenge him to meet me man to man, and—"

Julian laughed bitterly.

"And be sent to the mines for your generosity," he said, interrupting him. "You do not know the degraded thing you have to deal with. He would promise you—nay, confirm that promise with an oath—and violate both as readily as make them. No," he continued, sternly; "if our search at the cottage leads to no result, the death of Ishmael must be the guarantee of our safety."

"Still it will be murder," urged Charles.

"By your hands, yes; but not by mine," replied the Pole. "Were I to shoot him like a dog, the instant I encounter him, his death would be legal according to the laws of the country which protected him and his faithless race."

This was an assertion so wild and singular that neither of his companions could comprehend it.

"I see I must explain myself continued the speaker, "if I would avoid being considered either a fool or a madman. I have never yet made any allusion to the rank which I held in my unhappy country: enough that it was princely; more than one of my ancestors have been elected to the throne of Poland. Reuben Bight and this Ishmael were born upon my estates; their forefathers the fugitives of Europe, were protected and sheltered by mine. You see how they repay the debt of gratitude. I am his seigneur and natural judge," he added, proudly, "and should be still, though I were toiling in the chains to which his treachery would consign me."

Although this was very far from justifying the death of Ishmael in the judgment of his hearers, it went very far to palliate such an act, by proving his ingratitude to the descendants of those who had protected his race when almost every other land in Europe was closed against them.

"The strongest plea, after all," said our hero, "is its necessity, should it unfortunately arrive. Let us proceed at once to the hut, where fortune may enable us to discover some less terrible solution to this dark enigma."

Julian assented with the air of a man who had very little hope of finding the desired alternative; and taking their guns, the three friends set out together.

Serfdom, the curse of Russia, was at one time equally general in Poland; in some parts of that divided, unhappy land it exists to this day; and hence the apathy with which a great portion of the peasantry submitted to the yoke of the spoilers. Had they possessed civil rights and freedom to fight for, their various struggles might have ended differently.

In the former country many of the great nobles allow their serfs to reside in cities, and follow their trades or enter into commerce on their own account, paying a moderate tax to their owners for the permission to use the strength or intellect God has endowed them with.

Several of the wealthier merchants of St Petersburg, members of the first guild or corporation, men whose signature is good on 'Change for a million of roubles, are in the condition of slaves, whom their masters can, in a fit of caprice or passion, send back to work on their estates. Although enormous sums are frequently offered as the price of their release from this degrading position, in nine cases out of ten it is refused, the semi-barbarous nobility taking a pride in calling themselves the owners of the wealthy trader or banker.

Reuben Bight and Ishmael had been in a similar position—a sufficient cause, in the opinion of some of our readers, to justify their hatred of Julian; it will change when we inform them that by the Machiavelian policy of the Czar, a Polish nobleman does not possess the right of manumitting a serf.

It was one of the elements of Poland's weakness, and Russia knew well how to turn it to account.

On reaching the cottage which they had passed on the preceding night, on their way to the Troubetskoi, they found the door and shutter carefully closed; there was no longer any sign of its being inhabited.

After carefully reconnoitering the place, they attempted to force an entrance, but without effect; its late tenants had taken every precaution to prevent their secret from being discovered in their absence.

Finding all entrance impossible, either by the door or the well-secured aperture which served as a window, Julian suggested that they should try the log-house which adjoined the hut. They discovered nothing unusual in the place; it contained only the pile of wood usually collected as a provision for the winter.

"The cabin, I feel assured, has been secured from

the inside," he observed, "and if so they must have another entrance."

All three set to work in removing the stack of fuel, and were rewarded at last for their labor by discovering a small door, which had been concealed by it; it yielded easily to their united strength, and they found themselves in the principal room of the cabin.

The first thing was to strike a light.

On looking around them the mystery was explained; there was a large tub containing the mash ready for distilling, and a rudely constructed still upon the stove.

"So," said the Pole, in a tone of satisfaction, "I shall not be compelled to shoot the rascal after all; the governor will spare me the trouble by sending him to the mines."

Charles and Henri were much at loss to understand the affair as ever.

Their friend explained by informing them that the principal source of the public revenue was derived from the sale of corn brandy, which the government distilled on its own account, and that the least violation of the law prohibiting any other parties from following the trade was so severe, that a second conviction was punished by the knout. The source of Reuben Bight and Ishmael's prosperity was now made clear.

"Will you denounce him?" they demanded.

"Not unless I am compelled in self-defence," replied Julian; "I loathe the character of an informer; though were we in a similar position, Ishmael would show but little mercy to us. We must endeavor so to arrange matters as to leave our visit unsuspected; everything depends on that."

"What is this?" said Charles, pointing to a book.

It was a volume of Hebrew prayers; on examining it closely, they found various memoranda, written in German, on the blank leaves, relating chiefly to the quantity of spirit supplied to Bight, and Ishmael's share in the profits; in short, a sort of debtor and creditor account between them.

The name of the latter was written on the title page.

"This will prove sufficient," said Julian, in a tone of satisfaction; "they may destroy every other proof, but whilst this remains we may defy his malice. In Russia," he added, "they would knout a dozen Jews to death on far less evidence."

He carefully placed the precious document in his hunting-pouch, and, without disturbing a single article connected with the still, quitted the cabin, carefully closing the door by which they had entered after them, and repiling the stack of wood against it.

As the next day was the one appointed for presenting themselves before the superintendent, a ceremony no exile dared omit, there was little chance of their visit to the cabin being discovered. The Jews, they considered, would scarcely venture to visit the scene of their illicit trade till after the departure of the governor.

The three friends returned home with hearts considerably lighter than when they set out.

The following day they started at an early hour for the station, taking with them a number of skins as a sort of tribute to the governor—an attention which that important functionary expected, and the omitting of which was sure to be visited by some act of petty oppression.

On their way they encountered Ishmael and the two sons of Reuben Bight, walking like themselves; the old man with the females of his family being about to follow them in the sledge.

The young Hebrew curled his lips with a sneering, sarcastic expression, and observed to one of his companions, that they were strong fellows for the mines.

This was uttered in French purposely, that Charles and Henri might understand him.

"Even there," said Julian, walking close up to him, "we should still in the sight of Heaven and man retain the superiority which honor gives us over such a degraded thing as thou art."

"List to the pride of the noble," muttered Ishmael, bitterly.

"Not of the noble, but of the man!" replied the Pole, with a glance of cold contempt; "who feels that he has not sullied by vile deeds the dignity God stamped with his own image. Fool!" he added, "and knave as well as fool, do you think I did not recognise you! or that once aware of my danger, took no means to baffle you? It is a thriving trade you drive; no wonder Reuben Bight sells his corn brandy at a less price than the superintendent."

The countenances of the three Israelites suddenly changed; the expression of insolent triumph gave place to that of fear. After a whispered consultation, the two elder turned as if to retrace their steps; considering, doubtless, that it would be bet-

ter to trust to their father's influence with the governor to excuse their absence, than to risk the danger of such a discovery.

"It will be useless," said Julian, calmly; "we know all."

"Your word," retorted Ishmael, who had gained some portion of his former audacity, "will not be credited without proof."

"Will yours?" demanded the former.

"Perhaps not; but I shall have the satisfaction of hearing you lie; of knowing that you are degraded in your own esteem, and that is some consolation."

"Miserable as it is, you must forego it," said the Pole, in a tone of lofty contempt. "Wretch! had there been no other means to silence you, think you I should have hesitated to take your worthless life? But I am spared the task," he added, "which is doubtless reserved for fitter hands—the executioner."

He drew from his hunting-pouch the volume of Hebrew prayers, and held the proof of the power he possessed to crush his enemy full in his face.

Ishmael uttered a cry more like the yell of an infuriated wolf than a human being, and drawing a long knife from his girdle, sprang towards the speaker, who avoided the blow by coolly stepping a pace backward.

Charles and Henri, who had been closely watching their proceedings, levelled their guns in an instant.

"Drop your weapon," exclaimed the former, "or we fire."

Gnashing his teeth with impotent rage, Ishmael dashed it to the ground.

At this moment the sledge with Reuben Bight and the two females drove up to the spot. The old man saw at a glance that something terrible had occurred, and reined in his horse.

"Deeply as you have been wronged by us," he said, addressing himself to Julian, as soon as he was fully informed how matters stood, "you cannot wish to avenge yourself upon the innocent. What will become of these helpless creatures in the mines?"

He pointed, as he made this appeal to the generosity of the young man, to Sarah and her companion in the sledge.

"He would not have spared me," was the reply.

"You despise him," observed the former.

"Words cannot measure my contempt."

"Will you then take example from the thing you scorn?" cunningly demanded the aged Hebrew. "It is well to have power, but not always wise to use it."

"You are right, old man," answered the Pole, "and on one condition I will turn this desolation from you. Let him observe silence on what has passed, and I will not denounce him. Were he alone concerned my conduct would be different."

He glanced as he spoke towards the sledge. Reuben Bight appeared deeply moved; perhaps the recollection of the benefits so ungratefully requited, which he and his race had received from the ancestors of Julian, rose in his memory to reproach him.

"Noble and like yourself," he said, after a pause. "I know that you have little faith in Hebrew gratitude or Hebrew promises. Alas, we are what the oppressor's hand hath made us. The seed of a good action perisheth not in the ground, no more shall this. Farewell!"

"What!" exclaimed Ishmael, "will you trust to his base word?"

"Peace, foolish boy," exclaimed the old man; "it is our best safeguard, and outweighs a hundred oaths like thine."

He resumed his place in the sledge. As it drove off, Sarah cast a look of gratitude and admiration upon Julian.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Appeal not to his heart: the adder's ears
Are not more deaf. Prate not of honor,
The word to him hath but an empty sound,
Which wakes no echo; you must strike the chord
Of interest to move him.—OLD PLAY.

THE friends reached the station as the sledge with the family of the Troubetskoi's quitted it. Alexis, who was driving, could not resist the impulse to draw up, in order to enable Henri to exchange a momentary pressure of the hand and a passing word with his grandfather.

"I have succeeded," said the princess, with a benevolent smile.

"The entreaties of an angel could not fail," observed the young Frenchman, with an air of profound respect.

"Say rather the eloquence of your rubles," replied the lady, "the only key to the heart of the governor

of Cheritz Khan. The conditions are humiliating, but necessary, perhaps, from the instructions respecting us. He will inform you of them. Farewell," she added; "to-morrow you will be at liberty to visit us."

Alexis gave his horse the rein, and the vehicle drove off, to the great relief of his father, whose spirit had been so crushed by the long years of exile and captivity he had endured, that he trembled at the mere thought of causing the anger of a man who, in the days of his prosperity, would scarcely have presumed to seat himself in his presence; but such is Russia—a prince one day, a slave, a being without a name, a number, merely, the next.

On entering the station, they found the governor seated in the chair usually occupied by Marlovitch, who, in the presence of his superior, was reduced to a mere cipher. There was something contemptibly ludicrous in the fawning air and submissive tone in which he replied to the questions sternly and briefly put to him. At the least sign of dissatisfaction on the countenance of the great man, the extraordinary suppleness of the superintendent's back appeared to increase, his bows grew more profound, his language still more abject, a pliability of character on which every functionary in Russia, from the minister to the humblest employé, prides himself.

In their philosophy, doubtless, they look upon this degradation as a sort of debtor and creditor account, each exacting from his subordinate an equal if not a greater amount of servility than he pays.

Before condescending to reply to the exiles, the great man cast his eyes over the furs which Julian, in their name, entreated his acceptance of, and mentally calculated their value. Apparently he felt satisfied with the result, for his brows unbent, and his thin shrill voice lost something of its harshness as he addressed them.

"How is this?" he demanded; "these animals have not been shot?"

"No, Excellency. The two Englishmen have a method peculiar to their own country of ensnaring them. They boast that they could take hundreds of them if they were permitted to remove further from the station to the forest."

"Hundreds of them," repeated the governor, his sharp gray eyes sparkling with cupidity; "do you believe them?"

The Pole shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the skins, which the functionary began to examine very carefully, to detect, if possible, whether any deception had been practised upon him.

"A royal sable, by St. Nicholas?" he exclaimed, when he came to the one which had excited the admiration of Julian; "this really seems an affair worth inquiring into. Is the Frenchman equally skilled?" he added.

"No, Excellency; he killed one or two with his gun; but the furs were so dreadfully torn as to render them unworthy of your acceptance."

"And have you discovered the manner in which the Englishmen take them?"

"Not yet, answered the Pole, in a tone of affected ill-humor; "they are exceedingly jealous of communicating it. They ought not to be so particular with me," he added, "I am sure I have had trouble enough with them; for, with all their skill at trapping, they are as helpless as children in other respects."

The speaker well knew the cupidity of the man he had to deal with, and shaped his replies accordingly. His object was to obtain permission for Charles and Jack Curlin to establish themselves in the wood, near to the haunt of the ermines and sables. True, the change would entail many additional privations, but it rendered the plan he had formed for their escape more practicable.

"If this success continues," observed the great man, who saw an unexpected source of revenue opened to him, "they can dispense with the government allowance."

"And how are they to live, Excellency?"

"By the sale of the skins. I will purchase them from them."

"They might do so," said Julian, doubtfully, "if the season were not so far advanced, and they were enabled to set their traps every night. Besides, the guns and ammunition they purchased of Reuben Bight are not paid for yet."

The governor suggested that the Jew might take them back at half price.

"And how are they to protect themselves against the wolves and the bears?"

His Excellency had not thought of them.

"Do not quit the station till I have spoken with you again," he said; "the talent of these strangers may be made useful. The English are a singular people, clever at all kinds of inventions. The Czar himself does not hesitate to employ them in the

manufactories which he has established in our holy Russia. I will consider what can be done for them."

Had not his own interests been concerned, the speaker would have cared but little whether the exiles lived or starved in the inhospitable region to which they had been condemned.

To such of our readers as are unacquainted with Russia, it may appear singular that so important a personage should have condescended to extort or accept gifts from unfortunate wretches consigned to his care. But extortion is recognised as a part of the system of government in Russia; custom has almost legalised the tariff. The judge expects his bribe before the simplest cause can be decided. It is the key to promotion in the army, where the colonels plunder the men, and are robbed in turn by the ministers of war and the generals; in short, no branch of administration is free from it.

It would be difficult to find an office in the whole of that vast empire the possessor of which either could or is expected to live on its legitimate emolument.

In the outer room of the station the three exiles discovered the Jewess Sarah seated alone; a faint blush suffused her cheek as her glance encountered that of Julian. Henri and Charles passed on their way with a slight token of recognition, their companion remained.

"Sarah," said the Pole, advancing and taking her hand, which trembled in his, "I have to thank your generous care for warding from myself and friends a danger no other means could have armed us against."

"All our race are not ungrateful," answered the maiden, in a tone of deep humility.

"I have never been so unjust as to imagine it," said the young man; "there are features whose expression is an index of the mind; and he must be blind indeed who cannot read in yours the spirit's scorn of the world's baseness, a keen sense of honor, and the love of truth."

"You flatter a poor simple girl," observed the Jewess, with increased emotion, "for having simply performed an act of duty."

"Simply performed an act of duty," repeated Julian; "those few words comprise the revealed and moral law. Earth would be a paradise would all mankind observe it."

"And of gratitude," added the former, raising her eyes and fixing them upon the countenance of the speaker: "you saved me from the brutal violence of one whose sight is loathsome to me, whose name causes my heart to sicken when I hear it."

"I thought you were betrothed to him," exclaimed the young man with surprise; "Ishmael, I know, boasts that he is your affianced husband."

"I am affianced to a bridegroom even yet more terrible than Ishmael," said Sarah, calmly,—"death! The grave shall be my bridal bed before I wed with infamy. They may promise my hand to him, but my lips shall never ratify the contract. "You seem surprised," she added, "that a maiden of my race should feel and speak thus. The daughters of Judea were not always the degraded beings you imagine."

There was neither passion nor enthusiasm in the tone in which the words were uttered; on the contrary it was cold and bitter, as if spoken in scorn of the destiny which she seemed so resolutely bent on avoiding.

"This is madness, folly," observed the Pole, as he gazed on her expressive features, which once more rivalled the marble in their paleness; "life is the gift of God, and may not be weakly, rashly thrown away."

"Right," answered the Jewess; "weakly, rashly, it should not be resigned, but when death is the last shelter from pollution, from misery, which not only wrings the heart, but degrades, it is a sacrifice, and not a crime."

"Why not appeal to your grandfather?"

"He would not understand me," answered Sarah; "besides, he is in the power of Ishmael."

"To the governor, then."

"Without a bribe he would laugh my prayers to scorn; think you I have not revolved in my heart's agony each chance, each means: contemplated my destiny till it has become familiar to me. Death loses half its terrors," she added, "when we look the ghastly monarch firmly in the face; this very day Ishmael and my father demand the consent of the governor of Cheritz Khan to my marriage."

"And when do they propose to celebrate?" demanded the young man.

"In two months' time, on the arrival of the merchant Islam Kholar, who is a Rabbi of our nation," replied Sarah. "I can almost count the hours I have to live."

"And have you no hope?"

"None."

The answer was given with all the calmness of despair.

"I will save you from it," whispered Julian.

The Jewess started from her seat, and gazed upon him with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise.

"You?" she faltered.

"I," he continued, energetically; "do not ask me by what means. Heaven that inspired the resolution will suggest them; such virtue and such beauty shall not be sacrificed to a base wretch like Ishmael. Doubt me not, fear me not, I will watch over thee with a brother's care, a brother's manly love. Sarah! Sarah!" he added, in a tone of anguish, "hadst thou but been a Christian."

A death-like pallor replaced the fleeting blush upon the countenance of the Jewess; her beating heart divined the words which honor arrested on his lips.

"Had I been a Christian," she said, finishing the sentence for him, "you could not have spoken more kindly, felt for me more deeply; and I am grateful," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Oh that my lips would tell you how grateful. These are the first words of human sympathy which have fallen upon my ears since childhood; do not despise me that they make me weep."

"Will you trust to me?" demanded the Pole, who dreaded every moment lest their interview should be interrupted by the return of Reuben Bight and his companions.

"As I trust in Heaven," was the reply.

"And will follow any direction I may send you."

"Mine is no half confidence," said the maiden, modestly, "it is given wholly, freely."

"And shall be kept as sacredly," replied Julian; "days, weeks even, may elapse before we meet again, but fear not, doubt not. I shall be watching near you; yes, Sarah," he added, "the poor exile's debt of gratitude shall be duly paid."

Hearing the approach of footsteps from the next apartment, the speaker hastily quitted the station to rejoin his friends, who had walked on to the store in the village to purchase bread and a supply of oil for their lamp; when he met them his countenance was calm and untroubled as usual.

When Reuben Bight and Ishmael quitted the presence of the governor, Sarah saw by the flashing eye and triumphant expression on the features of the latter, that their petition had been favorably received, — the official sanction to the sacrifice of her happiness paid for and accorded.

An hour before, the heart of the Hebrew girl would have sunk at the insolent, half mocking air; but now she encountered it firmly—she had hope to sustain her.

"Mine!" whispered Ishmael, attempting to take her hand.

The Jewess withdrew it, and regarded him with a mingled expression of scorn and loathing. There was something so unmanly in using the power he possessed over her aged grandfather to compel her to become his wife, that raised her woman's pride.

"When you have the right to clasp it," she answered, slowly, "you will find it unresisting. Wait till then."

The young ruffian replied merely by a boastful smile; he fancied that the consent of the governor being given—bought would have been a more fitting word—all resistance on the part of the maiden would be useless. Had he heard the promise her protector made, he might not have felt so confident of success.

When the three friends returned to the station, they found the governor of Cheritz Khan and the superintendent Marlovitch alone; the rest of the exiles, having been duly counted off like so many head of cattle, had been dismissed from the presence of their task-master.

"I have been thinking," said the former, addressing himself to the Pole, "of your companions, the two Englishmen. They are at liberty to take up their residence at the post in the wood, occupied by the Cossack Guard during the summer; they will find wood already stored there. For this indulgence," he added, "I shall expect that half the furs are delivered to Reuben Bight, the other half they are at liberty to sell on their own account."

Although the heart of Julian bounded at the words—it was the very spot he would have selected for the carrying out of his plans—he carefully repressed all outward expression of satisfaction, and merely observed that the distance from the station was too great; half their time would be lost in coming and returning twice a week to present themselves.

"That, too, has been thought of," continued the great man, whom the hope of gain rendered unusually indulgent; "let them present themselves

every Sunday to Marlovitch. Ask them if they are satisfied with the arrangement."

The Pole gravely repeated to Charles Vavasour the offer of the speaker in French, though the latter, as our readers are well aware, understood every word that had been uttered.

"What is your advice?" demanded our hero.

"Accept it," said his friend, impressively.

"What says the Englishman?" inquired the governor, impatiently.

"That he accepts your Excellency's offer," replied the interpreter, "and promises to do his utmost to prove to you that he is not ungrateful."

"Tell him that I look to actions not to words," observed the functionary. "I know the value of promises; as long as he acts honestly, and delivers the skins regularly to my agent, the permission shall be continued; the instant I detect him cheating me, it will be withdrawn."

There was something ludicrous in the idea of the speaker, who was abusing the influence of his position, prating of honesty; but such anomalies pass current in Russia.

"As for the Frenchman," he continued, "the prisoner 707," the number by which Colonel de la Tour was designated, "is no longer capable of work; we therefore permit his younger compatriot to supply his place in the family of the Troubetzkais, provided he can agree with them for the price of his services, which in no way regard the government."

This was the humiliating condition which the princess alluded to when she announced that she had succeeded in her project. The governor considered it necessary in order to screen himself from the wrath of Berkendorf, should his breach of his instructions ever be made known at St. Petersburg.

Henri would have accepted it, had it been to labor in chains, so that he might be near his venerable grandfather.

The necessary permission for Charles and Jack Curlin to remove to the Cossack post in the wood being given, the party, after again being cautioned to act honestly with respect to the furs, took their leave, and once more retraced their steps towards home.

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Julian, as they quitted the station, "that I am relieved from his presence; there is something contagious in the atmosphere breathed by a Russian functionary. A moral pest," he added.

"For once," observed Henri, "I will shake hands with corruption; it has enabled me to gratify the wish dearest to my heart. We may laugh at the malice of Ishmael now."

At the name of the Hebrew, a dark frown gathered on the brow of the Pole, who felt as men feel who have a consciousness of the enemy with whom they will one day have to engage in the fierce struggle for life and death.

As for Jack, he was delighted with the idea of the change, which promised to give him more of his young master's society than he had lately been favored with. He felt proud, too, of having been of use instead of a burden to him, and arranged in his own mind, the instant he reached the cabin, to set about constructing a number of fresh traps.

"Don't be afraid, Master Charley," he said, "the governor shall have skins enough. We won't leave a rat in the country."

"A sable, you mean," observed our hero, with a smile.

"That be the *Rooshian* name for un, I suppose," replied the lad, "but I call un rats, only their coats be a little more soft, and their tails more bushy than in our country."

Although no naturalist, Jack Curlin was more correct in his classification of the animals than the friends imagined.

The next day, with the assistance of a serf whom Julian hired for the occasion, the party removed to their new home, the Cossack post in the wood. It was situated at the foot of an overhanging hill, whose summit, crowned with snow, lowered menacingly upon the plain beneath.

The instant Charles Vavasour beheld it, he observed that the situation of the hut was a most dangerous one; an avalanche at any moment might fall and crush it.

"You have hit upon the very reason," said the Pole, with a calm smile, "why the Cossacks abandon it during the winter."

"And yet you selected it!" exclaimed both the friends at once.

"I accepted," replied their companion, "with joy. Can you not divine the reason? It promises security, and immunity from pursuit when the blest moment shall arrive which marks the hour of freedom."

Henri de la Tour sighed; he felt that for him the

hour the speaker alluded to would strike in vain. Honor, affection, every tie duty holds most sacred, bound him to remain with his aged grandfather. He would have despised himself, had he felt but for an instant capable of abandoning him to die alone.

"For you, dear Charles," he said, wringing the hand of his friend, "but not for me; my post is here."

"And mine by your side," replied our hero. "Strong as are the feelings which prompt me to escape, the attempt will never be made by me, alone."

Their companion gazed on them both in silent admiration; the decision was worthy of their friendship.

"Let me explain my project to you," he said, after they had seated themselves in their new home, where Jack Curlin had already begun to arrange their scanty stores after lighting the stove. "It is not my intention that we should remain after the thaw once sets in; our lives would pay the penalty of our rashness. These hills, as you are well aware, are intersected by numerous caverns. In one of them we must conceal such provisions as will be necessary for our journey. As long as our hunting proves successful, the governor will not feel anxious to remove us."

"Still I cannot comprehend your plans," observed Charles.

"Patience! I am coming to them," said Julian, seriously; "to escape from Siberia will require all the courage and energy of despair; to vanquish the difficulties and dangers of the route, vast deserts must be passed, the wolves be made our companions rather than man. We must pass our days in the forests, our nights in travelling, and the signal of our departure will be the fall of the avalanche."

"We understand," exclaimed his companions. "The cabin annihilated by the enormous mass of snow, it will be deemed that we have perished, and all idea of pursuit abandoned as unnecessary."

"At last you comprehend me," said their friend, with a look of intelligence. "I have mediated on my project for years; weighed every peril, every chance, and feel confident of its success. You," he added, addressing Henri, "during the remaining months of winter, must apply yourself to the study of the Russian language. Alexis and his brother will assist you."

At this suggestion the young Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, the usual resource of his countrymen when they find themselves compelled to submit to anything exceedingly disagreeable to their feelings, but against the reasonableness of which they can find nothing to urge, and accompanied the gesture with a sad grimace.

"And poor Jack, what is to become of him?" demanded Charles Vavasaur. "I question if even my influence will prevail on him to acquire half a dozen words of the *Rooshian* gibberish, as he contemptuously calls it."

"It is not necessary," observed the Pole, "he must be dumb. You smile," he continued, "but it is the only resource, and being the only one, there is no avoiding it. I have framed a series of signs, which, with your assistance, I doubt not he will speedily acquire. Shave his head, stain his features with the Haka root and dress him in the Haka root and dress him in the costume, he will make an admirable Tartar."

Little did the unsuspecting object of their conversation dream of the metamorphosis it was proposed that he should undergo. His young master, as he still persisted in calling Charles, knowing the hold he possessed on the poor fellow's affections, felt, however, that he could reconcile him to endure it.

"After all, Julian," he added, addressing the Pole, "this is but a dream. Years may elapse before either myself or friend are in a position to avail ourselves of your devoted friendship. You have heard our resolution?"

"Which I would be the last to encourage you to break, for it does honor to your hearts; but the hour is nearer than you imagine."

This was delivered in so serious a tone, that the two exiles imagined the speaker fancied he could read the future.

"A prophet!" exclaimed Henri de la Tour.

"No," replied Julian, "an observer merely. I have not lived so long in Siberia without studying the terrible phenomena which men call death! I have seen it in all the phases peculiar to this climate and inhabitants; rely upon it, that ere the return of spring, the slender thread which binds your venerable grandfather to this life of sorrow, will give way; the days of his painful pilgrimage are numbered."

Both Charles and his friend regarded him with mingled surprise and incredulity.

"Yet he seems healthful for his years," observed the latter. "Your imagination, I trust—yes, he added solemnly, "sincerely trust, has played you false."

"I never draw on my imagination for conclusions," replied the Pole, "but on facts. When the old man, overcome by the joy and excitement of meeting you, fell back half fainting on his chair, the Princess Troubetskoi wiped the cold damp from his venerable forehead with her handkerchief."

"What then?"

"It was tinged with blood," said Julian. "I saw that she noticed it, by the sudden pallor which overspread her features—oft was it an unerring sign, in the frozen regions of Siberia, that the dark shadow of the angel of death has already rested on its victim."

"Must he die?" exclaimed Henri, deeply moved, for he no longer doubted the truth of Julian's prediction; "die a prisoner, far from France! Must his bones rest in the unhallowed soil of slavery?"

"His virtues will consecrate it," observed Charles. "The grave of Colonel de la Tour will be the bed of honor."

The heart of his friend was too full for words, he could only thank him by a look.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Alas, how oft will fancy's spells, in slumber,
Recall my native country to my mind;
How oft regret will bid me sadly number
Each lost delight and dear friend left behind;
Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
Those scenes which I am doomed no more to know;
Full oft shall memory trace—my soul's tormentor—
And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

M. G. LEWIS.

WHEN Henri paid his next visit to the cabin of the Troubetskoi, they received him with that silent, melancholy greeting with which we meet a fellow mourner. His welcome was a kind, though sad one; he divined from it, and rightly, that the princess had informed her family of the approaching loss of their tutor and companion in misfortune. "I know all," he said, as he shook Alexis by the hand.

The young man regarded him with surprise.

"Julian informed me," he added. "Think you that my grandfather is conscious of the near approach of—"

He could not bring his lips to pronounce the fatal word death, he felt as if the word would choke him.

"No," said the youth, "never since I have had the happiness of knowing him, have I seen the old man so joyous, so full of hope and anticipations of the future, but the fatal sign has gone forth."

"Is it not possible," demanded Henri, "that your mother and Julian may have been mistaken?"

Alexis shook his head despondingly, and the last hope of the speaker faded in his breast.

We will pass over the joy with which the exile received his grandson; the very heart of the old man seemed to spring to his lips to welcome him; there was something exceedingly touching in the mingled pride and affection with which he gazed on the descendant so unexpectedly restored to him. Frequently in addressing him he called him Edouard instead of Henri; it was the name of the son whom he had left an infant when he quitted France to join the army of his fallen chief.

For several hours during the day, the Troubetskoi, with considerate delicacy, left them by themselves; weeks, months, scarcely would have sufficed to ask and answer all each desired to know. The poor exile had purposely been kept in ignorance of all that had transpired in France.

Henri related to him as briefly as possible the downfall of the elder Bourbons, the accession of Louis Philippe to the crown, and the reign of corruption and meanness which followed that event. As he proceeded, ejaculations of surprise, anger, and disdain broke from the lips of the aged soldier.

"What," he exclaimed, "is the France of my youth so changed? Has she exchanged the sceptre of her kings, the sword of Napoleon, for the rule of a shuffling trickster, for the spawn of Philippe Egalité, of the man who lived without honor, and died without faith? Poor country, poor France!"

"Orleans! Orleans!" he repeated musingly, "Oh! race fatal to the land from which they take their name—well may they be termed a brood of vipers. The regent duke corrupted the boy king Louis Quinze, and so prepared the revolution, which deluged his country in blood. 'Conspire, conspire,' has been the motto of their house. They have succeeded it seems—grasped the sceptre at

last; it will one day turn to ashes in their hands," he added.

"It has turned to ashes," replied his grandson, who proceeded to relate to him the history of Louis Philippe's ignominious flight, the short-lived republic, and the accession of the present ruler of France.

When Colonel de la Tour heard that the nephew of the Emperor had regained the throne, that the tri-color once more floated at the head of the armies of his country, his excitement and joy were scarcely limited by the bounds of reason.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" he cried, his eyes flashing with the energy of youth; "the eaglet has driven the vulture from its eyrie, its plumes have grown again. I felt it would be so, for the tradition of glory never dies. France, beloved France, is free from the degrading race the armies of Europe imposed, and the name of Napoleon is avenged. May the August Spirit accept the expiation."

He thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew from it one of those little crosses of the Legion of Honor which the conqueror of Austerlitz used to wear, and occasionally fix, with his own hand, upon the breasts of his soldiers—a recompense more coveted than the epaulette; for in the eyes of his army it was considered as the prize of glory. How many a young and generous heart has shed its best blood freely in the hope of obtaining it, and men died with it pressed to their lips, and thought their sufferings overpaid by the possession of it.

Napoleon knew, and few have known so well,
To touch the soldier's heart—to breathe the spell,
Which wakens courage in the battle hour,
Nerves the young arm with the enthusiast's power;
That in defeat dreams of victory still,
And gives to countless breasts one soul, one will.

The veteran gazed long and proudly on the emblem, and a tear dimmed his eyes as memory recalled to mind the brilliant scenes of his youth, when victory hung with enamored smiles over the banners of Imperial France.

His grandson noticed that the cross and ribbon were deeply stained with blood.

"I shall never forget the moment," said the old man, "when his hand, whose praise was immortality, affixed it to my breast. I was lying wounded on the cannon which, with a small detachment of my regiment, I had defended against three charges of the enemy. The dead and dying were scattered round us. At the sound of the deep, thrilling voice, a faint cry was raised of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and many a soul fled with it. He asked my name," he continued, "and when I told him it was the same as that which he had commanded should be borne forever at the head of the grenadiers of France, replied that I was worthy of it. I no longer felt my wounds; there was a balm in every word he uttered—the balm of glory."

The speaker alluded to his relative, the Premier Grenadier of France, one of a race of heroes—the famous De la Tour d'Auvergne. When the muster roll of the company, in which he served, is called over his name is the first pronounced, and the oldest soldier in the regiment invariably answers, "Dead on the field of honor."

"How did you contrive to conceal it from plundering Cossacks?" demanded his grandson.

"In my wound," replied the old man, with noble simplicity; "they never thought to look for it there. They should have torn my heart out, ere I resigned it to such hands."

Strange as the assertion may appear, one of Napoleon's guards did really preserve the cross he had received from the hand of the Emperor in the manner described. The brave fellow escaped from Siberia and returned to France with it in his possession.

The anecdote was related to the author by the late Marshal Macdonald, at a party given by the widow of Junot, who, to the disgrace of the Bourbons, was deprived of her pension, and depended on her literary labors for support.

Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the *spiritual* memoirs she has given to the world; such as are not we would earnestly advise to read them. They are sunny pictures drawn by an eyewitness of some of the most striking scenes of the empire.

"I thought it would have been buried with me," resumed Colonel de la Tour; "but the heir has come for his inheritance; it is all I have to bestow."

He pressed it fervently to his lips and placed it in the hand of his grandson.

"Take it back, dear grandfather," said Henri; "it can never rest on so noble a breast. By heaven, it would be sacrilege to deprive you of it!"

"Death will soon do that," observed the exile.

"Then will be time enough."

"And where will you be then?" demanded the veteran.

"By your side," answered the young man firmly, "to whisper in your ear the names of those you loved, to receive your last sigh, and close with filial hand your drooping eyelids. I should know my duty here, even if affection did not tell it me."

"No!—no!" murmured the old soldier, at the same time fondly grasping his hand. "Your duty is to France; you must escape."

"Never, whilst you live."

"You must!" repeated his grandfather, "unless you would have me feel that every breath I draw adds a link to the chain of your slavery. No weakness, Henri—no shrinking from the path of duty; your arm, your life, if called upon, are devoted to your country. You must not rob her of her rights; there will be war soon. The wolves and vultures of the world will seek to drive the eagle from its eyrie. I shall die," he added, "as I have lived, alone."

"We will talk of this again, sir," said his grandson, fearful lest the conversation should excite him too much, for he saw that his countenance was more than usually pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

The head of Colonel de la Tour fell gently back against the cushion of the chair, and his eyes became partially closed. He had fallen into one of those waking dreams, which sometimes visit us as vividly as those which haunt us in our sleep.

"No, not alone," he gently murmured. "The spirits of the dead, of those I loved on earth, will watch over me, and long silent voices whisper in the air—wife, son, friends, comrades, all will gather round to welcome the worn soldier to his place of peace amongst them. My body will not rest in France," he added, "but my spirit will revisit it."

It was in vain that Henri declared nothing should separate them, pleaded with affection's persuasive tongue to be permitted to remain with him to the last; but the exile remained firm in his resolution. To all that he could urge, he replied by one word, Liberty, although it wrung the heart of the veteran each time his lips pronounced it.

"I must think—consult with those who may aid you," he said. "But here you must not remain: better to die in the attempt than live the slave of Russia."

Poor Henri, he knew not what to reply to him. He could not tell him that his days were already numbered; that the hand of death overshadowed him.

During the day the princess sought occasion to speak with her visitor privately; and fully confirmed the prediction of Julian, that the old man had not many weeks, perhaps not days, to live; and when Colonel de la Tour praised him for his heroism, the strength of his affection, he felt like one who listens to commendations which conscience whispers he had not deserved.

And yet he would have remained, though years had elapsed before his probation drew to a conclusion.

The following evening, accompanied by Alexis and his brother Oscar, Henri started for the Cossack station in the wood. He felt anxious to ascertain how his friends fared in their new home; for it was the first time he and Charles had been separated since the commencement of their friendship.

On their arrival the three young men found the party, with the exception of Jack Curlin, in high spirits, their warfare against the sables and ermines having turned out most successful. Julian was busily engaged in making more traps on the model of the former one; whilst our hero occupied himself in drilling Jack in his new language of signs.

The poor fellow looked piteously in the face of his young master, as if to solicit permission to break the irksome silence imposed on him.

"Ask for it in a proper way," said Charles, gravely.

The lad instantly brought the forefinger of his right hand to his lips.

His instructor replied by opening his.

"Thank heaven," said Jack, with a sigh; "I have found my *natteral* speech at last. Silence be harder work than catching sables. Would you believe it, Mr. Henri, I haven't spoken a dozen words since you left us. I can't stand it," he added, doggedly, "it bean't—"

Charles rapidly clenched his hand, and the sentence remained unfinished. Jack Curlin was reduced to act the part of a mute once more.

"Very well indeed," said his task-master, encouragingly; "I find you are an apt pupil; but I must be careful not to spoil you by over-indulgence, loquacity being one of the sins you are most addicted to. We must teach Susan my system," he added, "on our return to Harleyford; it will prove an in-

valuable recipe for domestic government. I think I shall take out a patent for it."

At the name of Susan, and the idea of returning to Harleyford, Jack smiled, and looked so good-humoredly at the speaker, that he unclenched his hand again, thereby giving him liberty to speak; but at the same time advising him to use it with discretion.

The two Troubetskoi's gazed with wonder on the little pantomime which was being enacted in their presence. Henri gravely assured them that it was a very general method of conversing with domestics in England.

Had he said in the East it would have been more correct, especially in Turkey, where mutes are employed not only as attendants but executioners.

He related to Julian and his friend every word that had transpired between his grandfather and himself on the subject of his escape from Siberia, and bitterly regretted that the old man could not be made a partner in their flight.

"It is hard, very hard," he said, "that his bones should rest so far from his native land."

During their conversation, a hound, which had accompanied Alexis from his home, gave such evident symptoms of uneasiness, that his master's attention was several times attracted to him. It was in vain that he called to him to lie down; the faithful brute, true to his instincts, only barked and growled the louder.

"Some wolf or beast of prey is doubtless lurking round the cabin," observed Charles Vavasseur.

"Ay," said the Pole, rising, "one of the most dangerous, since, if my anticipations are correct, he wears a human form."

Silently motioning to his companions to follow him, he quitted the hut by the door which communicated with the log-house, and cautiously stealing round to the front, they discovered the figure of a man closely disguised in a sheepskin cloak and mask, crouching at the door. He had evidently been listening to every word they uttered. It was not till the hands of Alexis and Henri were placed upon his shoulder that the spy perceived he was detected, when he started to his feet and attempted to escape.

"As I suspected," exclaimed Julian, snatching off the mask and disclosing the features of Ishmael; "behold the wolf you named!"

Unabashed at having been detected so unworthily employed, the young ruffian darted at the speaker a look of mingled defiance and hate.

"Release me," he said, endeavoring to shake off the grasp which held him; "or do you take me for a thief?"

At this instant, Jack, who heard the loud and angry voices of the speakers, opened the door, and the hound springing upon the Jew, seized him by the throat.

"Call off your dog," he said, in a half-stifled tone; "I can feel his teeth. Would you murder me?"

"Murder you, ruffian!" repeated the Pole; "were we to suffer the noble animal to rend you piecemeal, it would be no more than a fitting punishment for acting the cavedropper. Mark me," he added, "and it is the last time the word of warning shall ever pass my lips—if ever I detect you again lurking like a spy around the cabin, or following my footsteps in the forest, I'll send a bullet through your brain, shoot you with as little remorse as I would your less ignoble fellow-brute the wolf. You have heard me; now begone."

At his request, Oscar and Alexis called off the dog, who quitted his prisoner with a low reluctant growl, as if he felt that the generosity of his master was misplaced.

"Twice you have had the better of me," muttered Ishmael, replacing his mask, "but fortune is not always constant; her favors are as fickle as a woman's smile. The next time we struggle," he added, "the triumph may be mine."

"Be it so," replied his adversary, in a tone of scorn; "but remember, it will be our last."

With this warning he entered the cabin, followed by his friends.

This little incident, trifling as it may appear, caused no little uneasiness to the two Troubetskoi's; not so much on their own account as for the pretext it would afford the governor to practice fresh extortion on their unhappy parents, should it reach his ears that their sons had been absent from their home after the prescribed hour—they were ignorant of the terrible hold which Julian possessed over the spy.

"We must quit you," they said, "for the sake of others; and yet it is most provoking; we had arranged to remain till morning."

Although the night was intensely cold they persisted in their resolution. Henri, who was under

no such fear, it was decided should remain. In order to guard them against the frost, Julian and Charles insisted on their taking their cloaks as an additional protection. The one belonging to the former was of black bearskin, so remarkable in its appearance that he was generally recognized by it.

This, as it was by far the warmest, Alexis with brotherly affection persuaded Oscar to wear.

Poor fellow, he little suspected the result it would lead to.

They had proceeded more than two-thirds of their way home, when just as they entered a narrow ravine formed by the snowdrift, the report of a gun was heard.

"Shooting so late!" said the younger of the exiles, starting at the unusual sound.

A single, sharp cry caused him to turn to his brother, who had been walking a few paces behind him; to his horror and surprise, he saw him stretched upon the ground.

The hound gave a ferocious yell, and bounded off in pursuit of a dark figure rapidly disappearing in the wood.

"Oscar!" exclaimed the young man: "speak! are you hurt? One word, for heaven's sake—answer me!"

It was in vain; the voice he invoked was silent; the bullet of the assassin had lodged in the heart.

"Dead!" continued the speaker, wringing his hands in agony. "O mother! mother! who will dare to tell thee this?"

Never were affection and presence of mind more sorely tried. To remain by the side of the body was to expose himself to certain death—to abandon it would be to leave it to be torn in pieces by the ravenous wolves, who, with that marvellous instinct which characterizes most beasts of prey, have so keen a scent of blood that they perceive it at an almost incredible distance.

With desperate energy the youth raised it on his shoulder, and tottered, rather than walked, till he reached the home to which he was destined to be the messenger of desolation.

After carefully depositing his sacred burden in the wood-house, the door of which he securely fastened, with a heavy heart he entered the abode which already sheltered so much misery and virtue. Fortunately the princess had retired to rest.

Alexis called his father, and in a voice broken by sobs and grief related to him the death of his eldest-born. It was a fresh blow added to the many he had already received, and the aged man sank overwhelmed beneath the shock.

Most of us have doubtless observed, in our career through life, the quick ear, the watchful glance, the intuitive perception of danger, where the safety of her children is concerned, peculiar to a mother. The princess heard the voice of her son, but listened in vain for that of his brother.

A sad foreboding crept over her as she sprang from her rude couch and hastily attired herself. In a few minutes she entered the room where her husband and Alexis, stupified by their mutual grief, sat gazing on each other.

"What has occurred?" she demanded. "Do not hesitate; I am so schooled in misfortune that my nerves are iron now. Where is Oscar?" she added, looking round the room—"Not here? The snow drift!—but no, no; you loved him too well to abandon him to such a fate."

Her remaining son could only reply by his tears.

"God!" she added, clasping her hands, "you have missed him in the wood. My heart foreboded evil when I saw you depart. Quick! whilst you delay he may be perishing in the bitter frost—forth and seek. I will pray for him."

She sank upon her knees in an attitude of fervent supplication.

"Mother," said Alexis, advancing and kneeling by her side, "you are right; in life I could not have abandoned the brother whom we all so dearly loved. 'You have still two sons,' he added; 'the one who mourns with you on earth, and the martyr who prays for us in heaven.'"

On hearing these simple touching words, which informed her of her bereavement, the fortitude of the mother gave way, and she must have sunk upon the ground had not the arms of the speaker received her.

"God's will be done!" murmured the youth, in a voice of agony, "but the hand of affliction is heavy on us."

(To be continued.)

INTELLECT.—Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

Take Care of the Main Chance.

SOME people seem as fond of spending money as of making it. No sooner do they get any, than they see something for which they think they must spend it. Such persons have little idea of the *main chance*. There used to be a vice we called *stinginess*, but that is a sin of which people are not so guilty as formerly. *Prodigality* seems to be the order of the present day. People begin where their fathers ended, and hence proceed mischievous results. All this came from false ideas. The machine of human life has, not inaptly, been compared to "those square-looking caravans one sometimes meets on a road, in which they transport wild beasts from place to place, and, dull, heavy and flat as they look, the inmates continue their old habits; the monkeys play their tricks, and the panthers lick their jaws for human food, though cramped and confined in their cages. So the vices and follies from which we do not break loose, do their worst *inside this formal conveyance—the main chance.*"

Benjamin Flash and Joshua Thrift set out in life together; they went from the same district-school, kept in the same village, but not exactly from the same influences they had imbibed at home. Mr. Flash, senior, was a man who kept a well-spread table, a fine horse and carriage, and besides this, he owned three dressy daughter, and our hopeful son, Benjamin, whom he determined should not be spoiled in a country village. Mr. Flash hired an office, and was familiarly known as "the squire." Ben and Joshua had both procured situations as clerks in city stores. Joshua's father was a plain farmer, who minded the main chance and never indulged himself or his family in superfluities. And this was the advice each of the youth's received on leaving the parental roof:—

"Ben," said the squire, "business is an affair of habit; you must acquire the principles upon which it is done, but never suffer yourself to become so wedded to the mere acquisition of money as to lose your freedom. Never be niggardly, my son; if other young men invite you to partake of simple pleasures, do so. Of course, you will distinguish between what is simple and what is mean. Avoid dissipation; but if you, now and then, desire to go to places of amusement, you can do so; and if your salary is insufficient to meet the demands for all that is *reasonable*, remember you have a father who will endorse your bills."

Not so said Farmer Thrift, when parting from his son.

"Josh," said the old man; "you are going into a city full of temptations, and I tremble lest you may become ensnared in vile company. Avoid such exposures, carefully husband all you get, and do not visit expensive entertainments. You are fond of reading: join that band of young men who frequent the well-stored library, for the purpose of adding something to your knowledge. Select a good boarding-place, if possible, in some quiet family, where good order pervades the household. Your salary will be adequate to meet your expenses, and, with prudence, you can lay by a small sum the first year. Be faithful to your employers, and always diligent in your business."

Both started in life, but under different influences; and this home-education followed them. Joshua obeyed his fathers directions, lived prudently, worked faithfully, and in a few years was head clerk in the large firm where he first entered. Young Flash carried out the advice he had received. His love for simple pleasures became sinful; he changed his place very often, seemed never to gain the confidence of his employers, and became a gay dashing spendthrift, so that his father was unable to pay for his "simple pleasures," and he took him home, where he became a mere scrivener in a country lawyer's office, and was ever after called the "spoilt child."

One of these young men minded the *main chance*, the other thought it of no consequence; and you witness the end. The passion for costly amusements has ruined legions. Many a clerk has laid the hard-earned savings of a week upon a ride on Sunday, or with some badly-selected evening party. The love of imitation often leads to this kind of ruin. Opulent merchants often introduce costly luxuries, which encourage art and commerce, and this is exceedingly creditable; but then, he who has but a scanty salary must mind the *main chance*, and such an outlay would prove his ruin. The true wisdom consists in looking at results.

Hogarth's "Tailpiece."

A few months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled "The Tailpiece."

The first idea of this picture is said to have been

started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter." "There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things: a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *Exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far, so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance: "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken—"Finis!" He then exclaimed, "The deed is done; all is over."

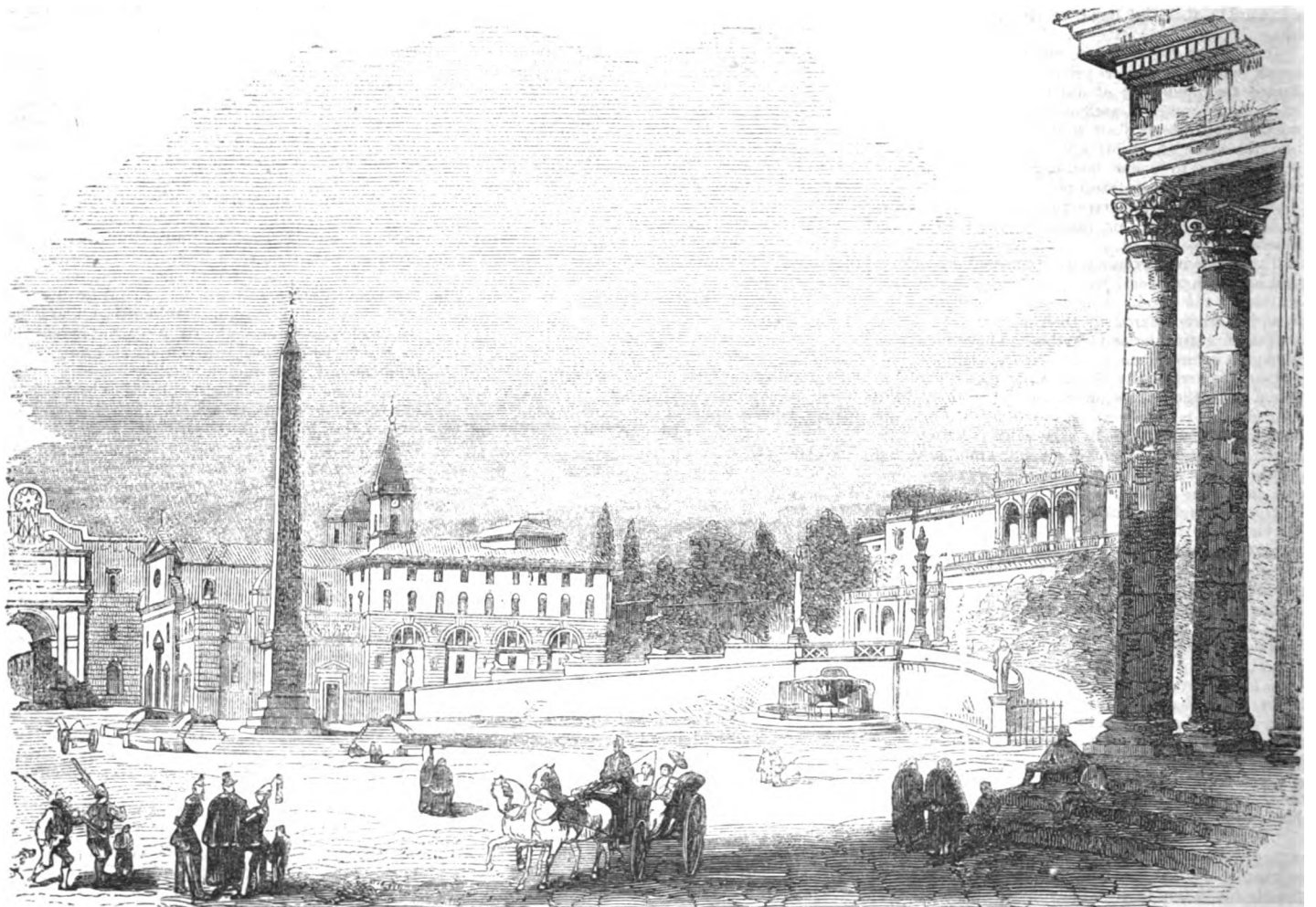
It is a very remarkable fact, not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died about a month after he had finished this "Tailpiece."

NATIVE MUD.—Every one knows the striking saying of Madame de Maintenon as she watched the carp uneasy in their crystal water and marble basin in the royal gardens: "They are like me, they regret their *mud*." No one had ever felt more forcibly the truth expressed in the lines of Gray:—

"What is grandeur, what is power!

Heavier toll, superior pain;"

and it is worth a hundred homilies on contentment to see this wife and bondwoman of Louis XIV. looking back with a sigh of regret from the splendid palace of Versailles upon the modest apartments in the Convent of the Ursulines.



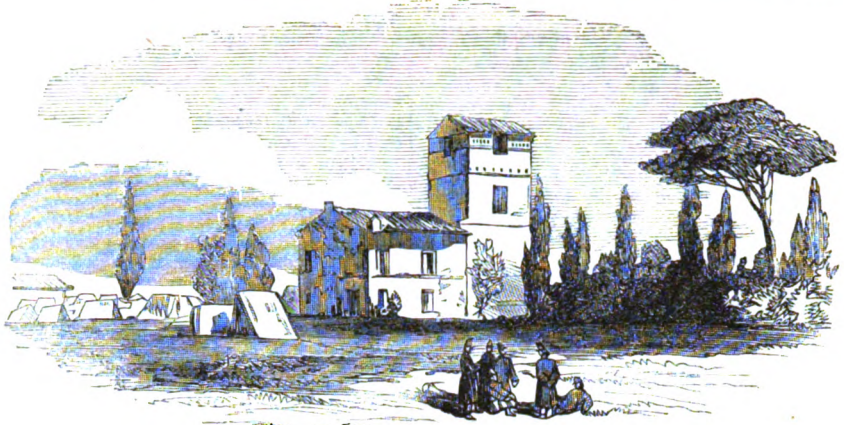
PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

A Memoir on the History and Topography of Rome.

(Continued from Vol II, page 155)

THE FOUNTAINS.

The Fountains are so numerous at Rome, that it may well be questioned whether there is any other metropolis in the world where the supply of water is more copious, as there certainly is none where it is made to so great an extent subsidiary to the general architectural decoration of the external aspect of the city. The three principal are the *Fontana Paolina*, the *Fontana Felice*, and the *Fountain of Trevi*. The latter is far superior to either of the other two both in construction and design. It is situated in the Piazza di Trevi, an open area that lies between the Quirinal and the Corso, and it consists of a palatial structure, raised upon a basement of artificial rock, the *façade* presenting a prominent central compartment, flanked by retiring wings, whose surface is relieved by pilasters, the interstices of which are pierced for windows. In the centre, a niche, surmounted by an entablature resting upon columns, is filled by a colossal marble group, representing Neptune in his chariot, drawn by sea-horses, and heralded by marine deities. Two allegorical female figures occupy smaller niches on either side; and above are bas-reliefs illustrative of



VILLA SANTUCCI—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL OUDINOT.

The aqueduct in the time of the Emperors, as at present, entered the city near the Pincian Gate, and being conveyed by means of a series of arches under the gardens of Lucullus, in a direction south and west towards the *therma*, it terminated in a reser-

solved to place a fountain in that spot (*Trivium*), so called because three ways met there, conveyed the Aqua Virgo to it by a short branch. The fountain of Pius was, however, a very insignificant erection compared with the present structure, in front of which not three, as formerly, but some five or six streets now converge.

The *Fontana Paolina* was constructed by Pope Paul V., and the noble artificial stream by which it is supplied is conveyed a distance of 35 miles to Rome, along the channel of the ancient aqueduct called Aqua Alsietina, which was constructed in the time of the Emperor Augustus. The fountain is at the extreme west of the city, close to the Porta San Pancrazio, on the Janiculum Hill, and the water bursts forth in five separate branches, with all the force and fullness of a mountain torrent. The site of the fountain is one of the finest and most commanding imaginable, and from its terrace one of the best views of all Rome can be obtained. The classical associations connected with the spot, too, are more than ordinarily attractive. To the lover of "Livy's pictured page" the name of the Janiculum will recall the glorious feats of King Porcena and the heroic Scævola; while the learned in ecclesiastical lore will bring to mind the traditions of the Church, which fix the site of San Pietro in Montorio, immediately below, as the scene of St. Peter's crucifixion. The *façade* of the fountain consists of five arched recesses, flanked by Ionic columns, through the intervals of which, beneath the arches, the water rushes into an enormous basin, whence it is conveyed away to various localities by ducts, one of which is led across the Ponte Sisto, to the left bank of the Tiber, where it feeds a fountain in the Via Giulia. Another branch supplies the fountains of the Vatican and St. Peter's.

The *Fontana Felice* is situated in the Piazza de Termini, at the eastern extremity of the city, and consists of an architectural elevation, on the *façade* of which are three niches; that in the centre being occupied by a colossal statue of Moses striking the rock, and the side ones by allegorical bas-reliefs. Beneath the niches the water gushes forth in three streams into two basins one below the other. There is very little that may be considered really ornamental in the whole structure. The water with which it and several other fountains are copiously supplied, is brought to Rome by the aqueduct

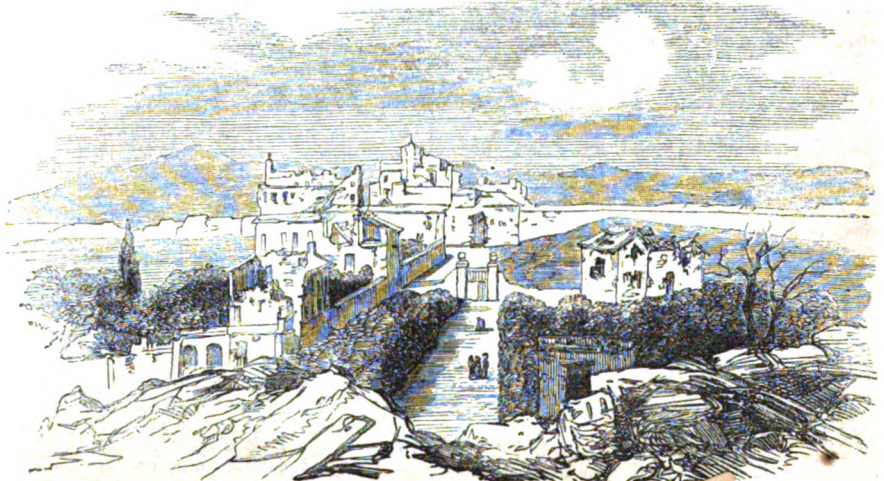


STUDENTS OF THE PROPAGANDA COLLEGE.

the history of the ancient aqueduct which feeds the fountain. The attic is surmounted by a balustrade, resting upon cariatides, and the arms of some one of the Popes (probably Clement XII., who erected the pile somewhat better than a century ago) crowns the summit of the whole structure. The general effect is very fine. Rushing impetuously like a cataract over the face of the artificial rock, the waters plunge with a hoarse roar into a capacious basin, depressed below the level of the street; and the spray, as it dances up and mingles with the lesser streams that issue from the mouths of the marine monsters, envelopes the lower region of the substructure in a misty mantle of gauze—the *ensemble* suggesting to an active fancy the realization of the Ocean God coming forth in majesty from some favorite retreat in his marine domain, and cresting in his chariot a mountain wave, the better to survey the troubled waters.

The aqueduct which furnishes water to the fountain was originally constructed by Marcus Agrippa, the friend of the Emperor Augustus, to supply his baths (the first of the kind erected in Rome), which stood contiguous to the Pantheon (another noble structure of his creation); and the spring, some two or three leagues north of Rome, whence the stream is conveyed in a circuitous route of twelve miles or so, is said to have been first pointed out to a body of Roman soldiers, by a young peasant girl—hence its name, *Aqua Virgo*, and the tradition forms the subject of the bas-reliefs above mentioned.

voir, the site of which is now occupied by the *façade* of the Church of San Ignazio. In its course it passed not far from the modern Piazza di Trevi; and Pope Pius IV., during his improvements about the middle of the sixteenth century, having re-



PORTA SAN PANCRAZIO.

called Felice, after Sixtus V., who repaired the ancient aqueduct of Alexander Severus. Sixtus was the first of the Popes to re-conduct a portion of the ancient supply of water to modern Rome.

Another remarkable fountain is that of the *Triton* (so called), in the Piazza Barberini. It consists of a large basin, having in its centre an enormous figure of a triton erect and spouting water. Adjoining, there is a second fountain on a smaller scale, and differing somewhat in its general features. Urban VIII. (Barberini), who was one of the most active of the building Popes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, constructed the two, as well as the boat fountain—*Fontana della Barcaccia*—in the Piazza di Spagna (supplied by the Aqua Virgine); the shape of which is said to have reference to the *naumachia*, or naval games, that were exhibited in galleys on an ancient lake in the vicinity.

In the Piazza del Popolo, the fountain encircling the Egyptian Obelisk, into the basin of which four lionesses discharge copious streams, has been already noticed. In the Piazza de Monte Cavallo, two large reservoirs, one above the other, receive the overflowing of a lofty jet of water. The lower basin is twenty-seven feet in diameter, and was added by Pius VII. (A. D. 1818), in whose pontificate it was discovered, in an excavation in the Forum. Within a short distance in the direction of the Porta Pia, there are four fountains, at an intersection of the four fine streets which run at right angles from the Piazza della Quattro Fontane. Returning to the immediate neighborhood of the Corso, we find a handsome fountain in front of the Antonine Column, in the Piazza Colonna,* which draws its waters from the Acqua Virgine, as, in fact, all the fountains in this part of the town likewise do.

In the cortile, or quadrangle, of the Curia Innocenziana, there is a fountain, the reservoir of which was found in some excavations in the ancient Roman port at the mouth of the Tiber. The fountain of the Piazza of the Pantheon serves as the base of the Egyptian obelisk before noticed; and in the Piazza Navona the principal central fountain subserves a like purpose—also already referred to. The water flows in copious streams out of artificial caverns in the rocky substructure into a very large reservoir, which also receives minor jets from sea-lions placed on its edge, and from colossal figures of river-gods at the foot of the rock, in the centre. The other fountains are smaller; one consists of a large central figure of a sea-monster pouring forth water into a basin that overflows into a larger one beneath, which also receives the streams issuing from sea-monsters at the exterior or circumference. The third and fourth, though handsome structures, present no specific ornamental features. The Piazza Navona, which has been already mentioned as the chief vegetable market of Rome, occupies the exact

site and preserves the shape of the ancient Circus Agonalis, in the Campus Martius, wherein games of wrestling, running, and various other gymnastic exercises were held; and so perfect is the preservation of the original form, that the ancient arched basement of masonry which sustained the seats for the spectators forms at the present day the foundation of the modern houses of the place.

A little to the south-west, and nearer the river, is situated the Piazza Farnese, which is decorated with two splendid fountains in front of the Farnese Palace; the basins are oval in form, and were found in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. In the same neighborhood, and at the southern end of the Via Giulia, the *Fontana di Ponta Sisto* is constructed against the wall of a cross street, so as to face up the Via Giulia, looking northward. The water gushes out in full streams from between columns which sustain a handsome *façade*, into two reservoirs, one below the other. The fountain is supplied from the Fontana Paolina, on the Janiculum, by means of a channel conveyed across the Tiber on the Sistine Bridge.

The list may be completed by the mention of the magnificent twin fountains of St. Peter's, the fountain of the Piazza Campidoglio, and that facing the north front of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore; but in every direction throughout the city, and in localities the most obscure, jets of clear pure water are to be found gushing out of walls, small stone pillars, and various other contrivances which have no pretension to be ranked as fountain-structures, though they furnish to all classes of the community a most copious supply of the liquid element for all the daily purposes of life.

THE VILLAS.

The Villas of the modern Romans constitute the characteristic distinction of their city and its environs, which most forcibly calls up the memory of their luxurious Pagan ancestors. The resemblance they bear to the gardens of Imperial Rome, as the ancients designated their sumptuous suburban residences, is very great. The arrangement of the ornamental grounds around the mansion, is the same in the modern villa as it was in the ancient *hortulus*, viz. designed rather to afford the most eligible and varied points of view from which to contemplate the beauty and splendor of the prospect without, than to present any particular attraction in the scenery within the limits of the enclosure, local embellishments in groves, walks, fountains, and pieces of water decorated with statuary, being at the same time attended to; differing thus from our conception of a park, where the views in the interior are the main object, just as the summer-house of a garden differs from a *salon*, or drawing-room, where the interior beauty is the grand object, while the summer-house, however ornate in itself, refers in its purpose chiefly to the enjoyment of the exterior prospect.

The *Villa Albani*, the *Villa Pamfili Doria*, and the *Villa Borghese* are amongst the most magnificent. The two latter, however, particularly the *Borghese*, suffered considerable damage in the siege operations in 1849—not so much from the French as from the Italians in the occupation of the city, who, in order to give a clear range to their guns in those directions where they expected an attack, cut down the trees and prostrated every standing object which they imagined might interfere as an obstacle to mar the efficiency of their defence.

The *Villas Corsini*, *Savorelli*, *Giraud*, *Vanutelli*, *Malvasia*, *Spada*, *Santucci*, *Medici*, *Madama*, *Strozzi*, *Altieri*, &c., are also worthy of mention, either for their historical associations, the attractions of their architectural and artistic decorations, or as having been the scene of many a sanguinary recontre in the hostilities of that siege. Of these villas, many are within the walls; the others outside, and generally in the immediate vicinity of them.

The *Villa Albani*, situate just without the Porta Salara, or Salara, on the north-east side of the city, is especially to be noticed, not only on account of the treasures of art within the casino itself, but also of its pleasure-grounds, which are laid out with great skill and taste in spacious terraces, broad walks, green plots, and gardens, in which porticoes and summer-houses decorated with bas-reliefs and frescoes, fountains, groups of marble statuary, &c., located with consummate judgment, combine to produce the most harmonious ornamental effect imaginable. The casino, or mansion, presents a very handsome exterior; the lower story of the principal *façade*, consisting of a fine open portico, resting upon arches which are sustained by Ionic columns.

The apartments in the interior are finished in a style of the most elegant decoration: the ceilings vaulted and plane, painted or stuccoed in the most exquisite manner, are surrounded by rich cornices

resting upon the gilded capitals of pilasters or columns of the rarest and most beautiful marbles, which run along the walls at regular intervals, the intercolumniations being occupied with bas-reliefs and frescoes, or inlaid with pink and white alabaster, porphyry, and other marbles of various harmoniously-blending colors, yellow, grey, green, &c.; while the tasselled pavement and mosaics complete the magnificent embellishments, over the whole of which the most lavish expenditure and the most correct and elegant taste have presided. Various works of art, both modern and of the antique, are scattered through these splendid and spacious saloons, such as statues, tables, vases, and tazzas of alabaster and marble of the most valuable quality and of the richest colors, bronzes, sarcophagi, Egyptian deities, Etruscan sculptures representing the priests and priestesses of that ancient people in their true costume, columns, &c. The site of this beautiful villa is open and airy, and yet it is said to be infected with malaria, and hence its being uninhabited, save by its custodian or caretaker. Its origin and construction are due to the taste and magnificence of one of those Prince-prelates of Rome, whose noble patronage has done so much in a succession of centuries to revive and develop the arts in modern times. Cardinal Albani had the villa erected according to his own plans, and under his own immediate inspection, about a century ago.

In this direction of the suburbs, on the road leading from the Porta Pia, are also situated the Villas Patrizii, Massini, Torlonia, Bolognietti, &c. In a direct line to the west of the Albani Villa, and close to the public gardens on the Pincio, overhanging the Porta del Popolo, are situated the *Borghese Villa and Gardens*, one of the chief resorts of the Roman citizens on Sundays. They were originally constructed by Cardinal Borghese, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and have received numerous additions and improvements at various periods since, by members of the princely family to which the property belongs. The grounds are interspersed in several directions with bas-reliefs, broken sculptures, monumental slabs, belonging to the first ages of Christianity, which have been extracted from the catacombs, artificial ruins, representing Egyptian temples, porticoes, triumphal arches, a hippodrome in the form of a Roman circus, and fragmentary erections of various kinds, imitative of those relics of ancient Rome, which have endured to the present time. The walks are regular, broad, and of considerable length; fountains and groves, at intervals, grace the prospect; and, altogether, the demesne would afford many a pleasant promenade* if the dampness of the atmosphere in the localities sheltered from the direct action of the sun's rays did not tell of the malign influence of the malaria pervading the place. The principal *façade* of the casino is furnished with a fine portico, through which the entrance opens into a spacious saloon, out of which leads a magnificent suite of apartments, to the decoration of which the productions of ancient and modern art alike contribute. Inlaid marble pavements, mosaics, sculptured and stuccoed friezes, *alti* and *bassi-relievi*, enriched cornices, columns, pillars, pilasters, and massive portals and entablatures, formed of the most precious marbles, brilliant frescoes, &c., busts and statues, in niches and in groups, are the characteristic features of the construction and decoration of those splendid chambers.

The collection of ancient works of art comprises beautiful vases, tables, sarcophagi, &c., of the finest white and colored marbles; some porphyry baths, bronzes, &c., and the celebrated statue of the Hermaprodite, which presents one of the most beautiful and symmetrical specimens of the female form that the genius of Greek art ever produced. There is a corresponding suite of apartments on the second story, which also contain numerous treasures of art, the whole forming a collection worthy of a national museum, notwithstanding that many of its most valuable works were plundered by the French, in the time of Napoleon, to enrich the Museum of the Louvre.

While in this quarter, we may notice the *Villa Medici* (usually called the *French Academy*), adjoining the Piazza della Trinità de' Monti, on the Pincian Hill. It was formerly, as the name imports, the property of a member of the famous Medici family, Leo XI., but has been for many years in possession of the French Government, and used as the French Academy for the study of the fine arts at Rome, where a number of the French students, who, in the yearly exhibitions at Paris, have given promise of excellence, are supported for a fixed

* This is a fine square, lying open on its eastern side to the main thoroughfare of the Corso; it is surrounded by two palaces, one of which is the Chigi, the Church of San Bartolomeo, the Post-office, and another public building in the occupation of the Government. In its centre is the ancient spiral column from which the square is named—a noble pillar, 160 feet high, composed of large blocks of white marble, covered with bas-reliefs illustrative of the victories of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus over the Marcomanni and the other German hordes who at that period began to be troublesome on the frontiers of the empire. This column was supposed by the antiquarians to be that of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus Pius which had been erected in his honor by his adopted sons—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (his successor) and Lucius Verus—until the mistake was corrected in the pontificate of Clement XI. (A. D. 1705), when the true Antonine Column was dug up in the gardens of the house of the missionary priests of the order of St. Vincent of Paul, adjoining the Piazza di Monte Citorio, in the immediate vicinity. This column was of red granite, and the inscriptions and sculptured *relievi* on its marble pedestal gave its history in very explicit terms. The granite shaft, being in a ruinous condition, was used to repair the Egyptian Obelisk in the Piazza Citorio, facing the Curia Innocenziana, as already mentioned; and the marble pedestal was placed, where it now is, in the Vatican Gardens. The marble column in the Piazza Colonna was then, with more probability, assumed, on account of the bas-reliefs relating to his military exploits, to be the one which it is known was erected to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, during his reign, by the senate and people of Rome, A. D. 171; and the truth of the opinion was confirmed by the discovery, in the year 1777, in the same gardens of the missionaries of St. Vincent, of an inscription, setting forth the permission of the Emperor Septimius Severus Augustus and Clodius Albinus Caesar to a freedman, named Adrastus, to build a house on the site now occupied by the Post-office, in order the better to attend to the care of the column of which he was custodian, and which is mentioned by name as the column of Marcus Aurelius, and not Marcus Antoninus. Originally, it was surmounted by a statue, in gilt bronze, of the Emperor Aurelius; but this disappeared, and Pope Sixtus V., when making some repairs, supplied its place *more suo* by a statue in bronze of the Apostle St. Paul. The column should, therefore, be called the Aurelian, and not the Antonine; but the original error of the antiquarians having been confirmed by an inscription on the pedestal by Sixtus V., in whose time its true history was not known, the wrong name is perpetuated, and ordinarily it is still called the Antonine Column. Its summit commands a magnificent view

* This description applies to the period preceding the late siege, during, or rather immediately previous to which, the grounds were subjected to the levelling operations of the Italian patriots.

period, to enable them to complete their studies on the classic soil of art. The mansion was built just three centuries ago, and the *façade* is said to be from the design of Michael Angelo. The site is most agreeable, commanding a fine prospect and view of the principal buildings of the City beneath.

The *Villa Pamfili Doria* is quite at the other side of the city, beyond the Tiber, outside the Porta San Pancrazio. Its grounds are very extensive, decorated with fountains and statues, and well planted. The casino presents a lofty *façade*, which commands a splendid view of St. Peter's. The interior is by no means of so ornate a character as that of the Albani or Borghese; but there are some rare articles of virtu, statues, busts, &c., in its apartments.

In the neighborhood of Porta San Pancrazio, there are also the *Villas Giraud* and *Corsini*, which, as well as the Pamfili, formed the centre of the French operations against the city. In the Pamfili grounds much damage was done by the Italian troops, previous to the French occupation; the *Giraud*, which is also commonly called *Il Vascello*, from its front elevation presenting the shape of a ship's bow, was, in consequence of its lying often in a cross-fire of artillery, dreadfully damaged; and the *Corsini*, also known as the *Quattro Venti*, suffered, if possible, still more, having been taken and retaken several times by the contending parties, at the commencement of the siege, as its site and position rendered it a post of great advantage. It may be fairly doubted, however, if the interests of art or architecture suffered in either case, as neither the *Vascello* nor the *Quattro Venti* had much to boast of in either respect; the latter was built by Pope Clement XII, when Cardinal Corsini, in the beginning of the last century.

CLIMATE, ETC.

Before closing this *coup d'œil* of the "eternal city," a glance at its *Climate* suggests itself. Peculiar in many things, Rome is most peculiar in this respect—that her most densely populated districts are generally the healthiest. Wherever the population is thin; where there are no human habitations, no fires, no stir and movement of busy life; where there are cultivated fields, open wastes, neglected gardens—and each and all of these conditions present themselves with frequency within the walls that encompass the site of what was once mighty Rome—there the miasmata, extracted from the accretion of centuries of *débris* and from the volcanic soil, by the great heat of the summer's sun, generate the malaria and its low fever; notwithstanding that the locality may be elevated, and to all appearance the most salubrious and pleasant imaginable. Thus the Esquiline and the Cælian Hills are infested with malaria in summer, when the low, filthy crowded Ghetto on the Tiber's bank is quite healthy. In like manner, the thronged, impoverished Trastevere, on the other side of the water, is comparatively salubrious; while the sparse population of other districts on the same bank have the invisible miasma, exhaling its pestiferous breath amongst them. The more thickly inhabited portions of the Pincian and the Quirinal Hills escape this pest, and, therefore, are principally resorted to by foreigners. From the middle of September to that of May, however, the climate of Rome is in general most delightful, healthy, and exhilarating.

Among the games of which the people are very fond, and at which they are to be found perpetually engaged, is the Neapolitan game of *Morra*, in which one party suddenly holds up to view any number of the fingers of both his hands, while the other party in the game calls out not the number raised, but that which is held down; if he fails in giving the true number, he loses. It is a game, success in which requires long practice and a quick eye, with such sudden haste are the hands held up; and, as the parties standing round always bet upon one or other of the players, the degree of excitement attending it is very great.

Spontaneous Combustion of the Human Body.

The modern novelist, Charles Dickens, interested the public and scientific world so thoroughly in the death of one of his most ably portrayed characters in "Bleak House," viz: Crook, and in opposition to the authorities, our author so determinately persists in the naturalness of the denouement, that the matter immediately became the subject of much investigation; the accompanying evidence may, therefore, prove interesting to the JOURNAL readers. The cases cited are given us on the veracious testimony of Bianchini, Le Cat, Massei, Rolli, and others distinguished for their learning.

The following extract of the memoir of Bianchini is taken from the Annual Register for 1763: The Countess Cornelia Bandi, of the town of Cessena,

aged sixty-two, enjoyed a good state of health. One evening, having experienced a sort of drowsiness, she retired to bed, and her maid remained with her till she fell asleep. Next morning, when the girl entered to awaken her mistress, she found nothing but the remains of her body in the most horrid condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which could be distinguished the legs and arms untouched. Between the legs lay the head, the brain of which, together with half the posterior part of the cranium, and the whole chin had been consumed; three fingers were found in the state of a coal; the rest of the body was reduced to ashes, which, when touched, left on the fingers a fat fetid moisture. A small lamp, which stood on the floor, was covered with ashes, and contained no oil; the tallow of two candles was melted on a table, but the wicks still remained, and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with a certain moisture. The bed was not damaged; the bed-clothes and coverlid were raised up and thrown on one side, as is the case when a person gets up. The furniture and tapestry were covered with a moist kind of soot, of the color of ashes, which had penetrated into the drawers and dirtied the linen. This soot, having been conveyed to a neighboring kitchen, adhered to the walls and the utensils. A piece of bread in the cupboard was covered with it, and no dog would touch it. The infectious odor had been communicated to other apartments. The Annual Register states, that the Countess of Cessena was accustomed to bathe all her body in camphorated spirit of wine. Bianchini caused the details of this deplorable event to be published at the time when it took place, and no one contradicted them. It was attested also by Scipio Massei, a learned contemporary of Bianchini, who was far from being credulous; and, in the last place, this surprising fact was confirmed to the Royal Society of London, by Paul Rolli. The Annual Register mentions also two other facts of the same kind which occurred in England, one at Southampton, and the other at Coventry.

An instance of the like kind is preserved in the same work in a letter of Mr. Wilmer, surgeon:—"Mary Clues, aged fifty, was much addicted to intoxication. Her propensity to this vice had increased after the death of her husband, which happened a year and-a-half before. For about a year scarcely a day had passed in the course of which she did not drink at least half a pint of rum or aniseed water. Her health gradually declined, and about the beginning of February, she was attacked by the jaundice, and confined to her bed. Though she was incapable of much action, and not in a condition to work, she still continued her old habit of drinking every day and smoking a pipe of tobacco. The bed in which she lay stood parallel to the chimney of the apartment, and at the distance from it of about three feet. On Saturday morning, the 1st of March, she fell on the floor; and her extreme weakness having prevented her from getting up, she remained in that state until some one entered and put her to bed. The following night she wished to be left alone. A woman quitted her at half-past eleven, and, according to custom, shut the door and locked it. She had put on the fire two large pieces of coal, and placed a light in a candlestick on a chair at the head of her bed. At half-past five in the morning, a smoke was seen issuing through the window, and the door being speedily broken open, some flames, which were in the room, were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Clues; one leg and thigh were still entire, but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, and the viscera. The bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine, and the upper extremities, were entirely calcined, and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The people were much surprised that the furniture had sustained so little injury. The side of the bed which was next to the chimney had suffered the most; the wood of it was slightly burnt, but the feather bed, the clothes, and covering were safe. I entered the apartment, about two hours after it had been opened, and observed that the walls and everything in it were blackened; that it was filled with a very disagreeable odor; but that nothing, except the body, exhibited any strong traces of fire."

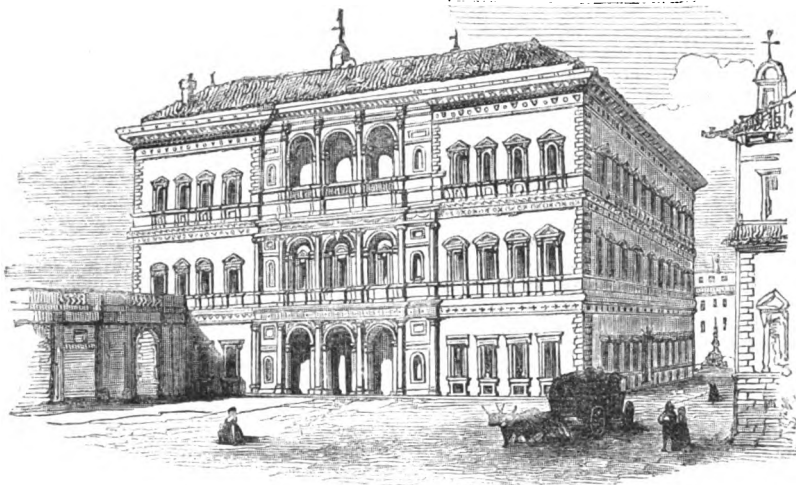
This instance has great similarity to that related by Vicq d'Azyr in the "Encyclopédie Methodique," under the head, Pathologic Anatomy of Man. A woman, about fifty years of age, who indulged to excess in spirituous liquors, and got drunk every day before she went to bed, was found entirely burnt, and reduced to ashes. Some of the osseous parts only were left, but the furniture of the apartment had suffered very little damage. Vicq d'Azyr, instead of disbelieving this phenomenon, adds, that

there have been many other instances of the like kind.

We find also a circumstance of this kind in a work entitled, "Acta Medica et Philosophica Hassniensia;" and in the work of Henry Bohanser, entitled, "Le Nouveau Phosphore Enflammé." A woman at Paris, who had been accustomed, for three years, to drink spirits of wine to such a degree that she used no other liquor, was one day found entirely reduced to ashes, except the skull and extremities of the fingers.

The transactions of the Royal Society of London present also an instance of human combustion no less extraordinary. It was mentioned at the time it happened in all the journals; it was then attested by a great number of eye-witnesses, and became the subject of many learned discussions. Three accounts of this event, by different authors, all nearly coincide. The fact is related as follows: "Grace Pitt, the wife of a fish-monger, of the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, aged about sixty, had contracted a habit, which she continued for several years, of coming down every night from her bed-room, half dressed, to smoke a pipe. On the night of the 9th of April, 1774, she got up from bed as usual. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning when she awoke, soon after which she put on her clothes, and going down to the kitchen, found her mother stretched out on the right side, with her head near the grate; the body extended on the hearth, with the legs on the floor, which was of deal, having the appearance of a log of wood consumed by a fire without apparent flame. On beholding this spectacle, the girl ran in great haste and poured over her mother's body some water, contained in two large vessels, in order to extinguish the fire; while the fetid odor and smoke which exhaled from the body, almost suffocated some of the neighbors who had hastened to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs, had also participated in the burning. This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquor in consequence of being overjoyed to hear that one of her daughters had returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burnt entirely out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close to her. Besides, there were found near the consumed body the clothes of a child and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury by the fire. The dress of this woman consisted of a cotton gown."

Le Cat, in a memoir on spontaneous burning, mentions several other instances of combustion of the human body. "Having," says he, "spent several months at Rheims in the years 1724 and 1725, I lodged at the house of Sieur Millet, whose wife got intoxicated every day. The domestic economy of the family was managed by a pretty young girl, which I must not omit to remark, in order that all the circumstances which accompanied the fact I am about to relate, may be better understood. This woman was found consumed on the 20th of February, 1725, at the distance of a foot-and-a-half from the hearth in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower extremities, and a few of the vertebrae, had escaped combustion. A foot-and-a-half of the flooring under the body had been consumed, but a kneading-trough and a powdering-tub, which were very near the body, had sustained no injury. M. Chretien, a surgeon, had examined the remains of the body with every juridical formality. Jean Millet, the husband, being interrogated by the judges who instituted an inquiry about the affair, declared, that about eight in the evening of the 19th of February, he had retired to rest with his wife, who not being able to sleep, had gone into the kitchen, where he thought she was warming herself; that, having fallen asleep, he was awakened about two o'clock by an infectious odor, and that, having run to the kitchen, he found the remains of his wife in the state described in the report of the physicians and surgeons. The judges, having no suspicion of the real cause of this event, prosecuted the affair with the utmost diligence. It was very unfortunate for Millet that he had a handsome servant-maid, for neither his probity nor innocence was able to save him from the suspicion of having got rid of his wife by a concerted plot, and of having arranged the rest of the circumstances in such a manner as to give it the appearance of an accident. He experienced, therefore, the whole severity of the law; and though, by an appeal to a superior and very enlightened court, which discovered the cause of the combustion, he came off victorious, he suffered so much from uneasiness of mind, that he was obliged to pass the remainder of his melancholy days in an hospital."



FARNESE PALACE.

To these instances which I have multiplied to strengthen the evidence, I shall add two other facts of the same kind, published in the "Journal de Medicine." The first took place at Aix, in Provence, and is thus related by Murair, a surgeon: "In the month of February, 1799, Mary Jauffret, widow of Nicholas Gravier, shoemaker, of a small size, exceedingly corpulent, and addicted to drinking, having been burnt in her apartment, M. Rocas, my colleague, who was commissioned to make a report respecting the remains of her body, found only a mass of ashes and a few bones, calcined in such a manner that on the least pressure they were reduced to dust. The bones of the cranium, one hand, and a foot, had in part escaped the action of the fire. Near these remains stood a table untouched, and under the table a small wooden stove, the grating of which having been long burnt, afforded an aperture, through which, it is probable, the fire that occasioned the melancholy accident had been communicated: one chair, which stood too near the flames, had the seat and fore-feet burnt. In other respects, there was no appearance of fire either in the chimney or the apartment; so that, except the fore-part of the chair, it appears to me that no other combustible matter contributed to this speedy incineration, which was effected in the space of seven or eight hours."

The other instances mentioned in the "Journal de Medicine," took place at Caen, and is thus related by Merille, a surgeon of that city. "Being requested, on the third of June, 1782, by the king's officers, to draw up a report of the state in which I found Mademoiselle Thuars, who was said to have been burnt, I made the following observations. The body lay with the crown of the head resting against one of the andirons, at the distance of eighteen inches from the fire; the remainder of the body was placed obliquely before the chimney, the whole being nothing but a mass of ashes. Even the most solid bones had lost their form and consistence; none of them could be distinguished except the coronal bones, the two parietal bones, the two lumbar vertebrae, a portion of the tibia, and a part of the omoplate; and these, even, were so calcined, that they became dust by the least pressure. The right foot was found entire, and scorched at its upper junction; the left was more burnt. The day had been cold, but there was nothing in the grate, except two or three bits of wood, about an inch in diameter, burnt in the middle. None of the furniture in the apartment was damaged. The chair on which Mademoiselle Thuars had been sitting was found at the distance of a foot from her, and absolutely untouched. I must here observe, that this lady was exceedingly corpulent; that she was above sixty years of age, and much addicted to spirituous liquors; that the day even of her death she had drunk three bottles of wine and about a bottle of brandy; and that the consumption of the body had taken place in less than seven hours, though, according to appearance, nothing around the body was burnt but the clothes."

The town of Caen affords several instances of the same kind. I have been told by many people, and particularly by a physician of Argentan, named Bousset, author of an Essay on Intermittent Fevers, that a woman of the lower class, who lived at Place Villars, and who was known to be much addicted to strong liquor, had been found in her house burnt. The extremities of her body only were spared, but the furniture was very little damaged.

A like unfortunate accident happened also at Caen to another old woman addicted to drinking. I was assured by those who told me the fact, that the flames which proceeded from the body could not be extinguished by water; but I think it needless to relate the particulars of this and of another similar event which took place in the same town, because, as they were not attested by a *procès-verbal*, and not having been communicated by professional men, they do not inspire the same confidence.

This collection of instances is supported, therefore, by all those authentic proofs which can be required to form human testimony; for while we admit the prudent doubt of Descartes, we ought to reject the universal doubt of the Pyrrhonists. The multiplicity and uniformity even of these facts, which occurred in different places, and were attested by so many enlightened men, carry with them conviction; they have such a relation to each other, that we are inclined to ascribe them to the same cause.

1. The persons who experienced the effect of this combustion had for a long time made an immoderate use of spirituous liquors.
2. The combustion took place only in women.
3. These women were far advanced in life.
4. Their bodies did not take fire spontaneously, but were burnt by accident.
5. The extremities, such as the feet and the hands, were generally spared by the fire.
6. Water sometimes, instead of extinguishing the flames which proceeded from the parts on fire, gave them more activity.
7. The fire did very little damage, and often even spared the combustible objects which were in contact with the human body at the moment when it was burning.
8. The combustion of these bodies left as a residuum fat foetid ashes, with an unctuous, stinking, and very penetrating soot.

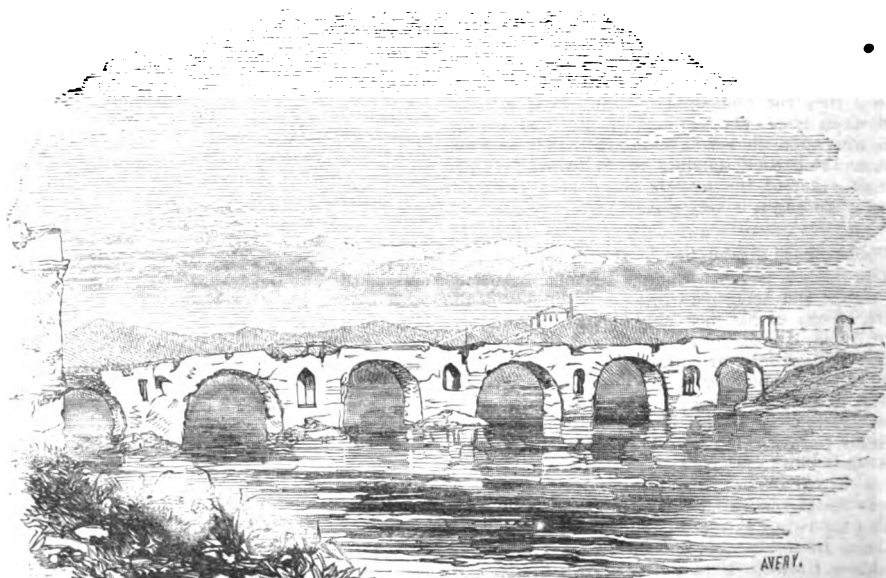
Let us now enter into an examination of some of these general observations.

1. The first idea which occurs on reading the numerous instances of human combustion above related is, that those who fell victims to those fatal accidents were almost all addicted to spirituous liquors. The woman mentioned in the Transactions of Copenhagen had for three years made such an immoderate use of them, that she would take no other nourishment. Mary Clues, for a year before the accident happened, had scarcely been a single day without drinking half a pint of rum or of aniseed-water. The wife of Millet had been continually intoxicated; Mary Jauffret was much addicted to drinking; and Mademoiselle Thuars, and the other women of Caen, were equally fond of strong liquors.

Such excesses, in regard to the use of spirituous liquors, must have had a powerful action on the bodies of the persons to whom I allude. All their fluids and solids must have experienced its fatal influence; for the property of the absorbing vessels, which is so active in the human body, seems on this occasion to have acted a distinguished part. It has been observed that the urine of great drinkers is generally aqueous and limpid. It appears, that in drunkards, who make an immoderate use of spirituous liquors, the aqueous part of their drink is discharged by the urinary passage, while the alcoholic, almost like the volatile part of aromatic substances, not being subjected to an entire decomposition, is absorbed into every part of their bodies.

2. The combustion took place only in women. We shall not pretend to assert that men are not liable to combustion in the same manner, but have never yet been able to find one well-certified instance of such an event. The female body is in general more delicate than that of the other sex. The system of their solids is more relaxed; their fibres are more fragile, and of a weaker structure, and therefore their texture more easily hurt. Their mode of life also contributes to increase the weakness of their organization. Women, abandoned in general to a sedentary life, charged with the care of the internal domestic economy, and often shut up in close apartments, where they are condemned to spend whole days without taking any exercise, are more subject than men to become corpulent. The texture of the soft parts in female bodies being more spongy, absorption ought to be freer; and as their whole bodies imbibe spirituous liquors with more ease, they ought to experience more readily the impression of fire. Hence that combustion, the melancholy instances of which seem to be furnished by women alone; and it is owing merely to the want of a certain concurrence of circumstances and of physical causes, that these events, though less rare than is supposed, do not become more common.

3. The second general observation serves to explain the third; that the combustion took place only in women far advanced in life. The Countess of Cesena was sixty-two years of age; Mary Clues, fifty-two; Grace Pitt, sixty; and Mademoiselle Thuars more than sixty. These examples prove that combustion is more frequent among old women. Young persons, distracted by other passions, are not much addicted to drinking; but when love, departing along with youth, leaves a vacuum in the



PONTE MONTE.



ARTISTS' MODELS ON THE STEPS OF THE TRINITA DE MONTE.

mind, if its place be not supplied by ambition or interest, a taste for gaming, or religious fervor, it generally falls a prey to intoxication. This passion still increases as the others diminish, especially in women, who can indulge it without restraint. Wilmer, therefore, observes, "that the propensity of Mary Clues to this vice had always increased after the death of her husband, which happened about a year before;" almost all the other women of whom I have spoken, being equally unconfined in regard to their actions, could gratify their attachment to spirituous liquors without opposition.

4. Perhaps we have no occasion to go very far to search for the cause of these combustions. The fire of the wooden stove, the chimney, or the candle, might have been communicated to the clothes, and might have in this manner burnt the persons above mentioned, on account of the peculiar disposition of their bodies. Massei observes, that the Countess of Cesena was accustomed to bathe her whole body with spirit of wine. The vicinity of the candle and lamp, which were found near the remains of her body, occasioned, without doubt, the combustion.

Besides accidental combustion, it remains for us to examine whether spontaneous combustion of the human body can take place, as asserted by Le Cat. Spontaneous combustion is the burning of the human body without the contact of any substance in a state of ignition. Nature, indeed, affords several instances of spontaneous combustion in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. The decomposition of pyrites, and the subterranean processes which are carried on in volcanoes, afford proofs of it. Coal-mines may readily take fire spontaneously; and this has been found to be the case of heaps of coals deposited in close places. It is by fermentation of this kind that dunghills sometimes become hot, and take fire. This may serve also to explain why trusses of hay, carried home during moist weather, and piled up on each other, sometimes take fire. But, can spontaneous combustion take place in the human body? If some authors are to be credited, very violent combustion may be produced in our bodies by nature, and by artificial processes. Sturmius says, that in the northern countries flames often burst from the stomach of persons in a state of intoxication. Three noblemen of Courland having laid a bet which of them could drink most spirits, two of them died in consequence of suffocation by the flames, which issued with great violence from their stomachs. We are told by Thomas Bartholin, on the authority of Vorstius, that a soldier, who had drunk two glasses of spirits, died after an eruption of flames from his mouth. In his third century, Bartholin mentions another accident of the same kind, after a drinking match of strong liquor.

It now remains to decide, from these instances, respecting the accidental or spontaneous causes which produce combustion. Nature, by assuming a thousand different forms, seems at first as if desirous to elude our observation; but, on mature reflection, if it be found easy to prove accidental combustion, spontaneous combustion appears altogether improb-

able; for, even admitting the instances of people suffocated by flames which issued from their mouths, this is still far from the combustion of the whole body. There is a great difference between this semi-combustion and spontaneous combustion, so complete as to reduce the body to ashes, as in the cases above mentioned. As the human body has never been seen to experience total combustion, these assertions seem rather the productions of a fervid imagination than of real observation; and it too often happens, that Nature, in her mode of action, does not adopt our manner of feeling.

It may be seen, that a knowledge of the causes of this phenomenon is no less interesting to criminal justice than to natural history, for unjust suspicions may fall on an innocent man. Who will not shudder on recollecting the case of the unfortunate inhabitant of Rheims, who, after having lost his wife by the effect of combustion, was in danger of perishing himself on the scaffold, condemned unjustly by an ignorant tribunal!

I shall consider myself happy if this picture of the fatal effects of intoxication makes an impression on those addicted to this vice, and particularly on women, who most frequently become the victims of it. Perhaps the frightful details of so horrid an evil

as that of combustion, will reclaim drunkards from this horrid practice. Plutarch relates, that at Sparta children were deterred from drunkenness by exhibiting to them the spectacle of intoxicated slaves, who, by their hideous contortions, filled the minds of these young spectators with so much contempt, that they never afterwards got drunk. This state of drunkenness, however, was only transitory. How much more horrid it appears in those unfortunate victims consumed by the flames and reduced to ashes! May men never forget that the vine sometimes produces very bitter fruit—disease, pain, repentance, and death!

About Dreams.

To jump at once into the question, almost all experience goes to show that ordinary dreams take place in an imperfect sleep; and that they are often caused by a change in the atmosphere, an ill-made bed, and too much and too little covering. Dr. James Gregory mentions that, having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna; and on another occasion, through having thrown off the bed clothes in his sleep, and exposing himself to the cold, dreamt of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering from intense frost. Dr. Reid, the celebrated mathematician, dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him, from the dressing of a blister which he had applied to his head becoming ruffled so as to produce pain. In both these cases the dreams were suggested by sensations conveyed from the surface of the body through the nerves, till a corresponding impression was made upon the mind.

But some persons we are told, never dream. Locke assures us that he knew a gentleman who had an excellent memory, and yet could not recollect ever having dreamed till he arrived at his twenty-sixth year. Dr. Reid, for many years before his death, had no recollection of ever having dreamed; and Dr. Eliotson relates the case of a man who never dreamed till after he was afflicted with a fever, in his fortieth year.

It is found that any subject which has produced a strong impression on the mind during the day may modify and materially influence the subject of our dreams the following night; indeed, if dreams are not to be traced to the business of the day or a peculiar turn of thought, they may safely be looked upon as signs of a more or less distempered state of the body, and the true conditions of that state may often be better learned from them than from any other cause. "There is an art," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to make dreams as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof; and Pythagoras might have had calmer sleeps if he had totally abstained from beans."



PLAYING AT MORRA.

In olden times men there were who pretended to be skilled in the interpretation of dreams; but, like those of the present day who profess the same object, were very contradictory in their solutions. From a very ancient Arabic manuscript on the subject, we learn that, if you see an angel in your dream, it is a good sign; but it forbodes evil, if you converse with one. To dream you bathe in a clear fountain denotes gladness; but, if it be muddy, an enemy will bring a false accusation against you. To dream of carrying a heavy weight on your back denotes servitude, if you are rich; honor, if you are poor. The fortune-tellers of the present day pretend to give an interpretation for every dream, no matter whatever may be its subject; and the computation would startle us if all those who now anxiously seek the solution of their dreams could be enumerated.

It is curious that the same sign in different countries is often made to bear a directly contrary signification. The English peasant-girl thinks it a sure sign of happiness if she dream of a rose; but the *paysanne* in Normandy believes that it forbodes disappointment and vexation. To dream of an oak-tree is a sign of prosperity to the Englishman; but it is thought to be a forewarning of some dreadful calamity in Switzerland.

The possibility of suggesting dreams to some sleepers by whispering in the ear is a well-known fact; but this, can, doubtless, be only practicable where the sensuous organs are partly awake. A case of this description is related by Dr. Abercrombie. "An officer whose susceptibility of having his dreams thus conjured before him, was so remarkable, that his friends could produce any kind of dream they pleased, by softly whispering in his ear, especially if this were done by one with whose voice he was familiar. His companions were in the habit of amusing themselves at his expense. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put in his hand, which he fired off in his sleep, and was awakened by the report. On another, they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunk in the cabin, when, by whispering, they made him believe he had fallen overboard; and they then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated the motions of a swimmer. They then suggested to him that he was pursued by a shark, and intreated him to dive for his life. This he did, or rather attempted, with so much violence that he threw himself off the locker, by which he was bruised, and, of course awakened." Dr. Abercrombie adds that "he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks upon him."

The amiable poet Cowper believed that all dreams were caused either by a good or evil agency; and a celebrated poet says:—

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,
That when Monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

It is a remarkable fact that a similar kind of sensation will produce the same kind of dream in several persons at the same time. We read of a whole regiment starting up in alarm, declaring they were dreaming that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared. The cause of this was explained that they had been exposed in common to the influence of a deleterious gas.

There are many instances on record of persons performing intellectual feats in dreams to which they were unequal when awake. The following is well authenticated. A daughter of Sir George Mackenzie, who died at an early age, was endowed with a remarkable genius for music, and was an accomplished organist. This young lady dreamt during an illness that she was at a party where she had heard a new piece of music, which made so great an impression on her by its novelty and beauty that, on awakening, she besought her attendants to bring her some paper, that she might write it down before she had forgotten it—an indulgence which, apprehensive of excitement, her medical attendant unfortunately forbade; for, apart from the additional psychological interest that would have been attached to the fact, the effects of compliance, judging from what ensued, would probably have been soothing rather than otherwise. About ten days afterwards she had a second dream, wherein she again found herself at a party, where she descried on the desk of a pianoforte, in a corner of the room, an open book, in which, with astonished delight, she recognised the same piece of music, which she immediately proceeded to play, and then awoke. The piece was not of a short or fugitive character, but in the style of an overture.

Somewhat analogous to this sort of double life is the case of the young girl mentioned by Dr. Aber-

combie and others, whose employment was keeping cattle, and who slept for some time, much to her annoyance, in the room adjoining one occupied by an itinerant musician. The man, who played exceedingly well being an enthusiast in his art, frequently practised the greater part of the night, performing on his violin very complicated and difficult compositions; while the girl, so far from discovering any pleasure in his performances, complained bitterly of being kept awake by the noise. Some time after this, she fell ill, and was removed to the house of a charitable lady, who undertook the charge of her; and here, by and by, the family were amazed by frequently hearing the most exquisite music in the night, which they at length discovered to proceed from the girl. The sounds were those of a violin, and the tuning and other preliminary processes were accurately imitated. She went through long and elaborate pieces, and afterwards was heard imitating, in the same way, the sounds of a pianoforte that was in the house. She also talked very clearly on the subjects of religion and politics, and discussed, with great judgment, the characters and conduct of persons, both public and private. Awake she knew nothing of these things, but was, on the contrary, stupid, heavy, and had no taste whatever for music. Similar unexpected faculties have been not unfrequently manifested by the dying; and we conclude from this, that the incipient death of the body is leaving the spirit more unobstructed.

Parallel instances are those of idiots who, either in a somnambulant state or immediately previous to death, have spoken as if inspired.

We are accustomed, and with justice, to wonder at the admirable mechanism by which, without fatigue or exertion, we communicate with our fellow-beings. But how slow and ineffective is human speech compared with the lightning-like rapidity of our thoughts in sleep, where a whole history is understood at a glance, and scenes that seem to occupy months and weeks are acted out in a few minutes or seconds! The jarring of a door, opening of a window, or any other noise, will, at the same moment it awakens a person, suggest the incidents of an entire dream. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, in the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America; that, in embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, having awoke with the fright, discovered that he had not been asleep above ten minutes, during which all the *minutiae* incidental to a sea-voyage and a stay on land were in that time, performed by him. "I lately dreamed," says Dr. Macnish, "that I made a voyage, remained some days in Calcutta, returned home, then took ship for Egypt, where I visited the cataraacts of the Nile, Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; and, to crown the whole, had the honor of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great." All this was the work of probably a few minutes.

One class of dreams called "retrospective" is of frequent occurrence, in which the veil which obscured the events of our past life is withdrawn, and not only the early incidents of childhood, but recent events which have escaped our memory in waking hours, are passed in vivid review before us.

Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to "Waverley," relates the following anecdote: "A gentleman connected with a bank in Glasgow, while employed in the occupation of cashier, was annoyed by a person, out of his turn, demanding the payment of a check for six pounds. Having paid him, but with reluctance, out of his turn, he thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, a difficulty was experienced in making the books balance, in consequence of a deficiency of six pounds. Several days and nights were exhausted in endeavors to discover the source of the error, but without success; and the discomfited and chagrined cashier retired one night to his bed, disappointed and fatigued. He fell asleep, and dreamed he was at his bank, and once again the whole scene of the annoying man and his six-pound cheque arose before him; and, on examination, it was discovered that the sum paid to this person had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance."

Another gentleman, a solicitor, lost a very important document relating to the conveyance of some property. Search was made for it in vain; and the night preceding the day on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement, the son of

this gentleman went to bed, greatly disappointed, and dreamt that at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father his table was covered with the affairs of a particular client; and there found the paper they had been searching for, which had been tied up in a parcel to which it was in no way connected.

There is another class of dreams which seem more extraordinary than the above, in which the dreams of the sleeper coincide with events taking place at a distance.

"In the 'Memoirs of Margaret de Valois,' we read that her mother, Catherine de Medicis, when ill of the plague at Metz, saw her son, the Duc d'Anjou, at the victory of Jarnac, thrown from his horse, and the Prince de Condé dead—events which happened precisely at that moment. Dr. Macnish relates, as the most striking example he ever met with of the coincidence between a dream and a passing event, the following melancholy story: Miss M., a young lady, a native of Rose-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsula war. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that, when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover—pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast—enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle; desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with grief. It withered it entirely, and the poor girl died a few days afterwards; but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would not be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct; for accounts were shortly afterwards received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his betrothed had beheld the vision.

Another class of dreams are those which partake of the nature of second sight or prophecy, and of these there are various kinds: some being plain and literal in their premonitions, others allegorical and obscure; whilst some also regard the most unimportant, and others the most grave events of our lives. We give here examples of this kind: A gentleman engaged in business in the south of Scotland dreamt that, on entering his office in the morning, he sees seated on a certain stool a person formerly in his service as clerk, of whom he had neither heard nor thought of for some time. He inquires the motive of the visit, and is told that such and such circumstances having brought the stranger to that part of the country, he could not forbear visiting his old quarters, expressing, at the same time, a wish to spend a few days in his former occupation, &c. The gentleman being struck with the vividness of the illusion, relates his dream at breakfast, and, to his surprise, on going to his office, there sits the man, and the dialogue that ensues is precisely that of the dream. A late writer on this subject mentions, in an interview he had with Burke, after his condemnation, that the latter told him that many months before he was apprehended and convicted he used to dream that the murders he committed had been discovered; that also he imagined himself going to execution, and his chief anxiety was, how he should comport himself upon the occasion.

There are also on record, both in this country and others, many perfectly well-authenticated cases of people obtaining prizes in the lottery through having dreamt of the fortunate numbers.

The following dream, as regards the fate of a very interesting person, will be read with attention: Major André, the circumstances of whose lamented death are too well known to make it necessary to detail them here, previously to his embarkation for America, made a journey into Derbyshire to pay Miss Seward a visit; and it was arranged that they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak, and introduce André to a Mr. Newton and Mr. Cunningham. Whilst these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, the latter gentleman men-

tioned to the former that on the preceding night he had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him; and, whilst looking about, he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket, and seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city amongst thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood brought out and suspended to a gallows. When Major André and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antitype of the man in the dream.

We will conclude this subject by a few examples of allegorical dreams.

A lady, whenever a misfortune was impending, dreamt that she saw a large fish.

A maid-servant, living in a distinguished family in Edinburgh, was repeatedly warned of the approaching death of certain members of that family, by dreaming that one of the walls of the house had fallen. Shortly before the head of the family sickened and died, she said that she had dreamt that the main wall had fallen.

On the 15th of August, 1769, Frederick II. of Prussia is said to have dreamt that a star fell from heaven, and occasioned such an extraordinary glare that he could with great difficulty find his way through it. He mentioned the dream to his attendants, and it was afterwards observed that it was on that day Napoleon was born.

Numerous are the cases extant of persons escaping impending danger by the vividness of their dreams, not only occurring once, but three or four times consecutively; instances so thoroughly attested that it is as impossible to doubt as to account for them.

A French Tale.

ONE of the great financiers of Paris, whose only relaxation is the sumptuous repasts with which he twice a day solaces himself, had within the last few months been obliged to have recourse to a physician. Gout, dyspepsia, and headache had entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying his gastronomic passion.

At length, when he recovered and called for his physician's account, he was startled by the huge amount of daily visitations, and actually swore, as he flung the druggist's account from him. There was, however, no help for it, so the druggist's bill was settled, and the physician dismissed, his pockets swollen by his big fee.

"Take care of what you eat," said he, as a gratuitous and parting piece of advice, "and you will not have to send for me again."

These last words made a deep impression on the calculating mind of the financier. The first result of his cogitations was to dismiss the whole of the kitchen establishment. Having accomplished this, the worthy banker sent for the most renowned man-cook, who had just been discharged by a recalled Russian prince, and gravely spoke to him in these terms:

"Monsieur," said he, "I have discharged my cook, because, to his unfitness and ignorance, the physicians have attributed my late illness. I will now engage you, at a salary of five thousand francs (\$1,000) a-year, but on this condition, that if ever I have to pay either doctors' or apothecaries' bills, they shall be deducted from your wages. That is but just, since, according to the physician, all illness springs from the kitchen.

"But," added he, waving his hand majestically, and settling his hand round his portly person, "as I do not mean to be made either the victim of the doctor or the cook, I must tell you that I weigh two hundred and seventy pounds. At this weight I must be maintained, for if I vary one single pound in a month, you shall be immediately discharged."

The cook, nothing daunted, accepted these conditions, and still triumphantly holds his place, and at an increase of salary. The secret by which he maintains his power is said to be, that he has formed an alliance with the doctor, and that every now and then a judicious dose is administered, disguised in some of those mysterious French sauces with which the French officers were made, at the siege of Metz, to devour, without knowing, the leather breeches of their commander.

Gastronomic Anecdotes.

MR. GUNNING, in his "Reminiscences of Cambridge," gives several good anecdotes. Dean Milner, the master of Queen's, and brother of the Church historian, was a man, as he alleged, of a weak stomach, which he subjected to the peculiar treatment described in the following anecdote:—

"He gave the usual dinners to the members of the University on the Sunday, which, though it was clear from the arrangement that no female had been consulted, were—in their way—excellent, and his guests did ample justice to the good things set before them in great profusion. He was always in high spirits on these occasions, and the bottle circulated very freely. When the public dinners were over, he generally invited a friend or two in addition to myself and my colleagues. Harwood was almost always of the party. The public dinners were very merry ones, but the private ones were quite uproarious. On one occasion the Vice-Chancellor said to me very abruptly:—

"You have been looking at me some time; I know what you are thinking on—you think that I eat a confounded deal!"

"No, sir," I said; "I am surprised that you eat of such a variety of dishes!"

"The truth is," said he, "I have a very weak stomach, and when it has digested as much as it can of one kind of food, it will set to work and digest some other!"

"I observed to him, 'that the weakness of his stomach resembled that of Dr. Topping, a physician at Colchester, who, when a gentleman with whom he was dining, expressed some dissatisfaction at his not taking claret, which had been provided expressly for him, answered:

"I have no objection to take a bottle, or a couple, of claret, but I have so weak a stomach, I am obliged to drink a bottle of port first!"

Dr. OGDEN—immortalised as a gentleman, and who happily characterised a goose as "a silly bird, too much for one and not enough for two,"—was an eminent example of the conjoined qualities of politeness and power. Dining with Lord Hardwicke, the butler by mistake helped his lordship and the doctor to pale brandy instead of champagne. His lordship discovered the mistake, and withdrew his lips in haste. The doctor also found out the mistake, but emptied his glass. "I felt it my duty," he explained, "to take whatever your lordship thought proper to offer me, if not with pleasure, at least in silence."

"Upon another occasion, when the mistress of the house asked him his opinion of a dish of ruffs and Reeves—which were rather underdone—he replied, 'they are admirable, madame—raw; what must they have been had they been roasted!'"

"Walking one day to dine with a friend some miles from Cambridge, he was overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, and, not being able to procure shelter, was drenched before he reached his destination. With linen and clothes his friend was able to furnish him, but his handkerchief was obliged to supply the absence of a wig, which was sent to the kitchen to be dried. After a time, the doctor exclaimed, with much animation, and with his accustomed lisp:—

"How very kind of you, my dear friend, to remember my love for *rothe goothe*!"

"Had his friend not been aware that no such dish was to be served, he would have fallen into the same mistake as his guest; but on going into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of so *savoury* a smell, he perceived the doctor's wig smoking at the fire!"

EGGS.—In some parts of Peru—for instance, in Jauja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coins—forty-eight or fifty being counted for a dollar. In the market places and shops the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle sort of money: one will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo, a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers, and sent to Lima. From Jauja alone 1000 loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital.

HEAT WITHOUT FUEL.—The problem of acquiring heat without fuel appears to have been solved by the invention of the machine of MM. Beaumont and Mayer, with which, by friction alone, they can make water boil. The machine contains 400 litres of water, which is made to boil in two hours. A cone of wood, which turns in a cylinder so as to produce the necessary friction, is covered with tow—and that tow, in order that it may not catch fire, is kept constantly moistened by a stream of oil which runs on it. The heat gradually increases, until at last steam is generated.

INDIA RUBBER COMBS.—In consequence of the numerous applications of iron to the arts in our period, the present is frequently termed the "Iron Age." It is sometimes, too, very properly called the "Age of Steam," and at others the "Age of Electricity." With equal propriety it may be termed the "India-rubber Age." The applications of this substance to the arts and manufactures are so numerous that we cannot think of giving a list of them here; nevertheless, we will mention a few facts relative to this material. When we were at school, India-rubber was looked upon only as "a curious specimen of a vegetable gum, which had the singular quality of removing pencil-marks from paper." Now this is some thirty summers past; and during that short period India-rubber has been employed for shoes, coats, hats, carriage wheels, pipes, joints, &c., in endless variety. Every day we find out some new application for it to some useful purpose. This is not to be wondered at when its extraordinary qualities are considered. It is now, we perceive, made into combs, superseding expensive tortoise-shell and the brittle horn. When India-rubber is mixed and kneaded with a portion of sulphur, and passed through heated rollers to thoroughly incorporate the sulphur, it is then called "vulcanised." Now if the vulcanised rubber be exposed for a few hours in a vessel to the action of high-pressure steam, say of 300° centigrade heat, it acquires new properties. From being soft it becomes hard, though very difficult to break. In this state its texture very much resembles tortoise-shell, and can be beautifully polished. Comb-makers cut and work it like shell. It can be carved, and designs of any form can be made; and, from its strength, it is well suited for delicate work in instances where other material would be liable to fracture. Thus the milky juice of a tree (*Siphonia elastica* and *Ficus elastica*) is made by the art of man into a walking-cane, a picture-frame, a top coat, a slipper, or a comb.

TO SOFTEN AND PURIFY WATER.—An analytical chemist has recommended the following: Mix well 40 grains of dry oxalate of ammonia with 90 grains of peroxide of manganese, adding thereto 350 grains of powdered charcoal. Agitate one imperial gallon of the water with one ounce of the above mixture; allow it to settle, and, after an hour or two, pour off the clear liquid. The first named ingredient throws down all the lime present, as oxalate, which carries with it the mechanically-suspended organic matter. The oxide of manganese oxidises and destroys the organic matter in solution, the deleterious gases from which are entirely absorbed by the charcoal. Water treated in this manner, he adds, becomes sweet, wholesome, and soft as rain-water, without the use of a filter, and even (what are called) "permanently hard" waters, can be made by this process beautifully soft, and adapted alike for lavatory or culinary uses, economising soap in washing and fuel and time in cooking. Last year, he states, a relation of his in the country, on changing her residence, found herself and child constantly attacked with a violent diarrhoea, the cause of which he at last traced to the impurity of the water used, and since his process has been employed—July last—nothing of the kind has been experienced.

PROTECTION OF IRON FROM OXIDATION.—M. Paris has discovered a vitreous enamel which will stand the test of any chemical or physical action to which it may be subjected. Some experiments fully prove that the adherence is perfect, and that the enamel resists the most violent shocks without cracking, although the iron it covers may be completely bent; it does not peel off or take fire by the action of heat; and concentrated acids can be kept at the boiling point for a considerable period in vessels protected by it. These qualities will enable us to use iron where glass, silver, gold, or platina has only heretofore been employed. It is also proposed to apply the invention more especially to the lining of water and gas pipes, covering roofs, and sheathing ships, anchors, &c.

A WEALTHY BEGGAR.—The Dundee parochial authorities have advertised for the heirs of a travelling beggar, named John McKay, supposed to have belonged originally to Caithness, who died lately in a lodging-house in the Hilltown of Dundee, and was buried at the expense of the parish. The parochial officers found in the pocket of a coat which had been worn by deceased a coarse leather pocket-book, containing six bank deposit receipts for sums amounting in the whole to \$3,600.

If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

How to Lengthen Life.

"I do not hesitate to assert, that the duration of the period of maturity is greatly within our control; and that, although the termination of the journey of human life is absolute and certain, yet that not only the length of that journey, but the manner of its division into various stages, and the degree of ease and pleasure with which we may travel, depend essentially on ourselves." So runs a passage in a recently published work now before us,* and we shall give the author an opportunity of establishing his position in our pages.

It is somewhat remarkable, that while biology, or the science of life, has made most important and beneficial advances during the past quarter of a century, the science of hygiene has been but little regarded. The works on the latter subject can be told upon the fingers, hence we are the more disposed to welcome Dr. Van Oven's volume, seeing that it reopens sanitary questions of the highest interest, and adds to the sum of medical experience. If it be desirable to know how to cure, much more so is it to know how to prevent disease; and we trust that the time is not distant when a knowledge of the laws of health will be considered as essential a part of ordinary education as the laws of grammar.

Childhood, manhood, and age have long been considered to be the three great periods of life: it is to the two latter that we have chiefly to direct our attention. "Man," says a French writer, "begins with the gelatinous state, and ends with the bony state;" but between these lies the period of maturity, when the frame and the faculties are alike in full development, when life, if all the laws of health have been duly obeyed, is a breathing-time of enjoyment, and the individual slides into age scarcely conscious of the change. Some authors have represented life by the figure of a cone, where the culminating point having been reached up one slope, the descent is immediately commenced on the other. But Dr. Van Oven shows that, instead of the period of maturity being so brief, and apparently imperceptible, it ought to be represented by a long slightly curved line, which would give to the cone the form of an elliptic arch. Many persons will be able to confirm this view by their own experience, by the remembrance of those fifteen or twenty years of middle life, when their judgments partook somewhat of infallibility, when the mind and the body acted together in vigorous harmony. This "table land," as the doctor calls it, commences in men at from 22 to 25 years of age; in women from 19 to 23; and its state and duration will depend mainly on "the original constitutional stamina of the individual," and "the manner in which he shall employ those great gifts, mental and corporeal, with which it has pleased God to endow him."

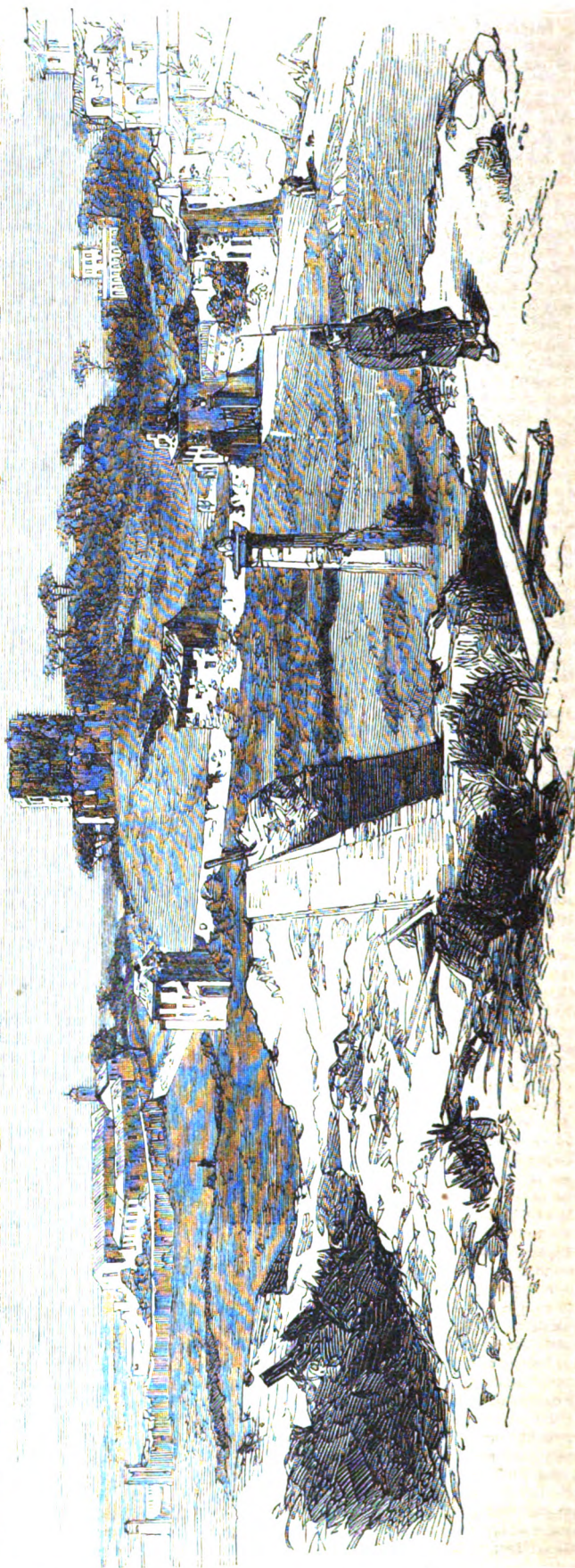
Here many important considerations are involved: diet, habits, employments, marriage, &c. Very early marriages are objectionable, inasmuch as the immaturity of the parents will tell unfavorably on the offspring, and lead to a gradual deterioration of the race. And equally objectionable are ill-assorted marriages, of whatever kind. We take extraordinary pains in the choosing of seeds and plants intended for exhibition at flower shows, and farmers are careful to seek the best breeds of cattle and sheep, such as can be depended on for health and vigor; but, as Dr. Van Oven remarks—"How dreadful it is to observe, that in the selection of wives and husbands, this, which should be the *first*, is but too often the *last* consideration; that wealth, station, beauty, accomplishments, are each in turn sought for and appreciated, without inquiring whether the seeds of gout, consumption, madness, &c., be also a part of the dowry of the bride, or of the possessions of the bridegroom. Surely we would suppose, that while there is so much and so laudable an anxiety to transmit to offspring honorable titles and distinctions, and accumulated possessions, it would be also a prominent desire to endow them with such a physical and mental development, as would enable them to appreciate duly their worldly blessings, and to enjoy them for a length of time; but, alas! this is not so. As truly as that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," so surely do personal beauty, great talents and accomplishments, a coronet, or a large estate, not only cover too many personal and mental defects existing, but completely prevent all anticipations of the evils which may come after."

Were this question regarded with the attention it deserves, and has in some ages of the world received, we should have fewer instances of malformation and imperfect development among our population. A middle height, varying from 5 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 10 inches, combines most of the essentials of a well-formed body, as well as of activity and strength.

* By Barnard Van Oven, M. D.

Tall persons are apt to be ungainly, though exceptional instances do at times occur of good proportions in those of 6 feet and upwards; while to be very short, from 5 feet to 5 feet 4 inches, is as objectionable in the other extreme, especially for males. But in any case, the means of maintaining the body

done with; and instead thereof he has only to maintain the due action of all his bodily and mental powers. No single one is to be exercised at the expense of another; if it be. Nature is sure to give a sharp lesson to teach fair-play. "When, for example, it is attempted to attain excessive muscular



VIEW FROM THE WALLS OF ROME NEAR THE PORTA SAN PANCRAZIO.

in health are more certain, more under control, than is commonly supposed. What these means are we proceed to show.

A person arrived at maturity—the period above-mentioned—should remember that the building-up process which necessitated what seemed a superabundance of food during childhood and youth is

power by constant practice and exertion, by the taking of undue quantities of solid or nutrient food, or by any of those means familiar to trainers for the prize-ring, an undue balance between the functions of nutrition and absorption results, the quantity of blood is increased, the circulation stimulated; and, in a word, a plethoric condition induced, which may

tend to the development of any hereditary disease, or the formation of some new evil. If the powers of the mind be over-taxed, if the brain be worked too long, similar effects will result—too much blood will flow to that organ, the due balance between the nutritious and regenerative processes will be broken, diseases of the brain and of the whole nervous system will result."

The subject of diet is the more important, seeing that most persons of mature age have reached the time when they are better able than in early life to gratify their appetite. They eat more, and work less—a double mistake. On this point Dr. Van Oven observes—"We generally find that indulgence in food is one of the most prevailing errors of advanced life; highly-seasoned stimulating dishes, generous wines, and a longer indulgence in the pleasures of the table, are often regarded as rewards which have been earned by a life of labor, and which may be rightfully enjoyed. Hence the body habitually receives more food than is needful for its support—the consequence is either the necessity of stimulating the different organs to carry off the surplus, by continually inducing a state of diarrhoea and diuresis, or a state of obesity occurs, which is too often the first sign of decay, and the warning of the approach of others. Not only is too much food often habitually taken by persons advanced in life, but the stomach is too frequently supplied. That the process of digestion be performed healthily and vigorously, it is needful that the stomach should not only be void of food when taken, but should have been void so long as to have fully recruited itself from its previous labors."

Following out the argument, the Doctor recommends that a hearty breakfast should be eaten to begin the day with; such kinds of food being taken as best agree with the individual. Unless tea or coffee be found positively harmful, they are to be regarded as healthful, and very much that has been written concerning their injurious qualities may be ignored. Those who cannot take either of these beverages must have recourse to preparations of cocoa, milk and water, or even water alone. A sufficient breakfast having been eaten, no other full meal should be partaken of till towards the evening, for the reason, that while the body or mind are engaged with business occupations, it is not desirable to put food into the stomach, save "some slight sustenance" at noon. Hereupon the Doctor pursues: "It will be seen that I thus advocate relying chiefly on two meals daily, allowing, however, a slight luncheon or refreshment in the middle of the day, about which time there should be a pause from the labors of body or mind, and the whole system should be allowed a short portion of time to recruit its energies. Continuous labor for a long period, of whatever kind, can never be so productive as the same quantum of exertion would have been, if one or more clear intervals of rest had been allowed. The facile and complete digestion of food requires rest of body and tranquility of mind, and cannot be so well or so quickly effected during the strain of physical labor, or the turmoil of mental exertion. A mid-day dinner is a great error, the food is often hastily swallowed, and not half masticated, and difficultly and badly digested."

We may eat any and every kind of food, provided it be nothing prejudicial, of which our sensations will speedily give us notice. Vegetable and farinaceous diet fills and fattens more than flesh, hence it is the more suitable for the growing period of life; in maturity, however, the bulk of vegetable should be diminished, and that of meat increased, which will have the effect of sustaining without enlarging the body. Then as age comes on, the vegetable may be permitted to predominate, if the stomach digests it kindly, because, as the muscles then shrink greatly, they will the better bear replenishing. As a rule, he who works most may eat most; but it must also be remembered, that ordinary labor has more of a sustaining than exhaustive effect, by its impartial employment of all the bodily functions.

It is as essential to avoid drinking too much as eating too much. Numbers of persons exist for years in a most uncomfortable condition, solely from loading their system with an excess of fluid, until some day accident or any other cause prevents their taking more than a tenth of the usual quantity, and all at once their distressing symptoms disappear. Mild fermented liquors may be drunk in small quantities, in cases of muscular weakness or nervous exhaustion; but spirits, the alcohol derived from the distillation of fermented liquors, should never be permitted to enter the stomach. The Doctor emphatically says:—"They can never be required by persons in good health, and should never be taken but as medicines, when an abnormal condition of the health may demand stimulation;" and he moreover

considers that "perhaps pure water would at all times be man's best beverage when in perfect health."

These remarks have double weight, when applied to individuals in a low state of health, or who suffer from any special malady. In heart disease particularly is a temperate diet desirable; for if the system be overloaded either with solids or fluids, "the distended stomach, pressing on the great blood vessels, must interfere with the freedom of the circulation." Pains should be taken to keep the circulation of the blood in as calm and equable a state as possible. Over-eating, too, not unfrequently causes apoplexy, by impeding the flow of the blood—"hence so many persons are found dead in their beds from apoplexy, especially if they have retired soon after eating largely, the horizontal position promoting the evils which a distended stomach and a too rapid circulation are likely to induce."

We have dwelt upon this subject of food because it is one too little heeded, and one that, if attended to, chiefly promotes the attainment of a healthful old age. The next means is exercise. "Every one," says our author, "whether urged on by the stimulus of necessity or not, should have some primary pursuit, some object which he may strive to attain, and the pursuit of which will not only give him pleasure, but keep the faculties and energies of the mind in a vigorous condition; but such pursuit—be it business, literature, politics, or any other—must not be allowed so to engross the whole man as to prevent relaxation and physical exertion." The evil consequences of over-exerting the mental powers and neglecting those of the body are not immediately apparent. A man feels so strong and so vigorous at the meridian of life that he is apt to forget the laws of his existence, and work himself to the utmost, until, with disregarded warning, the shock comes, that prostrates him perhaps for the rest of his days. What a mistake! As though any place or any possession which the world can afford were worth such a sacrifice; as though anything could ever repay for sleepless nights, anxious days, and jaded energies. Business occupations,

whether of the head or hand, should alternate with lighter labors and studies, and be frequently relieved by amusements, sportive nonsense even has been found beneficial at times; and, above all, out-door exercise must be resorted to, and regularly. The resources here are numerous—walking, running, riding, rowing, fencing, besides other athletic games, and of all these walking will be found the most generally serviceable. This of course is understood to apply to those of sedentary employments; for the laborer who fatigues himself with out-door work, rest is the best relaxation; and none should take less than from six to eight hours sleep.

Next in order comes conduct—that self-government which all rational creatures ought to be prepared to exercise and obey; and without which length of days is impossible. There is no reason, save a perverse one, why a man should not live intelligently, why he should be less obedient to physical laws than his horse or his dog, to whom he pretends to be superior. "Have always something to think of and something to do," says Dr. Van Oven. It is not necessary that you should worry yourself into a hypochondriac, by anxieties about your health; for as the saved cents lead to saved dollars, so if you take care that your conduct be not at variance with the laws of your being, your health will, in most instances, take care of itself. And this result will be obtained even if you live in a crowded city; for it is not so much where you live as how you live that is to be regarded. One important rule of conduct consists in strictly subordinating the sexual passion to reason.

If such are to be the laws, many will exclaim, what is the use of living? To such the answer is, that the highest enjoyment of life consists not in gratifying the appetites and passions, but in the culture of our better nature and our mental endowments: and none need fear that long life properly regulated will be wearisome. On this matter hear old Cornaro: "Some men object that a long life is no desirable thing, because that after one is sixty-five years old, all the time we live after is rather



MEYERBEER.

death than life. But these err greatly, as I will shew by myself, recounting the delights and pleasures in this age of eighty-three which I now take, and which are such that men generally account me happy. I am continually in health, and I am so nimble that I can easily get on horseback without the advantage of the ground, and sometimes go up high stairs and hills on foot. Then I am ever cheerful, merry, and well-contented—free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts; in whose place joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life which I pass with great delight. Neither is this my pleasure made less by the decaying dullness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigor. To change my bed troubles me not; I sleep well and quietly anywhere, and my dreams are fair and pleasant."

Dr. Van Oven lays down a simple code of laws for the attainment of longevity, some of them may be inferred from what precedes; the others, which want of space prevents our quoting, are equally simple. He further discusses the diseases to which age is liable in both sexes, and shows how they may be mitigated or avoided; and, seeing that he has much personal experience for what he writes, we are ready to admit his conclusions. There is no good reason why people should not live a hundred or more years. The book contains lists of long-lived individuals—of these 1519 lived to ages from 100 to 110 years; 331 from 110 to 120; 99 from 120 to 130; 37 from 130 to 140; 11 from 140 to 150; and 17 who have exceeded 150—among which are the well-known names of Parr and Jenkins. The evidence which these lists afford is satisfactory, for the individuals named are of all classes; but chiefly from those dependent for a livelihood on some kind of manual labor. In them we see what nature will do under favorable circumstances.

Meyerbeer.

The greatest dramatic musician of the age—for Rossini and Spohr, though living, belong rather to the past than the present—is Giacomo Meyerbeer. This great composer was born at Berlin in the year 1794, of a wealthy family, his father having been an eminent banker of that city. In his childhood, like many celebrated musicians, he was very precocious; in this respect, indeed, almost a second Mozart. At ten years old he was considered one of the best pianists in Berlin, and had composed many pieces, both vocal and instrumental, with no other guide than the instinct of his genius. At fifteen he placed himself under the tuition of the learned Abbé Vogler, who initiated him into the mysteries of counterpoint, and laid the foundation of that mastery of combination for which the works of Meyerbeer (his later one especially) are distinguished. His first dramatic work, "Jephthah's Daughter," was produced at Munich when he was eighteen. He was then under the scholastic trammels of the Abbé Vogler, and his music was too stiff and elaborate to please. His next opera, "Alcimelek, or the two Caliphs," composed for the Court Theatre at Vienna, failed from the same cause. These failures were mortifying, but salutary lessons to the young artist; he saw his error, and wisely went to Italy to study melody. His studies bore rich fruit, and it was the richer for being the produce of Italian boughs grafted on a German stem. Meyerbeer did not unlearn the German counterpoint of the Abbé Vogler; but he acquired the art of making it, what it ought to be, the aid and handmaid of melodious song. Thus his Italian style came to be a better style than that of the Italians themselves, who (in modern times at least) are shallow harmonists, and trust too much to the attractions of melody alone.

Meyerbeer's first Italian opera "Romilda e Costanza," was produced at Padua in 1818. It was followed by "Semiramide Riconosciuta," performed at Turin in 1819, and by "Emma di Resburgo," at Venice, in 1820. This last was not only received with enthusiasm throughout Italy, but was successful even in Germany.

One of Meyerbeer's early friends and fellow-students under the Abbé Vogler, was the author of the "Freischütz." Weber, who was a thorough German in his musical notions, did not approve of his friend's backslidings—his falling away from the true faith, and Italianizing his style. He used to remonstrate with him on the subject, and showed how much he was in earnest, by bringing out, as manager of the Dresden theatre, not one of Meyerbeer's successful Italian pieces, but the German opera (the Two Caliphs) which had failed at Vienna; while he wrote a critique in a musical journal lauding this work to the skies. Their differences on this point, however, had no effect in lessening the warmth of their friendship. There is a pleasant letter from

Weber to his namesake, Gottfried Weber, the celebrated writer on harmony, in which he describes a visit he had received from Meyerbeer. "Last Friday," he says, "I had the joy of having Meyerbeer to spend a whole day with me. It was a truly happy day—a reminiscence of the good old times at Mannheim. We did not part till midnight. Meyerbeer is going to Trieste to produce his 'Crocio.' Next year he returns to Berlin, where he will, perhaps, write a German opera. Heaven grant it! I have made many appeals to his conscience."

The "Crocio in Egitto," the opera mentioned in this letter of Weber was preceded by another Italian opera, "Margherita d'Anjou," which was produced at the Scala Theatre, at Milan, in 1822. It had great success; but was eclipsed by the "Crocio in Egitto,"—first performed, not at Trieste, but at Venice, in 1825. It had immense success; and Meyerbeer divided the supremacy with Rossini, then in the zenith of his popularity. The "Crocio" was produced the same year at the Italian Opera-house, London, then under the able management of Mr. Ayrton. The hero was performed by Velluti—the last of a class of singers now extinct; and the two female parts were sustained by Mdle. Garcia (afterwards the famous Malibran), then very young, and Madame Caradori Allan, one of the most charming singers then on the Italian stage. It had an immense run, and in concert-rooms and private musical circles nothing was heard but the airs and concerted pieces from the "Crocio in Egitto." At Paris, where it was soon afterwards performed, under the author's own direction, its success was equally great. This fine opera deserved its success. The drama is an interesting tale, in which European chivalry and Eastern romance are felicitously blended; the music is not only beautiful, but full of originality and power. The "Crocio," in short, is one of the noblest operas ever written for the Italian stage; but it has been thrown into the shade by Meyerbeer's own subsequent works—works in which he has struck into a new character, and scarcely left a vestige of his former self.

The first of these works, we need scarcely tell our musical readers, was "Robert le Diable." For some years before its production Meyerbeer had written nothing. His marriage, and the loss of two infant children, suspended his musical labors. But there can be little doubt that during this interval his meditations on his art were gradually leading him to that total and apparently sudden change of style which astonished the world. In Scribe he found a collaborateur after his own heart; not only a great dramatic poet, but conversant with the means of musical effect. From that time to the present, Meyerbeer has devoted his genius to the Parisian stage. "Robert le Diable" was produced at the Grand Opera in 1831, and at the King's Theatre (in the original French) in 1832. The "Huguenots" was first performed at the Grand Opera in 1836, and at the Royal Italian Opera, in an Italian version, in 1848. The "Prophète," originally performed at Paris in 1848, was produced in London, in Italian, in 1849. The "Etoile du Nord" was brought out at the Opera Comique last season, and is now being performed in the greatest splendor at the Royal Italian Opera. Meyerbeer composed another opera, "Le Camp de Silesie," which was never produced at Paris; and, when performed at Berlin, was not very successful; its comparative failure being ascribed to faults of the libretto. The composer has introduced several pieces from it into the "Etoile du Nord."

Meyerbeer went to London to superintend in person the production of his last opera, which was performed for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, on Thursday, the 19th of last month. It demanded a greater amount of preparation, for the Italian stage, than was necessary for "Robert le Diable," the "Huguenots," or the "Prophète." Those operas required nothing more than an Italian version of the original French drama, the new words being adapted to the original music. But the "Etoile du Nord" demanded a different treatment. The previous works were composed for the Grand Opera, where the whole drama (as on the Italian stage) is thrown into a musical form; but, the "Etoile du Nord" being written for the Opera Comique, a large portion of the dialogue is in plain prose, and simply spoken, not sung, by the actors. In order, therefore, to comply with the exigencies of the Italian stage, it was necessary to clothe the whole of the dialogue with music, and to convert those portions of it which had previously been only spoken into recitative; a task which was performed by the composer himself with great care and consummate skill.

The "Etoile du Nord" is denominated a comic opera; and its subject is essentially comic, though mixed up with scenes and incidents of romantic

interest. In the *Czar Peter* we see little of the Russian autocrat. He appears as a dockyard workman, and afterwards as a rough soldier, with the jovial habits of his time and country; and it is only at the close that he assumes the Imperial purple. In like manner, the future *Empress* is a simple country girl, who follows her lover, ignorant of his rank, through hardship and peril, with devoted fidelity. The subordinate characters—the humble pastrycook, who becomes the emperor's favorite, the little rustic *Prascovia*, her sweetheart *George*, and *Gritzenko*, the stolid Cossack corporal—are all highly comic, especially when they talk plain prose, as they do at the Opera Comique. Mingled with this lighter matter, there are grand and heroic scenes, as when *Peter*, by the majesty of his presence, brings to his feet a band of rebellious soldiers; and situations of tenderness and pathos, as when *Catherine*, whose mind has sunk under her sorrows, is restored to reason and happiness by the tender assidues of her Imperial lover. Meyerbeer's music is equally felicitous in the comic and the serious parts. Indeed, it evinces a greater versatility than any of his previous works. It passes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," without abruptness or incongruity; it is full of lovely and expressive melody; while in its grand combinations and masses of harmony it at least equals the "Huguenots" or the "Prophète." In point of execution it is the most arduous of all the author's works; and he has expressed his unbounded surprise at the quickness with which its difficulties were overcome by the principal singers, the orchestra, and the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera.

During his stay in London, Meyerbeer was the object of much attention in the highest and most musical circles, and gained general good-will by his courteous manners and agreeable conversation. He left London a few days ago for Spa, but is expected to be present at the Birmingham Festival—having, it is understood, undertaken to compose a great sacred work for the Festival of 1858.

The Belgian Law of Divorce.

SOME few years since, a young Belgian lady, fresh from her convent education, appeared in society, captivated a young fellow-countryman with well-oiled hair and patent leather boots, and after an acquaintance of a few weeks married him. The happy pair sojourned, as is often the custom abroad, with the father and mother of the lady. The young wife was a gay lady, and her husband was quite as gay a lord. At every ball and party in the capital they were present; and, as married ladies are especially selected by continental gentlemen for what they call "adoration," the young wife, although she got no more of it than she liked, was honored with considerably more than pleased her husband. The latter remonstrated—the lady rebelled—and "my wife's mother," *ut solent matrones*, supported her daughter. The husband settled the matter by putting on his hat and retiring to his own paternal mansion. The marital feud was now intense; the conjugal couple were only of the same mind touching one single subject—application to the tribunals for a divorce. This was done; but the Belgian law will allow no such annulling of marriage contract until the angry parties have renewed their demand for a divorce once every year for three years. Our young couple nourished their wrath during this triennial period of probation—thrice made the demand—and were duly summoned last year to hear consent given that they who had been one should henceforth and for ever remain two. From different sides of the court the married pair witnessed the untying of the knot; and, when they were free, they passed out at the common portal into the public street. Approximation fired friendship, and the gentleman offered his hand to the lady in token that there was no longer malice between them. Friendship had no sooner lit his torch than he illumined the slumbering cinders on the chilled altar of love; and the young couple marched together to their first married home, whence the husband has never since permanently withdrawn.

AIM HIGH.—A writer well remarks, that men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit—and seldom draw to their full extent.

You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

GENERAL HAPPINESS can have no other basis than the universal law of justice and love.

CONTINUAL CHANGE of course is continual loss of momentum.

Nature in Motion.

PLANTS AND GRAIN.

PLANTS have ever travelled most and furthest of all children of this earth. Much has been said and much has been written about poor flowers, these true and genuine children of their mother earth, coming directly out of her bosom, and ever busy to draw from the air of heaven food for their great parent. Often have they been pitied because they are chained to the soil, whilst their own shadow, as in mockery, dances around them and marks the passing hours of sunshine. Trees have been called the true symbols of that longing for heaven which is innate in man's soul. Bound for life to one small spot on earth, they are represented as stretching out widely their broad branches, far beyond the reach of humble roots, trying to embrace the balmy air, to drink in the golden light of the sun, and to arrest the very clouds in their aerial flight.

But in reality plants travel far and fast. It is true, they perform their journeys mostly in the seed; but there is, perhaps, no earthly kind of locomotion which they do not employ for their purpose. Wind and water, the beasts of the field and the winged creatures of heaven; above all, man himself—all have been pressed into their service, to carry them from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. Countless powers of Nature are incessantly at work to scatter the blessings of the vegetable world over the nations of the earth. Almost one-fourth of all plants upon earth bear seeds that are provided with wings, parachutes, or other contrivances, by means of which they may be carried on the wings of the wind to distant regions. Every brook and every river, even a short-lived rain, carry a thousand plants to remote countries. The great ocean itself, on its mighty currents, bears fruits and nuts from island to island, and every coral reef in the South Sea is almost instantly covered with a rich, luxuriant vegetation.

New plants appear thus constantly, where they were formerly not found, whilst the disappearance of vegetables there are but few isolated instances known. Thus, Egyptian monuments have, in their quaint and well-preserved paintings, three kinds of sea-rose; only two of these are now met with in Egypt or the adjoining countries; the third is not found there or anywhere over the wide world.

The most efficient agent employed by plants for their journeys is man himself. History and science both teach us that the heated air, which, coming from the poles and rushing to the equator, there falls in with the great life-artery of the globe, and in a constant, almost organic current follows the apparent course of the sun from east to west, gives us the direction in which all life and motion proceeds upon earth. This great movement, no doubt as old as the globe itself, and yet the last known to man, is still going on; and whilst history furnishes us with a vast number of well-authenticated facts, the present day verifies and substantiates them more and more clearly. All good things, it has been truly said, come from the Orient.

Plants also seem to have their common home in the East, from whence they have travelled and scattered in all directions, far and wide. We mean not to speak here of the first epoch in the history of the earth, when islands rose out of a vast chaotic ocean, covered with plants which thence spread over the globe, wandering from the equator to the poles, and from high mountains to humble valleys. We speak not of the days when palm-trees and ferns were buried under the eternal snows of northern seas. Of those grand movements we have as yet too little positive knowledge. But we can follow, in comparatively modern times, the migrations of some plants, step by step, and we always see them travel from the rising towards the setting sun. Coffee and tea, sugar and cotton, bananas and spice, all were first known in the far East, and have from thence slowly followed the apparent light to the West. Alexander the Great brought from his expeditions the broad bean and the cucumber to Greece, and flax and hemp are of Indian birth.

Most important, however, for the life of man, and therefore his most faithful companions in his own great journeys, are the grasses. It is these which mainly feed him and domestic animals. Tropical regions certainly produce the bread-fruit, cocoa-nut and date, which support man spontaneously all the year round; but they are bound to and confined within small districts, and cannot be transplanted. Providence, therefore, has endowed some grasses—and these the most essential to man—with greater flexibility of structure, so that he may carry them with him wherever he wanders. He is, after all, not the master of creation; he cannot at will alter the natural distribution of vegetables, to suit his pleasure or to satisfy his wants. Hence he has

been compelled to choose, all over the world, among the 4000 varieties of grasses which adorn our generous earth, some twenty kinds only, which will in one summer, in a few months, produce rich food, independent of the dry heat of the tropics and the rigid cold of the North. It is they which mark the periods in man's history; with them came everywhere civilisation in the change from a wandering, pastoral life to the higher grade of permanent agriculture. Thus, the great phases of man's history are written also on the green pages of the vegetable world.

At a very early period already these cerealia must have come from the Eden of God into the fields of man. Their subsequent path may be distinctly traced, from nation to nation, but the unfathomable antiquity of their first culture is clearly seen in the fact that, in spite of the most careful researches, the genuine natural home of the more important varieties has never been discovered. Their original source is wrapped in the same mystery which hides the first history of those domestic animals, that have accompanied man all over the globe since his earliest migrations. They are, in truth, homeless. After tracing them up through a few centuries, we reach traditions and myths only, which invariably point to the gods themselves as the first givers of these rich blessings. In India, Brahma descended from heaven for that purpose, in Egypt, Isis; Greece owed the gift to her Demeter, Rome to Ceres. The ancient Peruvians even had similar legends about the origin of maize, which the bold Spaniards, who invaded their ancient kingdom, found cultivated on sacred ground around the Incas' Temple of the Sun, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The ripened grain was solemnly sacrificed to their god, or distributed among the people, who ascribed to it miraculous powers. But, setting these fables aside, both tradition and history point invariably to the East as the land from which these grasses first came. Myths even lose them on the high table-lands of Asia, where, it has been conjectured, a late and last rise of the land in distant ages, and a sudden elevation of mountains may have scattered them so, that they can no longer be found even in their original father-land. Now they are met with only cultivated or run wild, and even ancient Sanscrit has no proper word for them, but calls wheat already food of barbarians, thus indicating its north-western origin.

Not all nations, however, can lay equal claim to the distribution of these noble gifts of nature. It is the Caucasian races alone who have caused the migrations of the most important plants from their original home, wherever that may be, to the four quarters of the globe. Europeans have, by degrees, transplanted to their own land all the characteristic plants of other races. They have fetched the finer fruits, the almond, apricot and peach, from Persia and Asia-Minor; they have brought the orange from China, transplanted rice and cotton to the shores of the Mediterranean, and carried maize and potatoes from America to Europe. But the influence of these races, in changing the natural distribution of plants, is even more evident in the colonies which they have established abroad. These they have endowed not only with their own vegetable, but also with those which would not flourish in Europe, but might thrive in more favored regions. Thus we find all European corn-plants in every part of America; the vine has been carried to Madeira and the Canaries, to the southern parts of Africa and America; rice and cotton are raised in vast quantities in the United States and in Brazil; nutmeg and clove have found their way to Mauritius, Bourbon and the West Indian Islands, and tea is now cultivated in Brazil, India and Java. Other races have done but little; the Arabs helped to diffuse cotton, which the ancients already knew in India, and later in Egypt; coffee, sugar and the date-palm; the Chinese have imported cotton from Hindostan, and the Japanese tea from China.

The earliest grains known in Europe were undoubtedly wheat and barley, although even the oldest authors are at variance as to their first home. Charred grains of both are found in Pompeii, and pictures on the walls of the silent city show quails picking grains out of a spike of barley. The Bible, Homer, and Herodotus, already mention them as widely diffused, and Diodorus Siculus even speaks of the belief entertained by many, that wheat grew wild in the Leontine fields and several other places in Sicily. So certain is it that antiquity itself was at a loss where to fix the original abode of these grasses; all references, however, point to India, and yet Humboldt tells us, that the varieties there found in our day bear unmistakable evidence that they were once cultivated, and have but recently become outcasts. The Spaniards carried wheat to North

America; a negro slave of the great Cortés was the first who cultivated it in New Spain, beginning with three grains which he had accidentally found among the rice brought out as provisions for the army. At Quito, they show to this day, in a Franciscan convent, the earthen vessel which had contained the first wheat sown there by a monk, a native of Flanders, in front of his convent, after cutting down the original forest. The great Humboldt says justly, in connexion with this fact:—"Would that the names had been preserved, not of those who made the earth desolate by bloody conquests, but of those who intrusted to it first these, its fruits, so early associated with the civilisation of mankind." Barley, which Homer mentions as the food of his heroes' horses, has at least this merit, that it is the most widely spread of all the nutritious grasses. It is known from the utmost boundary of culture in Lapland down to the elevated plains near the equator.

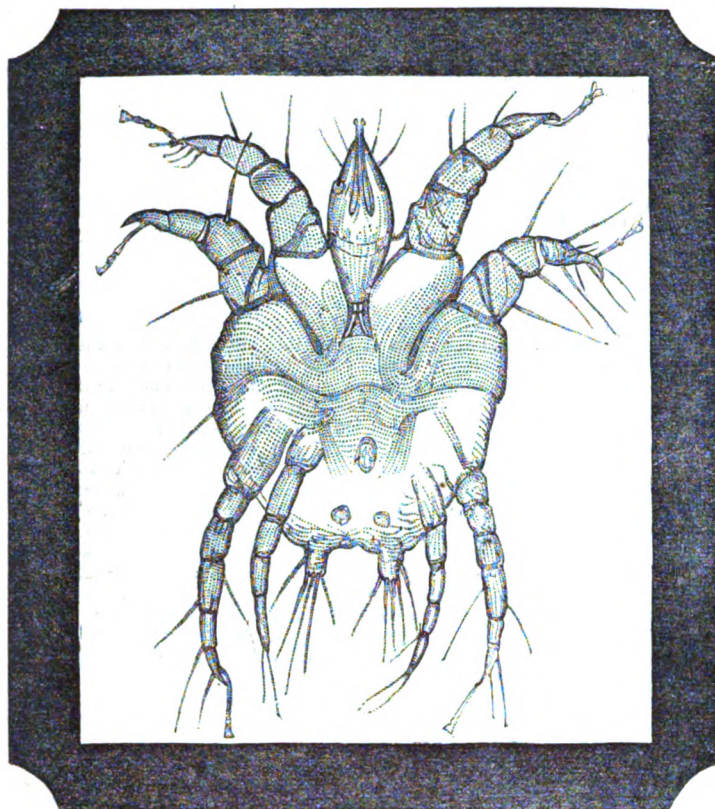
At a much later period, rye was brought to Europe; at the time of Galenus it found its way through Thracia into Greece, and Pliny speaks of it as having been brought from Tauria by Massilian merchants; in his day it was occasionally met with in the neighbourhood of Turin. Serbian Wendes brought it in the seventh century to Germany, where Charlemagne at once distinguished its great importance, and wisely encouraged its culture, so that it soon spread over the continent, and now sustains at least one-third of its inhabitants. This grass also was apparently found growing wild in the Caucasus, but more careful observations have since shown that the presumed originals were a different species; their stems were so brittle that they could not be threshed. More recently still, oats were brought to Europe from the East; and whilst in Greece they were only used as green fodder, Pliny already represents the Germans as living upon oat groats, a dainty which they have by no means abandoned since.

Rice seems at a very early period of European history to have acquired no small importance among the more widely-diffused grasses. Hence we can more easily follow its gradual migrations from its home in India, to which even the Sanscrit name Vri points, and where the Danish missionary, Klein, believes that he found it growing wild, to various parts of the world. In the East, we know, it was from the times of antiquity the principal article of food; at the time of Alexander the Great it was cultivated as far as the lower Euphrates, and from thence it was carried to Egypt. The Romans do not seem to have known it. The Arabs, however, brought it after their great conquests in Africa, Sicily, and Spain to Southern Europe. North America knows it only since the beginning of the last century, but produces now a large proportion of all the rice consumed in the Old World.

The New World claims maize alone as its own indigenous product among the nutritious grasses. But even this is not allowed without some opposition. Theophrastus speaks of a certain peculiar wheat with grains, of the size of an olive kernel, which came from India; and many believe that this cannot have been anything else but maize. They try to strengthen their position by the fact, that not one of the many carefully searching travellers in America, has ever yet found maize growing otherwise than cultivated or evidently run wild. Its names in European languages certainly refer to the East. Germany and Italy call it "Turkish wheat," and the Greeks also point with their "Arabic wheat," to an Oriental home.

WIRES OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—A new system is now in course of operation in Paris for the wires of the electric telegraph: instead of being exposed, as hitherto, they will be underground. A trench is dug of about from twelve to fifteen inches wide, in which the wires are laid side by side, but not so as to touch each other. Liquid bitumen is then poured on them, which surrounds the wires, and completely isolates them. This new system has not only the advantage of securing them from the danger to which they are now exposed from any malevolent person, but also from being deranged by atmospheric influences. The wires which run from the Tuilleries to the Ministry of the Interior have been laid down in this manner, and others are in course of execution on the quays and in the Rue Richelieu. If found to answer, the same plan will be adopted at Lyons.

It is announced that two German chemists—MM. Schröder and Dusch—have just discovered a curious fact, namely: that air filtered through cotton loses the property of causing putrid fermentation in dead organic matters. It is said that boiled meat and fresh broth preserved all their properties for several weeks in an atmosphere previously filtered through cotton. The experiments ought to be repeated.



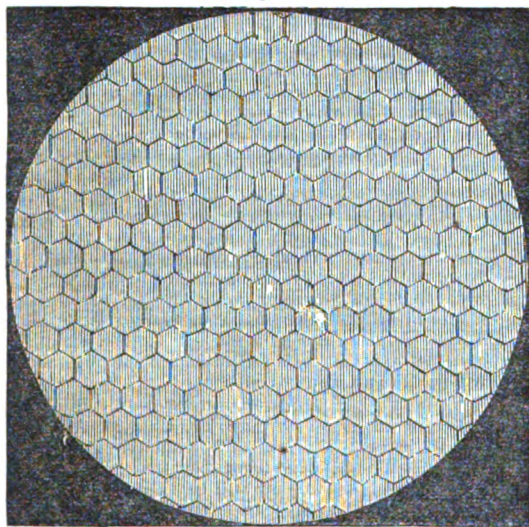
VIEW OF THE MANGE INSECT OF THE HORSE, MAGNIFIED 150 TIMES IN ITS LINEAR AND THEREFORE 22,500 TIMES IN ITS SUPERFICIAL DIMENSIONS.

Microscopic Drawing and Engraving.

CHAPTER I.

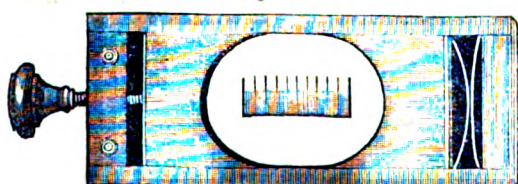
No person can witness without the highest degree of admiration the spectacle presented by certain parts of the structure of the more minute members of the animal kingdom, when viewed with a powerful microscope. The absolute geometrical precision and extreme beauty of design shown in such objects, are truly remarkable. We will not say, that such perfection of workmanship discovered in these

Fig. 1.



minute objects, which must have for ever escaped the human eye without the intervention of scientific aid, ought to excite surprise, because no result, however perfect, of infinite power combined with infinite skill should raise that sentiment. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, as a matter of fact, that the contemplation of such objects is generally attended with a sense of wonder, approaching to awe, a

Fig. 2.



striking proof how few they are that have sufficiently familiarized their minds with the ideas of omnipotence and omniscience.

Innumerable examples of the perfect precision of structure, adaptation and design, combined with a minuteness, which not only far surpasses the limits of the senses, but severely taxes the imagination, are presented in the organisation of natural objects. The membrane, which in the eyes of certain species of insects corresponds to the corner of the human eye, presents an example of this. A very exact notion of this membrane, as it exists in the eye of the common house-fly, may be obtained by stretching a piece of bobbin-net over the surface of a billiard-ball: the ball with its reticulated hexagonal coating will then be a

very precise model of part of the eye of the insect, upon a prodigiously magnified scale.

We have given in fig. 1 an engraving of this membrane, taken from a microscopic drawing, magnified 100 times in its linear, and therefore 10,000 times in its superficial dimensions.

Each hexagon, as shown in the figure, is the cornea of a separate eye, having behind it the proper optical apparatus to produce the sense of vision. But it is more particularly to the minuteness of these beautifully precise hexagonal eyes, that I desire at present to direct attention. That minuteness will be most strikingly manifested by stating the number of these eyes with which different classes of insects are provided. According to the observations of various eminent naturalists, such as Swammerdam, Leuwenhock, Barter, Reaumer, Lyonnet, Paget, Müller, Straus, Duges, Kirby, &c., the following are the number of eyes in certain species:—

	Number of eyes.
The Ant and the Zenos - - -	50
The Sphinx - - - - -	1300
The common Fly - - - - -	4000
The Silkworm - - - - -	6236
The Cockchafer - - - - -	8820
The Cosus Ligniperda - - -	11300
The Dragon Fly - - - - -	12544
The Butterfly - - - - -	17355
The Mordella - - - - -	25088

But if the perfection found in the most minute workmanship of nature excite our admiration, how much more must we admire and wonder at the approaches which have been made to a similar degree of precision and perfection by the comparatively feeble and imperfect agency of the human hand.

We propose in the present article to call the attention of our readers to some striking examples of such skill and address, with which the general public is not already familiar.

The improvements which have been made within the last quarter of a century, in the construction of microscopes, has created a demand for a class of drawings and engravings of a degree of minuteness approaching to that of the objects to which the researches of observers have been addressed. This demand of science upon art has been adequately and admirably responded to. Mechanism has been in-

Fig. 3.

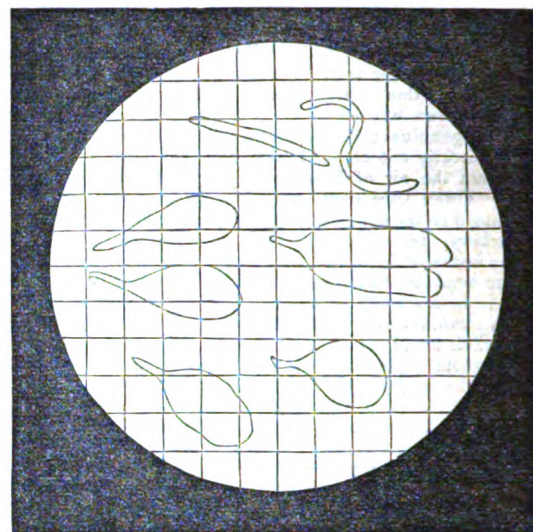
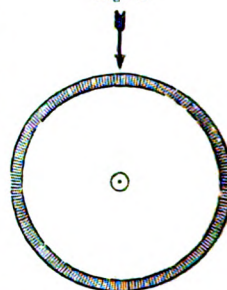


Fig. 3.



vented, by which minute tracings are made by a diamond point on the surface of glass; such tracings being adapted to serve three distinct purposes:—1st. As standard measures of microscopic objects by superposition on them, just as ordinary lengths and breadths are determined by the application of the standard measure of yards, feet, and inches; 2ndly. To serve as tests of the degree of excellence attained in the construction of microscopes, and as means of comparing the relative excellence of different microscopes, by observing the degrees of distinctness with which they enable the observer to see such minute tracings; and, 3rdly. To serve for the production of microscopic engravings on its proper scale of any desired design.

This last process cannot be said to have been applied hitherto to any useful purpose other than the exhibition of an artistic *tour de force*, being, so far as relates to its means of execution, by far more difficult and ingenious than either of the former.

Microscopic objects are measured by divided scales of known dimensions; their lengths and breadths being ascertained by the number of divisions of the scales on which they are placed, included between their limits or within their contour. Such scales, like larger measures, vary with the magnitude of the objects to which they are to be applied, but, even when largest in their divisions, are still very minute. They are generally traced upon small oblong slips of glass, the divisions being marked by fine parallel lines, every fifth division being a little longer than the intermediate ones, and every tenth still longer, as is shown on a greatly magnified scale in fig. 2.

The slip of glass upon which the scale is engraved is usually set in a brass framing, in which

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

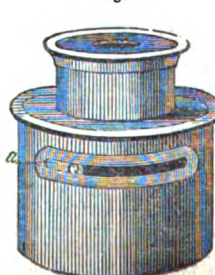


Fig. 7.

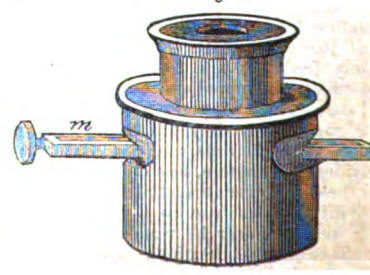
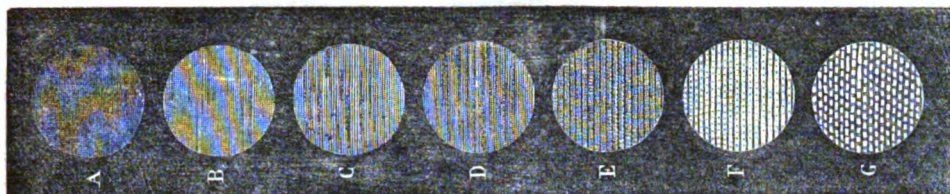


Fig. 8



it is capable of sliding longitudinally, being pressed forward in one direction by a fine screw, and in the other direction by the action of springs.

The diamond point by which the divisions are traced, is urged upon the glass, with a regulated pressure, so as to make traces so even and uniform, that no irregularity in their edges is discovered by any microscopic power to which they are submitted.

In the process of tracing the divisions, the point is moved over the glass, the latter being fixed, or the glass moved under the point by means of a very fine screw, called a micrometer screw, the magnitude of the thread of which is exactly known. The head of this screw is a metallic disc, fig. 3; the circumference of which is divided into from 200 to 400 equal parts, or even into a still greater number.

Let us suppose, then, the screw to be so fine that there are 50 threads to an inch, and the circumference of its head is divided into 100 parts; one revolution of the head will therefore move the screw and the diamond point upon which it acts through the one-fiftieth part of an inch. But if a fixed index be directed to the circumference of the head, so that the motion of the head through one division can be observed, such motion will move the diamond point through the 1-5,000th of an inch.

Fig. 9.

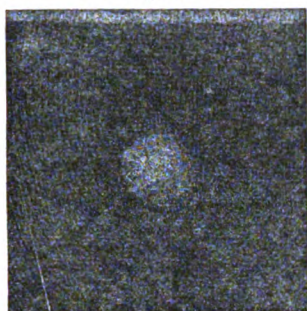
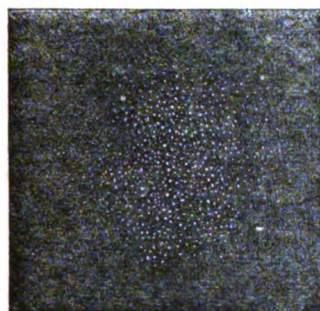


Fig. 10.



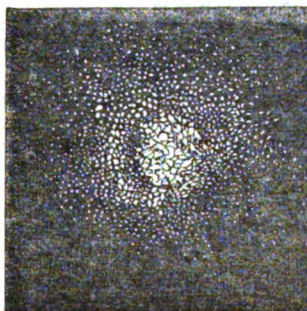
regulate the relative lengths of the divisions of the scale in the manner already explained.

A scale thus engraved, being viewed with a microscope whose magnifying power is proportionate to its minuteness, the divisions are rendered as distinctly visible as those of an ordinary rule to the naked eye; and if the object to be measured be laid upon the glass, its dimensions may be ascertained, as those of an object of ordinary size would be by a common rule.

These scales vary in the magnitude of their divisions, according to the magnitude of the objects which they are intended to measure. On those which have the divisions the largest, an inch is divided into 500 parts; scales, are, however, furnished by opticians for microscopes, in which an inch is divided into 2,500 parts.

However minute such scales may seem, they are by no means the most mi-

Fig. 11.



nute that have been executed. Mr. Froment, whose apparatus for the division of astronomical instruments is well known, has supplied a scale, in which a millimetre is divided into 1,000 equal parts. Each division of this scale is, therefore, only the 1-25,000th part of an inch.

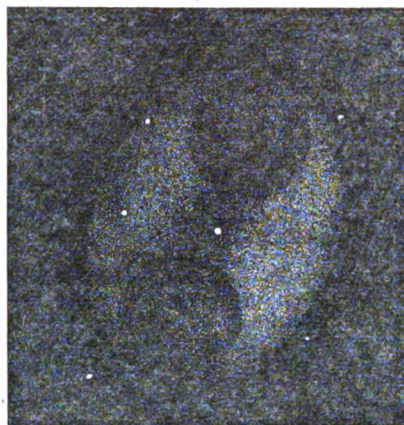
Scales are sometimes engraved so as to indicate at once the dimensions of an object in length and breadth, by lines dividing the glass in directions at right angles one to the other, as shown in fig. 4, upon a greatly magnified scale.

The dimensions of a minute object are sometimes ascertained by a somewhat different expedient.

Let two lines, $a a'$ and $b b'$, fig. 5, intersecting at right angles, be engraved upon a slip of glass, which can be inserted into the tube of a microscope, as shown in figures 6 and 7, through an opening in the side, which can be closed when such measurement is not required. These engraved lines, when the microscope is properly adjusted, will be seen like two fine threads projected on the object, as shown in fig. 5.

Arrangements are made by which, while the object is fixed, the glass upon which the lines $a a'$ and $b b'$ are engraved, can be moved by a fine micrometer

Fig. 12.



screw until the line $b b'$ shall pass successively through the two extremities of the object, or the same purpose will be served, if, while the glass remains at rest, the stage which supports the object be similarly moved.

The number of threads of the screw to an inch being known, the number of revolutions and parts of revolutions of the screw necessary to make the line pass from one extremity to another, will give the length of the object, and a like process will determine its breadth.

Independently of being provided with means such as have been described above, for ascertaining the dimensions of objects, the advanced state of science renders it indispensable that the observer should possess means of testing the power of his instrument; without such means, he can never be sure that the appearance of the object, as presented by his microscope, corresponds with its real structure, or that important details of that structure may not escape his observation. A more striking example of this cannot be presented than one which was given by the late Dr. Goring, who showed that a particle of the dust taken from the wing of a certain species of butterfly, called the *Morpho Menelaus*, exhibited the seven different appearances shown in Fig. 8; when viewed with the same microscope, the aperture of the object-glass and,

consequently, the brightness of the image only being varied. It will be seen that details of structure are rendered apparent in G, where the aperture is greatest, which are very imperfectly shown in F, and not at all in those in which the aperture was still more limited.

If, therefore, the observer were only supplied with a microscope, such as would have shown the object as exhibited at D, he would evidently have formed a very incorrect notion of its structure; and it is accordingly found, that every improvement which has taken place has disclosed to us a new order of natural facts.

Fig. 13.



In order, therefore, to put the observer in a position to ascertain how far he can rely upon the indications of his instrument, it is necessary to supply him with some objects of known structure, whose details the instrument ought to make visible if it have the power which it claims.

Such objects, which have proved to be eminently useful in microscopic researches, and highly conducive to the progress of science, are called TEST-OBJECTS.

In the case of the telescope applied to astronomical researches, similar tests of efficiency are found in countless numbers in the heavens. Double, triple, and multiple stars are the most obvious examples of these. Such objects, as is well known, appear when viewed with the naked eye, or even with the ordinary telescopes, as single stars; but when instruments of superior power are directed to them they are RESOLVED, as it is called, and seen as what in fact they are, two or more minute steller points in such close proximity, that the space between them is too small to affect the eye in a sensible manner, unless when magnified by artificial means.

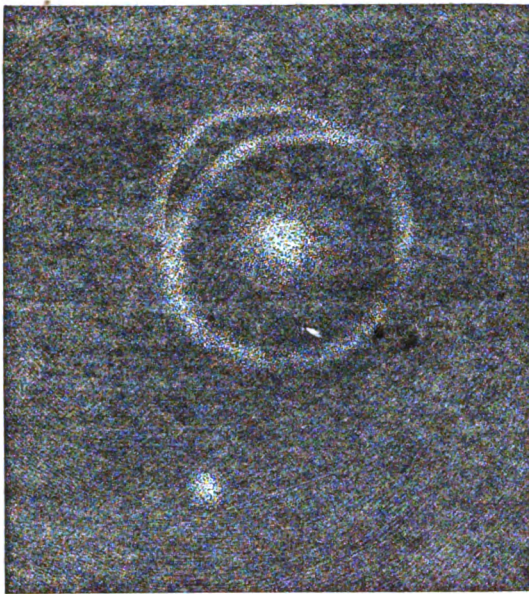
Nebulae supply another order of telescopic test-objects. These appear, even when viewed with telescopes of considerable power, as small patches of whitish, cloudy light, of greater or less magnitude, a character from which they have received their name.

Such an object is represented, for example in fig. 9. When, however, a telescope of higher power is directed upon the same object, it will assume such an appearance as is shown in fig. 10, a faint and

Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.



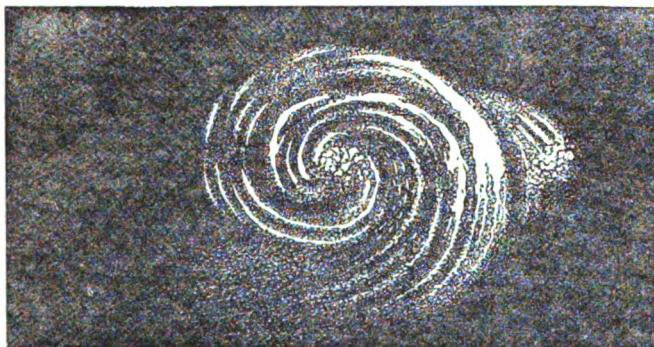
rather indistinct indication of minute stars being perceptible; but when a still higher power is brought to bear upon it, the object will be seen as what it really is, a dense mass consisting of countless numbers of separate stars, as shown in fig. 11.

Different nebulae require telescopes of different powers, and many have never been yet resolved, even by the greatest powers that scientific art has yet produced. In proportion, however, as the telescopic power has been increased, more and more of these objects have been resolved. A remarkable illustration of this state of progressive discovery is supplied in the case of a well-known nebula, first observed and drawn by Sir John Herschel, as seen in a twenty-foot reflector. Sir John describes it as an object shaped like a dumb-bell, double-headed shot, or hour-glass; the elliptic outline being filled up by a more feeble and nebulous light, as shown in fig. 12, copied from the drawing of Sir John Herschel.

Such was the form and character assigned to this object until Lord Rosse had constructed larger and more powerful instruments, and when he directed upon it a twenty-seven foot reflector with three feet aperture, it assumed the appearance shown in fig. 13, where a faint indication of stars can be seen; subsequently, however, when he examined the same object with his great fifty-three foot telescope, having six feet aperture, it assumed the appearance shown in fig. 14.

Another very remarkable example of the change

Fig. 16.



of appearance produced in one of these wonderful objects, is presented in the case of a nebula first observed by Sir Wm. Herschel, and described by him as a bright round nebula, surrounded by a halo or glory, and attended by a much smaller companion. Sir John Herschel observed the same object, and discovered in it a very remarkable feature, which the telescope of his father had failed to disclose. This object, as drawn by Sir John Herschel, is shown in fig. 15. The separation in what Sir William Herschel called a halo or glory, and what Sir John Herschel calls a ring, was the remarkable character which Sir John discovered. Sir John conjectured, from the general appearance of the object, that the central round nebula is a globular mass of stars, too distant to admit of being resolved by his telescope, and that what his father called a glory, is an annular mass of

stars surrounding the former and split in the direction of its plane, so as to produce the appearance shown in the upper part of the figure.

Sir John conjectured that such stellar masses might have some analogy to the mass of stars which forms the milky way, and of which our sun is an individual unit.

How completely these speculations, ingenious as they were, were scattered to the winds, by bringing to bear on the same object a higher telescopic power, will be apparent by inspecting fig. 16, in which the same object is shown as it was afterwards seen with the great telescope of Lord Rosse.

Lord Rosse thinks that the brilliant convolutions of the spiral shown in his telescopes, are identical with the split or divided part of the ring as seen by Sir John

Herschel, and he further observes, that with each increase of optical power, the structure of this object becomes more complicated and more unlike anything which could be supposed to result from any form of dynamical law of which we find a counter-part in our own system.

Before dismissing this very interesting subject of telescopic tests, we shall indicate one other, scarcely less remarkable. In fig. 17, is shown a small annular nebula, of a slightly oval form, observed and drawn by Sir John Herschel; the dark space in the centre of the ring he described to be filled with nebulous light, and that the edges were not sharply cut off, but were ill defined, and exhibited a curdled and confused appearance, like that of a star seen with a telescope out of focus.

The same object as seen with the more powerful telescope of Lord Rosse, is shown in fig. 18.

It is evident from this that very little more increase of optical power would resolve this extraordinary object into an annular mass of stars.

Seeing then that the stupendous works of creation existing in regions of space at measureless distances from the earth, have supplied such an unlimited variety of telescopic test-objects it was natural to seek in other parts of creation where the more minute workmanship of nature has play for a corresponding series of microscopic test-objects. At the moment when that great and rapid improvement in microscopes was commencing, which was so powerfully promoted by the scientific and practical skill of the late Dr. Goring and Mr. Andrew Pritchard, it was found that various minute

Fig. 18.

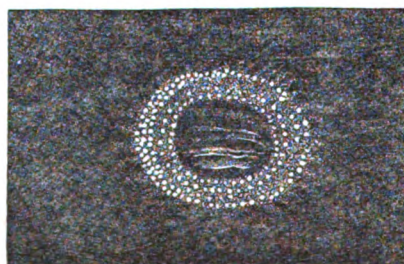


Fig. 19.

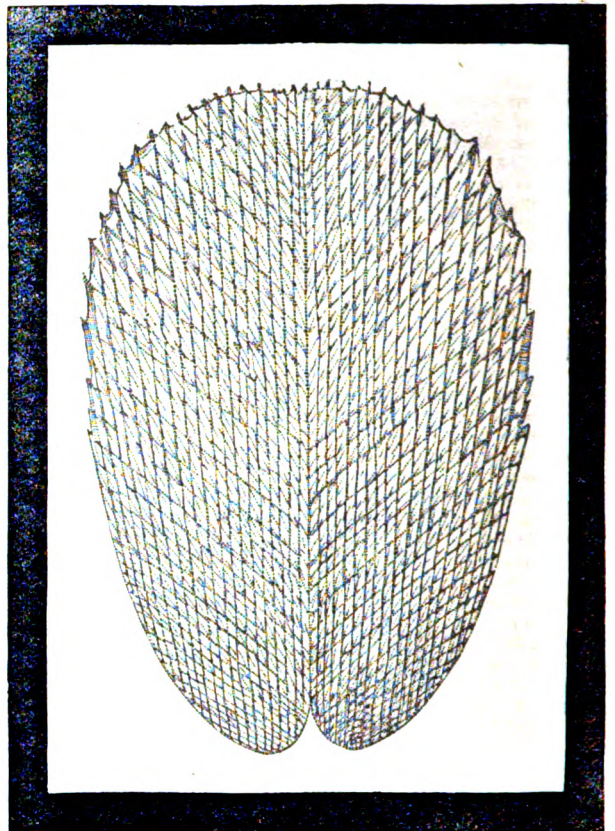
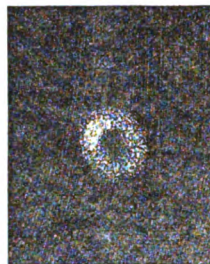


Fig. 17.



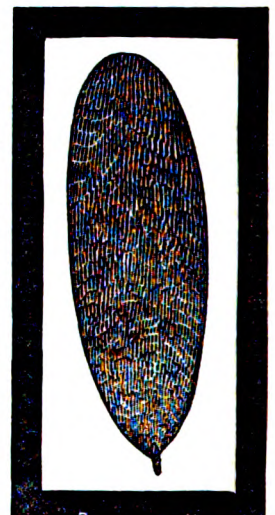
parts of the structure of certain species of insects could be rendered distinctly visible only by instruments possessing certain degrees of optical efficiency.

Dr. Goring, accordingly, selected a certain number of these objects, which he arranged in a graduated series, according to the microscopic powers required to render distinctly visible the details of their structure. These objects consisted chiefly of minute scales, detached from the bodies and wings of certain species of insects; the striæ and dots upon which could be seen with more or less distinctness, according to the excellence of the instrument. It was to these that the name *test-objects* was first applied.

As the microscope has been improved in its power from year to year, these test-objects have increased in number; new details of structure being developed by every increase of power and efficiency in the instrument. A certain list of such objects has been agreed upon by general consent, and prepared for sale by the makers, consisting of hairs, scales, and feathers of insects; as, however, it is not my present purpose to enter into any explanation on the subject of microscopic tests, except so far as may be necessary to elucidate one of the uses of microscopic engraving, it will be sufficient here to give a few examples of these test-objects.

There is a little insect, vulgarly called the *silver-fish*, or the *silver-lady*, of which the proper entomological name is the *Lepisma-Saccharina*; it is usually found in damp and mouldy cupboards, and in old wood-work, such as window-frames. The silvery lustre from which it takes its vulgar name, proceeds from a coating of scale-armor, with which its entire body is invested. These scales, when detached from the insect, and examined with a microscope, present a beautiful striated appearance; their magnitude

Fig. 20.



varies; one, whose length is the 114th, and width the 170th part of an inch, is shown in fig. 19, as it appears in a good microscope, magnified 400 times in its linear, and therefore 160,000 times in its superficial dimensions.

The scale, as here shown, is divided along the middle of its breadth, by a sort of geometrical axis, on either side of which the structure is perfectly similar. A regular series of striated lines diverge from this axis, at an angle of about 45°, intersected by another series, very nearly parallel to the axis.

The divergent striæ are very slightly curved; the concavity being presented downwards, and the longitudinal ones ought to appear with a microscope to stand out in bold relief, like the ribs seen on certain shells; they are more closely arranged as they approach the lower part of the scale, and become more prominent as they are more separated in proceeding upwards.

Although the *Lepisma* is usually ranked among the test-objects, it must be observed that it is one of the lowest order, an instrument of the most moderate efficiency, never failing to render the striæ tolerably distinct.

The *Podura*, or common Spring-tail, is a little insect, generally found in great numbers in damp cellars, where they may be seen running and skipping about upon the walls. Mr. Pritchard recommends the following method of collecting them: Sprinkle a little oat-meal or flour upon a piece of blackened paper and place it near their haunts; the meal serving the purpose of a bait, they will soon collect upon it; the paper may then be removed, and being placed in a basin, should be brought into the light, when the insects will immediately jump from the paper into the basin: they should then be cautiously handled and placed either in glass tubes or boxes with camphor, to preserve them from other insects.

These insects, like the *Lepisma*, are covered with an armour of scales, which when submitted to the microscope, are found to be beautifully striated; one of them is shown in fig. 20, magnified 550 times in its linear, and consequently, 302,500 times in its superficial dimensions. The real length of this scale was the 260th, and its extreme breadth the 700th part of an inch.

Smaller, and still more finely marked, scales of the insect shown in fig. 21; the length of the greater being the 250th, and its breadth the 600th, of an inch; and the length of the lesser the 700th, and its breadth the 1375th, of an inch.

These objects require much greater microscopic power to render visible their minute and beautiful tracery, than such as would suffice for the scale of the *Lepisma*, when submitted to the highest practicable magnifying powers; they are found to be marked by countless numbers of delicate cuneiform markings, which are seen to stand out in manifest relief from the general ground of the scale.

A New Way to Cure Hypochondria.

Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his autumn work which had been several times interrupted by the periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him "break up" an old pasture field. His neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and servant in the house, with strict orders to take care of their mother.

Mr. Woodsum was driving the team, and his neighbor was holding the plough, and things went on entirely to their mind till ten o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was dreadfully sick, and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed.

Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death pressed upon him with such power, that he now laid down his goad-stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle rest awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance however, his imagination had added such wings to his speed that he found himself going at a quick run. He entered the house, and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already

taken leave of her dear children, and awaited only to exchange a few parting words with her dear husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of approaching dissolution different from what he had witnessed on former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. I should die cheerfully, dear, if it was not for the anxiety about you and the children. Now, don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increased tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?" She paused and looked earnestly in his face.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, in a very solemn manner.

"Then you really have been thinking about it!" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a contraction of the muscles of the mouth.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel uncomfortable to think of it, but I don't know but it might be my duty."

"Well, I don't think but it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. Everything depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about whom you marry."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"Have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one that I have thought of for some time past that I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression more of earth than Heaven returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You haven't named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," replied Mr. Woodsum; "but, my dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never could die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it appears to me that it would be best not to mention any names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who by this time had raised herself up with great earnestness, and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it." "Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear, I have thought that if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us—to be here no more—I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy."

An unearthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat; walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation—"what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that, nor I won't. Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children! No, that she never shall! So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest. Susan," she continued, "make up more fire under the dinner-pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field and pursued his work, and when he returned at noon he found dinner well prepared and his wife ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible affection of hypochondria.

FREEMASONRY IN TURKEY.—Although for the last thirty years it has been supposed that freemasonry existed in Turkey, yet it was only about five years ago that anything certain was ascertained on the subject. About that time a commercial traveller, a freemason, while in Belgrade, was introduced into a Turkish lodge by a Christian professor, and there

met with a most brotherly reception. The Turkish freemasons call themselves *Derviches*, and continue to be Mussulmans, but they have the same ceremonies and the same signs as the freemasons of Europe, and pursue the same objects of humanity and benevolence. They appear to have raised themselves above the prejudices of Islamism, as they do not admit polygamy, and women were present, unveiled, at the banquets of the lodges. The Lodge of Belgrade, called *Ali-kotch*, is composed of seventy members. Its master, *Tzani Ismail-Zcholak-Mehemet-Saede*, is at the same time grand master of all the lodges in European Turkey, and as in relation with all the lodges of the Turkish empire, and also with those of Arabia and Persia. Those in the Ottoman empire are numerous. Constantinople alone has nine, the most famous of which is the *Convent of the Turning Derviches of Sereksdchi Tecka*. In Persia the order counts 50,000 members. The Turkish freemasons wear, as a distinctive mark, a small brown shawl, ornamented with different figures, and a dodecahedron of white marble, about two inches in diameter, highly polished, and having red spots, which signify spots of blood, and are a remembrance of *Ali*, who introduced freemasonry into Turkey, and was punished with death for so doing.

RUSSIAN COSTUME.—The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trousers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt and a sheepskin coat, or coarse camel caftan, bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the *mojik* whose entire equipment may cost about three roubles, (\$7.50,) the sheepskin being the most expensive article. Two dollars would buy a common female costume, which consists of a *sarafan* or long petticoat held by straps, which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequently strips of cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot; for out-of-door wear, a quilted jacket is added to these; and where circumstances will permit, a *salope* or long cloak in the German fashion. The simplicity of their dress is not a matter of taste with these people, who, when they can afford it, are strongly addicted to finery, and it is amusing to observe the gradual transformation of the servant women, who on coming into town to their first service, wear the village *sarafan*, but, as their wages are paid and increased, assume the *memetskoy mode* (foreign fashion), and indulge extensively in crinoline.

GEOLOGICAL MAP.—M. Dumont, the celebrated geologist, has lately completed a geological map of Europe for the Paris Exhibition. Maps of this nature have previously appeared, but of a special and limited character; but M. Dumont, taking advantage of the numerous documents with which he has been readily furnished by the scientific world in general, has succeeded in completing a work destined to be of the utmost importance in the classification of the various compositions which form the soil of Europe. M. Dumont has also placed at the disposal of the Academy a map to be published by government, showing the subsoil of that country. The former exposes with the greatest accuracy the surface of the soil, but the present work is destined to reveal what lies below the more recent deposits—thus affording most valuable indications in the research of minerals or building materials, as also to agriculturists. A map of the environs of Spa, Theux, and Pepinster has also been laid down by the same eminent geologist, whose various works cannot fail to conduce as well to his own reputation as to the honor of the University of Liege.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION OF THE RIFFELBERG PEAK.—In 1842, some English students of *Hofwyl*, clamoring about the rocks, found a circuitous path on the eastern side, by which the top may be gained without much difficulty. I accordingly mounted it with *Damatter*, who had learned the way, and proceeded to take some bearings from the summit, which is a narrow, rugged space. At first I thought *Kater's* compass pointed wrong—the sun, which was setting, appeared due north. Then I took another compass, and got the same result. It was clear that there was an enormous local attraction of the hill on the needle. We would charitably wish this to be considered as a possible explanation of some portion of the inconceivable errors of the more esteemed maps of the Alps: errors which something like an oversight of 60°, as in the present case, would seem alone capable of accounting for. It appears, therefore, that the slaty beds of the *Riffel* are highly magnetic, probably from octohedral iron, which is found in large crystals on the neighboring glacier of *Findelen*.

Archangel.

THREE hundred years ago a fleet of English ships, in search of a North-East passage from the Northern Sea, put into a bleak-looking gulf, and discovered to the world and to Russia not only that gulf, but that by the River Dwina the Russians might have access to the seas of the western world.

The discovery was an important one—for it exercised immense influence over the destinies of the world, and of Russia in particular; for before that time she had no seaports, and was completely shut out from every sea. Their foreign commerce was in the hands of the Livonians, and they were scarcely known in Western Europe, except as a horde of barbarians. Their country was looked upon as a Tartarian wilderness.

Ivan IV. founded Archangel, and permitted the English to establish factories in his dominions; indeed Archangel was for nearly a century almost an English colony, and English merchants had established there down to the breaking out of the present war.

As the British may by this time have destroyed a city which they so materially contributed to erect and support, we present our readers with an engraving of it and a general description.

Archangel gives a name to one of the governments of Russia.

This territory is of great extent, stretching Eastward to the borders of Asia, and to the West as far as the government of Olonetz, and Swedish, and Danish Lapland. The Frozen Ocean and the White Sea form its Northern boundaries, and the governments of Vologda and Olonetz its Southern. Within its limits are also comprised the island of Novai Zemlia, or the New Land—improperly called Nova Zembla—and several other small islands of the Arctic Ocean. Its surface is covered with a number of lakes and morasses; and in proportion to its size, its population is very trifling—consisting of Russians, Laplanders, and Samoids. The latter are a nomadic and idolatrous tribe, scarcely raised above the lowest scale of ignorance and barbarism, living by the chase and fishing. Of the other inhabitants, the more civilised employ themselves in feeding cattle and in fattening calves for the St. Petersburg market: the excellence of Archangel veal is proverbial in Russia. Such of them as live near the sea are employed in catching whales, herrings, &c., for which they sometimes go even as far as Spitzbergen. Furs are also an article of their traffic, and eider-down.

In this barren district stands the city of Archangel, formerly the only maritime place in Russia.

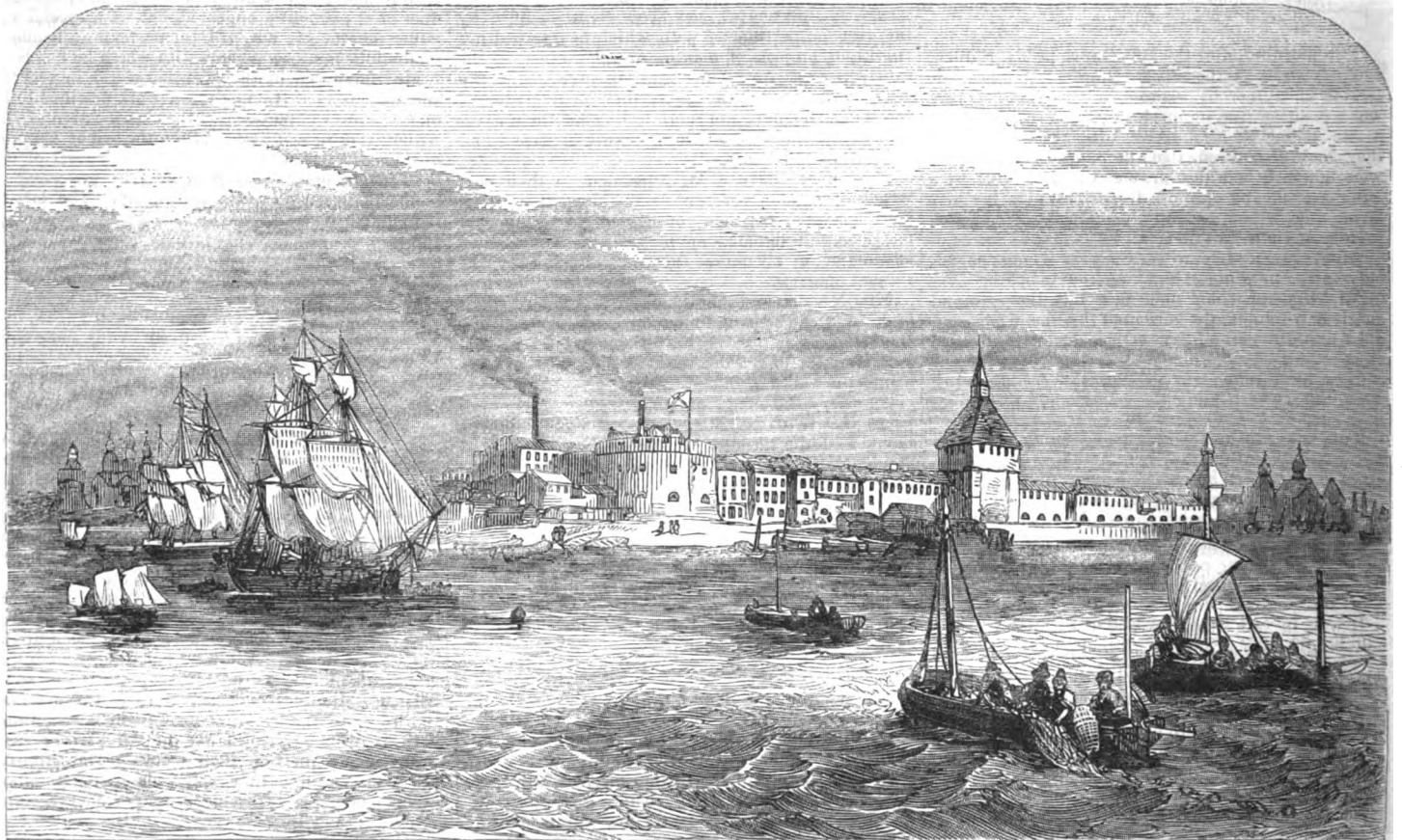
and ranking in size and consequence among the chief cities in the empire; it still retains a considerable portion of importance and wealth. It stands on the Dwina, where it falls into the Gulf of Archangel, or part of the White Sea, in latitude 64 deg. 33 min. 36 sec. N.; longitude 38 deg. 59 min. 30 sec. E.; and was accidentally discovered by the English in 1558. At that period, and till the conquests of Peter the Great on the shores of the Baltic led to the founding of St. Petersburg, Archangel was the emporium of Russia. Since then its trade has declined, and its population, which while in its flourishing state, amounted to 30,000, does not now reach 7,000 souls. Their early and long-continued intercourse with the English introduced among the inhabitants a degree of mercantile information and general intelligence very superior to that which other Russian merchants possessed; and Mr. Cox mentions that when he visited St. Petersburg, the most honest and intelligent among the merchants and tradesmen of the capital were the natives of Archangel and its environs. Many of them were employed by the members of the British factory to superintend their warehouses; and they bore the general character of faithful and industrious servants. In the days of its prosperity a great fair was held at Archangel in the month of August, during which three hundred ships, English, Dutch, French, Swedish, and Danish, were often to be seen in its harbor. But though the commerce of this place has much fallen off, the Dwina, on which it stands, forms the chief communication between the Northern and Western parts of Siberia, from which iron and various kinds of furs are procured: these, with hemp, flax, potash, caviare, tar, tallow, hides, timber, &c., are the chief articles of export. Its merchants not only trade with the foreigners who visit their port, but frequent the fairs of the interior of the empire, and proceed, for the purpose of trade, sometimes even as far as the frontiers of China.

ANCIENT ANTIQUITIES.—Ninevah was 15 miles long, and 40 round, with walls 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was 425 feet high. It was 200 years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 763 feet on the sides; its base covers 13 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 203; 100,000 men were employed in its erection. About the 1500th part of the Great Pyramid of Egypt is occupied by chambers and

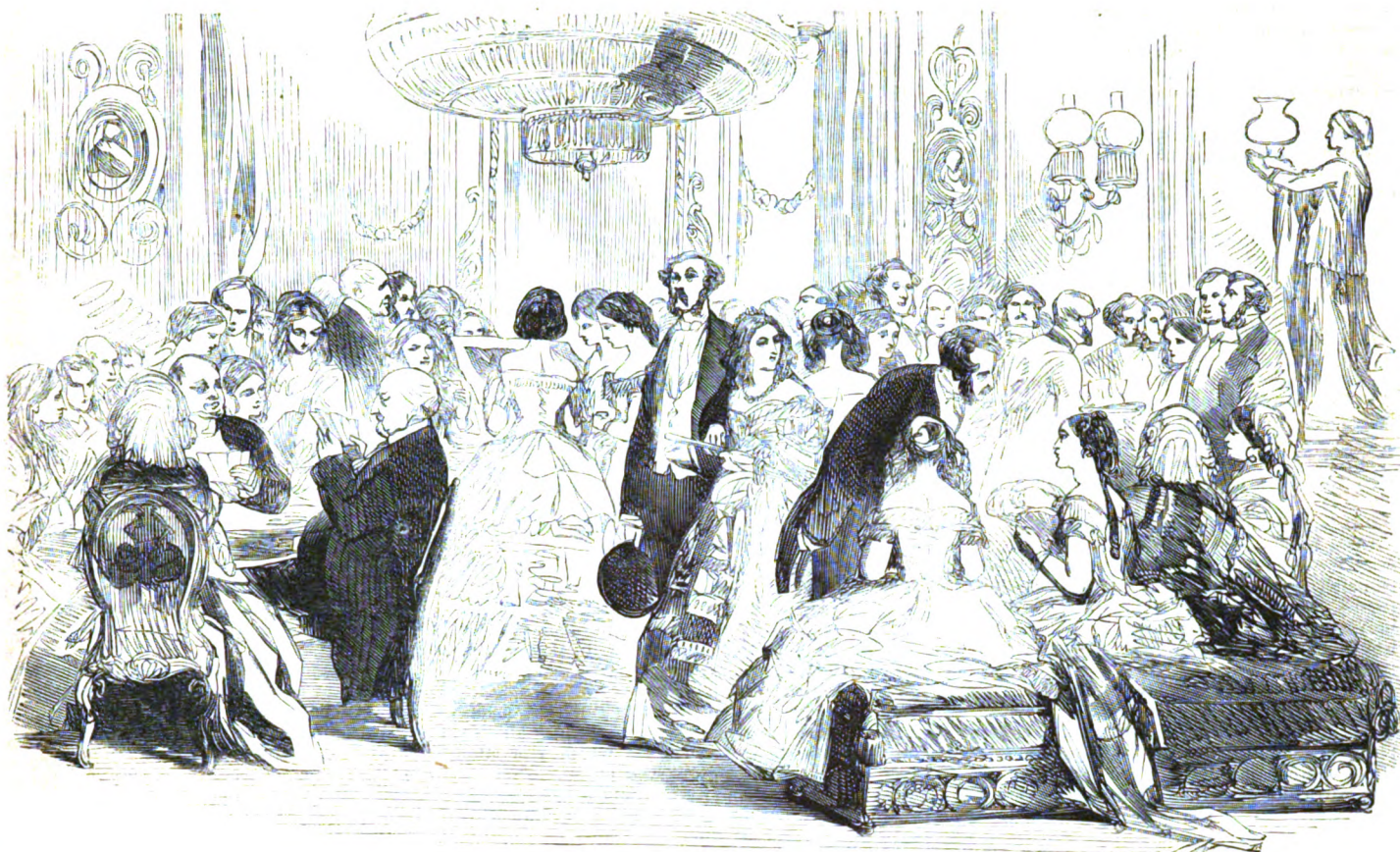
passages; all the rest is solid masonry. The Labyrinth of Egypt contains 3000 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. It has 100 gates. Carthage was 25 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 25,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was once plundered of £10,000 sterling; and Nero carried from it 600 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles in extent.

SLANDER.—We adopt the following hints which we find in a contemporary as a genuine "home item," and we wish that all our readers may treasure them up in their hearts and suffer them to be ever present in their memory. We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend the "hints" as worthy of consideration:—"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been for ever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sister are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow creature."

MOCK HUMILITY.—The humbleness of many men is like the descent of the pearl-diver into the water, for an object. Take away the chance of profit, and the humble man, like the diver, would never descend so low.



ARCHANGEL.



THE BALL AT MR. SIDNEY'S.

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. II, page 168.)

CHAPTER V.

The gaudy gossip when she's set agog,
In jewels dressed, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her train of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justified.

DRYDEN.

THE morning after the appearance of Mr. Sidney, and his sister at the village church witnessed the arrival of numerous visitors at Charlton. There was a positive race amongst the exclusives of Brooks to see which should arrive there first—for since they had discovered that the supposed *parvenus* were not only wealthy but about to be visited by a lord, the tide of opinion turned rapidly in their favor. It is astonishing the meanness to which pride sometimes can descend.

After a warm dispute between the rector and his lady as to the propriety of walking or riding over to Charlton to make their first call, the reverend gentleman reluctantly consented that the lumbering, old-fashioned carriage, which had not been used since he acted as chaplain to the sheriff of the county, at least twenty years previously, should be taken out of the coach-house, and furnished up for the visit.

And yet, despite the species of sinecure which the poor rickety vehicle enjoyed, every one in the village was perfectly aware of the important fact that Dr. and Mrs. Mendal kept their carriage—for the doors of the coach-house were frequently left open—especially when visitors were expected—and on very important occasions Pye, the gravedigger, was directed to wheel it in front of the offices, and wash it.

It was in vain that the rector assured his wife and daughters that, instead of producing a sensation by arriving in such an equipage, it would make them appear ridiculous.

The young ladies dutifully replied that *ma* knew best—and *ma* was not to be convinced.

"The Sidneys," she argued, "kept a carriage—and of course *she* ought to make her first visit in one!"

"But the horses, my love!" urged her husband.

The difficulty was met by his better-half informing him that she had already sent for post-horses from Canterbury.

"But how will you manage for a coachman? Neither Pye nor Binks—the name of the old footman—can drive!"

"I have engaged Brin from the Warden's Arms," replied Mrs. Mendal; "Bink's coat will fit him admirably! A little loose, perhaps," she added; "but that will not be seen from the box! And now, Dr. Mendal," continued the lady somewhat tartly—for her temper had been slightly ruffled by the unusual pertinacity with which he opposed her ambitious projects of making an appearance, as she called it—"as your objections are answered, I beg I may not be annoyed any further on the subject! I wonder you have not more feeling for these sweet girls! Of course I have long ceased to expect any consideration for mine!"

Most wives have a logic peculiar to their sex, which, if it does not always convince their lords and masters—as the gentlemen are somewhat facetiously designated—possesses the still greater advantage of silencing them—as it did on the present occasion.

Mrs. Mendal and her daughters started on their visit in great spirits, to which their victory over the obstinacy of papa not a little contributed. The rector and the Rev. Theodosius Popply wisely determined on walking.

As the lumbering old vehicle drove through Brook, many of the villagers stared with astonishment, and the children set up a faint "hurrah." Brin, who was so effectually disguised in the fat footman's livery and laced hat that his oldest acquaintances failed to recognize him, bestowed sundry knowing winks upon the curious gazers as he passed—the old fellow was keenly alive to the ridicule of the proceeding. But the feeling of mirth speedily gave way to more serious considerations—for as the carriage reached the brow of the hill, just where the road enters upon Burham Downs, the springs gave an ominous creak.

"We may get there!" he muttered to himself; "but all the horses in the country will never bring the rattle-trap back!"

Then he piously consoled himself with the reflection that Providence watched over all things.

As the driver predicted, the crazy old equipage did reach Charlton. The visitors were duly announced, and alighted. In the drawing-room they found the Hon. Mrs. Bouchier, the two Misses Trench, old Squire Dilmott, and most of the *élite* of the place.

Delighted with the arrival of such agreeable neighbors! "Charmed to be known to the rector's lady and her sweet girls"—preliminaries to future lasting friendship—sincerity—heart, &c., &c.

Such were the disjointed exclamations which escaped from the lips of Clara Sidney and her visitors, as they stood shaking hands and complimenting each other—not a word of the rude, insulting conduct of the preceding day; not that the former had either forgotten or forgiven it; but she preferred to retaliate in her own quiet, peculiar way.

Mr. Sidney made his appearance, with the rector and the curate. He had been showing the gentlemen some of the improvements he had made—others which were in progress. His sister presented him to the new arrivals.

"Delighted"—"honor"—&c., &c., and the same hollow, unmeaning words were repeated.

Singular that, as society is constituted, the first approach to intimacy should be heralded by a falsehood—and, we were about to add, by deceit. But, in sober truth, few persons are taken in by it.

Much sensibility has been wasted upon the man with the Iron Mask: his fate no doubt was a pitiable one—but he had the advantage of being permitted occasionally to lay it aside. How many persons do we meet with in the world who *never* part with theirs—whose features are stereotyped, as it were, to one expression—in whom habit has become so engrained on nature, that they cannot unmask even when alone.

Mrs. Mendal greeted her husband as affectionately as though they had been only six months married, instead of five-and-thirty years, shook hands with the curate—whom she cordially detested for his presumption, as she termed it, in having proposed to each of her daughters, commencing with the eldest, Euphemia, and kissed her sweet friend, the Hon. Mrs. Bouchier—whom, *par parenthese*, she cordially hated, and did not hesitate to ridicule when an occasion of doing so privately occurred.

To the Misses Trench she bowed with freezing dignity. As the daughters of a deceased dignitary of the church she could not decently ignore their existence, or question their claims to be admitted into society; but they were young, and might be considered pretty—at least when compared with her own three girls.

"My love," she exclaimed, holding Clara Sidney by the hand, "I am so glad you are come amongst us! You will find ours a very united neighborhood

—no rivalries, mean, petty jealousies, or striving to outvie each other; but like one family!"

"I can readily believe it!" replied the lady, somewhat archly, at the same time glancing first to the three Misses Mendal and then at the Misses Trench, who were seated at opposite ends of the drawing-room, and looking not very amicably at each other; "I fancy I can perceive a sort of family likeness already!"

Although the Hon. Mrs. Bouchier had long been absent from the fashionable world, she had neither forgotten its tone nor lost the keen relish of those good-natured speeches by which very dear friends mutually contrive to mortify each other. She laughed outright, to the dreadful annoyance of the rector's lady, who felt the color mounting to her face. So apparent was her discomfiture, that even the Rev. Theodosius indulged in a languid smile.

"Mr. Pophly, there's a dear creature," exclaimed Mrs. Mendal, with a violent effort to recover herself, "do step down, and tell Brin we will have the carriage open as we return!"

Such a request from the wife of the rector was tantamount to a command, which the gentleman, who saw he had offended, hastened to obey.

"What an obliging creature!" observed the eldest Miss Trench; Mrs. Mendal treats him as if he were her son!"

"Or son-in-law!" added her sister.

Clara Sidney listened with some degree of curiosity for the reply which was sure to follow—for although ignorant as yet of the local politics, intrigues, jealousies, loves, and hatreds of the neighborhood she had come to settle in, she was not the less amused at the feminine sparring which was taking place.

"Mr. Theodosius Pophly," said Mrs. Mendal, with great dignity, "is no doubt a very good and excellent young man, or he would not have been my husband's curate; but he has long since—don't blush Jemima, my love—I am not going to enter into particulars—been made to feel that all idea of an alliance with my family is quite out of the question?"

This, in the speaker's own opinion, was a double stroke of diplomacy; it contradicted any reports of an engagement between the reverend gentleman and her eldest daughter, informed Mr. Sidney that the young lady was disengaged, and gratified her maternal pride, by letting it be known that her sweet child—as she invariably called her—had an offer, and refused it.

Satisfied with her triumph, the rector's wife prudently determined to retreat with the honors of war, and on the return of the curate, to say that the carriage was ready, rose to take her leave.

Mr. Sidney would have conducted her to it—a courtesy which for many reasons she declined? The old vehicle, with its post-horses and Brin, looked very well at a distance, but would not bear inspection.

"The doctor and Mr. Pophly," she said, "were quite sufficient!"

There were the usual pretty, unmeaning expressions of delight at making the acquaintance of, regret at parting from, stereotyped for similar occasions, at the end of which Mrs. Mendal, leaning on the arm of her husband and the eldest Miss Mendal, and escorted by the Reverend Theodosius Pophly, quitted the drawing-room.

"Carriage!" exclaimed the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, as the door closed after them; "why surely they have never ventured out in that horrible rickety old vehicle, which, to my certain knowledge, has not left the coach-house these twenty years!"

"Indeed but they have!" tittered Miss Trench, who was seated close to the window. "Mr. Dillnot—Mr. Sidney—dear Mrs. Bouchier, do pray look at it!"

They drew close to the speaker. When the rector's wife and daughters had taken their seats they had the mortification of seeing the party they had left smiling at them from the window.

There was a waving of hands and a renewal of bows.

"Drive on Brin!" said the rector, who began to feel the ridicule of the scene.

"Desperate work, sir!" replied the disguised ostler, giving his horses the rein. The animals made one or two desperate attempts, and stopped.

Mrs. Mendal's countenance was on fire. She saw that the servants, who stood bowing at the door, were laughing at the dilemma in which they were placed.

"Vanity is sure to be punished!" philosophically observed the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, at the same time kissing her hand most affectionately to the very dear friend whose mortification greatly amused her. "I detest pretension of all kinds!"

With her usual inconsiderateness, she forgot her

own équipage—the page, Orlando, her *femme de chambre*—alias Mary, the housemaid.

"Don't cry, Euphemia!" said her affectionate mother; "bear it as I do—smile! Don't let the Trenches see that we are mortified! Will you drive on, sir?"

This was addressed to Brin.

"The horses can't move it!" replied the old man despondingly.

"Whip them—can't you?"

Of course he could, and after three or four desperate lashes the unfortunate animals succeeded in setting the cumbrous vehicle in motion. Mrs. Mendal was preparing to wave a last adieu, when not only the tyer of the fore-wheel came off, but the springs snapped, and, with a violent jerk, the body of the carriage came to the ground.

The inmates screamed—gentlemen and servants rushed from the house. Fortunately no one was hurt; but the fright was so severe that Miss Euphemia never recollected till too late what an excellent opportunity she had lost for fainting.

But we cannot always command our presence of mind.

Mrs. Mendal showed herself a very great general on the occasion. The heart of her husband misgave him when he saw the quiet but unmistakable expression of determination upon her countenance—but even he was far from suspecting the *coup de main* which was about to follow.

"It is all your fault my love!" she observed, after they had returned to the drawing-room; "you were so very positive that we should not require the new carriage for another month—and you see the risk we have run—the danger to those sweet girls! Don't grieve, my loves," she added; "your pa feels it bitterly enough already!"

She was right—the worthy rector did feel it bitterly, but not exactly in the sense the lady alluded to. He foresaw that the storm which year after year he had dexterously warded off was about to break at last on his devoted head: a new carriage and horses had long been a point of contention between him and his wife.

Mr. Sidney insisted on the ladies making use of his chariot—a courtesy which was most graciously accepted—and the leave-taking was affectionately renewed. Dr. Mendal preferred walking. The fact was, he had to prepare his moral courage for the impending contest.

"A shrewd, clever woman!" thought Clara, as her visitors took their departure—for she had perfectly comprehended the whole affair.

"A new carriage!" exclaimed the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, biting her lips with ill-concealed vexation; "their vanity will become insufferable!"

"Not greater than at present!" charitably observed the Misses Trench—a remark which procured them a gracious smile from their titled acquaintance.

The rest of the party took their leave, and Clara Sidney was left to herself. She, too, had her cards in the game of life to play; hitherto the chances had proved against her; but, so far from being disheartened, she resolved to return to the charge with renewed vigor.

We need not say that her object was to exchange the state which the world—we could never understand for what reason—designates as a state of single blessedness for the name of wife. Ten years previously she aspired to a title, but the mature age of thirty-two had lowered her pretensions: and more than once during the rest of the day it occurred to her that the Rev. Theodosius Pophly, although very weak and vain, was at the same time an exceedingly handsome man.

True, he was only a curate at present—but curates are the wood, she prudently recollected, of which deans and bishops are made.

Dr. Mendal, like a prudent general, conscious of the inferiority of his forces, did not return home to dinner, but accepted an invitation to Woodlands, and sent a message to the rectory to that effect by the carter who overtook him with his own broken-down carriage, which Mr. Sidney very politely sent home in his wagon.

The lady smiled bitterly when she received it; hers was not the wrath to be weakened for want of nursing.

Under pretence of indisposition, the young ladies retired at an early hour, their mamma requiring no auxiliaries. Confidence in victory is sometimes half the battle.

"Where are the girls, my love?" inquired the rector, on his return home.

"In bed?" replied Mrs. Mendal.

"So soon?"

"Do you imagine," said the lady, willing to commence the encounter by a slight skirmish, "that

their nerves are like yours—of iron? No—they feel for the mortification which their poor unhappy mother has endured!"

Here the speaker very cleverly threw in a tear or two.

"My dear," exclaimed her husband, soothingly, "if you reflect, it was not my fault! I told you that the carriage was not to be used—warned you, entreated you—but to no purpose!"

"Not your fault?" repeated his wife, drying her eyes and looking at him with great dignity; "perhaps you will have the goodness, Mr. Mendal, to inform me whose fault it was?"

"Whose, my—"

"Yes, whose?" interrupted his better-half; "I should really very much like to know! I will tell you!" she continued, "seeing that he hesitated to take up the gauntlet she had so courageously thrown down. "It was yours—your parsimony has caused it all!"

The gentleman looked as if he very much wished to decline the contest; but he had an antagonist far too wary to permit him to retreat.

"You stint yourself in no extravagance!" resumed Mrs. Mendal. "I am sure the sum you pay every year for wine is abominable—shocking—and you a clergyman—I am ashamed of you! In one word, when am I to be treated with proper respect, and have my carriage? I ought to have had it long since, considering the fortune I brought you!"

"We cannot afford it!" answered the rector.

The lady tossed her head indignantly.

"Life is very uncertain," he added, "and the living is not like an estate I can bequeath to my children?"

Even this appeal failed to produce its usual effect. Possibly his wife was aware that, in contemplation of such a melancholy event, her husband had insured his life for a large amount: if so, she had too much tact to allude to it.

"Instead of a carriage," continued the deluded old gentleman, who fancied, from the silence of his better half, that he had obtained an advantage, "I have been seriously considering the necessity of retrenchment!"

"It shall commence at home, then, Dr. Mendal!" exclaimed the lady, with intense dignity; "no more dinner-parties—no more guzzling of wine at eighty pounds a pipe! Ah, you may well look aghast—but I have discovered your hypocrisy? The last filthy port you had in cost you eighty pounds a pipe, sir; and yet you meanly, wickedly, and despicably asserted that you got it for forty! No wonder, with such extravagance, your poor wife and girls are compelled to trudge on foot!"

The detected culprit muttered something about the wine having cost the sum he boasted he had purchased it at without duty or carriage. His wife smiled incredulously.

"Very well, sir," she replied; "just as you please. You will write to Dr. Wellist, Dr. Burke, and the rest of the party whom you have invited to drink wine at eighty pounds a pipe, and put them off!"

"Put them off!" repeated her husband; "why, what excuse can I possibly make to them?"

"Say that you can't afford it!" replied his wife, sarcastically. "They shall have no dinner here! I shall shut up the front of the house—I and my dear children will keep ourselves prisoners in the back rooms; and when we are dead, Dr. Mendal—when you are left a lonely, wretched, wicked old man—perhaps you will regret your unnatural, avaricious conduct towards us!"

The rector saw that it was time to yield the point, which, after all, with a very little economy in other matters, he could afford.

After a fruitless attempt to compromise for a phaeton and single horse, he at last gave way.

"You shall have your carriage, my love!" he said; "let me hear no more reproaches on this subject!"

"And a pair of horses, Dr. Mendal?"

"A pair, my dear!"

"And a coachman?"

"And a coachman!" repeated her husband, in a tone of resignation. "We will ride over to Canterbury in the morning, and give the order at once! Are you satisfied?"

The lady was satisfied; she had played her game skillfully and won it. The hit at the price of the wine was a blow the rector could not parry. His wife had been aware of that little domestic treachery, but wisely avoided using it till some serious occasion—on the same principle, no doubt, that a prudent general seldom wastes ammunition in firing salutes.

It is astonishing what an arsenal of weapons an experienced wife will collect by the mere exercise of a little forbearance.

Before Mrs. Mendal retired to rest, she entered

the chamber of her eldest daughter, Euphemia, who had promised to keep awake.

"Well, mamma!" said the young lady.

"We are to have the carriage, my love!" exclaimed the rector's wife, with a triumphant smile.

"And pair?"

"Of course, my dear—you know I never do things by halves!"

CHAPTER VI.

What do you think of marriage?

I take it as those that marry purgatory;

It locally contains or heaven or hell—

There is no third place in it.

WEBSTER.

HAD Richard Graham been himself the bridegroom, the probability is that he would not have displayed half the zeal or impatience which he manifested in hurrying on the marriage of his eldest son, who was the passive instrument of his ambition. Even the lawyers, proverbially slow and methodical in their arrangements, goaded by his active spirit, had the settlements prepared for signing in an unusually brief space of time; but gold, in law, as in every other profession, will work wonders.

The captain had been duly presented to his bride—a plain and exceedingly quiet girl, who, like himself, appeared to exercise no free will of her own. The interests of the estates—not the feelings of the contracting parties—were consulted by the worldly-minded parents, who vainly imagined that they were providing for the future aggrandisement of their race.

The deeds which secured the enormous property to Frederick Graham and his heirs male were duly signed, and the old banker felt his mind comparatively at ease. It was impossible for his son to withdraw with honor from the sacrifice he had exacted. By a clause cunningly devised, in the event of the captain's death without issue, the estate reverted in absolute possession to himself.

Whilst the unnatural parent was thus lavishing his wealth upon his eldest son, Walter, his second, continued the same daily routine of drudgery in the bank—the only pleasure in his solitary life the visits which he now frequently made to the house of the clerk at Greenwich.

Although neither of an envious nor jealous disposition, the young man keenly felt the distinction which his father made between himself and brother. Frederick had from boyhood been treated as the favorite—his caprices indulged, his extravagance profusely supplied; while he, on the contrary, had to toil hard upon a slender allowance.

The most submissive natures will sometimes revolt, and Walter began to lose the terror he entertained of his stern parent. Indignation replaced it.

A day or two before the banker started for Berkshire, where the unhappy marriage was to be celebrated, he sent for his second son, to give him certain instructions how to act in his absence.

To his astonishment, they were listened to with indifference.

"Are you dreaming?" he demanded sharply.

"No, sir—I am perfectly awake!"

"You are insolent!"

Although the reply quivered on Walter's lips, he restrained his feelings, and remained silent.

"I see," continued his father; "you envy your brother! Have you no affection—no pride in the brilliant alliance he is about to make, which will reflect distinction upon all the family? I am shocked at you!"

"The accusation is most unjust!" answered the young man, calmly; "for, despite the efforts you have made to destroy the bond of affection between us, I do love Frederick—his heart is in the right place!"

"Efforts I have made!" repeated Mr. Graham, slowly; "I do not understand you—perhaps you will explain!"

"If your heart does not remind you of them," said Walter, "it would be useless for me to do so! Why is this distinction made?" he added, bitterly; "why is my brother's path of life decked with flowers, and mine barren and cheerless? Why make an idol of one son and a sacrifice of the other?"

Had he known all, he might have asked—"Why make a sacrifice of both your children?"

Mr. Graham appeared neither angry nor surprised at the sudden burst of long-suppressed feeling. He was an acute observer—perfectly master of his own emotions—and consequently better qualified to read those of others.

"Is your life more lonely than mine?" answered the old man, calmly. "Foolish boy—your impatience does not permit you to penetrate beyond the surface of things! For what do you suppose I have passed an existence of toil and privation? For the mere pleasure of being rich? Pshaw! I value

wealth but as a means! No—I had two objects in view; the first was to found a family whose name should rank with the noblest of the land—my second to create one of the first firms in this commercial city! Now do you understand me? Your brother has been educated for his destiny, as you have been for yours! And I would rather," he added, "see you both in your graves, than be disappointed in my hopes of either."

There was something terrible in the passionless tone in which the explanation was uttered.

"Still, sir, you might have shown some affection—some indulgence!"

"Pshaw!" interrupted his father; "men of purpose have no time to indulge in such weakness! Affection!" he repeated, ironically; "ask of Frederick, whose brilliant destiny has so galled you, what affection I displayed when he begged like a spoiled child to avoid this marriage—prated of love for another, blighted hopes and such romantic folly! I gave him the same chance I should offer you if you tried to thwart me—beggary or obedience."

"And I envied him!" mentally ejaculated Walter; "Poor Frederick—the plan was deeply laid! His habits of luxury and extravagance have rendered him a slave!"

For the first time in his life, Walter Graham rejoiced that he had been trained in comparative poverty and privation.

"What sir!" said the banker; "still sullen and ungrateful?"

"Not ungrateful!" answered his son; "for one thing, at least, I have to thank you!"

"My candor, doubtless?"

"No, sir!" replied the young man; "my independence! If my means are small, my wants are still less! I have no artificial tastes, which habit has made necessities. *There is not a banking-house in London which would not gladly give me a larger salary than I receive in yours!*"

His father started—the coat of mail which he thought proof against every attack turned out to be vulnerable. The drudge had learned his value, and talked of independence.

"Walter," he said, controlling his rage by a violent effort, "why did you not speak of this before—express your wishes to me?"

"It would have been useless!"

"Not so!" said the banker, trying to smile; "my object has succeeded! The assertion you have just made proves it! As you say, you are now sufficiently experienced to command your price—name it!"

"Sir!"

"Name it?" repeated the old man; "it was not money that I wished to withhold from the son whom I destined to follow in my footsteps and succeed me—but temptation! I labored to form his character, mature his judgment, before I entrusted him with the interests of the firm!"

"It is not for a son to dictate to his father!" was the reply.

Mr. Graham rang the bell twice—a signal that he required the presence of the head cashier, who speedily made his appearance in the private office.

"You will place five thousand pounds," he said, "to the credit of Mr. Walter, whom you will consult on every point connected with the business of the house during my absence!"

"Well, sir," he added, as soon as they were once more alone, "are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly!"

"On my return from Berkshire, we will speak of the future, in which I have been no less thoughtful for your interests than your brother's! There," he added, "no thanks! In time you will learn to judge me rightly!"

Little did he imagine that Walter had *already done so*—weighed him to a grain—nay, to the turning of a hair.

"Foolish boy!" muttered the banker—as his son quitted the room; "he imagines he has achieved independence! It is the first link in the chain which will rivet him to my will! Rather a costly one," he added; "but when there is a purpose to achieve, it were folly to reckon the price!"

With this reflection, which gives the key alike to his generosity and philosophy, the human machine—the thing of gold and calculation—dismissed the subject from his mind.

Never had Walter Graham felt the hours hang so tediously as the time which intervened between his father's gift and the closing of the bank. He longed for liberty. For the first time in his life, he experienced the gratification of being rich—of having the power of enjoyment.

"Charles," he said to his friend Belton, as they walked down Lombard street together, "I cannot

accompany you this evening! You must excuse me to your mother and Fanny!"

The clerk appeared both surprised and hurt.

"I will inform them, he said, "that the honor of your visit is postponed!"

"Honor!" repeated Walter, impatiently; "you—you to misjudge me! Shall I never meet with one who either can or will understand me? The reason—mark me, Charles, the only reason—why I do not accompany you to your home is, that I must pay a visit to my brother: he is unhappy; and possibly it is in my power to remove his unhappiness! Now do you comprehend me?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Graham—but poverty is sensitive!"

"Mr. Graham? You used to call me Walter!"

"That was before you were a partner in the firm!"

"I am not a partner!" replied his friend, with a smile; "and even were it so, what difference could it possibly create between us?"

They separated with a cordial shake of the hand. It had been whispered amongst the clerks that Mr. Graham had placed five thousand pounds to his son's account, and taken him into partnership: like most reports, half only of it was true.

When Walter arrived at the chambers of Captain Graham, he found him in the act of sealing a packet of papers, his face distorted with the marks of violent agitation, and a tear, which the young soldier hastily dashed aside, still glistening on his cheek.

"Come to congratulate me on my approaching marriage?" said the intended bridegroom; "it is very near!" he added, with a sigh.

"I must first feel assured that it will prove a happy one!" answered his brother, gravely; "otherwise, congratulations were only an idle mockery!"

"Happy!" repeated Frederick, bitterly; "can you doubt it? Shall I not be rich—rich in all the world esteems—gold—the idol for which men daily barter independence, honor, feeling—all but memory—not even wealth can annihilate that!"

"It is not my idol!" said Walter, earnestly; "perhaps because till this hour I never knew the value of money!"

"That's strange, considering the school in which you have been trained!" observed the captain. "How you must envy me!" he continued, with a laugh. "Come, be frank—do you not envy your fortunate, happy brother?"

"No—for I pity you!"

"Pity me? you jest!"

"Frederick—dear Frederick—I know all!" replied the young man. "Our father has this day unfolded more of his character and projects than even I suspected—confided to me how this marriage had been forced upon you—boasted of his power to crush or dispose of me, as he had done with you!"

"And you replied—"

"By defying him!" said Walter, calmly. "You look surprised—perhaps you did not give me credit for so much courage! What had I to fear from his resentment, who had never experienced one single act of kindness at his hands? He started when I reminded him that the drudgery to which he had condemned me from my youth had given me independence!"

"And what did he reply to you?" demanded Captain Graham, with astonishment, for he had hitherto looked upon his brother as one of those pliant, yielding characters which strong minds mould at their pleasure to any purpose they think fit.

"He placed five thousand pounds at my disposal!" answered Walter. "I accepted it—for I felt that it might purchase your freedom—perhaps your happiness! Break off this detested marriage, if your heart is not engaged in it—if," he added, seriously, "it is already devoted to another!"

"And you would make this sacrifice for me?"

"For whom else should I make it? Are we not brothers?" he added, with a smile. "I will be truthful with you! I envied you—felt discontented with my lot in life—till I heard the fearful price you were about to pay for what I considered the unjust preference of our father!"

"And when you heard that?"

"I pitied you!"

"Noble, generous being!" exclaimed Frederick; "how has my heart misjudged you—how little merited your love! It is too late!" he added; "the aid you proffer comes too late to save me! I am bound by fetters stronger than the dread of poverty—my honor is pledged to this accursed marriage—the world would scorn me should I refuse to fulfil the contract!"

"If your own conscience acquits you," observed Walter, "you may despise the opinion of the world!" "It cannot be!" said the captain, mournfully.

"If, as I suspect, your affections are pledged to another, think of her misery," urged his brother, "her tears, and desolation—think—"

"Do not touch that chord!" interrupted the bereaved husband, mournfully; "it vibrates even to agony!"

"The agony of remorse, I fear!"

"No—of despair! Look upon me, Walter! I can bear your gaze—for I am not the despicable wretch you think me! You may blame me for my weakness, but no man has the right to despise me for acting dishonorably! Death—death," he added, solemnly, "has broken the tie between me and the only being whom I ever loved! The treason I commit is to the memory of an angel—not to her happiness on earth! Were my Ellen living, for her sake I would wrestle with poverty—brave the derision of the world—disinheritance—my father's curse—for heaven would not record it!"

Poor Walter! Little did the misjudging world suspect how rich was the mine of feeling, the gush of sympathy, the generous devotion concealed beneath that calm and passionless exterior. At the sight of his brother's despair and grief, that timidity which had hitherto been the great defect in his character suddenly left him. He reasoned, advised, and consoled with him.

Again he urged him to accept the money, and, if he could do so with honor, to break off the engagement.

Captain Graham repeated that it was impossible—for although Lady Sybella's happiness would not be compromised by such an act on his part, her reputation might—and he felt that he had no right to sport with that.

"Keep the five thousand pounds!" he said; "it cannot purchase my freedom, but it may ensure yours!"

The young clerk answered, with a smile, that his labor and industry would always insure that.

As he was about to take his leave, his eyes glanced by accident on the packet which he had found the captain in the act of addressing when he arrived. He observed that it was sealed with black: a sensation of sickness came over him—a vague doubt seemed suddenly to oppress him. Placing his hand upon his brother's arm, he looked up seriously in his face, and asked what it contained.

"The memorials of the past!" replied the unhappy man; "that inexorable past which follows us like our shadow—haunting the soul with unavailing regrets and memories!"

Walter took it from the table, and read the superscription so lately traced: "To be opened only in the event of my death!"

"Long, dear Frederick—long may it be," he said, "before that day arrives!"

"Will you take charge of it?" demanded his brother.

"Willingly," was the reply.

"Guard it, dear Walter," added the captain, "as you would your own honor or my happiness! Let no consideration ever induce you to trust it from your possession! If I live, I shall one day reclaim it; in the event of my death, you will find in it instructions how to act!"

"Joyfully shall I restore it to you," observed his brother; "for something assures me we shall see happy days together yet! It would be hard indeed to lose you now that we understand each other!"

Captain Graham could not avoid secretly wishing that they had understood each other sooner.

That same night, the packet committed with such solemn injunctions to his charge, was deposited by Walter in a place of security.

It is now time that we introduce our readers to the Belton family, with whom the younger son of the wealthy Richard Graham had lately become a constant visitor.

Mrs. Belton, the widow of a naval officer, was one of those rare women who at an early age forego the pleasures of the world to devote themselves to their children, who were left fatherless when mere infants.

There was no sacrifice which the mother shrank from—though her means were limited to the scanty pension allowed her by the state—to secure them the advantages of a solid, brilliant education. Charles was an excellent linguist, as well as an accomplished classic scholar: his former qualification had procured him the appointment he held at the banker's—most of the foreign correspondence being intrusted to his charge.

His sister Fanny was one of those bright and joyous beings such as poets rave of in their dreams, and painters sometimes realise upon the glowing canvas—a creature of mirth and sensibility—of smiles and tears.

The watchful mother trembled at the extreme

susceptibility of her nature, which received impressions so rapidly, yet retained them so lastingly. Even when a child, this delicacy of organisation was remarkable. She would weep passionately or dance with joy at the sound of music; and a melody once heard was seldom forgotten.

Fanny both sang and painted with exquisite taste. Her voice—a superb contralto—had been highly cultivated. Music had been the absorbing passion of her young heart till love found entrance there, and disputed the supremacy.

It was singular that nature apparently so opposed as those of Walter Graham and the sister of his friend, should, as if by some irresistible attraction, be drawn together. He was calm and reflective, speaking but seldom, and with hesitation—for his intercourse with the world had been limited to the clientele of his father's bank; she was a creature of poetry and song, accustomed to give utterance to each thought as it rose pure and unsullied to her lips.

The person of Fanny Belton was in harmony with her mind: she was far from being regularly beautiful. The great charm of her countenance was in its ever-varying expression. One moment her deep-blue eyes would dance with mirth—the next, beam with affection or be gemmed in tears. A profusion of deep auburn hair, which she wore braided like the tresses of some antique Grecian statue, high over the brow and falling in ringlets behind, added to the singular grace of her appearance; and her form, though slender, was modelled with exquisite symmetry.

She was the light of the poor widow's humble home—the song-bird, the pet, the pride of her doating brother, who regarded his sister as the brightest thing on earth, and would have considered that he conferred a treasure in bestowing her hand on the richest, noblest man on earth. He was too young and inexperienced in the world as yet to know that wealth is the worthless idol which has displaced virtue, genius, and beauty from their shrine. In introducing his friend Walter to his home, it was without the least idea of the advantages which might possibly arise, or the consequences which followed.

But if her son was thus blind, Mrs. Belton was not; her maternal instinct divined the guest which had taken up its abode in the heart of her fair child long before Fanny herself suspected its presence; and her anxiety for her daughter's peace of mind became alarmed—she felt embarrassed, and knew not how to act. Had their visitor been as poor and humble as themselves, she would have permitted the affair to take its natural course; but with the son of one of the wealthiest men in the city, it was a very different question. Not that she doubted Walter—but she knew the character of his father.

Before matters had gone too far, she wisely resolved, therefore, to separate them—and to do so quietly and without explanation, by accepting the invitation which a distant relative, from whom her children had some expectations, had repeatedly given for her and Fanny to pass the Christmas in the country.

When her daughter first heard of the arrangement, she started like a child suddenly awakened from a pleasing dream.

"Leave our home," she repeated, "for a month or two! What will become of poor Charles, and—"

She hesitated, and blushed: her mother prudently finished the sentence for her.

"And your birds, Fanny; you can take them with you—and your brother will be able to run down occasionally."

"Ah!—yes!" Here a sigh followed.

"At Christmas, certainly," continued Mrs. Belton, "I feel that we ought to make this visit! Mr. Dilworth acted very kindly at the time of your dear father's death, and has frequently expressed a desire to see you. He is old and childless!"

"Let Charles go, my dear mamma!" exclaimed her daughter; "Mr. Dilworth will be sure to love him—he is so generous and good!"

Her mother could scarcely refrain from a smile at the artlessness which rendered her feeling so transparent.

"Mr. Dilworth is rich!" she added.

"What have we to do with that?" replied Fanny; "it is not his money that we respect him for!"

"Certainly not!" said the widow; "were he only the wealthy Mr. Dilworth, I should be the last person in the world to seek his acquaintance—to cultivate his friendship; for independence of heart and mind can never be bartered by those who respect themselves. But this is widely different. In the hour of my distress and bereavement he acted delicately as well as generously towards me;

he has repeatedly urged this visit—it would appear ungrateful to refuse!"

"As you please, mamma!" said the young lady, reluctantly; "you know best!"

The downcast air with which the fair girl left the room convinced her anxious mother that the danger was but too real. Her daughter loved—and, when she reflected on the wide difference between her and Walter, as she feared, loved hopelessly.

An hour after the conversation we have narrated, Fanny quitted the house to take her usual walk—to meet her brother on his return from the city. How her heart beat when she saw that this time he was not alone.

"Why, Fan," said the young man, taking her hands in his, and looking anxiously and affectionately into her eyes, "what is the matter! You have been weeping!"

"Mamma and I are about to leave you, Charles!"

At this it was Walter Graham's turn to feel uneasy.

"Leave me!" repeated her brother. "Why, Fanny, you must be dreaming! Leave me! Why, how could I live away from you and my dear, good mother, or you from me? Impossible!"

"Mamma thinks we ought to accept the invitation which Mr. Dilworth has sent us so frequently, to pass the Christmas with him. He is very good and very rich, it seems!" she added. "How I do wish there was no such thing on earth as money! I hate it!"

"I don't know what the world would do without it!" observed her brother, laughingly; "if they could only hear her, Walter, in the city, they would set her down as mad at once!"

"His companion made no reply—perhaps he thought differently upon the subject from his friend."

"I'll run forward and see our mother, Fanny," continued Charles; "and reason with her: if this project is likely to render either of us unhappy, she is too good, and loves us too well not to give it up!"

So saying, he quickened his steps, and soon disappeared in one of the windings of the path which led through the park to the cottage of Mrs. Belton.

For some time Fanny and her companion walked on in silence. Although their feelings were in perfect unison, it would be difficult to say which felt the most embarrassed.

"And so you detest money, Miss Fanny?" said the gentleman at last.

"I hate it!"

"Then it would never influence your choice in a husband?"

"Never!" replied the poor girl, blushing deeply—for, with the instinct of her sex, she anticipated the words which were about to follow.

"I am glad of that!" replied Walter Graham; "for I am poor, and love you dearly! Forgive me, Fanny, the abruptness of this avowal! Yet not abrupt—for you must have read it in my looks—divined it in the happiness I feel when I am near you! I repeat it—I love you, truly, devotedly! I am not eloquent, but at least I am sincere and honest! Say, shall Charles have a brother—the mother whom you venerate another son to honor and respect her!"

Considering it was the first declaration of love the poor fellow had ever made, I think our readers will admit that he got through it remarkably well. All we can say is, that he surprised himself. But when truth and sincerity prompt the tongue to speak, words are seldom wanting.

Both were untaught children of nature—Fanny especially. She knew nothing of the coquetry of her sex—to her it would have appeared like falsehood.

"Will you not answer me?" said her suitor.

The answer was given, but in a voice so gentle, the quick ear of love alone could have caught the sound. Enough that it made the hitherto lonely, neglected Walter Graham happy.

As they reached the cottage, Mrs. Belton and her son came forth to meet them. The anxious mother read in the blushing features of her child all that had occurred. The poor girl threw herself into her arms, and, hiding her face upon her bosom, whispered;

"Oh, I am so happy!"

Charles began to feel exceedingly uneasy. Never having been in love, he could not comprehend the affair, but stood gazing first at his friend and then at his sister, whom his mother led from the garden into the house.

"I trust, Mr. Graham," he said—and the eyes of the warm-hearted clerk began to flash fire—"you have not forgotten the respect—"

"Mr. Graham!" repeated the happy lover; "is that the phrase between friends—brothers?" he added, seeing that Charles Belton still hesitated;

"now do you understand what has taken place? I love Fanny—am beloved in return! If you and your dear mother consent, a few days will see her my wife! After that call me by any other name than Walter if you dare!"

"How blind I must have been!" exclaimed the young clerk, grasping him cordially by the hand; "but I will not offend again! Forgive me, dear Walter, and accept my sincere congratulations! You have won a treasure!"

"I know it!" exclaimed his friend, fervently; "one that I would not exchange to be made master of the world!"

CHAPTER VII

Yet oft we see that some in humble state
Are cheerful, pleasant, happy, and content;
When those indeed that are of higher fate,
With vain additions do their thoughts torment.

LADY CAREW.

In the beginning of January two marriages were celebrated, but under very different circumstances. Captain Graham led his titled bride to the altar, surrounded by a circle of fashionable friends. A bishop performed the ceremony, and the wedding breakfast, by Gunter, was pronounced the *chef d'œuvre* of that distinguished artist. Who that gazed upon the bride, enveloped in her white satin pelisse lined with ermine, blazing with jewels, her pale brow decked with the orange wreath, would have deemed her otherwise than happy—especially when they recognized in the future partner of her life the handsome, dashing Guardsman by her side.

The voice of Lady Sybella trembled as she pronounced the fatal words knitting the tie which death only can sever, and the tones of the bridegroom were scarcely less agitated. He remembered the occasion on which he had spoken them last, when, with far different feelings, he stood beside a lovely, blushing girl whose heart beat responsively to his. Memory, with its sad regrets, pictured to him the simple, humble grave in the village churchyard where all his hopes lay buried.

The coldness of the bride and the calm—the unnatural calm—of her husband—was considered by the friends of both as perfectly *en règle*. Emotions of every kind were considered *mauvais ton* in the artificial circle in which they had been reared—for in the fashionable world the mask is assumed in childhood and removed only at the grave.

After the sumptuous *dejeuner* which followed the ceremony, the old banker, whose dream of ambition was partially realized, placed in the hands of his son a pocket-book containing five thousand pounds.

It was to pay the expenses of the marriage tour. "There Fred," he whispered, "at least you shall say that I am a liberal father!"

The victim of his schemes of aggrandizement would much rather have found him a kind one. He received the gift without the least expression of pleasure or gratitude—for he felt none—received it mechanically. It was part of the price of his misery.

"Give me your hand!" continued Richard Graham, in the same under-tone; "our friends are observing us!"

The captain extended it, and the speaker shook it heartily—for the same reason that he had requested it—"the eyes of the world were upon them." He slightly shuddered as he relinquished it: it had felt cold as death in his grasp.

Amid the shouts of Lord Minton's tenantry, who were assembled on the lawn, and the congratulations of all present, the happy pair entered the elegant travelling carriage which was to convey them to Brighton, where they were to embark in his lordship's yacht for France.

Dover had been the first port proposed, but Captain Graham had pronounced so decided a veto on the arrangement that neither his father nor father-in-law thought proper to urge it. He would not have passed with his new bride through the village of Brook or in sight of its humble churchyard for the world.

It would have been a mockery alike to the living and the dead.

Directly after the departure of the guests, Lord Allan, the brother of the bride, started to pay his long-promised visit to his friend Sidney at Charlton. As the banker saw him take leave of the earl, he noticed with secret satisfaction his pale cheek and the hectic flush which at the slightest emotion suffused it.

"Fred's chance of the peerage is twenty per cent. better than it was!" he mentally observed, as he hypocritically shook the young man by the hand. "He may last another spring—perhaps the summer—but autumn must certainly do for him!"

With this fiendlike calculation the man of money bade him farewell. Little did he dream that the

son for whom he had plotted, whose happiness he had sacrificed, would descend to the grave before his sickly brother-in-law. His career of success had been hitherto so uninterrupted that the shrewd calculator forgot there was a Providence which overrules all things, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls.

But we must not anticipate events.

On the very day, and very nearly at the same hour, a far less distinguished—much happier party stood before the altar of the parish church of Greenwich, where Charles Belton bestowed the hand of his idolized sister Fanny upon the son of his employer. Never were purer vows pronounced than those by which the trembling girl united her fate with Walter Graham—for her heart sanctioned as her lips pronounced them, and her mother blessed them.

Walter had been perfectly candid both with the brother and mother of his bride—told them that his chance of fortune from his stern parent would be hopeless the instant his marriage became known—and added, with manly independence, "that he was prepared to barter wealth—which never possessed the least charm for him—for the certainty of happiness."

Fanny pleaded against her own wishes. The thought of entailing poverty upon the man she loved wrung her generous nature. The noble-hearted fellow kissed away her tears, and refused to listen to her doubts and hesitation.

"It is I," he said, "who am selfish! Fanny, with your beauty and talents, a far more brilliant destiny than I can offer might be yours! The sacrifice is on your side—not on mine!"

The poor girl whispered something about bringing him to poverty.

"Poverty!" he repeated, with a smile. "Little fear of its ever approaching our door whilst I have health! The slavery to which my parent from boyhood has subjected me has made me independent of him—not in money, but experience! Ask your brother—he will tell you I could command from a dozen houses in the City a much larger salary than the one I have hitherto received from my own father!"

Walter Graham was right—perfectly right—in the view which he took of his position. Till he became acquainted with the Beltons his heart had been tenantless—for the love which he felt for his brother had not sufficed to fill it. His days were passed in the dull routine of the banking-house, his nights in the solitude of his chamber. Fanny had created for him a new existence.

How wondrous is the influence of woman's love! In power as well as purity it approaches nearest to that of heaven—for no sooner does a true and virtuous passion enter the heart of man than it creates in him a new existence. Sensibilities which, like the seeds of fragrant plants, have long lain dormant in his nature, begin to germinate, and the inert mass becomes instinct with delicate emotions.

Woman's love refines as well as vivifies—for if the rank weeds of earth have overspread the soil imperceptibly, it roots them forth till nought remains save Eden's flowers to bloom there.

It inspires the timid man with courage—for he has something to hope and live for.

From the day of his marriage with Fanny, Walter Graham became an altered person. There was a decision in his voice and bearing which exceedingly puzzled the old clerks and his father. The latter could not comprehend the change, which he attributed to every cause but the right one. Of that he did not entertain the shadow of a suspicion.

About a month after the change which had taken place in his condition, he requested an interview with the old man.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the banker, sharply.

"I have had an offer, sir!"

"Of marriage?"

"No; of partnership!" replied his son. "The house of Burnet and Brothers require a young and active partner—a man of energy and experience—and their choice has fallen upon me!"

The countenance of Richard Graham changed very slightly at the unexpected intelligence.

"And what was your reply?" he demanded, peering at the same time into his face, as if to anticipate the answer.

"I requested three days to consider of it!"

"To consider of it?" repeated the banker, now absolutely pale with rage; "is this the gratitude I am to expect for having made you what you are—trained you to habits of business—initiated you into the secrets of the commercial world? Fool!" he added, with a bitter laugh; "the axiom is not yet an oak!"

"But it will become one, father!" replied the young man, calmly. The friends who have made this offer saw what I have long since felt—that I was wasting my youth and energies on the stipend of a clerk! Men wondered when they beheld the difference you have made between your elder and your younger son!"

"You hate your brother!" observed Richard Graham.

"Had I become the being you would have made me, I should have done so," answered Walter; "but I love and pity him!"

"Pity him—envy him you mean?"

"No—for I know his heart—his sufferings!" said his son; "but I did not seek this interview to plead the cause of Frederick! His sacrifice is accomplished—I would avoid my own!"

"What, then, is it you require?" demanded the banker.

"My name in the firm!"

"Never!" exclaimed the old man, firmly, "until you are married—married with my consent! Think you that I have toiled and watched to have my plans upset by the caprice of a mere boy? Return to your desk, sir, and let me hear no more of this folly—I may not feel in the humor to look over it a second time!"

This was the result that Walter Graham expected; but he had decided on leaving no reproach within his heart on quitting his unnatural parent; he would willingly have parted from him as from a friend, had it been possible.

"The books are all made up, sir," he said, "and verified by the cashier and two senior clerks! From this day I cease to be a member of your commercial establishment!"

"And of my family!" replied the banker; "I cast you forth from it and from my heart!"

"Your heart, father!" repeated the young man in a tone which for the first time during their interview betrayed something like emotion; "alas! I never had a place there! Your affections, like your wealth, have been centred upon Frederick!"

"Affections!" interrupted Mr. Graham; "pah!"

"I should have said caprice," observed his son, correcting himself; "but even that appeared so like affection that it was something whilst the delusion lasted. You accused me but now of ingratitude," he continued; "beyond the accident of my birth and advantages of education, what have I received at your hands to be grateful for? Indulgence? Even in childhood I knew not the word; nor can I now recall to mind one single taste or pleasure that you ever promoted! At the age of fifteen I became your clerk, and have remained so ever since!"

The man who had hitherto regarded his sons as the blind instruments of his will—as the mere machines for working out a certain purpose—found to his surprise that one at least of them had both heart and brain to think and act for himself. The calm but resolute tone in which Walter expressed himself impressed the banker with a higher opinion of his character than he had before entertained. He recognized in it a reflection of himself.

"I thought, sir," he said, "that since our last conversation on this subject we understood each other?"

"Perfectly!" mentally ejaculated the young man; at the same time a feeling of thankfulness came over him that the knowledge had not arrived too late.

"If," continued the speaker, "for fifteen years, as you say, you have considered yourself my clerk, I have not forgotten that I was your father; and if I have hitherto refrained from giving you the position in the firm which perhaps you had a right to expect, it was because I wished to temper you in the school in which I had been reared—the school of experience and reality! I must have no dreaming visionary to succeed me," he added, "in my labors when I am gone! Am I understood?"

"Imperfectly!"

"I will explain myself more freely!" said Richard Graham. "The sacrifice, as you are pleased to term it, which your brother has made of some ridiculous caprice, which it is no longer necessary now to inquire into or allude to, has given him a princely fortune and placed him in a position to found a family! I am satisfied with Frederick! You desire to be admitted a partner in my house—on one condition your wish shall be gratified!"

"Name it, sir."

"Sir Elias Carew has an only daughter—I have had some conversation with him on the subject. The day which sees you her husband shall give you an equal share in the firm!"

"I have never seen the lady!" replied Walter.

"She has half a million in her own right!" drily answered his father.

"Besides, sir, there is another objection!"

"That you do not love her, I suppose!" observed the old man, with a sneer. "Pahaw! What is love? A shadow—a counterfeit coin which passes current only with fools and dreamers! Money is earth's only substantial good! Once rich, and you dictate to the world—remain poor, and you are its slave! Why am I," he continued, "courted by the great—flattered by men who either envy or hate me? Shall I tell you? It is because I am rich? the worship of the golden idol ceased not with the sons of Israel—it has become the religion of the world!"

"A false one," quietly observed Walter, "in which the devotee sees his own image!"

"I expect an answer—not an epigram, sir!" was the reply.

"You are right, father!" said the young man; "it is not my place to mock your faith! Deeply as I regret it, the marriage you propose is impossible!"

"Why so?"

"I am already united to another!"

There was something fearful in the expression of the banker's countenance as he listened to the downfall of his long-cherished project. The muscles of his face became suddenly rigid, and his eyes flashed with fury and hate. As his features gradually relaxed, drops of perspiration cold as the nature from which they were wrung stood upon his brow.

"To whom?" he demanded.

"To an angel, sir, who first taught my heart to feel that it was human—whose love has strewn my path with life's most precious flowers—whose virtues—"

"Her name?" interrupted his father, with an effort to appear calm.

"Fanny Belton, sir!"

"The sister of one of my clerks?"

"Even so!"

"The old man rang the bell upon the table—not passionately, but methodically—twice—the signal that he required the presence of his cashier.

In a few moments Mr. Banks made his appearance.

"I have a clerk named Belton in my employ," he said; "pay him his salary and dismiss him!"

"He this morning discharged himself, sir!" replied the man.

"And his accounts?"

"Right to a fraction, sir!" answered the cashier.

"Mr. Walter, the senior clerk, and myself went over them—for his withdrawal from the firm was so unexpected that we felt it doubly necessary to be particular!"

"I will go over them," muttered his employer, in a tone of disappointment, "and if I detect an error, even of a shilling, I'll hang the rascal though it costs me half my fortune!"

With this burst of impotent fury he dismissed Mr. Banks from his private room, and sat for several moments buried in reflection—for it was not without a pang that he saw the downfall of one of his long-cherished schemes for the aggrandizement of his name, or brought himself to part with Walter—he was so useful to him; but his mind once made up, he became as collected as ever.

"My name," he said, "I cannot deprive you of; but it is all you will ever inherit from the parent you have disobeyed and outraged! Quit the house instantly! and if in the haunts of men we encounter, let it henceforth be as strangers! I have but one son now!"

There is something terrible in such words pronounced by the lips of a father, even when reason assures us that they are unmerited. Walter Graham felt them deeply—for with all his firmness and bitter sense of the injustice with which he had been treated, his heart retained some lingering affection for the old man.

"Let us at least part friends!" he said, at the same time extending his hand towards him.

The banker started as though a serpent had approached him.

"Do you mock me?" he demanded, sternly.

"Mock you, sir! I thought you knew me better!"

"Or deem me one of those weak-hearted fools," continued his parent, "whose resolution a few soft words can melt? Begone! Quit my sight—your presence is an insult to me—and my curse—my irrevocable curse—go with you!"

"Did I feel that I had merited it," replied the young man, deeply moved, "its weight would crush me! Heaven will not record it father!" he added; "for no human sophistry or passion can blind its judgment. Should the hour arrive in which you remember that you have a son, a word will bring him back to you!"

So saying, he quitted the private office, in which the interview we have described had taken place.

"Fool—miserable fool!" muttered the banker, looking after him; "I could have forgiven any folly but marriage—for he was useful to me! Half a million and a share in one of the first mercantile establishments in England sacrificed for a pretty face—a handful of dust moulded in a more pleasing form than its fellows! If I think of it I shall go mad—mad!" he continued, and the words came hissing between his clenched teeth; "I must dismiss him from my mind at once and for ever!"

It was well the speaker did not say heart as well as mind; but Richard Graham was one of those few men who do not condescend to deceive themselves. Whatever he might appear to the world, he knew his own character thoroughly.

Half an hour after, when the cashier entered the room to ask for directions on some point of business connected with the bank, he found his employer writing at his desk as calm and collected as ever.

On the same day that Walter's name appeared as a junior partner in the firm of Burnet and Brothers, his father received a letter from the prime minister, announcing that his majesty had been graciously pleased to offer him a baronetcy.

The old man hesitated before he signified his acceptance of the long-coveted honor. The reflection that his eldest son was married according to his wishes and that the contingency of Walter's succeeding to it was exceedingly remote, decided him, and at the next levee he kissed hands as Sir Richard Graham.

CHAPTER VIII

Do not cherish
That daring vice for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honorable actions,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For the honor of our country and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expense
Upon our mother's lap—the earth that bred us—
For every trifle; and these private duels,
Which had their first original from the French,
And for which to this day we're justly censured,
Are banished from all civil governments.

BAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The marriage of Captain Graham and Lady Sybella proved, as our readers must naturally suppose, anything but a happy one. Without feeling the least resentment towards each other—for both felt they had been sacrificed to the ambition of their parents they remained coldly polite and indifferent. There was not even the bond of sympathy between them—for they had scarcely a taste or feeling in common; the tie which united them was the chain which mutually galled them.

They had not been more than a week in Paris before Frederick began to absent himself frequently from his hotel—to return home at late hours of the night—or rather early ones of the morning. He was wretched, and, like most men whom nature has not endowed with strong powers of self-control, sought relief from memory and useless regrets in dissipation.

His first fall was to the wine-cup; his next to the gaming-table. At the latter, singular to say, he was almost invariably successful. Fortune, as if to mock him, poured her golden treasures at his feet: he won large sums, and frequently startled the well-bred circle of gamblers around him by the hollow, mocking laugh with which he received his winnings.

"I can't make him out!" observed the Count Frescatti, at whose house he frequently played; "Lord Grenville assures me that he is a man of family and fortune, or such a continued run of success would have excited my suspicion!"

This was addressed to several *habitues* of the speaker's hotel who began to murmur at the amount of their losses.

"Lord Leyman asserted yesterday, at the Jockey Club, that he was a mere *parvenu*!" replied the Chevalier Onfroy, a noted duellist, whose temper was anything but improved by finding himself minus fifty thousand francs since he had made the acquaintance of the captain.

"You have found your master at last!" exclaimed three or four gentlemen who were present, with a laugh—for the chevalier was feared rather than liked in society.

"At *écarté*, perhaps!" was the significant reply. There was an awkward silence of some minutes: those who knew the speaker perfectly comprehended all that his words implied. The owner of the house was the first to take them up.

"Onfroy," he said, drawing the arm of his visitor in his, and leading him to a distant part of the room,

"for heaven's sake, do nothing rashly! Captain Graham is a man of honor: his manner, I confess, is very provoking—more so even than his success; but it is the manner of these Englishmen—they can neither lose nor win like any other nation!"

"As to his losing," observed the duellist, sullenly, "he has never once given us a chance! Would I were as completely master of my temper as he appears of the cards!"

"I tell you you are in error!" continued the count, emphatically; "I have watched him narrowly, and am convinced there has been no foul play—to him the sums he has won are a mere bagatelle! Rothschild tells me he is enormously rich!"

To this assurance an incredulous shrug was the only reply.

"I presume my word is not doubted!" added the speaker, haughtily.

"Certainly not, my dear count!" replied the unfortunate gamester, with a smile—for his host was not only a peer and a minister, but the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in France. "No man in his senses would presume to question the word of Count Frescatti, even if they were unfortunate enough to differ from him in opinion!"

"You are resolved, then?"

"I am resolved on nothing! I shall wait!"

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of more visitors, and amongst them Captain Graham. His host, who was really a good-natured man, felt anxious to dissipate the unpleasant suspicion respecting him. After shaking him heartily by the hand, he challenged him to his favorite game of *écarté*.

"With you, count?" said Frederick, with a look of surprise; "I thought you said you never played?"

"Seldom, you mean!" observed the diplomat; "never is a word excluded from most modern vocabularies! The fact is, captain, you have piqued me! I once prided myself upon my skill at the game, and feel something like a retired *maitre d'armes*, jealous of the reputation of a tyro!"

To this challenge, so gracefully given, Captain Graham at once bowed assent, and, seating himself with him at the nearest table, the play commenced at once.

The gentlemen who had been in the *salon* when he arrived gathered round them. The Chevalier Onfroy took his station at the back of Frederick's chair.

"You see," observed the count, with a good-humored smile, "our match has created quite a sensation!"

They cut the cards. The deal fell to the speaker. "*Je ne joue le roi*!" he said, as he turned the king.

His adversary proposed—although he held the knave, ace, and nine in his hand.

His host refused.

"Play!" replied the captain.

The count led the queen, which won, of course—the nine falling to it—and then led off the ten of trumps. It was taken by the knave. The ace was a sure card. Frederick had now two tricks—another would entitle him to score double—his opponent having refused.

He hesitated an instant—both his remaining cards being low ones. At last he threw down the eight of spades. The count unfortunately held the seven.

We have given our readers who are unacquainted with the game a sufficient insight into the manner in which it is played. The same success continued, and after remaining at the table nearly two hours, Captain Graham was a winner of ten thousand francs—about four hundred pounds.

"I confess myself vanquished!" said the count; "at my age I ought to have mistrusted the smiles of fortune! She is constant only to those who pursue her!"

"Or trade on her!" observed the chevalier.

Not supposing for an instant that such a remark could be levelled at him, Frederick pocketed his winnings with his usual indifference, and, addressing the speaker, asked him if he felt inclined to play.

"Not with a gentleman who invariably wins!"

There was no mistaking the tone and look this time. The pale features of the unhappy man, who had fled to the gaming-table merely to drown reflection and regrets which were corroding his very heart, flushed with indignation. Honor, which had survived the wreck of happiness, was doubly dear to him.

"I trust," he said, fixing his eye steadily upon his opponent, "that the Chevalier Onfroy has not been seriously inconvenienced by his losses!"

The countenance of the Frenchman became livid with rage. From his well-known reputation as a duellist, he was accustomed to see men inclined rather to avoid a quarrel than to seek one with him.

The taunt of poverty, too, which the words conveyed added still further to his excitement.

"Not inconvenienced so much as surprised at the skill with which it was won from me!"

Captain Graham saw that a quarrel was inevitable. He was perfectly acquainted with the reputation of the speaker, who was one of the best swordsmen in Europe—a heartless duellist, whom many a childless mother and widowed wife cursed in her desolation—and he resolved that he should prove the last of his victims. By forcing the chevalier to demand satisfaction, he secured the choice of weapons, time, and place—all of which were necessary for his purpose.

"I believe," he said, opening his pocket-book, "that fifty thousand francs is about the amount you have lost?"

"Fifty-five thousand!" muttered the chevalier.

"Right—a thousand pardons for my inaccuracy!" continued Frederick, upon whom every gaze was fixed, wondering what would be his next proceeding; "the sum to me is so trifling that I may be excused so unimportant an error! These," he added, drawing forth two notes of thirty thousand francs each, and displaying them so that their value could be distinctly seen, "more than cover the amount—and thus I cancel the recollection of having condescended to place myself on a level with a man who insinuates the lie he dares not utter, and loses his temper with his money!"

With a steady hand he held them in the flame of one of the lamps upon the table till the notes were completely destroyed. Not a visitor present but secretly applauded the spirited conduct of the Englishman.

"This is folly—madness!" exclaimed their host.

"Onfroy—captain—promise me, I entreat, that this ridiculous affair shall go no further!"

The Frenchman turned on his heel and walked away, boiling with rage and mortification at the lesson he had received.

"How far the affair is to proceed," answered Captain Graham, "depends, count, upon the gentleman—for, meeting him in your house, I am anxious to believe he is entitled to the consideration of one! For myself I have nothing either to add or to retract! I appeal to your honor whether anything in my conduct has warranted the infamous insinuation which has been cast upon my reputation?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Frescatti, shaking him warmly by the hand; "I pronounce and will maintain it to be as unsullied as my own!"

A declaration which was repeated by most present.

On hearing his conduct thus generally condemned, Onfroy, accompanied by one of his friends, left the room.

The man he had so ungenerously insulted did not remain long after him, and the party almost immediately broke up; but not before sundry speculations were entered into as to the probable result.

"The chevalier is so infernally skilful!" observed one.

"I pity the Englishman!" added a second; "he is a gallant fellow! He will have but a poor chance with Onfroy!"

"I do not think so!" replied their host; "I have marked Captain Graham well—for from his first appearance amongst us there was something in his manner that interested me—and think I had divined the clue to his character!"

"Courage," said the first speaker, "he undoubtedly possesses!"

"And tact!" continued the count. "Did you notice how skilfully he contrived to throw the onus of the quarrel on the chevalier—leaving it to him to demand satisfaction, and thereby securing the choice of weapons? If a duel takes place, ten to one but it proves fatal to both!"

Several of the gentlemen reminded the speaker that he had not explained what he considered the key to the Englishman's conduct.

"Despair!" said Frescatti; "the poor fellow is evidently tired of life—palled with the gifts of this world: fortune generally favors those who woo her with indifference!"

Captain Graham's first care on returning to his hotel was to write a long letter to his brother—for he had a presentiment that the encounter which he saw was inevitable would prove fatal. In it he explained the secret of his marriage, and referred him to the packet he had committed to his charge for the proofs.

"Act, Walter," he wrote, "as a parent to my orphan boy! Keep his existence a secret from his grandfather, who would train him, as he has trained us, to become the blind instrument of his will, or to be cast aside and broken. Teach him to avoid

his father's errors, as he would avoid his father's fate!"

Scarcely had he concluded, when the valet entered the dressing-room, to announce that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Did he give no name?" inquired his master.

"The man handed a salver with a card.

"Colonel de Lambert!" said Frederick, reading it; "I thought you knew," he added, "that I was always at home to him?"

The man withdrew, wondering that he should have been so forgetful. The truth was, that neither his master nor himself had ever heard of the name of the gentleman before—yet so natural was the tone of the captain when he made the observation, that the poor fellow, who had served him long and faithfully, was deceived.

In a few seconds a tall, soldierlike-looking man, wearing the uniform of the Carabiniers, was ushered into the apartment.

"You bring me a message from the Chevalier Onfroy?" said Frederick, with an air of unconcern.

"Monsieur le Capitaine has relieved me of the most painful part of my duty!" replied the officer, with exquisite politeness; "and all that remains to be arranged is the time and place of meeting!"

"And weapons?" added the party challenged.

"Ah, oui!" said the colonel; "in France we generally use the sword, and as monsieur is a military man—"

"The pistol is equally a soldier's weapon!" interrupted Captain Graham; "and the choice, I believe, rests with me!"

His visitor admitted, rather reluctantly, perhaps, that it did.

"The place I willingly leave to you!" continued the former, "confident that the selection could not be in better hands—the choice of time and weapons I reserve, as is my right!"

"Had I not better arrange them," suggested the messenger of the Chevalier Onfroy, "with the friend to whom doubtless you will refer me?"

"No! It is a point on which my decision is unalterable! The hour, three to-morrow, and the weapons pistols!"

"Three!" repeated the Frenchman, with a grimace; "*Mon Dieu* how very eccentric! Pardon the expression—but the fact is, we are engaged to dinner at Chantilly at five!"

"Your friends," observed Frederick, drily, "may be disappointed in the presence of one of their guests; but that," he added, "is no reason why you should be inconvenienced! Let the place of meeting be the Wood of Ecouen—it is ten miles upon your way!"

The Frenchman was delighted. He had not expected to find such tact, such consideration in a son of *perfidious Albion*. In his enthusiasm he almost envied his friend the chevalier the pleasure of shooting him—the highest compliment Col. Lambert could pay to any man.

With this impression the gentleman took his leave, and returned to report progress to his principal, who was far from sharing in his satisfaction when he heard that he was to fight with pistols.

"I told you," he said, "that I should prefer swords!"

"Bah!" replied his friend; "what can it signify, since you are sure to kill him? Besides, it will prevent delay, and, with all our expedition, we shall only reach Chantilly in time for dinner!"

The following morning, at an early hour, Captain Graham ordered his carriage and drove to Rothchild's, upon whom he had a large credit, and drew out the balance of his account: this, with the remaining portion of the five thousand pounds which his father had given him on his wedding day, he enclosed in the letter to Walter. That done, his mind felt comparatively at rest: he had secured the child of Ellen from want. His next care was to seek a friend, which he found in a brother officer on a visit at the embassy.

A duel is perhaps the only appointment which it is considered necessary in the fashionable world to observe with punctuality. Just as the clock of the old chateau of Ecouen, which rose towering above the trees, struck the hour of three, two carriages entered the wood: the first contained Frederick and his second, Major Loftus; the second, the Chevalier Onfroy and Colonel Lambert.

The gentlemen alighted, and, directing the drivers and servants to wait, withdrew to a spot more suited to their purpose, at a distance from the main road.

The colonel looked at his watch as they reached an opening in the wood well known to the inhabitants of the adjacent villages—for it was the place they were accustomed to assemble in of an evening to enjoy their rustic sports.

He bowed gracefully to the major, who instantly advanced towards him to arrange the preliminaries—the two principals remaining apart. Their conference was a brief one.

"By heavens, Graham," said his friend, "I can scarcely reconcile it to my conscience to permit the affair to proceed!"

"Why not?" demanded his brother officer, calmly.

"Because it is a murderous one! The gentleman tells me that it is the custom, when a duel is fought in France with pistols—and I suppose I must submit! You are to take your places at twenty paces' distance from each other. Advance when I drop my handkerchief—for I won the right of giving the signal—and discharge your weapon. The one that fires first," he added, "if he misses, is a dead man!"

"It is the very arrangement I expected!" replied his friend. "Loftus," he added, "you have my instructions! I am certain I may rely upon you! Remember that you place the packet in no hands save my brother's!"

"I understand!"

"The colonel is growing impatient!" observed Frederick with a half smile, as he noticed the Frenchman's second appeal to his watch; "it would be a pity to deprive him of his dinner! Give me the pistol!"

The major placed it in his hands, and, whispering the words, "God bless you!" walked slowly to the appointed spot from which he was to give the signal. So deeply was he affected, that he hesitated for an instant.

"We are waiting, monsieur!" observed the Frenchman, with an air of satirical politeness.

The handkerchief fell.

The adversaries began to advance, each with his eye fixed upon the other. The chevalier had not advanced more than five paces before he fired from the hip without raising his arm—one of the many tricks he had practised in the shooting gallery. Poor Graham staggered for an instant, and then walked steadily on.

"Missed him!" muttered the colonel; "*quel mal adresse!*"

Onfroy turned deadly pale—his knees began to knock together. At the approach of death the courage of the duelist deserted him, and he turned upon his heel and would have fled.

"*Largo!*" shouted his second.

At the same instant a second report was heard—the bullet from his antagonist's pistol shattered the coward's brains, and he fell with his face upon the ground.

Colonel Lambert—who, to do him justice, was one of the bravest and most loyal men in the French army—instead of attempting to assist him, turned from his principal in disgust, and ran to aid Major Loftus, who had caught his friend in his arms as he was falling.

"Graham, my dear fellow," exclaimed the latter, "you are not much hurt! For heaven's sake, let me hear you speak!"

"Dying!" murmured the wounded man.

"Shot by that cur—I shall never forgive myself!"

"Nor I!" added the Frenchman, wringing the captain's hand—for he felt disgusted that a gentleman of such exquisite taste and breeding as he considered Frederick should quit the world with an ill opinion of his countrymen. In his enthusiasm he would have been delighted to have exchanged a shot with him himself, to have given him a better idea of La Belle France.

"Colonel," said the dying man, "let me recommend you to seek your carriage! It would be a pity," he added, with a faint smile, "to deprive your friends of the pleasure they anticipate in your society!"

The second of his late enemy thought so, too.

"Colonel," observed Major Loftus, "I shall of course publish a statement of the conduct of your friend!"

"Friend!" repeated the old soldier, in a tone of indignation; "I renounce him—he has disgraced the name of Frenchman by his cowardice, and made me appear ridiculous!" he added, bitterly: which last offence, from the manner in which he expressed himself, was certainly not the least cause of the disgust he felt at the conduct of the late duellist.

To a Frenchman there is no dread so great as that of ridicule.

He regarded his watch again.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed; half-past three! In my way through the village I will send a surgeon to you! *Adieu, mon brave!*" he added, wringing Frederick by the hand; "the wound may not be mortal, after all!"

With this hope, which he had too much expe-

rience in shot-wounds to believe in, the speaker hastened to seek his carriage. As he passed the spot where the body of Onfroy was still lying, he spat upon the ground, to express his contempt for his want of courage.

The wound of Frederick bled internally, and Major Loftus saw from the first that it was fatal. Once or twice he attempted to raise him, but the sufferer begged him to desist.

"It is useless!" he said; "let me die here!"

"Is there no hope?"

"None? Remember me to our friends, Loftus! Tell them I have not disgraced the regiment or the commission I bear! Give me your hand! Remember your promise—the packet—my brother!"

For some moments the lips of Captain Graham moved in prayer. The last word he pronounced was the name of Ellen; his last wish, had he been able to give expression to it, would have been to rest in the humble grave in the village churchyard beside her.

Then came a faint struggle, and all was over. When the surgeon whom Colonel Lambert had sent arrived, he found only a corpse.

Major Loftus returned immediately to Paris, where he had left his wife, whom he commissioned to break the intelligence to the widowed bride. For himself, he started immediately for England—his leave of absence having all but expired.

The chevalier's second kept his word. In the account published in the French papers, he did full justice to the courage of Captain Graham and the dastardly conduct of the man who had so unnecessarily provoked him.

The announcement of the death of his eldest son was a terrible blow to the ambition—not the affection—of the new-made baronet—for Walter, whom he mortally hated, was, as he imagined, now the only heir to his title, which he bitterly regretted having accepted. To be sure there was one hope—the widowed Lady Sybella might prove a mother; but in that, as in the rest of his deep-laid schemes, the man of calculation was doomed to disappointment.

"The idiot!" he muttered, as soon as the messenger who brought the evil tidings had taken his leave; "to be shot by a beggarly Frenchman—a fellow, most probably, with only a few thousand francs a year—and he with a baronetcy certain and a peerage in perspective! Thank heaven," he added, "the estate reverts to me, instead of his disobedient brother! I should have been foiled indeed if I had not foreseen that contingency! Walter may have my title, but not a shilling of my fortune shall go with it—not a penny!"

In his insane hatred of his second son, the old man almost forgot the anger and disappointment he experienced in the loss of his elder born.

To Walter Graham the intelligence of his brother's untimely death was the first cloud which passed between him and his newly-found happiness. It was some time before he found courage to break the seal of the packet which Major Loftus had placed in his hands. His astonishment when he found that Frederick had left a boy by a marriage previous to his union with Lady Sybella could only be equalled by the fervency with which he mentally promised to prove a father to him. He would at once have proclaimed the existence of the heir to the vast estate settled by Sir Richard upon Frederick on his marriage with Lady Sybella, had not the caution contained in the letter restrained him.

"Poor Frederick was right!" he thought. "Better rear him in obscurity than trust him to his grandfather's training! He would destroy his happiness as he ruined his unhappy father's!"

Before finally deciding, he resolved to consult a lawyer—for which purpose he drew up a case and submitted it to one of the most eminent counsel of the day. The answer was what his fears anticipated.

Sir Richard Graham was the undoubted guardian of his grandson.

"Never!" exclaimed the generous-minded man, as he read the opinion; his youth shall not be blighted as mine has been, or corrupted by the indulgence of his passions! One sacrifice shall suffice: the unnatural parent shall not find in Frederick's boy another victim to speculate upon.

To his wife—the gentle, simple-hearted Fanny—only, did he impart the secret and the resolution he had come to.

(To be continued.)

THE TERRIFIC EARTHQUAKE AT BROUSSA.—The earthquake at Broussa (in Asia Minor) was a terrible calamity. Letters which have been received give a circumstantial account of the occurrences, although even yet there is much wanting to form a just estimate of the destruction of life and property. At the same moment that the first great shock was felt at Constantinople, the Asiatic city was shaken to its foundations, and within a few seconds nearly three hundred of the inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins of a part of the town. The shock appears to have lasted about three-quarters of a minute. The oscillations came from the southeast, and were of that quick, jerking nature, which causes such destruction. The city is partly surrounded by a wall, which dates from the time when the early Ottoman Sultans held their court there, before Adrianople had been raised to an equality with the old capital. This wall appears to have been far from solid, and unfortunately a large number of the poorer population had fixed their houses against it for the purpose of support and shelter. The wall swayed to and fro for some seconds, as if shaken by the wind; at first only a few stones fell from the top or were dislodged wherever the old mortar had decayed and fallen out; but at the last great vibration, which preceded the cessation of the shock, a great part of the circuit fell flat, almost in a mass, and several score of houses were at once crushed, with their unfortunate inmates. There was scarcely an edifice in the town which was not more or less injured, but the houses of the wealthier inhabitants suffered comparatively little, and the loss of life has been almost entirely confined to the humbler class. The mosques, as usual, have suffered greatly, and there is said to be hardly a minaret standing in the whole city. Out of 125 mosques there is hardly one left untouched. One particularly, more than five centuries old, and the pride of the inhabitants, has been levelled to the ground. In a silk factory of the neighborhood a fearful calamity occurred; the whole building fell flat, and sixty women who were at work were buried in the ruins. It is believed that they all perished. We cannot be too thankful that this visitation has passed away without inflicting serious loss on the population of the capital. Throughout the whole of the 28th great apprehension prevailed that the shocks would recur with equal force to that of the one which shook the city at three o'clock. They continued at intervals during the night: one took place at five and another at seven o'clock on the morning of the 1st, one in the middle of the day, and another at half-past five in the afternoon. None of these, however, caused any damage, and indeed they were not felt by the majority of the inhabitants. Since the 1st there has been no recurrence of the convulsion. In the present temper of men's minds there is a natural tendency to connect physical commotions with the political events which are passing around. It cannot be, therefore, wondered at that among the illiterate population of Constantinople some superstitious awe should prevail, and that each race should interpret the ominous convulsion according to its own prepossessions. Many melancholy predictions have therefore been founded on the late occurrence, which is considered, if not a judgment, at least a warning.

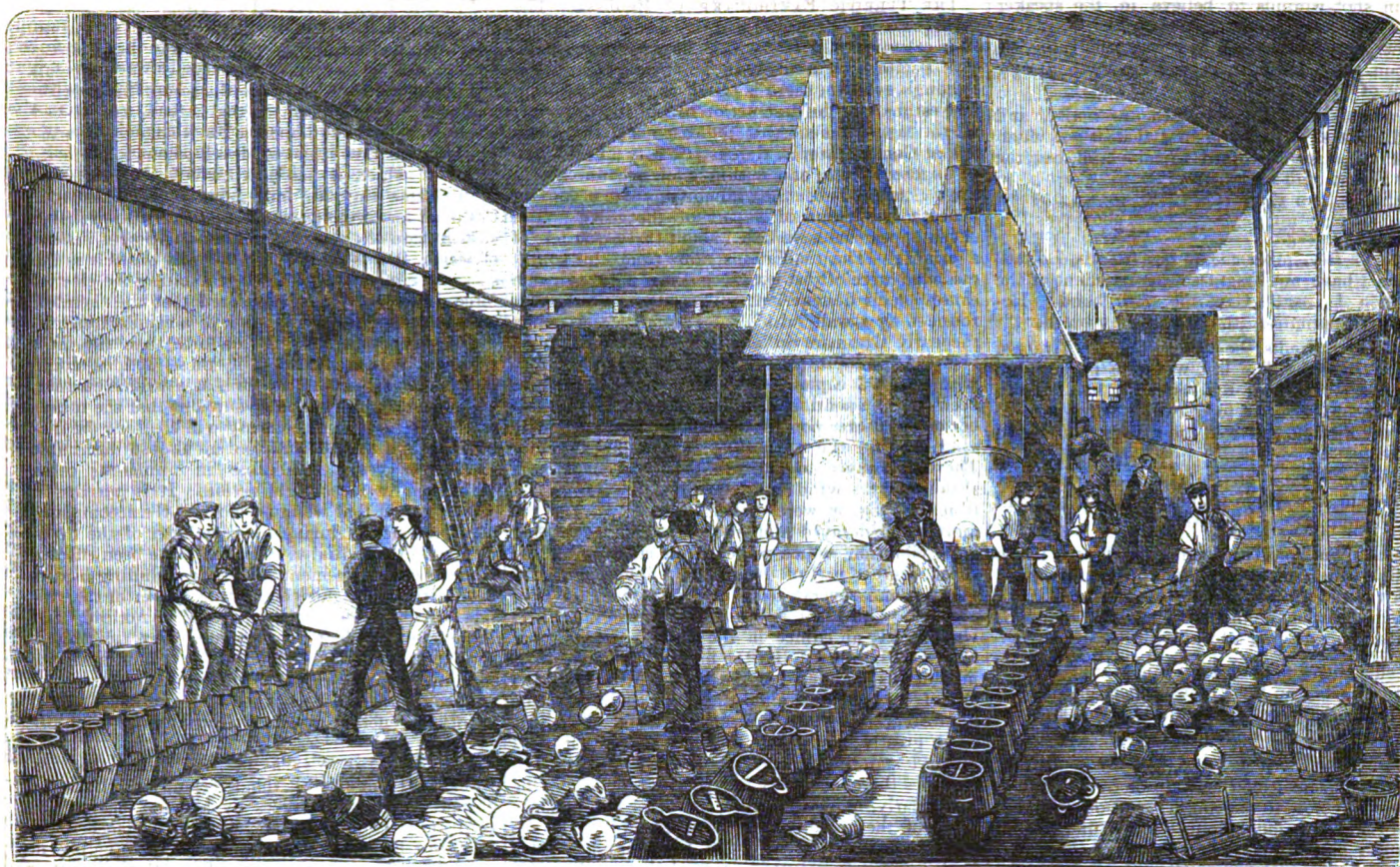
PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES FOUND ON THE BODIES OF THOSE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A lady of Lugano, sitting near a window during a thunder-storm, received a shock which was not followed by any dangerous consequences; but a flower which happened to lie in the way of the electric current was figured upon her leg, and she preserved the appearance during the rest of her life. A sailor on board a vessel in the harbor of Zante, having been struck by lightning, there was found on his breast the number 44, being an exact copy of the same figures in metal which were attached to a part of the rigging of the ship. In September, 1825, the lightning struck the brigantine *Il Buon Servo*; on the back of one of the sailors who was killed was the figure of a horse-shoe, of the exact dimensions of one nailed to the foremast. In 1841, a magistrate of the department of *Indre et Loire* and a miller's boy were struck by lightning, and on the breasts of each were found spots resembling exactly the leaves of the poplar. About 1786, two members of the old *Académie des Sciences* used to mention, on the authority of Franklin, the account of a man who, having seen the lightning fall upon a tree opposite him, exhibited the image of this tree upon his breast; but this phenomenon was attributed by them to accident, or rather to a casual sanguineous suffusion. These facts that we have cited prove that the phenomenon in question has a wholly different signification, and I think that it is perhaps of a photographic nature.

VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.—Dr. Tyndall has just concluded a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on voltaic electricity. In reviewing the progress and present condition of the science, Dr. Tyndall brought before his audience the recent discoveries, and stated the opinion of the most distinguished electricians, so as to impart a knowledge of the subject from its first stages of development to the condition to which it has now arrived; pointing out at the same time an immeasurable field that still lies open for investigation. So far as the probable substitution of electricity as a moving power instead of steam, it was shown that the only obstacle is the cost of the means yet known of exciting the electric force; and when it is considered that the chemical actions during the combustion of a candle are sufficient to generate more of this force than the most powerful voltaic batteries, if those actions could only be developed in the form of a voltaic current, there seems good reason to suppose that the means of thus generating electricity will ere long be discovered, and then be supplied an almost illimitable source of power, applicable in numerous other ways than in mechanical action. It is perhaps in this direction that we must look for the accomplishment of marvels during the remainder of the nineteenth century equal to those that have been effected since its commencement. In the concluding lecture the electric light and the heating power of the voltaic current were more especially noticed, and numerous brilliant experiments were exhibited, showing the quantities of heat and the intensity of the light that may be derived from that source and applied to practical uses, when some more economical means of generating voltaic electricity has been discovered.

USE OF LIME-WATER IN THE FORMATION OF BREAD.—To neutralise the deterioration which the gluten of flour undergoes by keeping, bakers add sulphate of copper or alum with the damaged flour. Professor Liebig, however, has conceived the idea of employing lime, in the state of solution, saturated without heat. After having kneaded the flour with water and lime, he adds the yeast and leaves the dough to itself; the fermentation commences, and is developed as usual; and if we add the remainder of the flour to the fermented dough at the proper time, we obtain, after baking, an excellent, elastic, spongy bread, free from acid, of an agreeable taste, and which is preferred to all other bread after it has been eaten for some time. The proportions of flour and lime-water to be employed are in the ratio of 19 to 5. As the quantity of liquid is not sufficient for converting the flour into dough, it is completed with ordinary water. The quantity of lime contained in the bread is small—160 ounces of lime require more than 300 quarts of water for solution; the lime contained in the bread is scarcely as much as that contained in the seeds of leguminous plants. Professor Liebig remarks, that it may be regarded as a physiological truth, established by experiment, that corn flour is not a perfectly alimentary substance; administered alone, in the state of bread, it does not suffice for sustaining life. From all that we know, this insufficiency is owing to the want of lime, so necessary for the formation of the osseous system. The phosphoric acid likewise required is sufficiently represented in the corn, but lime is less abundant in it than in leguminous plants. This circumstance gives, perhaps, the key to many of the diseases which are observed among prisoners, as well as among children whose diet consists essentially of bread. * * * The yield of bread from flour kneaded with lime-water is more considerable. In my household, 19 pounds of flour, treated without lime-water, rarely gives more than 2½ pounds of bread, kneaded with five quarts of lime-water, the same quantity of flour produces from 26 pounds 6 ounces to 29 pounds 10 ounces of well-baked bread. Now as, according to Heeren, 19 pounds of flour furnish only 24 pounds 1½ ounces of bread, it may be admitted that the lime-water bread has undergone a real augmentation."—*Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie und Chemist, March, 1855.*

PAPIER-MACHÉ HUT.—Bielfeld, the papier-maché manufacturer, has submitted to the authorities a model hut of that material, intended for camp use. The various parts were brought to Whitehall Yard, and, on an order given, Mr. Bielfeld's workmen erected, roofed in, and floored it in twenty-four minutes. The papier-maché pulp is mixed with rags, the result of which is a paper plank, much stronger than wood, all but inflammable, a non-conductor of heat or cold, and impenetrable by wet.

NEW WATER APPARATUS.—A vessel is being fitted out at Portsmouth with a patent apparatus by which a sufficiency of good wholesome water can be distilled in the course of twenty-four hours to supply from 30,000 to 40,000 men.



INTERIOR OF THE SHELL FACTORY.

The Shell Factory.

The foundry of the Atlas Iron Works was one of the most extensive in the metropolis of London. The works belonged to Mr. Palgrave—a gentleman who has risen to eminence in his profession as engineer.

On Monday, May 14, the Atlas Iron Works was the scene of a dire catastrophe. The drilling-house—a building containing the most valuable machinery and property of the most important character—for it had reference to the war with Russia—in an instant, without one single note of warning, collapsed, as it were, and fell in a heap of irredeemable loss. Being Monday, all the hands were not at work—but a large number were—and the wonder is, that none were killed.

The account of the accident is startling. It appears that, shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon, the various workmen, numbering upwards of a hundred, had returned from dinner, and had taken their respective places at their lathes, drums, and benches, when all of a sudden some persons who were in the top part had their attention directed to one of the side walls, by seeing it swinging to and fro to an unusual extent. This so terrified the parties, that they raised an immediate alarm, and at once made an attempt to gain the street in safety. Others in the lower floor, also seeing the building move, made an attempt to leave, and fortunately several were successful; but before the whole number could get out, a scene took place that would be a difficult matter to describe—for the whole of the roof fell in, and in an instant afterwards the top floor also fell; and the lower floors, being pressed by the additional weights thus thrown upon them, also dropped to the ground with a noise resembling some convulsion of nature; and at the same moment the whole neighborhood became obscured with dust resembling smoke; and from the fact of its being well known that an immense number of shells for the English government were being cast on the premises, it was at first apprehended that one had been charged, and, exploding, had done all the mischief.

As soon, however, as the dust had in some measure cleared away, the great amount of injury and the cause became apparent; such an immense amount of timber, large pieces of iron work of nearly every description used in the engineering trade, as well as fly-wheels and millstones, weighing each nearly half a ton, had rarely been seen heaped together, and the cries that proceeded from the bottom of the *debris* clearly proved that several persons, at the least, were imbedded.

No lives, however, we are happy to say, were lost; many were injured and conveyed to the hospital, but all have subsequently happily recovered.

Our artist, who was present at the time of the accident, engaged in sketching the subject of our illustration, has given us a rather graphic account of the fall, and his own providential escape. He says:

"Now for a word about the accident. I was standing in the centre of the drilling-house, near a temporary boiler, and which, luckily for me, happened to be the passage-way from the gateway to the foundry, when I heard a report like several small field guns being discharged in rapid succession, and I at first imagined that the boiler had burst; but seeing no steam, I turned to continue my sketch, when I saw the machines twisting like wreathing snakes, and the whole roof coming down. The workmen set up a terrible cry, and the crash was awful. I made the best of my way to the gateway, and stood close to the brick wall, making myself as small as possible, while the whole building fell behind me. I got slightly bruised on the arms and leg. I was half smothered with dust, but had the prudence to place my mouth at the chink of the gate where attached to the wall—so managed to breathe better than I otherwise should have done till the dust abated; and then I saw a pile of ruins as high as a first-floor window on the spot where I had so lately stood. My umbrella and sketching utensils were buried, but I kept the sketch-book in my hand. Some one from the outside opened the gateway, and so I got out. Fortunately no lives have been lost."

Very fortunately, indeed; but we must pass on to the subject of our illustration. It is the interior of the foundry, the most important department in an establishment of this kind. The scene represents all stages of casting: some are pouring metal into the moulds, some taking it from the furnace, some are removing the moulds and scattering the red-hot globes to cool, some carrying them to a heap, whence they are to be removed to the drilling and turning-house, and in the foreground is a mould open, with the core inside. This is a mould in which a bomb-shell is cast, and we may here mention that this frightful and fortunately uncommon accident excited additional and stronger interest, from the fact that Mr. Palgrave had extensive orders to execute for government, of shells for the bombardment of Sebastopol.

The remainder of our engraving may be thus explained. The shells are cast hollow, and in this manner.

First a core of prepared sand is made, and dried in an oven for that purpose. It is then placed in a bed, with a vacant space all round, except where a peg is placed, to leave an aperture for charging and fusing, and then the metal is run in, the vacant space is filled up, and the shell is formed. Alto-

gether it is a very interesting process, and a visit to such a foundry will well repay the curiosity, and instruct the mind of any one inclined to visit such a place.

REMARKABLE CLAIRVOYANT REVELATIONS. — On Christmas Day I visited a professional clairvoyant who lived near the Revere, Boston. The husband of the lady first presented himself, asking me if I wished to consult her about anything lost or stolen, because she declined answering those questions. I said no—I wished her to go to England, and tell me what my friends there were doing. He then fetched her into the room, made a few passes before her, when her eyes were closed, told me to take her hand, made a few more passes over our united hands, and left the room, telling me I might question her. She described my brothers and sisters very correctly—told me the names of two of them. I then took her into a house of a friend in Liverpool, which she described accurately and minutely, as well as each member of the family, and told me what they were all doing: whether she was right in the latter I had no means of ascertaining. She was wrong in the occupations she gave to my own family at that time. She told me I should soon see a gentleman from my native place, who would tell me a great deal about my friends—which I did in two days after. I asked when I should return to England, and whether I should travel north or south in my next journey? She replied I should not return to England so soon as I expected, and my next journey would be south. This was the case, though I did not believe it then, for I expected to go to Canada. I suppose I expressed my incredulity in some way, for she said, "I cannot talk to you so well as many—you don't believe what I say; you think I guess, but I don't—I only tell you what I see." At the expiration of twenty minutes—the time allowed for a dollar—her husband returned, and I, not caring to look further into the future, paid my money and departed.

CALUMNY.—The aspersions of calumny will not adhere permanently to your character, unless they find in it some ground of adhesion. When, therefore, you are assailed by slander and obloquy, suffer that which will not stick to fall to the ground of its own accord; and as to the rest, mend your character.

WERE the true visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.—If a man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, what is the effect of man's inhumanity to woman?

The Ocean and its Life.

When the royal psalmist meditated on the majesty and glory of the eternal God, he saw the riches and the wisdom of the great Creator mirrored on the bosom of the deep. "The earth," he sings, "is full of Thy riches, so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships, there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein; these all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season." The beautiful language here employed, and the still more beautiful sentiment of which it is the vehicle, admit of abundant illustration. The treasures of the sea are rich and varied, but yet how little is known of the fearful mysteries of the great deep, and the hungry ocean demands still its countless victims. For the calm of the sea is a treacherous rest, and under the deceitful mirror-like smoothness reign eternal warfare and strife. Oceanus holds not, as of old, the Earth, his spouse, in quiet, loving embrace; our sea-god is a god of battles, and wrestles and wrangles in never-ceasing struggle with the firm continent. Even when apparently calm and slumbering, he is moving in restless action, for "there is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet." Listen, and you will hear the gentle beating of playful waves against the snowy sands of the beach; look again, and you will see the gigantic mass breathe and heave like a living being. No quiet, no sleep is allowed to the great element. As the little brook dances merrily over rock and root, never resting day and night, so the great ocean also knows no leisure, no repose.

It is not merely, however, that the weight of the agitated atmosphere presses upon the surface of the vast ocean, and moves it now with the gentle breath of the zephyr, and now with the fierce power of the tempest. Even when the waters seem lashed into madness by the raging tornado, or rise in daring rebellion under the sudden, sullen fury of the typhoon, it is but child's play compared with the gigantic and yet silent, lawful movement, in which they ascend to the very heavens on high, where "He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds," and then again sink, uncomplaining, to the lowest depths of the earth.

As the bright sun rests warm and glowing on the bosom of the cool flood, millions of briny drops abandon the mighty ocean and rise, unseen by human eye, borne on the wings of the wind, up into the blue ether. But soon they are recalled to their allegiance. They gather into silvery clouds, race around the globe, and sink down again, now impetuously in a furious storm, bringing destruction and ruin, now as gentle rain, fertilizing and refreshing, or more quietly yet, as brilliant dew pearls, glittering in the bosom of the unfolding rose, and filling each tiny cup held up by leaf and blossom. Eagerly the thirsty earth drinks in the heavenly gift; in a thousand veins she sends it down to her lowest depths, and fills her vast invisible reservoirs. Soon she can hold the rich abundance of health-bringing waters no longer, and through the cleft and cliff they gush joyfully forth as merry, chattering springs. They join rill to rill, and rush heedlessly down the mountains in brook and creek, until they grow to mighty rivers, thundering over gigantic rocks, leap fearlessly down lofty precipices, or gently rolling their mighty masses along the inclined plains of lowlands, become man's obedient slaves, and carry richly-laden vessels on their shoulders, before they return once more to the bosom of their common mother, the great ocean.

But the mighty ocean rests not even in its own legitimate limits. When not driven about as spray, as mist, as river, when gently reposing in its eternal home on the bosom of the great earth, it is still subject to powerful influences from abroad. That mysterious force which chains sun to sun, and planet to planet, which calls back the wandering comet to its central sun, and binds the worlds in one great universe, the force of general attraction, must needs have its effect upon the waters also, and under the control of the sun and moon, they perform a second race around the globe on which we live.

When the companions of Nearchus, under Alexander the Great, reached the mouth of the Indus, nothing excited their amazement in that wonderful country so much as the regular rise and fall of all the ocean—a phenomenon which they had never seen at home, on the coasts of Asia Minor and Greece. Even their short stay there, sufficed, however, to show them the connection of this astonishing change with the phases of the moon. For "sweet as the moonlight sleeps upon this bank," it is nevertheless full of silent power. Stronger even than the larger sun, because so much nearer to the earth, it raises upon the boundless plains of the Pacific a wave only a few feet high, but extending down to the bottom of the sea, and moves it onwards, chained as it were to its own path high in heaven.

Harmless and powerless this wave rolls along the placid surface of the ocean. But lands arise, New Holland on one side, Southern Asia on the other, and the low but immensely broad tidal wave is pressed together, and rises upwards, racing rapidly round the sharp point of Africa. An hour after the moon has risen highest at Greenwich, it reaches Fez and Morocco; two hours later it passes through the Straits of Gibraltar and along the coast of Portugal. The fourth hour sees it rush with increased force into the Channel and past the western coast of England. There the rocky cliffs of Ireland and the numerous islands of the Northern seas, arrest its rapid course, so that it reaches Norway only after an eight hours' headlong race. Another branch of the same wave hurries along the eastern coast of America in almost furious haste, often amounting to 120 miles an hour; from thence it passes on to the north, where, hemmed in on all sides, it rises here and there to the enormous height of eighty feet. Such is not rarely the case in the Bay of Fundy—a circumstance which shows us forcibly the vast superiority of this silent, steady movement over that of the fiercest tempest. Even at that most stormy and most dreadful spot on earth, Cape Horn, all the violence of raging tempests cannot raise the waves higher than some thirty feet, nor does it ever disturb the habitual calm of the ocean deeper than a few fathoms, so that divers do not hesitate to stay below, even when the hurricane rages above. Gentle in its appearance, though grand in its effect, this mighty wave shows its true power only when it meets obstacles worthy of such effort. Where strong currents oppose its approach, as in the river Dordogne, in France, it races in contemptuous haste up the daring stream and reaches there, for instance, in two minutes, the height of lofty houses. Or it rolls the mighty waters of the Amazon River mountain high up into huge dark masses of foaming cascades, and then drives them steadily, resistlessly upwards, leaving the calm of a river behind, and sending its roar and its thunder for miles into the upland.

Still less known and less observed is the third great movement which interrupts the apparent calm and peace of the ocean. For here, as everywhere, movement is life, as rest would be death. Without this ever-stirring activity in its own bosom, without this constant moving and intermingling of its waters, the countless myriads of decaying plants and animals which are daily buried in the vast deep, would soon destroy, by their mephitic vapors, all life upon earth. This, greatest of all movements, never resting, never ending, is the effect of the sun and the warmth it generates. Like all bodies, water also contracts, and consequently grows heavier as the temperature sinks; but only to a certain point, about three degrees Reaumur. This is the invariable warmth of the ocean at a depth of 3,600 feet, and below that. If the temperature is cooler, water becomes thinner again and lighter, so that at the freezing point, as ice, it weighs considerably less than when fluid. The consequence of this peculiar relation of water to warmth produces the remarkable result, that in the great ocean an incessant movement continues up to the above-mentioned degree of warmth, the warmer and lighter water rises continually, whilst the cooler and heavier sinks in like manner; below that point the colder water rises and the warmer part descends to the bottom. Hence, the many currents in the vast mass of the ocean; sometimes icy cold, at other times warm, and even hot, so that often the difference between the temperature of the current and that of the quiet water by its side, is quite astonishing. The great Humboldt found at Truxillo the undisturbed waters as warm as 22 degrees, whilst the stream on the Peruvian coast had but little more than 8 degrees, and the sailor who paddles his boat with tolerable accuracy on the outer line of the gulf-stream, may dip his left hand into cold and his right into warm water.

Greater wonders still are hidden under the calm, still surface of the slumbering giant. Thoughtless and careless, man passes in his light fragile boat over the boundless expanse of the ocean, and little does he know, as yet, of the vast plains beneath him, the luxuriant forests, the sweet green meadows, that lie stretched out at the foot of unmeasured mountains, which raise their lofty peaks up to his ship's bottom, and the fiery volcanoes that earthquakes have thrown up below the waves.

For the sea, also, has its hills and its dales; its table-lands and its valleys; sometimes barren and sometimes covered with luxuriant vegetation. Beneath its placid, even surface, there are inequalities far greater than the most startling on the continents of the earth. In the Atlantic, south of St. Helena, the lead of the French frigate *Venus* reached bottom only at a depth of 14,556 feet, or a distance equal to the height of Mont Blanc; and Captain Ross,

during his last expedition to the South Pole, found, at 27,600 feet, a depth equal to more than five miles, no bottom yet: so that there the Dawalaghi might have been placed on top of Mount Sinai, without appearing above the waters! And yet, from the same depth, mountains rise in cliffs and reefs, or expand upwards, in broad, fertile islands.

Nor can we any longer sustain the ancient faith in the stability of "*terra firma*," as contrasted with the ever-changing nature of the sea. Recent discoveries have proved that the land changes and the waters are stable! The ocean maintains always the same level; but, as on the great continents, table-lands rise and prairies sink, so does the bottom of the sea rise and fall. In the South Sea this takes place alternately, at stated times. To such sinking portions of our earth belongs, among others, New Holland. So far from being a new, young land, it is on the contrary, with its strange flora, so unlike that of the rest of the world, and its odd and marvellous animal, an aged, dying island, which the ocean is slowly burying, inch by inch.

The ocean is a vast charnel house. There are millions and millions of animals mouldering, piled up, layer upon layer, in huge masses, or forming mile-long banks. For no peace is found below and under the thin, transparent veil; there reign endless murder, wild warfare, and fierce bloodshed. Infinite, unquenchable hatred seems to dwell in the cold, unfeeling deep. Destruction alone maintains life in the boundless world of the ocean. Lions, tigers, and wolves, reach a gigantic size in its vast caverns, and, day after day, destroy whole generations of smaller animals. Polypi and medusæ, in countless numbers, spread their nets, catching the thoughtless radiati by tens of thousands, and the huge whale swallows, at one gulp, millions of minute, but living creatures. The sword-fish and the sea-lion hunt the elephant and rhinoceros of the Pacific, and tiny parasites dart upon the tunny fish, to dwell in myriads in his thick layers of fat. All are hunting, killing, murdering; but the strife is silent, no war-cry is heard, no burst of anguish disturbs the eternal silence, no shouts of triumph rise up through the crystal waves to the world of light. The battles are fought in deep, still seclusion; only now and then the parting waves disclose the bloody scene for an instant, or the dying whale throws his enormous carcass high into the air, driving the water up in lofty columns, capped with foam and tinged with blood.

Ceaseless as that warfare is, it does not leave the Ocean's depths a waste—a scene of desolation. On the contrary, we find that the sea, the most varied and the most wonderful part of creation, where nature still keeps some of her profoundest secrets, teems with life. "Things innumerable, both great and small," are there. It contains, especially, a most diversified and exuberant abundance of animal life, from the microscopic infusoria, in inconceivable numbers, up to those colossal forms, which, free from the incumbrance of weight, are left free to exert the whole of their giant power for their enjoyment. Where the rocky cliffs of Spitzbergen and the inhospitable shores of Victoria land refuse to nourish even the simplest, humblest lichen, where no reindeer is ever seen, and even the polar bear finds no longer comfort, there the sea is still covered with fuci and confervæ, and myriads of minute animals crowd its life-sustaining waves. Naturally, the purest spring-water is not more limpid than the water of the ocean; for it absorbs all colors save that of ultramarine, which gives it the azure hue, vying with the blue of heaven. It varies, to be sure, with every gleam of sunshine, with every passing cloud, and when shallow it reflects the color of its bed. But its brightest tints and strangest colors are derived from infusoria and plants. In the Arctic Sea, a broad band of opaque olive green passes right through the pure ultramarine; and off the Arabian coast, we are told, there is a strip of green water so distinctly marked, that a ship has been seen in blue and green water at the same time. The Vermilion Sea of California has its name from the red color of vast quantities of infusoria, and the Red Sea of Arabia changes from delicate pink to deep scarlet, as its tiny inhabitants move in thicker or thinner layers. Other masses of minute creatures tinge the waters round the Maldives black, and that of the Gulf of Guinea, white.

When Captain Ross, in the Arctic Sea, explored the bottom of the sea, and dropped his lead to a depth of 6000 feet, he still brought up living animals; and, even at a depth exceeding the height of our loftiest mountains, the water is alive with countless hosts of diminutive, phosphoric creatures, which, when attracted to the surface, convert every wave into a crest of light, and the wide ocean into a sea of fire. It is well known that the abundance

of these minute beings, and of the animal matter supplied by their rapid decomposition, is such, that the sea-water itself becomes a nutritious fluid to many of the largest dwellers in the ocean. Still, they all have their own homes, even their own means of locomotion. They are not bound to certain regions of that great country below the ocean's waters. They travel far and fast; currents, unknown to man, carry them, in vast masses, from the Pole to the Equator, and often from Pole to Pole, so that the whale must travel with locomotive speed, to follow the medusæ of the Arctic to the seas of the Antilles, if he will not dispense with his daily food. How strange a chase! The giant of the seas racing in furious haste after hardly visible, faintly colored jelly-balls!

But, for other purposes also, there is incessant travel going on in the ocean's hidden realm. Water is the true and proper element of motion. Hence, we find here the most rapid journeys, the most constant changes from zone to zone. No class of animals travel so much and so regularly as fish, and nowhere, in the vast household of nature, do we see so clearly the close relation between the wants of man, and the provision made for them by a bountiful Providence. The first herrings that appeared in the waters of Holland used to be paid for by their weight in gold, and a Japanese nobleman spent more than a thousand ducats for a brace of common fish, when it pleased his Japanese majesty to order a fish dinner at his house in the depth of winter, when all fish leave the coasts of his country.

Now singly, now in shoals, fish are constantly seen moving through the ocean. The delicate mackerel travels towards the south, the small, elegant sardine, of the Mediterranean, moves in spring westward, and returns in fall to the east. The sturgeon of northern seas sails lonely up the large rivers of the continent of Europe, and has been found in the very heart of Germany, under the shadow of the famous cathedral of Strasburg. Triangular masses of salmon pass up nearly all northern rivers, and are sometimes so numerous, so closely packed that they actually impede the current of large rivers. Before their arrival, countless millions of herrings leave the same waters, but where there home is, man has not yet found out. Only in the spring months there suddenly appear vast banks of this remarkable fish, two or three miles wide, and twenty to thirty miles long, and so dense are the crowds, so great their depth, that lances and harpoons—even the sounding lead—thrown at random amongst them, do not sink, but remain standing upright. What numbers are devoured by sharks and birds of prey, is not known; what immense quantities are caught along the coast, to be spread as manure on the fields inland, is beyond all calculation; and yet it has been ascertained that over a thousand millions alone are annually salted for winter consumption.

Alike gigantic is the life of the ocean in its dimensions. Whales of a hundred feet length and more are the largest of all animals on earth, five times as long as the elephant, the giant of the firm land. Turtles weighing a thousand pounds are found in more than one sea. The rocky islands of the southern Arctic alone furnish a yearly supply of a million of sea-lions, sea-cows, and seals. Huge birds rise from the foam-covered waves, their homes never seen by human eye, their young ones bred in lands unknown to man. Islands are formed, and mountains raised, by the mere dung of generations of smaller birds. And yet nature is here also greatest in her smallest creations. For how fine must, for instance, be the texture of sinews and muscles, of nerves and blood-vessels, in animals that never reach the size of a pea, or even a pin's head!

The ocean has not only its mountains and plains, its turf moors and sandy deserts, its rivers and sweet springs, gushing forth from hidden recesses, and rising through the midst of salt water, but it has also its lofty forests, with luxuriant parasites, its vast prairies and blooming gardens; landscapes, in fine, far more gorgeous and glorious than all the splendor of the firm land. It is true that but two kinds of plants, algae and fucus, prosper upon the bottom of the sea, the one a jointed kind, having a threadlike form, the other jointless, and containing all the species that grow in submarine forests, or float like green meadows in the open sea. But their forms are so varied, their colors so brilliant, their number and size so enormous, that they change the deep into fabulous fairy-gardens.

These different kind of fucus dwell in various parts of the ocean, and have their own well-defined limits. Some cling with hand-like roots so firmly to the rocky ground that, when strong waves pull and tear their upper parts, they often lift up gigantic masses of stone, and drag them, like huge anchors,

for miles and miles. Most of them, however, love the coast, or at least, a firm sea-bottom, and seldom thrive lower than at a depth of forty fathoms. Still they are found in every sea; the most gigantic, strangely enough, in the two Arctic, where they reach the enormous length of 1,500 feet. Occasionally they cover vast portions of the sea, and form those fabulous green meadows on deep, azure ground, which struck terror in the hearts of early navigators. The largest of these, called Sargossa Sea, between the Azores and the Antilles, is a huge floating garden, stretching, with a varying width of one to three hundred miles, over twenty-five degrees of latitude, so that Columbus spent three hopeless, endless weeks, in passing through this strange land of ocean prairies!

Take these fuci out of their briny element, and they present you with forms as whimsical as luxuriant. They are in truth, nothing but shapeless masses of jelly, covered with a leathery surface, and mostly dividing into irregular branches, which occasionally end in scanty bunches of real leaves. The first stem is thin and dry, it dies soon, but the plant continues to grow, apparently without limit. A few are eatable. Off Ireland grows the Carraghen moss, with gracefully shaped and curled leaves, which physicians prescribe for pectoral diseases. Another kind of sea-fucus furnishes the swallows of the Indian sea with the material for their world-famous edible nests. The sugar-fucus of the Northern Sea is broad as the hand, thin as a line, but miles long; well prepared, it gives the so-called Marmalade.

The Antarctic is the home of the most gigantic of all plants of this kind. The bladder fucus grows to a length of a thousand feet in the very waters that are constantly congealing, and its long variegated foliage shines in bright crimson or brilliant purple. The middle ribs of its magnificent leaves are supported underneath by huge bladders, which enable them to swim on the surface of the ocean. Off the Falkland Islands a fucus is found which resembles an apple-tree; it has an upright trunk, with forked branches, grass-like leaves, and an abundance of fruit. The roots and stem cling by means of clasping fibres to rocks above high-water mark; from them branches shoot upwards, and its long pendant leaves hang, like the willow's, dreamy and woe-begone, in the restless waters.

Besides the countless varieties of fucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea-lettuce, with large porous lichens, and many-branched, hollow algae, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever-moving, tiny arms.

These plants form submarine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order, here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly until the thicket seems impenetrable, they again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxuriant growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long-stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale green sea groves, where there is neither moon nor star, or rise up nearer to the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold, and purple. And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colors of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chase each other merrily, gaily painted mollusks, and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, whilst huge, grey-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees. There is the gigantic dugong, the siren of the ancients, the sidelong shark with his leaden eyes, the thick-haired sea-leopard, and the sluggish turtle. Look how these strange, ill-shapen forms, which ever keep their dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves, from time to time! See, how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they seem to awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snorting through the angry spray! Perhaps they graze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes alyly, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes shine ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea-dog first becomes aware of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fucus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her impenetrable armor, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear among the branches of the macrocystis;

lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily-shapen roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round, and faces the intruder with his sharp, pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely-interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods, but blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

A few miles further, and the scene changes. Here lies a large, undisturbed oyster-bed, so felicitously styled, a concentration of quiet happiness. Dormant though the soft, glutinous creatures seem to be, in their impenetrable shells, each individual is leading the beautiful existence of the epicurean god. The world without, its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, good and evil, all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster.

Here, too, in the lonely, weary sea, so restless and uneasy, we find that strangest of all productions, half vegetable and half animal, the coral. From the tree-shaped limestone springs forth the sense-endowed arm of the polypus; it grows, it feeds, it produces others, and then is turned again into stone, burying itself in its own rocky home, over which new generations build at once new rocky homes.

Thus it is that the many-shaped, far-branched coral-tree grows; only where the plants of the upper world bear leaves and flowers, there germinates here, from out of the stone, a living sensitive animal, clad in the gay form and bright colors of flowers, and adorned with phosphorescent brilliancy. As if in a dream, the animal polypus awakens in the stone for a moment, and like a dream it crystallizes again into stone. Yet, what no tree on earth, in all its vigor and beauty, ever could do, that is accomplished by these strange animal trees. They build large, powerful castles, and high, lofty steeples, resting upon the very bottom of the ocean, rising stone upon stone, and cemented like no other building on this globe.

Now we all know their atolls and coral-rings, filling the warm seas of the tropics with the green crowns of slender palm-trees waving over them in the breeze, and man living securely in their midst. For in vain has he himself tried to protect his lands against the fury of the ocean, in vain has he labored and pressed all the forces of nature, even all-powerful steam into his service. But the minute polypi work quietly and silently, with modest industry, in their never-ceasing struggle with the mighty waves of the sea. A struggle it is, for, strangely enough, they never build in turbid, never in still waters; their home is among the most violent breakers, and living force, though so minute, triumphs victoriously over the blind, terrible might of furious waves. Thus they build, year after year, century after century, until at last their atolls inclose vast lakes in the midst of the ocean, where eternal peace reigns, undisturbed by the stormy waves and the raging tempest. But when their marvellous structure reaches the surface, it rises no further, for the polypi are true children of the sea, and as soon as sun and air touch them they die.

Like enchanted islands, these circular reefs of the corals bask in the brightest light of the tropics. A light green ring incloses a quiet inland lake, the ground is white, and being shallow, shines brilliantly in the gorgeous floods of light, whilst without the dark, black billows of the ocean are kept off by a line of breakers rushing incessantly in white foam against the cliffs; above them an ever pure, deep blue ether; and far beyond, the dark ocean and the hazy air blending at the horizon and melting harmoniously into one another. The effect is peculiarly grand, and almost magical, when the coral rings are under water, and the huge, furious breakers toss up their white crests in vast circles around the still, calm waters within, whilst no land, no rock is seen to rise above the surface of the ocean.

Frequently large reefs, richly studded with graceful palms, surround on all sides lofty mountains, around whose foot there grows a luxuriant, tropical vegetation. Inside of these reefs the water is smooth and mirror-like, basking in the warm sunlight; without, there is eternal warfare; raging, foaming surges swell and rush in fierce attack against the firm wall, besieging it year after year, century after century. Thus, the tiny polypi protect proud man on his threatened island against the destructive flood: polypi struggling boldly against the unmeasured ocean! and if all the nations on earth united, they could not build the smallest of these coral reefs in the ocean—but the corals build a part of the crust of the great earth! For their islands count alone in the South Sea by thousands;

all but a few feet above the surface of the sea, which, around, is unfathomable; all ring-shaped, with a peaceful lake in the centre; all consisting of no other material but that of still living corals. These islands, built by the industrious polypi under water, are planted and peopled by the same waves by whom they were raised above high-water mark. The currents bring seed, and carry large living trees from distant shores; lizards dwelling in their roots, birds nestling in their branches, and insects innumerable, arrive with the tree, and water-birds soon give life to the scanty, little strip of newly-made land.

The great botanist, Schleiden, tells us how, off the coast of the island of Sitky, the bottom of the sea is covered with a dense and ancient forest; plant grows close to plant, and branch intertwines with branch. Below, there lies a closely woven carpet of rich hues, made of countless threads of tiny water-plants, red conferva and brown rooted mosses, each branching off into a thousand finely-traced leaves. On this soft couch the luxuriant sea-lettuce spread its broad elegant leaves, a rich pasture for peaceful snails and slow turtles. Between them shine the gigantic leaves of the Irides in brilliant scarlet or delicate pink, whilst along reef and cliff the dark olive-green fuci hang in rich festoons, and half cover the magnificent sea-rose in its unsurpassed beauty. Like tall trees the Laminaria spread about, waving in endless broad ribbons along the currents, and rising high above the dense crowd. Alaria send up long naked stems, which at last expand into a huge, unsightly leaf of more than fifty feet in length. But the sea-forest boasts of still loftier trees, for the Nereocystis rise to a height of seventy feet; beginning with a coral-shaped root, they grow up in a thin, thread-like trunk, which, however, gradually thickens, until its club-shaped form grows into an enormous bladder, from the top of which, like a crest on a gigantic helmet, there waves proudly a large bunch of delicate, but immense leaves. These are the palms of the ocean, and these forests grow, as by magic, in a few months, cover the bottom of the sea with a most luxuriant growth, wither and vanish, only to re-appear soon again in greater richness and splendour. And what crowds of strange, ill-shapen, and unheard of molluscs, fish, and shell-fish move among them! Here they are huge balls, there many-cornered or star-like, then again like long streaming ribbons. Some are armed with large prominent teeth, others with sharp saws; whilst a few, when pursued, make themselves invisible by emitting a dark vapor-like fluid. Here, glassy, colorless eyes stare at you with dull, imbecile light,—there, deep blue or black eyes glare with almost human sense and unmistakable cunning. Through bush and through thicket there glide the hosts of fierce, gluttonous robbers who fill the vast deep. But not only the animals of the ocean pasture and hunt there; man also stretches out his covetous hand and demands his share.

Proud ships with swelling sails disdain not to arrest their bird-like flight, to carry off vast fucus-forests which they have torn up from the bottom of the sea, in order to manufacture kelp or iodine from the ashes, or to fish at the peril of their lives for bright corals in the depth. In the streets of Edinburgh the cry of "buy pepper-dulse and tangle" is heard in our day, and the Irish fisherman boldly faces death to snatch a load of Carrageen-moss from the rapid current. The poor peasant of Normandy gathers the vast heaps of decaying fuci, which wind and wave have driven to his shore, in order to carry them painfully, miles and miles, as manure on his fields, and the so-called sheep-fucus supports the flocks and herds of cattle in many a Northern island in Scotland and in Norway, through their long, dreary winters. The men of Iceland and of Greenland diligently grind some farinaceous kind of fucus into flour, and subsist, like their cattle, upon this strange food for many months, whilst their wives follow Paris fashion, and rouge themselves with the red flower of the purple fucus.

Here, however, one of the great mysteries which the ocean suggests, startles the thinking observer. For whom did the Almighty create all this wealth of beauty and splendor? Why did he conceal the greatest wonders, the most marvellous creations of nature under that azure veil, the mirror-like surface of which reflects nearly every ray of light and mostly returns, as if in derision, the searcher's own face as his only reward?

But because all the varied forms, all the minute details are not seen, is therefore the impression, which the ocean produces on our mind, less striking or less permanent? We count not the stars in heaven, we see even but a small number of all, and yet the starry sky has never failed to lift up the mind of man to his maker. So with the ocean.

His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the Lord is upon many waters. From olden times the ocean has ever been to the nations of the earth the type of all that is great, powerful, infinite. All the fictions of the Orient and Eastern India, all the myths of Greece of the "earth embracing Okeanos," and even the Jewish tradition that "the earth was without form and void, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," speak of the sea as the great source of all life, the very dwelling-place of the Infinite.

This sense of the Infinite, suggested and awakened by the vast expanse of restless and uneasy waters, is, however, not unmixed with a feeling of deep mysterious awe. The mind cannot seize nor comprehend this boundless grandeur; hence its mysteriousness. The eye cannot see, no sense can, in fact, perceive the connection between the stupendous phenomena on the wide ocean and the fate of man. To human eyes the surging billows and the towering waves are both raised by an invisible, unknown power, and their depth is peopled with beings uncouth, ungoverned, and unknown. The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary, like a wide watery waste compared with the gay, bright colors of the land, and the might of gigantic waves, that rush from age to age against the bulwarks of continent and isle, seems irresistible, and able to destroy the world's foundation. Thus the ocean awakens in us feelings of dark mystery and grim power; the Infinite carries us off beyond the limits of familiar thought, and the sea becomes the home of fable beings and weird images. All sea-shore countries teem with stories, legends and traditions; the fickle sea, the envious ocean, the fierce, hungry waves, the furious breakers, all become the representatives of so many human passions. Our fancy peoples the ocean with sweet, luring sirens, endowed with magic power to weave a spell and to draw the yielding mariner down to the green crystal halls beneath the waves. There sea-kings and morgana fairies live in enchanted palaces; monsters of unheard-of size and shape flit ghost-like through that dark, mysterious realm, and huge snakes trail themselves slowly from "their coiled sleep in the central deep, amidst all the dry-pied things that lie in the hueless masses under the sea." The bewildered and astounded mind tries, in his own way, to connect the great phenomena of nature with his fate and the will of the Almighty. It sees in homeless, restless birds the harbingers of the coming storm, in flying fishes the spirits of wrecked seamen, and points to the Flying Dutchman and the Ancient Mariner as illustrations of the justice of God's wrath.

The strong mind, the believing soul, of course, shake off all such idle dreams and vain superstitions. To them the sea is the very source of energy and courage. The life at sea is a life of unceasing strife and struggle. Hence all seafaring nations are warlike, fond of adventures, and poetical. But the sea's greatest charm is, after all, its freedom. The free, unbounded ocean, where man feels no restraint, sees no narrow limits, where he must rely upon his own stout heart, strong in faith, where he is alone with his great Father in heaven, gives him a sense of his own freedom and strength like no other part of earth, and makes him return to the sea, its perils and sufferings, in spite of all the peace and happiness that the land can afford him. He knows that even if he dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall His hand lead him and His right hand shall hold him.

The Tongue of Arabat.

A DESERT, sixty miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width—a tongue of sand separating two seas, whose waters, in tempestuous weather, almost meet in the centre—such is the frail barrier that divides the Sea of Azof from the Putrid Sea. Geographers have given to this natural rampart the picturesque name of the Tongue of Arabat. It stretches out to the north towards Genitchi, but it does not quite reach to this Tartar town—for a canal about a hundred yards wide separates it, and allows a communication between the two seas. On this tongue of land, beaten by the winds, where you meet with no living creature but a few hungry sheep or goats, starving on the scanty pasture of the maritime vegetation of the spot, it will be scarcely credited that there exist two post-houses, to enable the traveller to journey over this path of misery. A recent traveller narrates that at the second station he had to storm and rave for a long time before he could obtain a change of horses—for the post-master was in a complete state of drunkenness, and obstinately refused to assist him. On the traveller reprimanding him severely for his degraded condition, he answered:—

"I should like to see you in my place, enduring the monotony of such a residence!"

In truth, the excuse was a good one—especially if there were added to the depression of this solitude the dangers arising from the fetid exhalations of that motionless lake which so richly deserves its name of the Putrid Sea. As its waters decrease, they leave upon the salt-impregnated mud of its banks long festoons of weed, which rot and infect the air around—air but seldom disturbed by the passing breeze.

On the south side, this tongue of sand is commanded by a fortress, which is still defended by good walls and a deep and wide ditch. Outside of this place, ten or twelve houses, built upon an enormous desert of sand, form the village of Arabat. Inside the fort may be seen the remains of a mosque and of a public bath-house, evidently constructed with much care and elegant detail. The other buildings, overthrown among the tall weeds, form hiding-places for numberless reptiles. Yet the date of this ruin mounts only to the last century.

In 1768, the Prince Dolgorouki besieged the fort of Arabat and destroyed the garrison—and since that time no Mussulman has resided within its walls. Beneath that humid air, swept over by winds impregnated with poisonous vapours, these ruins seem to grow grey and old sooner than any others.

ON THE THUGS IN INDIA.—The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce of the murders they are in the habit of committing. They appear to have derived their denomination from the practice usually adopted by them of decoying the persons they fix upon to destroy, to join their party; and then, taking advantage of the confidence they endeavor to inspire, to strangle their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name of Phanseegurs; and in the north-eastern part of the Nizam's dominions, are usually called "Kockbunds." There are several peculiarities in the habits of the Thugs, in their mode of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, that distinguish them from every other class of delinquents; and it may be considered a general rule whereby to judge of them, that they affect to disclaim the practice of petty theft, housebreaking, and indeed every species of stealing that has not been preceded by the perpetration of murder. The Thugs adopt no other method of killing but strangulation; and the implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any other convenient strip of cloth. The manner in which the deed is done will be described hereafter. They never attempt to rob a traveller until they have, in the first instance, deprived him of life; after the commission of a murder, they invariably bury the body immediately, if time and opportunity serve, or otherwise conceal it; and never leave a corpse uninterred in the highway, unless they happen to be disturbed. They usually move in large parties, often amounting to 100 or 200 persons, and resort to all sorts of subterfuges for the purpose of concealing their real profession. If they are travelling southward, they represent themselves to be either proceeding in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they belong to in this part of the country. When, on the contrary, their route lies towards the north, they represent themselves to be Sepoys from corps of the Bombay or Nizam's army, who are going on leave to Hindostan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them to entice, by the promise of monthly pay or the hopes of amassing money that are held out, many persons, who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of these objects, until made aware of the reality by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers; and the Thugs declare that novices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight, as to have effected their immediate escape. Others, more callous to the commission of crime, are not deterred from the pursuit of wealth by the frightful means adopted to obtain it, and remaining with the gang, too soon begin personally to assist in the perpetration of murder.

"I REMEMBER reading somewhere," says Dr. Clarke, "the description of a picture representing a man at the base of a mountain, with his coat and hat upon the ground, delving into its sides with a pick-axe; above him the motto, 'Little by little'; let this be the motto of him that would excel."

TAKE pleasure in your business, and it will become your recreation. Hope for the best, think for the worst, and bear whatever happens.

A FOOL in a high station is like a man on the top of a monument; everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

Plating Metals with Tin, Nickel and Alumina.

A PATENT has recently been obtained in England by Mr. Thomas, of Fulham, and Mr. Tilly, of Holborn, London, for an improved process of plating or coating lead, iron, or other metals with tin, nickel, or alumina, of which the following is the specification:—

"The first part of our process," says the inventors, "consists in a mode of preparing a solution of the metal with which the articles are to be coated or plated, for which purpose we proceed as follows: For tin we dissolve metallic tin by nitro-muriatic acid, and then precipitate the tin by an alkali or alkaline salt, preferably by the ferro-cyanide of potassium; we then mix sulphuric acid or muriatic acid with the precipitated oxide of tin, to which we add a portion of water. These we boil in an iron vessel with a small portion of ferro-cyanide of potassium, then filter the liquor, and the solution is completed.

"Another mode of forming a solution of tin is as follows: Having precipitated the oxide of tin, as above described, we add ferro-cyanide of potassium to the oxide, and boil them; then set the solution aside to cool, and then filter the same. We then pass a stream of sulphuric acid gas through the solution.

"For nickel, we dissolve nickel by nitro-muriatic acid, and precipitate the oxide by ferro-cyanide of potassium; we then wash the oxide and add thereto cyanide of potassium dissolved in distilled water; then boil the mixture, and when cool filter the same, which completes the solution of nickel.

"For alumina, we dissolve alum in water, and add ammonia until it ceases to precipitate any more; we then wash the alumina, filter it, add thereto distilled water. Boil the same with cyanide of potassium, filter when cold, and the solution of alumina is ready.

Having thus obtained either of the foregoing solutions, the articles to be covered or plated are suspended by copper or brass rods in a bath of the required solution, and attached to the zinc pole of a battery, to the positive pole of which is attached, in the case of a tin bath, a piece of platinum, or a pole of tin in the case of a nickel bath, a bag containing oxide of nickel or a pole of nickel; and in the case of a bath of alumina, a bag of alumina, or a pole of alumina, or a piece of platinum."

BOLD OPERATION ON A LION.

During the feeding of the animals of Wombwell's menagerie, at Edinburgh, the lion Wallace was seen to rush wildly to and fro in his den, and, on closer observation, it was ascertained that a large bone which he had been attempting to swallow, had stuck crossways in his throat, almost suffocating him. Two of the keepers instantly entered the cage. One of them had a pitchfork, the handle of which he got into the animal's mouth, after which he courageously thrust his arm down the lion's throat, and succeeded in displacing the bone with his hand. Considerable excitement prevailed at the time amongst the visitors and others, great anxiety being felt for the safety of the keepers. The lion soon recovered.

WATER.—The fact of Water's receiving additions of salt, sugar, &c., without a proportionate increase of bulk, is attributed to the atoms of these substances stowing themselves away into the interstitial spaces between the watery particles. One fact may be adduced as an instance, not familiar, and worthy almost to be reckoned as natural magic—viz., that one tumbler filled with pure clean cotton wool may be completely emptied into and held by another of the same size full of water, without producing any overflow.

INCREASING THE STRENGTH OF METALS.—According to Mr. Fairbairn, all bodies solidi-

fying under great pressure have their strength and specific gravity increased. No law has yet been given for the increase of either; but it would appear from the experiments conducted by Mr. Fairbairn, that great results are expected from the solidification of metals under high pressures. He and his colleagues, Messrs. Hopkins and Joule, have carried their experiments as high as 99,000 lbs. pressure to the square inch—or exceeding 42 tons. The use of pressure will doubtless tend very much to improve the metals, by preventing internal flaws.

WOMAN'S TRUE BEAUTY.—It is a low and degrading idea of that sex which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty. When Adam was introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus by her shape of features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:—

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures, dignity and love."

TO INDUCE ROOKS TO BUILD WHERE WISHED.—Watch for either a magpie or crow to build in the wood you wish the rooks to colonise, and substitute rooks' eggs for those of the magpie or crow. The young rooks will return the following year, and in a few years there will be a strong rookery. The following method has also been found successful:—A branch was cut in a rookery with a nest and young birds in it, and carried in the day-time and fixed in the desired place. The old birds followed, and fed the young ones in their new tree.

A MAN cannot be generally admired, if his merits are above the general comprehension.

LIFE is most wearisome when it is worst spent.

THE Swansea copper furnaceman is exposed to great changes of temperature; when at work, a thermometer on his chest denotes 120°, one on his back 60° or 78°; after two hours' exposure to the scorching blaze he retires to the open air to cool himself and to drink; his drink is generally water—two or three gallons in twelve hours; but then he perspires 600 gallons in the year before his furnace. Yet Dr. Williams reports that he is a merry fellow, who lives to a good old age, as hale, florid, and corpulent as his neighbors.

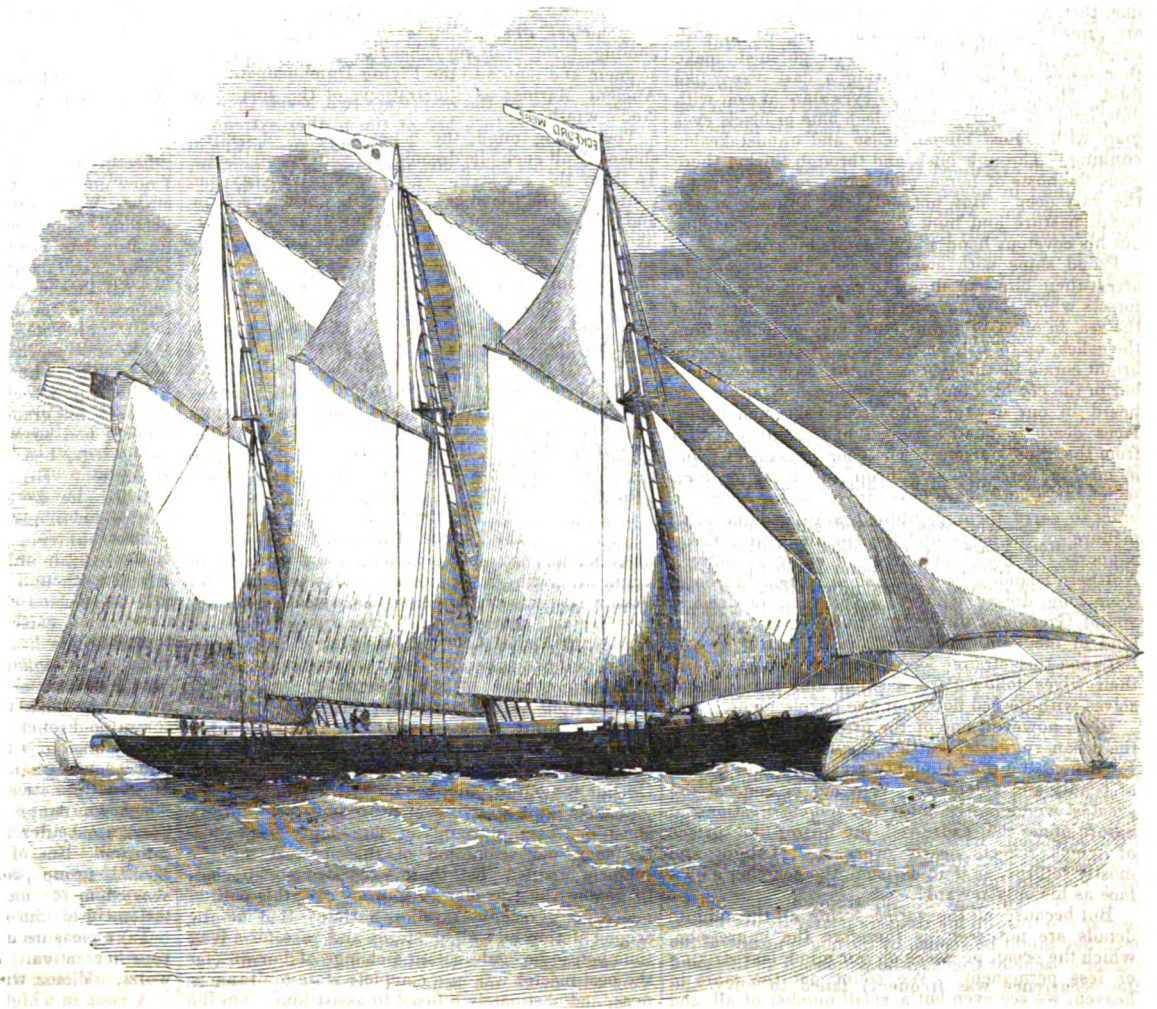
WATERPROOF CAPES.—Mr. George Frederick Parrott has invented a pattern for soldiers' waterproof capes, which, by looping a number together, makes a waterproof tent. Each cape is also a waterproof sack.

THE Agricultural Society of Clermont, in the department of the Oise, has recommended the use of that agricultural nuisance couch-grass as a substitute for malt in the making of beer.

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep is one of the best precepts for long life.

The "Eckford Webb."

THIS extraordinary craft recently arrived at Queens-town, where she has excited great interest from her remarkable performances. She is, in American nautical phraseology, "tern-rigged," with three masts, each 84 feet long, on which are set three fore and aft mainsails; over these are set three gaff-topsails; she has also staysails in the main mizzen topmast, but no square sails. Each mast is supplied with a splendid winch, by the aid of which two men hoist the sails in five minutes. She has in the log 309 miles for 24 hours; and the Captain (Graffam) states that during some of the hours she ran sixteen miles. She arrived from Charleston in twenty-one days, notwithstanding unfavorable weather during the passage. The *Eckford Webb* was built for Mr. Thomas Dunham, of New York. Her dimensions are—length 138 feet; breadth, 30 feet. She carries 494 tons; and her draught of water is 11½ feet. Although loaded with 60 tons ballast, and 1560 square bales of cotton, she received orders from Messrs. N. G. Seymour & Co., and proceeded to the Baltic. She has only six men crew.



THE "ECKFORD WEBB."

Doctor Dubois.

DOCTOR DUBOIS had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small feet. A black velvet skull-cap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table, to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall of the funds might have taken place. The worthy doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalise himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-colored strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the Rue de Sévres, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimneys, the dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till tomorrow. Nothing but a very desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home, twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had entered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warn yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age—walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a fæcra," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne; and take a little tisane—that cough of yours must be cared for—hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him—buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most significant of all, stopping him in the passage to turn up his trousers nearly to his knees, lest they might be spoiled by the mud—no one of the doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the

doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone down stairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavoring to make his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had left the Rue de Sévres, and was threading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varannes.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half enquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recognised the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The porte cochère was opened by a elderly serving-man who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes—in one particular—in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the Doctor, sententially.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes, I am sure, that if we can prolong her life—but just a little—health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler, and coat, and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practised eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching, as it were, from those sickly features, the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she enquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in

danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montsorel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way, what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair, and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see," Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted Paris; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honored and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the doctor; "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fullness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had lived in America, where he married the daughter of a Virginian planter, and settled down, quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After 1830 news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the West in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was, that some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to

the Doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before, to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way—and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying, that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of her marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The hotel in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what may I now inquire," said the doctor, deeply interested. "are the grounds of the hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is, that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to want for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR:—I am in want of money immediately, please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that, to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the morning Dr. Dubois returned to the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and, succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humor.

One evening in the following summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him, and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with which he took alternate draughts of Seitzer water; with the same black velvet skull-cap thrust to the

back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds. Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed, "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before. "Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the doctor, without moving. "What is the matter?"

"My father has returned!"

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat. "As for your coffee, my dear doctor, I will keep that warm for you," she said, in a tone of affectionate familiarity which was new to Victor.

Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked towards the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the hotel all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of the family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped and escaped with his life only, by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that had happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and, although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a confused look, to ask Victor to stand godfather to a son and heir which Bobonne—we beg her pardon—which Madame Dubois had presented him with.

Anecdotes of Literary Men.

FACILITY OF COMPOSITION.—Sir Walter Scott, it is said, composed with great facility, and was so borne or hurried along, that his brain resembled a high-pressure engine, the steam of which was perpetually up, every time he entered his study, and lifted a pen. Latterly he dictated, and his amanuensis stated, that he paced the apartment under great emotion, and appeared more like a rapt seer than an ordinary mortal, while composing the celebrated dialogue between the Templar and the fair Rebecca.

DISLIKE OF FLATTERY.—Soon after Dr. Johnson issued his celebrated *Rasselas*, a literary society of ladies appointed some of their number to wait upon him, and express their approbation of his work. They accordingly waited upon him, and one of their number addressed him in a long speech of fulsome praise. He calmly sat waiting the conclusion of the speech, and then turning his face to the committee, expressed his acknowledgement by saying, "Fiddle-dee dee, my dears."

PLAGIARISM.—Dr. Ferrier, in his "Illustrations of Sterne," (Lawrence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," etc.) detects that celebrated writer drawing some of the best thoughts in his most admired pieces from "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."

"FOR SUCH A TRIFLE!"—Hume, the historian, one day complained, in a mixed company, that he considered himself as very ill-treated by the world, by its unjust and unreasonable censures; adding, that he had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that could be said to contain any reprehensible matter; and yet, for those few pages, he was abused and torn to pieces. The company, for some time, paused; when at length, a gentleman drily observed, that Mr. Hume put him in mind of an old acquaintance, a notary public, who having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the extreme injustice and hardship of his case, inasmuch as he had written many thousand inoffensive sheets; and now he was to be hanged for a single line.

CARELESSNESS.—Goldsmith was often careless, even in preparing works which required accuracy and research. On one occasion he had received payment in advance for a Grecian History, in two volumes, though only one was finished. As he was pushing on doggedly at the second volume, Gibbon, the historian, called in. "You are the man of all others

I wish to see," said the poet, glad to be saved the trouble of reference to his books. "What was the name of the Indian king who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?" "Montezuma," replied Gibbon, sportively. The heedless author was about committing the name to paper, without reflection, when Gibbon pretended to recollect himself, and gave the true name—*Porus*.

LABOR IN PRISON.—The unfinished "History of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, was the fruit of eleven years' imprisonment. That work leaves us to regret that later ages had been celebrated by his eloquence. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote Aphorisms for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh, Hume says: "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which, at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his 'History of the World.'" He was, however, assisted in his great work by the learning of several eminent persons—a circumstance which has not been noticed.

CAREFUL COMPOSITION.—When Hume was complimented by a certain noble marquis on the correctness of his style, particularly in his "History of England," he observed: "If it had shown any peculiar correctness, it was owing to the uncommon care he took in the execution of his work, as he wrote it over three times before he sent it to press." Yet, notwithstanding his extreme care, he made a great blunder; for, having inserted in his history that if ever the national debt came up to one hundred millions, England would be ruined, he was asked by a friend how he could make such a mistake, seeing that the debt was far above that sum, and likely to be much more. "Owing to a mistake, sir," said he, "common to writers by profession, who are often obliged to adopt sentiments on the authority of other people."

ARDENT DEVOTION.—Moneri, the founder of our great biographical collections, conceived the design with such enthusiasm, and found such voluptuousness in the labor, that he willingly withdrew from the popular celebrity he had acquired as a preacher, and the preferment which a minister of state, in whose house he resided, would have opened to his views. After the first edition of his "Historical Dictionary," he had nothing so much at heart as its improvement. His unyielding application was converting labor into death; but, collecting his last renovated vigor, with his dying hands he gave the volume to the world, though he did not live to witness even its publication. All objects in life appeared mean to him compared with that exalted delight of addressing to the literary men of his age the history of their brethren.

INDUSTRIAL ENERGY.—A long life, and the art of multiplying that life, not only by an early attachment to study, but by that order and arrangement which shortens researches, distinguished the historian Muratori. With him time was a great capital, which he knew how to put out at compound interest; and this Varro of the Italians, who performed an amazing number of things in the circumscribed period of ordinary life, appears not to have felt any dread of leaving his voluminous labors unfinished, but rather of wanting one to begin. This literary Alexander thought he might want a world to conquer. Muratori was never perfectly happy unless employed in two large works at the same time, and so much dreaded the state of literary inaction, that he was incessantly importuning his friends to suggest to him objects worthy of his future composition. The flame kindled in his youth burnt clear in his old age; and it was in his old age that he produced the twelve quarto volumes of his "Annali d'Italia" as an addition to the twenty-nine folios of his "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," and the six folios of the "Antiquitates Medii Aevi;" yet these vast edifices of history are not all which this illustrious Italian has raised for his fatherland. Gibbon, in his miscellaneous works, has drawn an admirable character of Muratori.

THE TELESCOPE OF THE EARL OF ROSSE.—Of the late improvements in the manufacture of telescopes, a most interesting account has just been given by Sir D. Brewster, including a description of the gigantic telescope of the Earl of Rosse, the size of which, as compared with other instruments, may be understood by the fact that the area of the surface of the speculum in Newton's best telescope was 5-6 square inches; that of Hadley, 25; of Lassels, 576; of Herschel, 2304; and of Rosse, 5184.

A Family of Russian Peasants, or Moujiks.

THE sketch represents a group of Russian peasants, or Moujiks, in their holiday attire. The old man (father, no doubt, of the three young girls) is a Dvornik, or lodge-keeper to one of the country villas; his business is to guard the house throughout the winter, during the absence of the family, and is not very burdensome. He has merely to attend to his own comfort and that of his dogs—of which he keeps several, as much for his own companionship as for the protection of his master's property. His costume is extremely picturesque and becoming, though very simple, consisting merely of striped linen or black velvet breeches, very full, and tucked into high boots, a red or any bright-colored cotton shirt, fastened round the waist by a narrow girdle. A long blue cloth coat, reaching to the heels, is the height of his ambition for summer out-of-door wear. In winter every Dvornik wears a sheepskin coat and hat, which is also very picturesque. All the men wear moustaches, cultivate long beards, and possess teeth that many a court beauty might envy.

The women's attire is more showy and gaudy, consisting of a bright crimson, yellow, or green brocaded silk petticoat, a white linen chemise, with full sleeves, and a kind of strap or braces across the shoulders, of the same material as the petticoat; the *pacoinik*, or head-dress, is composed of satin or velvet, and is gaily embroidered with gold or pearl beads; huge necklaces of amber, pearl, or some other showy beads, and immense ear-rings. The nurses in all wealthy houses—always chosen from the moujik class—are half smothered by the quantity of necklaces they wear, as the bright gaudy colors are thought to be pleasing to their infant charges. When they go out, a pelisse of some bright-colored cloth or damask trimmed with fur, completes their costume; and certainly the most showy and attractive people in the promenades on the Imperial and English quays of St. Petersburg on a winter's afternoon are the wet-nurses of the Imperial family and those of the nobility. The female peasantry never become servants in any other capacity. Other domestic services are performed by French and German and Swedish women.

The Russian peasant goes to work cheerfully and contentedly after a meagre breakfast of black bread and an onion, though certainly no one works harder than he does. His dinner and supper is about the same as his breakfast, perhaps a little cabbage-soup for a change. On a holiday or Saint's day he thoroughly enjoys himself: in fact, during the Carnival at Christmas and Easter he makes a complete toil of pleasure. At such times on the Admiralty Plain there is held a fair. Booths for dramatic performances are erected: *Montagnes Russes*, swings, and merry-go-rounds, are among the chief amusements; and it certainly is a ludicrous sight to see a number of grey-bearded men, old women, (who look as if they had risen from their graves,) stalwart young men, and gaily-dressed girls, all demurely seated on wooden horses, or in boats, gravely going round by the hour together. At such times the consumption of hard eggs, nuts, and vodka (brandy) is surprising, and if the latter is a little too strong for them, it must certainly be owned that a Russian, when drunk, is not only a harmless, but a very amusing person.

The Imperial family, the Court, and all the wealthier class, drive round the promenade outside the booths, and seem to derive as much amusement at the grotesque dancing outside the theatres, the singing and delight of the moujiks, as the people themselves. They are treated in a respectful way, and this mixing up of the nobles and peasants seems perfectly natural and right.

TARTAR BEAUTIES.—Notwithstanding my desire, says an Eastern writer, to prolong my visit in hopes of seeing her daughters, the fear of appearing intrusive prompted me to take my leave; but, checking me with a very graceful gesture, she said eagerly, "Pastoy, pastoy," (stay, stay,) and clapped her hands several times. A young girl entered at the signal, and by her mistress's orders threw open a folding-door, and immediately I was struck dumb with surprise and admiration by a most brilliant apparition. Imagine, reader, the exquisite sultanas, of whom poetry and painting have ever tried to con-

vey an idea, and still your conception will fall far short of the enchanting models I had then before me. There were three of them, all equally beautiful and graceful. Two were clad in tunics of crimson brocade, adorned in front with broad gold lace. The tunics were open, and disclosed beneath them cashmere robes, with very tight sleeves, terminating in gold fringes. The youngest wore a tunic of azure blue brocade, with silver ornaments: this was the only difference between her dress and that of her sisters. All three had magnificent black hair, escaping in countless tresses from a fez of silver filagree, set like a diadem over their ivory foreheads; they wore gold embroidered slippers and white trousers, drawn close at the ankle. I had never beheld skins so dazzlingly fair, eyelashes so long, or so delicate a bloom of youth. The calm repose that sat on the countenances of these lovely creatures had never been disturbed by any profane glance. No look but their mother's had ever told them they were beautiful; and this thought gave them an inexpressible charm in my eyes. It is not in Europe, where women, exposed to the gaze of crowds, so soon addict themselves to coquetry, that the imagination could conceive such a type of beauty. The features of our young girls are too soon altered by the vivacity of their expressions, to allow the eye of the artist to discover in them that divine charm of innocence and purity with which I was so struck in beholding my Tartar princesses. After embracing me they retired to the end of the room, where they remained standing in those graceful Oriental attitudes which no women in Europe could imitate. A dozen attendants, muffled in white muslins, were gathered round the door, gazing with respectful curiosity. Their profiles, shown in relief on a dark ground, added to the picturesque character of the scene. This delightful vision lasted an hour. When the princess saw that I was decided on going away, she signified to me by signs that I should go and see the garden; but, though grateful to her for this further mark of attention, I preferred immediately rejoining my husband, being impatient to relate to him all the details of this interview, with which I was completely dazzled.



FETE COSTUME OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS, IN THE ENVIRONS OF ST. PETERSBURG.



ST. PETERSBURG.—QUAY ON THE VASSILI OSTROFF.—QVASS AND FRUIT SELLERS.

Qvass and Fruit Sellers in St. Petersburg.

TOWARDS the end of April, or the beginning of May, according as the winter has been more or less severe, the guns from the fortress announce to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg that the ice has burst its bonds, and that the Neva, the glorious Neva, is free. Then the Commandant of the fortress comes over in his barge, steps upon shore, welcomed by a delighted crowd, in which generals, princes, and moujiks are all jostled together, and proceeds to the Winter Palace, where he presents to the Emperor a cup of its delicious water; and in return receives a handsome present for its welcome draught, a draught which gives life and delight to all. That splendid river—which a few days before was one vast sheet of ice; over which sledges, with their fur-coated occupants, were swiftly hurrying—is now covered with gaily-painted barges, filled with joyous souls singing and rejoicing that summer, whose delights have been talked about for the last eight months, has at last arrived. The moujiks rush about in a state of apparent delirium, congratulating and kissing each other even at the corners of the streets. "You may talk of your southern summers," says the boatman, as he plies his oars, "but surely nowhere is the sun so bright and warm, or the clouds so gorgeous, as those we now rejoice in." Itinerant moujiks, who all the winter through have been selling hot tea to the *isvotschiks*, (hackney drivers,) soldiers, and *boteschniks*, (policemen,) now drive a thriving trade by selling qvass, a compound of beer and molasses. Your moujik is at all times a thirsty soul, but this weather, more thirsty than ever. The qvass merchant, with a huge glass jar or bottle, with a tap to it, a tumbler or two carried in his apron pocket, and a huge towel—it must be confessed, not always of the cleanest—hung over his arm for the purpose of wiping the glasses after each customer, drives a rival trade with the fruit merchant, who likewise is in great request for such fruits as are in season—chiefly apples, and a kind of cranberry peculiar to Russia. They both vend ropes of cringles, or round biscuit, some powdered with sugar, and others with salt, and all strung together for con-

venience of carrying on the arm. These street merchants are generally very chatty and diverting, full of all the scandal of the neighborhood. They not only sing away their own cares, but the passer-by is often taught a lesson of contentment at witnessing the kind feeling they display in frequently giving away a glass of qvass, or *tchi* (tea) to those who cannot pay.

View from Mount Blanc.

OH, it was lovely, fair, and still when first I gained the summit. The smoke puffed from the cannon firing at Chamouni; and only fancy, the telescopes were manned by young ladies, who were staring even from Geneva, fifty miles away. Shuldham and his people gave a jejune cry as they successively came up, and thought they were cheering. Common talk could not be heard at all; loud shouting sounded as a voice below a feather bed, and the pistol we did not bring with us makes a report like a popgun.

The highest point in Europe. More earth to be seen from hence than ever again by any of us. Yet anon we are in a reverie, and behold all without seeing anything. Arouse—for it is a view beyond description. Look quickly—for you must soon go down. Very well, then, where's the champagne? Let's feast on that wretched fowl's body, whose case has been reserved for discussion before this high court.

From a leathern cup we quaffed what hissed and brightly sparkled like bubbling fire.

Another noiseless pause. Lonely silence like this, oh, how it speaks to the heart. Here you see a hundred, there two hundred miles; but we cannot look—sudden reaction has made us utterly passive, calm, weary, quiet, and smiling. Life seemed a dumb brightness—nor pain, nor pleasure; but a mute, dazzling thing, with dreamy, half-closed eyelids. All could have slept in that awfully still sunshine, and peacefully died. It was warm, gleaming rest—silent, white, and happy; and why not lasting? Awake and behold this colored map around us.

There is Italy, and the Grand Duke weeding the book-stalls. We can't see King Bomba of Naples—for he is inspecting his prisons. The Pope is in secret consistory, also invisible. Look at France; brave people, we greet you. That dim blue line is Austria, but the atmosphere is not free thereabouts. Bravo, little Switzerland, you look as large from this as Zwinglius made you!

One sees more inwardly than even through the eye of Mont Blanc.

Then I stamped my foot, and the icicles rattled like razor-fish on the shores of the sea; mild radiance around, and below, the deep, deep, pure eternal snow.

Man never looked so great to me, or the world so small. The spectacle was too grand to be uttered; but the memory of it can never be effaced. Miserable, he who would grudge his toiling to enjoy this!

COFFEE-MAKING MACHINE.—There is a coffee-making machine at the Paris Exhibition which can make 500 cups of coffee in a quarter of an hour.

FENELON observed to a priest who was complaining to him of the dances of the peasantry: "My friend, neither you nor myself need to dance—we can be happy in our own way; but if dancing makes these poor people happy, who have so few sources of enjoyment, why should they not dance?"

CARROTS FOR HORSES.—The stable-keepers are beginning to find that these vegetables form a cheap and nutritious food to mix with grain for their horses. It is better to give a working horse a peck of carrots and four quarts of oats or corn-meal a day, than to give him six quarts of meal.

SALTPETRE WANTED.—A notice has been issued by the Russian Ministry for War, that in future no contracts will be needed for deliveries of saltpetre, and that all persons having that article to dispose of, may send it in any quantity to the imperial powder-mills at Schoston, in the province of Tschernigow, where it will be received by the government officers, and the quality examined, after which the payment will be made without any reduction.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 179, Vol. II.

CHAPTER LXVII.

There is no other way—'tis she must do it.
And lo, the happiness. Go, importune her.

OTHULLO.

If Elizabeth treated her Parliament with such profound contempt that she seemed determined to ascertain how deep a state of degradation the representatives of the nation would submit to, she neglected no opportunity of ingratiating herself with the people, by appearing frequently amongst them—by affability of her manners and speeches. She knew where her strength lay, and was careful not to abuse it. As yet there was no public opinion—nothing but subdued whispers: that gigantic engine, the press, was only in its infancy.

Like most women, she had a strong spice of romance in her disposition. She had a profound knowledge of effects, and acted her part right royally, when passion or weakness did not interfere to mar it.

Walking one day in the gardens at Hampton with her ladies, she discovered a handsome young knight of her court—Sir Henry Compton—in one of the walks, plunged, to all appearance, in the deepest affliction. The young man affected to start when he perceived his royal mistress, and to conceal his grief.

The curiosity of the queen was roused.

"I'll be sworn," she said, addressing the Countess of Nottingham—one of the ladies of her bed-chamber—"that the silly fool is in love."

"Which your majesty will scarcely deem a crime," observed the lady with a courtly smile; "since all are subject—no matter how high their state—to the arrows of the blind young urchin, Cupid."

The queen received the allusion to her own ridiculous passion for the Earl of Essex with a simper, and, beckoning to the disconsolate courtier, bade him approach.

This was the very opportunity the artful knight had sought for. Gracefully advancing, he bent the knee, and remained in that abject posture before her.

Like her father, Elizabeth loved to look upon a goodly man; and Sir Henry was one of the handsomest cavaliers of his time.

"You seem troubled, Sir Knight," she said.

"Alas, madam," replied the young man, "you see before you one of the most unhappy men in your dominions. I know but of one whose fate is more to be pitied than mine. He is removed from the sight of the object of his worship—and in that I am less wretched than he."

"And who may he be?" demanded Elizabeth with a simper—for she well imagined to whom the speaker alluded, and was far from feeling displeased at the boldness of his speech.

The knight was, however, too prudent to make a direct reply. He answered the question, therefore, by an impromptu—which, like most impromptus, he had probably studied days before; for he was an experienced courtier, and skilled in that most dangerous of all arts, flattery.

When, at the din of hostile arms,
Mars fled from Venus' melting charms,
But half the god the war-field gained—
His heart her fetters still retained.

Had the ladies who attended her majesty dared to have smiled at the gross flattery, which the aged coquette received with an affected blush, they must have done so; but court etiquette forbade them—so they bit their lips in silence.

"We will not press for further explanation," replied Elizabeth, "for doubt of your discretion; but to your own affair—you have not yet informed us of the cause of this deep-rooted sorrow."

"Gracious lady, I am married."

The queen, who was no advocate of marriages amongst her courtiers, received this intelligence with a slight frown.

"To whom?" she demanded.

"To the daughter of Sir John Spencer, the Lord Mayor of London! Could your majesty but behold my wife, you would, I am convinced, pardon my choice."

Elizabeth looked doubtfully. She was not accustomed to listen to the praise of any other charms than her own.

"Humph," she articulated; "is she so beautiful?"

"Divine," exclaimed the young knight. "I was struck with admiration of her perfections from her resemblance to one whose state and perfections are so unapproachable, that it were madness—hopeless madness—to raise my eyes towards them."

The bold look of admiration which accompanied the words told better even than speech would have done, the name of the august beauty to whom he alluded. Elizabeth felt flattered by the delicate compliment, and, laughing, asked him if, in the absence of the substance, he had not fallen in love with the shadow.

"Even so," replied Sir Henry. "But it was the shadow of a goddess. Ixion embraced no more."

"Then why so wretched?"

"My father-in-law is obdurate, and my wife has just made me a present of a fine boy—the heir only to his father's broken fortune."

"Is the child christened yet?" inquired the queen.

"No, so please your majesty."

Elizabeth reflected for a few moments.

"Sir Henry," she said, "if you act the lover as well as you have acted the courtier, I wonder not at your success in wooing. In ten days we will stand gossip for this landless heir. His mother's resemblance to this unknown goddess may stand him in good stead."

"Ah, gracious queen!"

"At the hour of twelve, let the child be brought to the Chapel Royal! Fear not that I shall forget my promise; but remember," she added, "that it is on condition that you are silent. An indiscreet word, and I forbear my good intentions."

So saying, her majesty passed on, laughing and chatting with her attendants. The adventure and the flattery had put her in good humor with herself.

On the day appointed for the christening, Elizabeth received in her palace, at Whitehall, an address from the City of London, touching a monopoly which she had granted, of the licenses for sweet wines, to the Earl of Essex. The deputation was headed by Sir John Spencer, one of the wealthiest merchants of the City, and Lord Mayor. It was received, as is still the custom, by the sovereign seated on her throne.

"The request of my good citizens of London," said the queen with a gracious smile, "shall be favorably considered. It has been my study to promote their welfare."

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the mayor and aldermen.

"Thank you!" replied the queen; "the people cannot love their queen more than she loves her people—of which we shall be happy to afford our good citizens a proof."

All were silent, expecting that the august speaker would announce some new honor to be conferred upon the City.

"I am about to stand godmother to the son of a faithful servant of mine, and I invite Sir John Spencer, as chief citizen of London, to be my gossip on the occasion."

"Right willingly, royal madam," replied the old knight, bending the knee at the unexpected honor; "and since by the disobedience of my daughter, I am a childless man, I promise to endow the godson of your majesty with my fortune."

"Do nothing rashly," said the queen, with a smile; "you may repent it."

"Never!" replied the old man, firmly.

"In that case," observed Elizabeth, rising from her throne, and proffering her hand to the Lord Mayor, to conduct her to the chapel, where everything was in readiness, "it is only right that the infant should bear the name of his benefactor."

With these words, all who were present followed the queen and Sir John Spencer to the chapel, where one of her majesty's chaplains was ready to perform the office. No sooner was the infant baptized, than the old knight took it in his arms and solemnly blessed it, repeating his promise to make the boy the heir to his immense wealth.

"And now, your majesty," he asked, "may I not know its parents?"

"The request is most just," replied Elizabeth; "let them thank you for the generous intention you have avowed."

In an instant Sir Henry Compton and his wife were at the foot of the offended father of the latter, who perceived at once the trick which her majesty had put upon him; but, however great his resentment at their stolen marriage, he kept his word, and embracing his child, pardoned her.

"And my husband?" exclaimed the lady, looking imploringly in the face of her stern parent.

"Shall be my son, too," said the Lord Mayor; "this boy has made his peace as well as thine."

Ah, your majesty," he added, turning to the queen, "you have cheated me to my own happiness—for home has no longer been my home since I lost her. No wonder that the poor girl's head was turned, since the galliards of the court and city used to puff her up with the vanity that she resembled your gracious person."

"We are not displeased to think so," replied Elizabeth, casting an approving glance towards the new happy Lady Compton, who was still in the bloom of girlhood, and really did bear a slight likeness to herself.

The above incident in the life of the maiden queen is no invention, but actually did occur in the sixtieth year of her age, whilst Essex was absent in the wars in France.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat;
It ever changes with the next block—SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH the Earl of Essex, who had returned to England, still affected a passionate admiration of the queen, neither the mature charms of the royal mistress nor the more youthful ones of his wife could retain his fickle heart.

One night, whilst in company with his secretary, Anthony Bacon, he was roaming, disguised, in search of adventures through the city, when he was much struck by the beauty of a young girl, whose peculiar features and garb announced her to be of the persecuted race of Israel. It was not long before the simple maiden—believing that she had to do with one whose rank and worldly prospects were not more brilliant than her own—listened to his vows, and consented to admit him in the absence of her father.

The earl had not been long in the house, before the *tele-a-lets* was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door.

"Do not admit any one," whispered the disguised noble. "I would not for the world be found here by any who knew me!"

The girl, in obedience to his request, opened the window; and Essex, to his mortification, recognized, in the voice of the father, whose return had so unseasonably disturbed him of his pleasures—that of Lopez, the Jew physician of the queen.

The maiden's own terror made her consider the request of her disguised lover to conceal him, as a natural desire of not compromising her with her father. She accordingly hid him in a cabinet in the chamber—the door of which she prudently locked—and descended to admit her parent and a foreign-looking personage who accompanied him.

The Jew physician was a tall, aged man, with a beard and head such as Titian might have given to one of the apostles. He had a dark, penetrating eye, and, despite the simple materials of which his dress—in accordance with the sumptuary laws—was composed, his whole appearance was dignified. Motioning to his companion to take a seat, he directed his daughter to retire to her own chamber, and not to quit it till he should summon her.

With an oriental inclination of the head, the trembling girl obeyed him.

"Well, Don Antonio Perez!" said the Jew: "we may speak in safety now!"

At the name of Don Antonio Perez, the Earl of Essex almost betrayed his presence in the cabinet by an involuntary exclamation. It was that of the ex-secretary of Philip II. of Spain, who, having roused the anger of his suspicious master, had taken refuge in England.

"What was that?" demanded the suspicious Spaniard.

"What mean you?" replied the Jew, who had not heard the noise.

"That cry!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lopez impatiently: "it was but the creaking of the wainscot! The old house is full of strange noises; but I never heed them!"

"Have you any servant?" inquired his visitor.

"A Nazarene maiden, who is dumb!"

"Any other inmates?"

"My daughter, whom you have just seen; but why these precautions? Methinks the subject we came to converse upon is a sufficient pledge for my fidelity—since the slightest suspicion of such a conference as ours would send me to the scaffold!"

"True!" observed the Spaniard, who appeared to lay aside his suspicions at the remark; although he instantly changed the language in which they had been speaking—English—to Spanish, which the physician spoke as fluently as himself.

Fortunately, Essex understood, it too.

"His Excellency, Signor Ibarra, the Governor of the Netherlands, in the name of our royal master, agrees to your terms—fifty thousand crowns on the death of the heretic Queen of this accursed island!"

CHAPTER LXIX.

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy—a mountebank—
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller—
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch—
A living dead man.

SHAKESPEARE.

The eyes of the Israelite sparkled with delight—in imagination he already grasped the proffered bribe.

"That is not all!" continued the messenger and agent of Ibarra; "in consideration of your services in preventing Elizabeth, by your influence, from arresting the pretender to the crown of Portugal, his Majesty agrees that you shall enjoy the free exercise of your religion in any part of his vast dominion you may select!"

The Jew bowed his head in silent assent. Essex was horror-struck, and blessed the chance which made him the instrument of detecting their treason.

"And what," demanded Lopez, "is to be your recompense, Signor Perez?"

"My restoration to favor."

It was finally decided between the two conspirators that the Jew should mingle poison with the first medicine which he administered to the queen.

"It must be slow," observed the Spaniard, "that we may have time to escape—for these English dogs will be furious at the death of their idol!"

The physician smiled, and assured his visitor that he was so well skilled in the trade of poison, that he should regulate the dose in such a manner that it should act at any given period—one month or six—it mattered not which.

"And sure?" added his visitor.

"As the shadow of the dial!" was the reply.

Some further words were whispered between them, which the concealed witness of their guilty conference could only partly catch; and the old man, opening the door of the apartment, called to his daughter to descend. In a few moments the terrified girl stood before him.

"I must see this gentleman," said her father, "upon his way. Make fast the doors after us, and see your neither draw bolt nor bar till my return!"

"I will not!" replied the girl; "but do not tarry long, for the hour is getting late, and the Nazarenes are abroad!"

"Fear not!" said the old man; "within the hour my footsteps will be upon the threshold of my dwelling!"

No sooner had the Jew and his guest departed, than the maiden hastened to release her lover. Although brave, even to rashness, the countenance of Essex was deadly pale with horror at the fearful conference he had so providentially overheard.

"Heaven!" exclaimed the Jewess: "how pale you are!"

"Do you wonder?" replied the earl, with a sickly smile; "the stifling air of your accursed cabinet almost choked me! I thought they never would have left the room!"

"Perhaps you overheard their words!" observed the girl, suspiciously.

"Every word, but the misfortune is, that I can't repeat them to you," answered Essex: "they spoke in no Christian tongue."

Then, with pretended fondness, he would have resumed the *tele-a-tete* which the arrival of the physician had interrupted: by which *ruse* he completely convinced the daughter of Lopez that he had not comprehended a syllable of what he had heard—for the old man, on quitting the house and leaving her his parting directions, had given them in Spanish.

"Not now," she said: "my father will soon return; you must leave the place at once."

With well-feigned reluctance her visitor consented, but not till he had wrung from her a promise to admit him the succeeding night: it is needless to say that he had no intention of keeping his rendezvous.

At the corner of the street, Essex encountered his secretary, Anthony Bacon, who had been anxiously on the watch during his visit.

"What is the matter, my lord?" he demanded, as he recognized the earl; "you seem agitated! have you been assailed?"

"No!" was the reply.

"What then?"

"Treason is the matter!" whispered Essex. "I have heard that, in the infernal den which I have just quitted, which may bring more than one head to the block."

Without further words, the disguised nobleman passed rapidly up Fleet street, followed by his confidant, till they reached his house in Convent Garden: there only did he feel that he could breathe freely.

The favorite was placed in an embarrassing position by the information he had obtained of the foul practices of the principal physician of his jealous, irritable sovereign. Although naturally frank and loyal in his dealings, he dared not go the simplest way to work to counteract their schemes. To do so he must have confessed his intrigue with the Jewess, and have roused the wrath of Elizabeth to madness. After much consideration, he resolved to employ the agency of the celebrated Dr. Dee—whom the queen with all her strength of mind, firmly believed to be possessed of supernatural powers: a belief which she manifested by consulting the renowned charlatan on the most important occasions.

Her majesty was at Hampton, when Lady Howard informed her that the astrologer requested an audience; he was instantly admitted.

The artful impostor—for such he must be regarded entered the royal presence with a serious air. In person he presented a mere outline of humanity, having worn himself almost to an anatomy by his studies. His dress was a long, black gown, furred with sable, which added to his height and gaunt appearance. After kissing the hand which the royal dupe of his pretensions graciously extended towards him, he requested to speak with her majesty in private—a favor which was instantly granted.

"Now," exclaimed Elizabeth, as soon as they were alone, "what brings the philosopher to Hampton?"

"My duty, gracious princess, as a subject," replied Dee; "Saturn rules in the house of life, and danger threatens."

"Danger?" repeated the queen, incredulously.

"Ay, madam! I have consulted the stars—forced the dead to answer my interrogatories, and discovered by my art that the days of your majesty are threatened by the agency of one whom you most trust."

"His name—his name?" exclaimed the queen, impatiently, at the same time turning very pale—for she placed great reliance on his predictions.

"That I cannot reveal, but he is of a treacherous race—an accursed enemy to the true faith—an unbelieving Jew."

"A Jew," repeated Elizabeth; and instantly her mind reverted to her physician, Lopez. "Art sure?"

"The stars cannot deceive—the dead never lie," was the oracular response of the charlatan. "Beware, gracious queen, whom you trust, above all, accept no medicine prepared by Jewish hands. Life is in the balance."

For some moments there was silence in the royal closet; the firm-hearted daughter of Henry VIII. was too much excited to speak.

"I must have proof of this," she at last exclaimed; "as a crowned queen, I am bound to render justice unto all men. I know that you hate Lopez, as scholars and priests only hate; yet I would fain believe you are incapable of trifling with my patience. The experiment," she added, with an expression which made the artful mountebank tremble, "might prove dangerous."

"I have named no one, madam," replied Doctor Dee, recovering some portion of his former audacity: "all I have stated I repeat—that danger threatens the House of Life, and that it arises from the ministry of an accursed Jew. Promise me," he continued, falling on his knees, "that for ten days you will not admit one of the infidel race to your royal presence, or take anything compounded by the hands of such."

"On one condition," replied the queen, after a few moments' consideration, "I will give the promise you require."

Her visitor stood in an attitude of respectful attention to listen to it.

"That at the expiration of the time you name, you shall give some further proof of the danger you have asserted."

"Willingly, madam."

"Before the council?"

"Before the world," replied the astrologer—who, confident that Essex by that time would be enabled to supply him with further proof, unhesitatingly assented to the proposal.

Elizabeth was satisfied, and dismissed the charlatan with many thanks for his loyalty and devotion. Three days afterwards, Essex, in full council, denounced the Jewish physician as having accepted a

bribe from the King of Spain to poison her majesty. When pressed to advance proof of his assertion, he became confused, and even Burleigh—who hated Lopez—eagerly caught the occasion of mortifying the favorite, whom he hated yet more bitterly, by ridiculing the supposition as improbable and absurd.

"Was it for this, my lord," he demanded, in a sarcastic tone, "that you have ridden so frequently to Mortlake, to consult with Dr. Dee?"

At the name of Dee the eyes of Elizabeth flashed fire: she fancied that she perceived there had been a coalition between the earl and the conjuror, to procure the dismissal and punishment of one whom she believed devoted to her service.

"Meddling boy," she exclaimed; "is this the recompense for the favors we have so blindly heaped upon you? But know that we will not punish the meanest horse-boy of our train to gratify such caprice."

"Caprice," repeated the young noble, sullenly. "Well, madam, call it what you will, perhaps it is madness and caprice to serve an ungrateful woman—who listens to my enemies, and rejects truth, simply because it comes from my lips."

So saying, he turned upon his heel and left the council-chamber, and for some days obstinately confined himself to his own house, despite the loving messages which Elizabeth repeatedly sent to him to draw him from his seclusion.

But these days were not idly passed—for by great exertion he obtained such evidence of the intended crime, that even Burleigh and the rest of his enemies were forced to admit the guilt of the physician.

Lopez was brought to trial, convicted, and suffered death.

When brought to the scaffold, it is related by Camden that the Jew denied his guilt, and added a declaration, which was most singular from one of his creed—that is, if he expected to be believed—that he loved the queen as well as he did the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Letters were afterwards intercepted which proved that a plot had also been on foot to burn the fleet—and so leave the country comparatively defenceless.

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth, in the first burst of her gratitude, gave the Earl of Essex the ring which was to prove a talisman for his protection, in case of danger. Placing it upon his finger, she vowed with an oath, that whatever his offence, let him but return that token, and it should be pardoned.

"Madam," replied the triumphant favorite, as he kissed the withered hand of the donor, "this gem parts from my hand but with life—so dearly do I prize it! Not for the promise which accompanied it—for never can the faithful heart of Essex fail in duty to his gracious sovereign; but as a proof that his loyalty and services are acknowledged where only he could wish them to be known."

"Flatterer," exclaimed the aged coquette.

"Men cannot flatter where language is impotent to do justice to merit," was the gallant reply.

From that day the star of Essex rose in the ascendant. The queen, more and more enamored of his handsome person, heaped fresh favors on him; and took a pleasure in mortifying her old minister and his son, the new Secretary of State, by taunting them with incredulity and obstinacy, when her days had been placed in peril.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Nearly 427 millions of newspapers are annually printed in the United States.

A SPREADING OAK.—There is an oak tree near Raleigh, North Carolina, which at the Sun's meridian, covers with shade a space of nine thousand feet. It would afford shelter for four thousand five hundred men.

A WHIM OF THE CZAR.—The marine artist, Evazowsky, has received directions from the present Emperor of Russia to revive on canvas, from memory, the Russian vessels which were destroyed for the purpose of obstructing the progress of the enemy.

THE STRENGTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The population of Great Britain in the year 1811 had been 12,596,803. Out of this population she raised for the said year of 1813, 140,000 sailors and marines, and 237,000 regular soldiers, besides which she kept in arms 83,000 regular militia, and could further rely upon the services of 288,000 local militia, and 65,000 yeomanry cavalry. The total sum of these numbers is 813,000. In the year 1851, when the last census was taken, the population of Great Britain was 21,121,967: so that, allowing for increase since that time, she has probably a population at the present moment not much less than double that of 1813.

**The New Bank of England Note,
AND THE SUBSTITUTION OF SURFACE PRINTING FROM
ELECTROTYPE FOR COPPERPLATE PRINTING.**

HERETOFORE the notes and cheques of the Bank of England have invariably been printed from copper and steel plates, in which the lines were engraved or cut into the metal. In these hollows the printers rubbed the ink, which in process of printing, was transferred from the plate to the paper. In surface-printing the reverse state of things exist, and the design, instead of being cut in the plate, is left in relief, and the ink being put to the eminences by means of the rollers, is transferred in the press to the paper to form the impression.

After various experiments, the cutting of the Britannia in a manner suitable for easy duplication was executed on a steel die. The other parts of the notes and cheques were in a great measure cut, in some cases upon pieces of brass, in others on plates of copper, about half an inch in thickness. In no case is the original ever employed for printing, but is simply used to make moulds, so that, throwing out of consideration accidental mechanical or chemical injuries, they will retain their integrity for any length of time without change, and will enable any number of duplicates to be made therefrom.

For the duplication of the original designs, they have recourse to the power afforded them by the processes of electro-metallurgy.

To ascertain the changes which are occurring in the battery, they commonly employ an hydrometer; but they have specially constructed an instrument which they call a battery meter. The point corresponding to specific gravity, 1,130 is called unity, and the interval between that part and 1,360 is divided into 144 parts. By this division every degree represents one grain of zinc dissolved in 1,000 grains of bulk of the fluid. The opposite side of the scale, between the same parts, is divided into 60 parts, each of which is, for every 1,000 grains of bulk in the fluid, about one thousandth of an inch in the thickness for every superficial inch of surface, upon which the copper is reduced in the precipitating-trough.

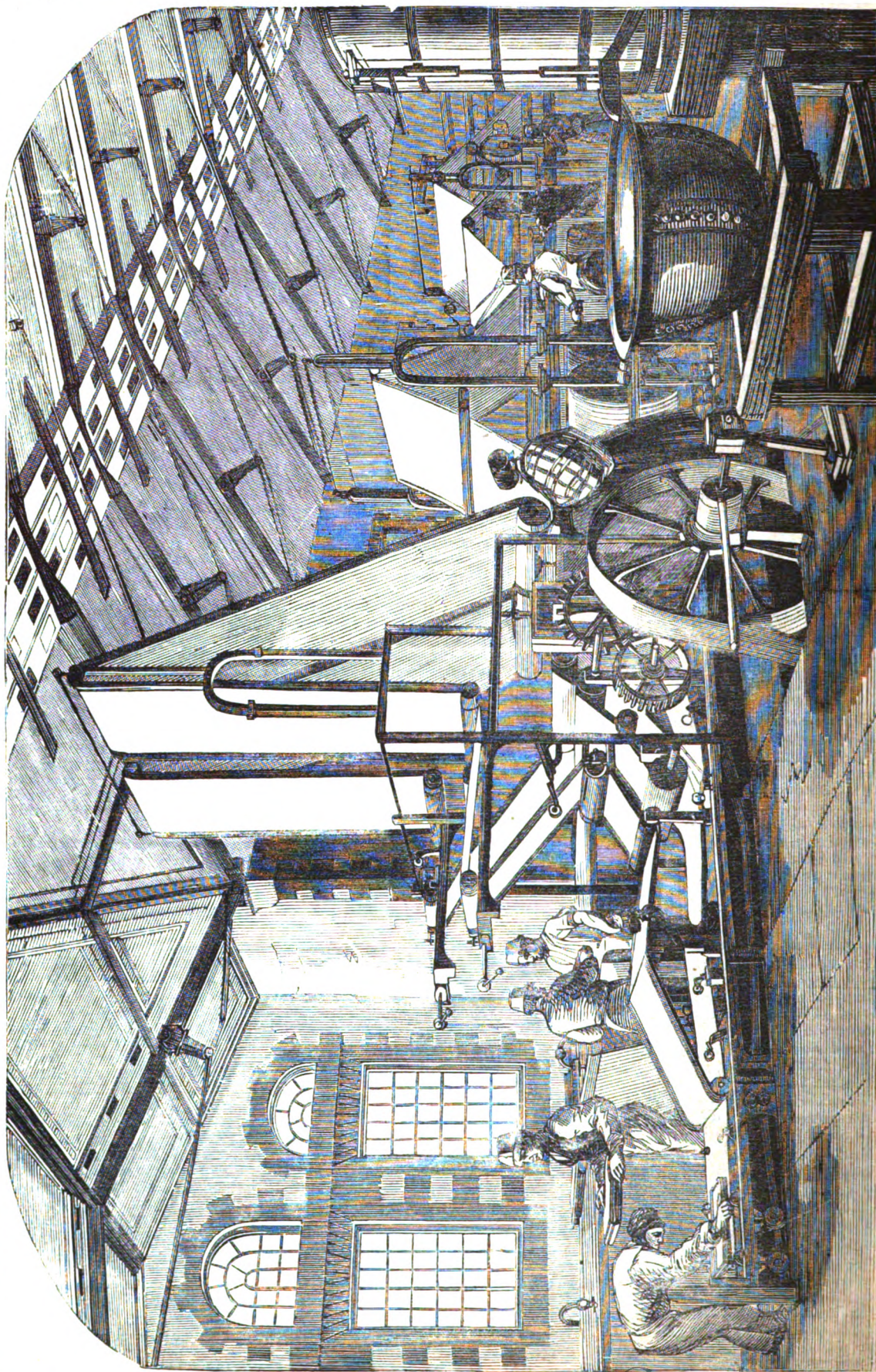
At the Bank of England they generally find it convenient to employ parallel-opiped-shaped vessels. Those made of mahogany, and lined with gutta-percha, are convenient and economical. For most of our purposes, we use the vertical trough, because the subject can be readily inserted and removed for inspection. For rapid deposition they employ the horizontal trough, in which the subject is placed at the bottom, and the copper pole above. In the use of this apparatus some refined chemical laws are involved. In the first place, sulphate of

copper possesses a low diffusive power, and is carried, by virtue of that property, so slowly through the fluid, that if they relied upon it, failure would surely attend their labor. Secondly, The saturated solution of sulphate of copper formed at the positive pole is so heavy, that it descends from the place of its formation like a cataract to the bottom of the vessel. Lastly, The part of the solution deprived of its copper becomes so light, that it rapidly rises to the top. For all rapid deposition they seek to form their new salt at the top of the apparatus, that it may descend to the place where it is required,

and the light fluid may rise to mix with the denser portion.

Up to the present time the best standard salt for the reduction of copper by electro-metallurgy, is the sulphate; and, with the occasional exception of the nitrate, is invariably employed. They always have a neutral trough, containing a simple solution, three parts saturated. For general purposes they use a saturated solution, diluted with dilute sulphuric acid of battery strength, to the extent of from one-half to one-third of the bulk.

If we examine the precipitating trough, we can



THE BANK-NOTE PAPER MILL, LAVERSTOCK, HANTS, ENGLAND.

but regard it as a very curious and wonderful chemical laboratory, in which two processes are being conducted at the same time, and in precisely equivalent proportions. In it we have the best of all chemical factories for the production of sulphate of copper by the combination of the plate of copper with the acid of the salt, and in it we may perceive the most perfect of all foundries, wherein the metal is cast upon the mould atom by atom, with a skill which rather shows the perfection of nature than the deficiencies of the operations of man.

As a general rule, a single battery with one trough is employed. Where they desire rapid action, they employ a compound battery of two cells in series;

but this entails a double cost of battery power. In a great many cases, where time is of no object, they employ a compound trough with a single battery; that is to say, they arrange two troughs in series with one battery—a contrivance whereby they use their battery power twice over, and obtain two equivalents of copper, one in each trough, and consequently at half the cost.

The deposited metal is of excellent quality, and a part of one of the Britannias, when carefully weighed, was found to have a specific gravity of 8.85. To ascertain the ductibility of the metal, one of the scraps was sent to Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite, and one pound of metal was found capable of being

drawn into three miles-and-a-half of wire. For all other originals, when perfection is desired, electro-moulds, and electro-moulds alone, are relied upon.

The casts of the Britannia are generally deposited so thick in the compound trough, that they can be turned down to the required form and size. Other subjects are generally backed with solder, and turned to their proper thickness.

The electro casts, when ready for printing, are mounted on solid brass blocks; and many tools had to be constructed for this purpose. By this system of tools, if any part of a form is damaged, another piece is immediately inserted.

When the paper is dried, it is moderately glazed,

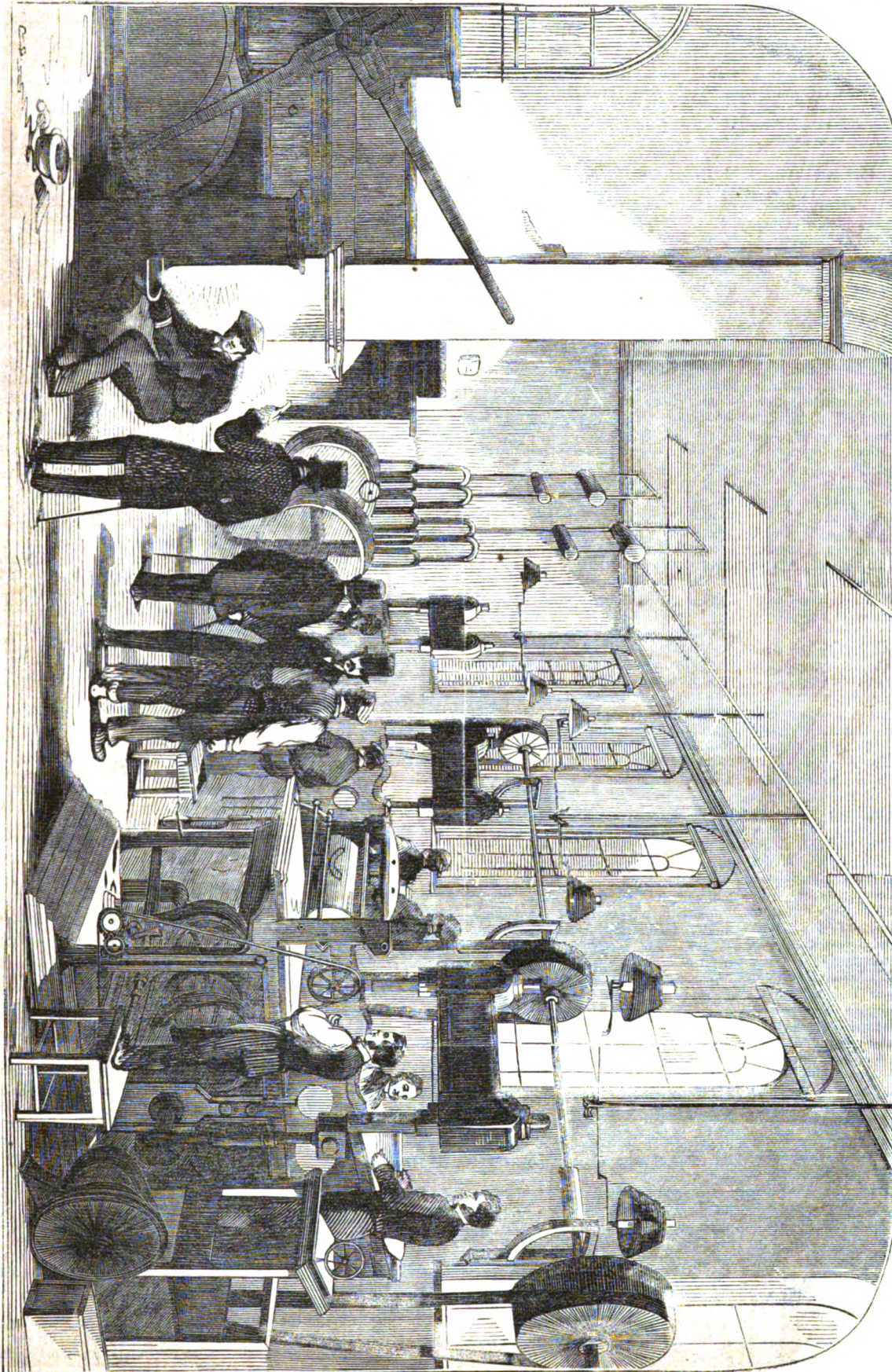
to give a smooth surface for printing. The smoothness is given by placing the sheets of paper between plates of copper, and subjecting them to a pressure sufficient on the one hand to give a fine and true surface, and yet not sufficient on the other to damage the water-mark.

For the cheques it was considered that the double platten was the best machine, which was in active operation at that time. For that reason, a machine by Hopkinson and Cope was adopted, and the cheques were printed by it, as also some of the notes.

For the Bank-note, a new platten has been specially constructed by Messrs. Napier and Son, with contrivances for both the tables and the inking apparatus to traverse, by which means an effect is produced equivalent to rolling with a single hand-roller twenty different times. In this machine a plan of great value is employed, as the form of every note is made to one gauge, and every denomination has its separate tympan and overlaying. By these means, when a note-plate is once made ready for press, with its overlaying, it is always ready at a moment's notice, without further preparation, for taking impressions.

Counting-machines are appended to each end of the machine, that no impression can be taken without being registered; and when 100 impressions are printed, a bell strikes, to call attention to the fact. In Napier's machines 3,000 notes are printed per hour; and two boys are required to feed with paper, and two to take off the printed notes.

After the note is printed, as a part of the system, it was proposed that it should be numbered and dated at the ordinary machines, instead of the Bramah's machine heretofore employed. These machines are also double, requiring two boys to feed and two to take off. By this working the note is completed, and handed over to the cashier, to be examined and counted. By this part of the system the note is decidedly superior to that of the old, the printing by the new process being very much improved as a mere question of printing.



THE BANK-NOTE PRINTING ROOM, AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

When the form is arranged in the printing machines, the first act of the printer is to obtain a perfectly level impression, equal in tint at every part, which is accomplished by filling the back of the blocks wherever he finds any elevation exists. This may be called a general picture, which possesses the general appearance, but without the lights and shades which give beauty and excellence to the impression. When the general picture is obtained to the parties' satisfaction, four impressions are taken upon thin paper, and according to the gradations of tint required, the impression is cut away, so that in one place no thickness exists, in others one, two, three, or all the thicknesses remain. For the darkest portion the four thicknesses are left, for the lighter none are allowed, and for the intermediate tints two or three thicknesses are left. The whole are then pasted together and placed over the electrotypes, and by the contrivance of the overlaying, those parts which are desired to be darkest get the heaviest pinch, those parts required to be of a lighter tint are the least heavily pressed, and in this way the impression is in a great measure brought to perfection.

Bank-notes are perhaps as little or less liable to be falsified than most other human inventions, in consequence of the certainty of the eventual detection of the fraud, and the great risk of punishment from the care and vigilance employed to trace out delinquents.

For extensive production and uniformity of expression, surface printing stands pre-eminently as the master.

There are certain characteristics which are common to the whole class of Bank of England Notes, which should be known to all the world. In the first place, every note has three of the natural edges of the paper, and one cut edge. In the centre of each note is a water-mark, composed of waved lines; and the words "Bank of England" are inserted in the substance of the paper at the lower and upper portion; and a facsimile of the autograph of Matthew Marshall, the esteemed Chief Cashier of the corporation. The Britannia is printed on notes of all denominations; and all notes have the words, "I promise to pay the bearer on demand."

The entire class of Bank-notes include twelve genera, as each of the eleven branch establishments issue notes with the town upon it—as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, Leicester, Bristol, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Hull, Swansea—and these, with London, form twelve establishments issuing notes.

Each genus comprises several species, as notes are of several designations. Thus, in London, nine notes are issued—£5, £10, £50, £100, £200, £300, £500, and £1000 notes. In every branch notes are issued up to £100; and at the two important commercial towns of Liverpool and Manchester notes of £500 are issued in addition. In every genus of note the denomination up to £50 is placed in the water-mark in letters and twice in shaded figures.

Every species of note is made of innumerable individuals, each of which has an individuality as distinct and determinate for a Bank-note as the individuality which characterises every human being. This individuality is given by a number and date being added to the denomination. The number is of no use alone, the date is of no use alone, but the number, date, and denomination together conjointly mark the specific individual; and any person having these particulars can learn at the Bank to whom the note was issued, and when it was issued, the date of its return to the Bank, and the person to whom money was paid for it, with many other matters of its pedigree and family history, which are only objects of interest to its mother, the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street.

It is not generally known to the public that there are letters preceding the numbers on every note, and which with the number, tells the whole story of the note. Therefore, if the public will but take down the letters and numbers, they can learn every other particular on applying to the Bank.

To give an idea of the extent of their operations, we find, on casting them up, that there are sixty-six kinds of Bank-notes, and about fifty varieties of cheques, which had to be prepared. Besides these, there are twenty-five kinds of Bank-bills, issued from eleven different places, independent of sixty day-bills.

If forms of notes printed by typography are examined, it will be observed that the note of the Bank of France and the Belgian note are so produced; but in these cases the character of the note is adapted to the style of printing; and even there the number printed is so small as to appear insignificant when compared with the number issued by the Bank of England. At the former establishment about 300 impressions are printed every day; at the

latter, nearly 30,000 are produced—as 9,000,000 notes are issued per annum, representing nearly \$1,500,000,000.

If we examine the note through its different stages, we cannot help being struck with astonishment at the care which has been taken up to protect the public from imposition. In the manufacture of the paper every sheet must be accounted for, and the Legislature has wisely provided that no person, under the pain of transportation, may manufacture, sell, or expose for sale, paper with the words "Bank of England" in its substance, or any curve bar lines, or any denomination in writing. When it is received in the Bank it is again counted and arranged by a decimal system, under the care of the Treasurer, before it is stowed away. When issued to the printer, the same number must be handed over to the Treasurer; and when it receives its final imprint, and is converted into the representative of money, it is received by the Cashier, who again examines and counts the number. These perfect notes are deposited in a place of security till life is given to them by being carried as a credit to the Bank books. When it passes into the hands of the public, it is amenable to laws which are known to the authorities of the Bank. Each denomination has a different average duration of life, like individuals in different cities, and some are never heard of again, like people who go to foreign lands, and their fate ever remains unknown. When the note returns to the Bank, after inspection, it dies, never to be resuscitated. The signature is torn off, the denominations are punched out, and it becomes a piece of waste paper. The registry of its death is taken by a system which is remarkable for its simplicity and rapidity of execution, and which has been in use with great success for many years. After the death of the note is registered, it is then deposited in the vaults for reference for ten years, when it is burnt. The object of retaining the notes for so long a period is exclusively for the accommodation of the public, for although such a course entails a very considerable cost to the Bank, yet the value of the information which is daily being supplied from this cause, shows the importance of it to the monetary community. It is not an easy matter to utterly destroy so large a number of notes as those which are issued by the Bank. Experiments have been tried to reduce them again to pulp, but they have never altogether succeeded, no plan answers so well as their destruction by fire. A large iron cage is built in the middle of the yard, including a light brick furnace pierced with holes. In this cage the notes are placed and burnt by sackfuls at a time, and nothing is left but a little white ash. Formerly the paper was colored with smelt, and this was left at the bottom of the furnace as a curious blue mass. The same care which is taken in the manufacture of the paper, and in its transition through its various stages, is maintained to its final destruction; so that, from the linen-pulp to the cinder, no person can become possessed of a single sheet without committing a felony immediately liable to detection.

THE MILL.

The Bank-note Mills, the property of Mr. Wyndham Portal, are situated in the parish of Laverstoke, in Hampshire, in the picturesque valley of the Test. This is a limpid stream, rising about three miles above the mills, thence running by Stockbridge (famous for its fishing club,) and flowing through Lord Palmerston's property at Broadlands, near Romsey, finally discharges itself into the Southampton Water. The waters of the Test abound with fine trout.

The first Bank-note paper ever issued was made in these mills, in about the year 1719, and it has ever since been produced on the same premises. From an analysis lately made by an eminent chemist, it has been ascertained that the water of this river is well adapted for the purpose for which it is required in this establishment. The building, the machinery, and, indeed, the entire premises, have undergone very considerable alterations and improvements of late, in order to adapt them to the perfect execution of the paper used for the new Bank-note, the issue of which is to commence on New-year's-day.

Instead of defending themselves, as is the practice in some other countries, by secret marks on their paper-money, the substance and printing of which are equally ill-executed, the Bank of England accepts no security which may not be possessed by any one who will make himself acquainted with the following characteristics of the paper and printing. The paper is distinguished by—1. Its color. 2. Its thinness and transparency. 3. Its characteristic feel. 4. Its water-mark. 5. Its three duple (or natural) edges, and one cut (or artificial) edge. 6. Its strength.

Household Treasures.

FOR GRAVEL.—Put three ounces of resin into a wine-bottle, fill up with common gin, and take a wine-glass full of the solution every day.

GLYCERINE, a cheap and by no means disagreeable substance, formed by soap-makers in the process of preparing oils and tallow, is said to act like a charm in curing chaps and roughness of the skin. This requires no preparation, the arms and hands being merely smeared with it every night.

For a good pickle take six pounds of salt, one pound of sugar, and four ounces of saltpetre, boiled with four gallons of water, skimmed, and allowed to cool, forms a very strong pickle, which will preserve any meat completely immersed in it. To effect this, which is essential, a heavy board or a flat stone should be laid on the meat.

FOR CRAMP.—Cut old or any cheap corks into lengths about three-eighths of an inch, string eighteen or twenty of these pieces on a tape, making a knot between each to keep them separate, and tie the tape tight above the knee when the pain comes on. It gives immediate relief. If tied on before the patient lies down, the cramp does not attack the person.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, &c.—The following recipe, from experience, we know to be a good one, and, being nearly colorless, it possesses advantages which liquid glue and other cements do not: Dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wine-glass of boiling water; add plaster of Paris sufficient to form a thick paste, and apply it with a brush to the parts required to be cemented together.

GIBLOTTE is the favorite mode of dressing a rabbit in France, and as a rich dish is decidedly the best. Cut up a rabbit, put it in a saucpan with butter and small slices of bacon, and brown it; then take it out of the saucpan for a few minutes and put in a tablespoonful of flour, which is to be lightly browned; put back the rabbit and bacon, and add a little French wine, either white or red, some chopped mushrooms, and sweet herbs: stew gently, and in about a quarter of an hour before it is done, add small-sized onions, previously browned in butter.

To sweeten an old cask, proceed as follows:—Having first scalded it well with boiling water (letting the water stand in it till cold) fill it with cold water, and throw in a large quantity of live coals from a wood fire, leaving the cask uncovered. By repeating this the cask may be made perfectly sweet, provided that it has at no time contained fish. A fish barrel can never be used for any other purpose, as it is impossible to expel the taste and smell of the fish. Scalding an oil cask repeatedly in strong lye, and then with clean water, will generally sweeten it; so will boiling water in which potash and lime have been dissolved.

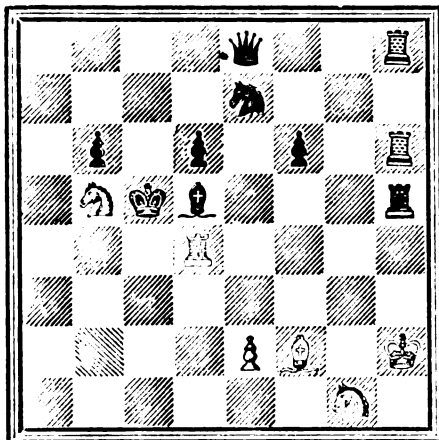
FRESH AIR.—Change of air will be found greatly serviceable in the convalescence of young persons from illness of any kind. The youthful constitution, when depressed by disease, often hangs upon such a balance, that a continuance in the town, or a removal therefrom, will decide the fate of after-life. The fillip imparted to it by the magnet-like influence of salubrious and sweet air will frequently occasion an instantaneous recovery, and the system will even seem to gather fresh vigor from the shock. These results are particularly remarkable in children. The visible improvement effected in persons suffering under what we term nervous debility—a deterioration of health, rather than any specific and formal disease, proceeding from confinement, sedentary habits, and the corroding influence of care—by a temporary removal to the pure and invigorating air of the country, is the subject of daily observation. In few instances is change of air productive of such visibly apparent benefit as in the case of sickly and delicate children; in the prevention of disease also it is highly valuable, though here the amount of benefit, being less obvious, is not easily estimated.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water it will not only rebound, but be flattened, as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. The writer heard across water a mile wide, on a still day, with perfect distinctness, every word of a mother talking to her child.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. X.—By Mr. Knott, of the Glasgow Chess Club.—White playing first, mates in six moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. X.—Played at Lille, 26th of March, 1850, between M. GROSDENMANGE and Mr. HARWITZ, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and two moves. Remove Black's K B T from the Board.)

M. Grosdenmange.

Mr. Harwitz.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 K and Q P 2. | 1 K P 1. |
| 2 K B P 2. | 2 Q P 2. |
| 3 K P 1. | 3 Q B P 2. |
| 4 Q B P 1. | 4 Q Kt to B 3. |
| 5 K Kt to B 3. | 5 K Kt to R 3. |
| 6 K B to Q 3. | 6 Q to Q Kt 3. |
| 7 K B to Q B 2. | 7 Q B to Q 2. |
| 8 Q R P 1. | 8 Q R P 2 (g.) |
| 9 K B to Q R 4. | 9 P takes P. |
| 10 B takes Kt (b.) | 10 P takes B (c.) |
| 11 P takes P. | 11 Q B P 1. |
| 12 Q Kt to B 3. | 12 P takes P. |
| 13 K Kt takes P. | 13 K Kt to Q B 4. |
| 14 Q Kt to K 2. | 14 Castles on K side. |
| 15 R B P 1. | 15 Kt to B 4. |
| 16 Kt takes Kt. | 16 K B to K B 7 (ch.) |
| 17 K to B. | 17 R takes Kt. |
| 18 K Kt P 2. | 18 K R to B 2. |
| 19 K R to R 2. | 19 K B to K 6. |
| 20 Q R P 1 (d.) | 20 Q R to K B. |
| 21 B takes B (e.) | 21 Q takes B P. |
| 22 K B P 1 (f.) | 22 P takes P. |
| 23 K R to B 2. | 23 P takes P. |
| 24 Kt to Q B 3. | 24 P takes P. |
| 25 R takes R. | 25 R takes R (ch.) |
| 26 K to Kt. | 26 Q to Kt 6 (ch.) |
| 27 K to R. | 27 Q P 1 (g.) |

Solution to Problem IX, p. 183.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1 K B to K 2. | 1 K to Kt 4. |
| 2 Q Kt P 2. | 2 K to R 3. |
| 3 Kt to Q B 5 (ch.) | 3 K to Kt 4. |
| 4 Q B to Q B 7. | 4 Kt P 1. |
| 5 Q B to K 5. | 5 P takes Kt. |
| 6 Q B to Q Kt 2. | 6 P takes P checkmate. |

NOTES TO GAME X.

- (a) To prevent the threatened advance of Q Kt P 2.
 (b) Losing time; should try to develop his forces by playing Q Kt P 1.
 (c) Better than taking with B or Q.
 (d) A necessary move to prevent the adverse Q B being played to Q Kt 4.
 (e) Q R to R 3, would have been better.
 (f) K to Kt 2, would have prolonged the defence.
 (g) The finishing stroke for suppose if

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 28 Q takes P. | 28 B to B 3 (ch.) |
| 29 Kt to Q 5. | 29 R to B 7. |
| 30 Q takes R. | 30 B takes Kt (ch.) |
| And Mates next move. If | |
| 29 Kt to K 4. | 29 Q to B 6 (ch.) |
| 30 K Anywhere. | 30 B takes Kt and wins. |

FAMILY PASTIME.

Pastime for the Parlor.

To write on Paper with Letters of Gold—Put some gum-arabic into common writing ink, and write with it in the usual way; when the writing is dry, breathe on it, the warmth and moisture soften the gum, and will cause it to fasten on the gold leaf, which may be laid on in the usual way, and the superfluous part brushed off.

Riddles.

1.
 I'm rough, I'm smooth, I'm wet, I'm dry.
 My station low, my title high:
 The king himself my master is—
 I'm used by all—but only he.

2.
 A word there is, five syllables contains,
 Take one away no syllables remains.

3.
 By something formed, I nothing am,
 Yet everything that you can name;
 In all things false, yet ever true,
 I'm still the same, but ever new;
 Lifeless—life's perfect form I wear,
 Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither see, smell, taste, nor hear;
 Swiftly I move, and enter where
 Not e'en a chink can let in air.
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone—
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
 Then tell me, pray! tell what am I

4.
 Why must convents be the abodes of purity?

5.
 What letter must you add to your situation to remove you from it?

6.
 Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
 My trade is prisoners to set free;
 No slave his lord's command obeys
 With more insinuating ways;
 My genius piercing, sharp and bright,
 Yet 'tis not in me to give light!
 A new and wondrous art I show,
 Of raising spirits from below.
 In serving man my time I spend—
 I break, 'tis true, but cannot bend!

7.
 To make out my first, a lawyer will try
 And my second will much wish to make it;
 My whole I am sure of whenever you're by,
 And I heartily wish you may take it!

8.
 My first was much used by the Romans of old;
 Beware of my second, 'twill lead you to scold;
 Where my whole put away, you might find yourself cold.

9.
 To various use my genius I expand
 I move in various ways, but seldom stand;
 Often a follower of those on high,
 E'en of some bodies in the spangled sky;
 Always on court-days of our gracious Queen,
 But there to walk or run I'm never seen;
 Or if for locomotion my vocation
 I'm never known to go beyond my station:
 Sometimes an agent made for mischief dire,
 Yet then I'm innocent till touch'd by fire;
 I give no aid to songsters' melody,
 Yet there's a beautiful bird delights in me;
 With one more attribute I will conclude—
 If animated, I'm a multitude.

10.
 Be my first of my second, and you will be my whole.

11.
 My first from coy and cruel maids you fear,
 My second shun, or your destruction's near—
 My whole's a blank, devoid of all pretence
 To art or artifice, to wit or sense.

12.
 Why is woollen unfit to contend with silk?

13.
 Why is C a most unquiet letter, and W a quarrelsome one?

14.
 Why is P the best landlord's letter?

Charades.

Celina, by admirers styled divine,
 Sat in her bower of fragrant eglantine;
 She studied Tasso's most applauded tome,
 Then cast a bright glance on her castle-home;
 She saw then, clearly, far above her bower,
 My first part move above the tallest tower.
 An olden tenant of the broad domain,
 The lady noticed, moving o'er the plain;
 Her arbor stood, on elevated spot,
 Whence was perceived, such tenant's tiny cot;
 While viewing scene, now set before her eyes,
 My second part she saw without surprise:
 Such part obtains the esteem of swain or cit;
 'Tis early noticed in Mosaic writ.
 'Twas deem'd of value by the early sage,
 Who ruled as patriarch in a simple age;
 'Tis prized at present, I do simply sing,
 By peasant, peer, philosopher, or king.
 My whole is noticed on the land or sea:
 Sometimes sustaining the first part of me;
 At other times, without such decking plume,
 'Tis seen exalted in the tempest gloom.

Rebus.

The fruitful source of griefs and evils dire,
 The thing to which we ne'er should bow the knee;
 A city famed for arts and warlike fire,
 A title in this land of high degree;
 The land of great wonders as travellers tell,
 She who tends us in birth, and in childhood as well—
 The initials of these show for what we are famed,
 And him whose wants we should with care attend.

Enigmas.

1.

Answer of a Lady to a Gentleman who proposes to her.

One thing, kind sir, of you I crave,
 A thing which you can never have;
 Yet if you love me as you say,
 Pray it give me without delay

2.

'Twixt pounds and pence
 A good conjunction place,
 It will not give you rank,
 But is something near your grace.

3.
 Please listen Lydia! to this Riddle-Rhyme:
 I am as old,—if not more old,—than Time:

4.
 Light look'd upon me, when the fulgent grace,
 Came, by commandment, from a secret place:

5.
 Yet, oft beyond the glorious ken I lay
 In the dark regions, fathomless to day:

6.
 Inert, at first, I afterwards was made
 A live participator of sweet shade

7.
 Living, I gloried in the sunny sheen,
 Where Eden spread her golden grace serene:

8.
 The pair trod on me by the river's flow;

9.
 While, also, I was far, its bed, below:

10.
 Resuscitated by revolting Cain,
 I rose, resplendent, looking down on plain:

11.
 His skillful progeny enjoy'd mine aid
 In several species of useful trade.

12.
 After the flood, I grew again of note;
 Being, by Babel's planners, keenly sought;

13.
 They, thoughtless, guess'd not, either men or dames,—
 My figure bolster'd bulwarks of their frames:

14.
 World holds me, yet, in very vast esteem;
 Now, lovely Lydia! this is not a dream
 Nay, 'tis a verity, that will unfold
 Its simple store, when is its clew unroll'd.

15.
 I am great, I am small, I am near, I am far,
 And the glance of my beam is an evening star;
 I move, I am still, in my wanderings free,
 And the source of my brightness known only to me.
 Though earth-born I am, yet the star of my light
 Has pointed to Hope in the dark gloom of night;
 Wildly, freely I live, though I rest with the dead,
 And to Death as my bride, my beloved, am wed!
 The lamp which I hold man cannot obtain,
 Though beneath his proud feet, his proud grasp I disdain!
 I am bright, I am beautiful, leader and snare—
 Loved, hated, sought, dreaded, man's hope and despair!

16.
 I'm sometimes very slender, and sometimes very stout;
 I'm used alike by young men, and those who have the gout;
 I'm sometimes ornamented, and sometimes very plain.
 I'm carried by the steady, the frivolous, the vain;
 Guess my appellation, I'm always very handy,
 For without my aid there is no perfect dandy.

17.
 In solitude I'm always found,
 Yet ever visible in the ground;
 And whenever you choose to look,
 You will find me in your book;
 Guess my name, fair reader, do,
 For I am also found in you.

Quarries.

1.
 My first or you or I can do,
 But we've no idle time at present;
 My second neither I nor you,
 Although, methinks, 'twere very pleasant;
 My whole beneath the sun's hot beam,
 Will drive the cattle to the stream.

2.
 Five letters do compose my name,
 Backward or forward I'm the same,
 Perhaps not easy to explain;
 But when perceived I'm always plain.

3.
 Shepherds on my first in golden ages lay,
 To hear my second caroll'd from each spray;
 My whole they never knew, nor should we now behold,
 If we of modern days lived in an age of gold.

4.
 My first and my second congregate fishes,
 And my whole, a good fruit, makes us excellent dishes.

5.
 They who have me do not do wish to have me,
 They who have me do not wish to lose me,
 They who win me, have me no longer.

6.
 If I was in the muddle and you were out of the muddle,
 What change do I make?

7.
 Where infants willingly repose their head,
 Transpose and find a rugged rock instead.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

RIDDLES

1 The Senses. 2 Snow. 3 Wed-lock—Match-lock—Pad-lock—War-lock—Fire-lock—Fore-lock. 4 The one issues manifestoes, the other manifestoes at his shoes. 5 All are wise, or otherwise. 6 You would say—Fiddle, D D. (Fiddle-de-dee). 7 She would come down plump. 8 Falsehood. 9 Candia. 10 A blacksmith. 11 Craw-fish. 12 April-fool.

CHARADES.

1 Night-mare. 2 Balm-oral. A peerless pattern here my muse displays.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1 Ring, Grin. 2 George, George. 3 Buts, Tube. 4 Sloop, Pools. 5 Golf, Flog. 6 Lamb, Balm. 7 Bramble, Ramble, Amble. 8 The Ivel, in Bedfordshire. 9 The Ivel, in Somersetshire. 10 Levi, the son of Jacob. 11 Levi, one of our Lord's disciples. 12 Evil (adj.). 13 Evil (subst.). 14 Live (coal). 15 Veil. 16 Vile. 17 Live. The French call it (the) taken from Levi (or Vile), VI, the Roman numeral for six remains.



INTERIOR OF THE EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

Interior of the Paris Exhibition.

THE Exhibition must now be regarded as a great success: it has triumphed over all the obstacles that beset it at the commencement. That these obstacles have been overcome is due in great measure to the determined will and untiring energy of Prince Napoleon, who is constant in his attendance. Any one who witnessed the inauguration, and sees what the Palais de l'Industrie now is, will easily forget or pardon the failure which marked its outset. The Imperial Commission set energetically to work, and it is now admitted by all impartial persons that their success is complete, and that order and harmony have taken the place of chaos. Two "annexes" have been, as it were, improvised—one now containing the most beautiful specimens of goldsmiths' work, of porcelain, of the rarest and more precious tapestry; the other, nearly half a league in length, comprises all the machinery of modern invention, and other prodigies of art and industry.

Prince Napoleon, on Saturday, paid his third visit of examination to the Exhibition. His Imperial Highness examined in detail, the different agricultural machines, both of France and other countries. The rich collection of agricultural productions of the United Kingdom also attracted the marked attention of the Prince, as did also the specimens of corn sent from Austria, particularly those from Bohemia. A fine collection of Bohemian wool in fleeces also called forth his warm admiration. The productions of the character named above of Belgium, Spain, Canada, the United States, and Egypt, were also closely examined by the Prince, who expressed his great satisfaction to the Commissioners of the different countries.

It should be remembered, that but three months remain before the Exhibition will be closed, and those who still delay visiting it will do well to profit by the present occasion to witness those noble productions collected together on the same point, and united under the same roof. The latter half of the present month will unquestionably be the most brilliant, and undoubtedly the most prosperous for the Exhibition.

To return, however, to the subject of our illustration. Entering from the great front portico, and passing by the staircases leading to the spacious galleries, the eye is struck at once, on looking up, at the gaiety and lightness of the whole scene. The building is more square than the one in London was. Around are the flags of all nations. France occupies one side, England faces her, a long line of banners, too; then comes America, Austria, German States, &c. The great effect which otherwise would have been produced is marred by the fact that the whole floor of this really magnificent apartment is

cut up by long lines of booths or stalls. The ground is literally incumbered with riches. There are silks and satins, and muslins and woollens, lace from England, France, Switzerland, Brussels; there is porcelain, and gold and silver plate, magnificent in their rich carving; there are instruments of all kinds, astronomical and others, besides women's bonnets, caps, straw hats, revolvers, pen-holders, baths, tea-trays—a wild medley of all the useful and unuseful things which civilisation has created. The immense and almost incredible progress made by man in the nineteenth century may, on such occasions be seen, by thinking one moment of the past, carrying back the memory to the naked Picts, savages, and Gauls, and comparing the then rude existence with the luxuries which modern invention and science have provided for the world. The province of science and art is seen to be universal. We owe all to them—from an improved shoe that prevents our taking cold, to the very promise of longer life. We see the joint importance on every hand in this bazaar of industry. Gazing at an extensive collection of surgical instruments, we were struck by the scientific ingenuity which had brought those engines of torture to such wondrous perfection.

The first hour or two of a visit to the interior of the Paris Exhibition is naturally taken up by a cursory examination of the whole. This will generally satisfy the multitude who only visit the Palais de l'Industrie as a great show. But the reflective and inquiring mind will find materials for more extensive study. Even traits of character, original and striking, may be remarked. We noticed the English scattered about in every part of the building, examining, comparing, and admiring. The French, on the other hand, chiefly walked in the French department, preferring to stroll through narrow lanes of empty booths to examining the productions of foreigners. This was particularly true on Sunday, when the peasantry came in in shoals, and when the English were few in number.

It is only by the assistance of a good catalogue that the visitor can make his careful visit through the establishment. We noted this, when examining with care the products of Glasgow. We were much struck with the beauty, variety, and elegance of her muslins. We immediately made our way to the French division, and examined the display of French articles of the same kind. We were compelled to give the preference, both in design and in taste, to the specimens sent from Scotland.

One thing struck us much on a first visit to the Paris division of the Exhibition—naturally a large one—and that was the preponderance of shawls over every other product of Parisian industry. Booth

upon booth, stall upon stall, and nothing could we see but shawls of every kind popular in that city of fashion and luxury. It was characteristic of France, as were the crowds which filled this part of the great building.

From the galleries a very fine view of the whole building is to be obtained. They are reached by splendid flights of what appear to be massive stone staircases. The space in the galleries is very extensive, but taken up in the same way as the floor below, with one interminable crowd of stalls. A very interesting collection of philosophical and other instruments, including a model of Lord Rosse's telescope, attracts considerable attention, while the interesting *coup d'œil* of the vast oblong below attracts its thousands. Chandeliers and glass of every description, lace, and dress of all kinds, including some hideous hats from Vienna, which of themselves proclaim that boasted capital a seat of barbarian empire, fill these galleries, though a more concise description of the place would be contained in a catalogue of things that are not to be found there.

THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT.—The buffet in a corner of the building is a very inferior affair. It is somewhat pompously announced and advertised; but the accommodation is inferior to that found in a second or third-rate *café* or *restaurant*. It is only useful as a place where a glass of wine, beer, or lemonade can be obtained to wash away the dust or quench the thirst generated by the intense heat of the interior of the building. But if the buffet of the Exhibition is a failure, the good Parisians have taken care to supply refectory for the inner man on a scale of magnificence unparalleled even in that land of good living. New *diners*, new *restaurants* have sprung up on all sides. A man can dine for ninepence, and he can dine for five dollars—as easily for one as the other. The ninepenny dinner, however, is sadly curtailed of its proportions since meat has risen in price.

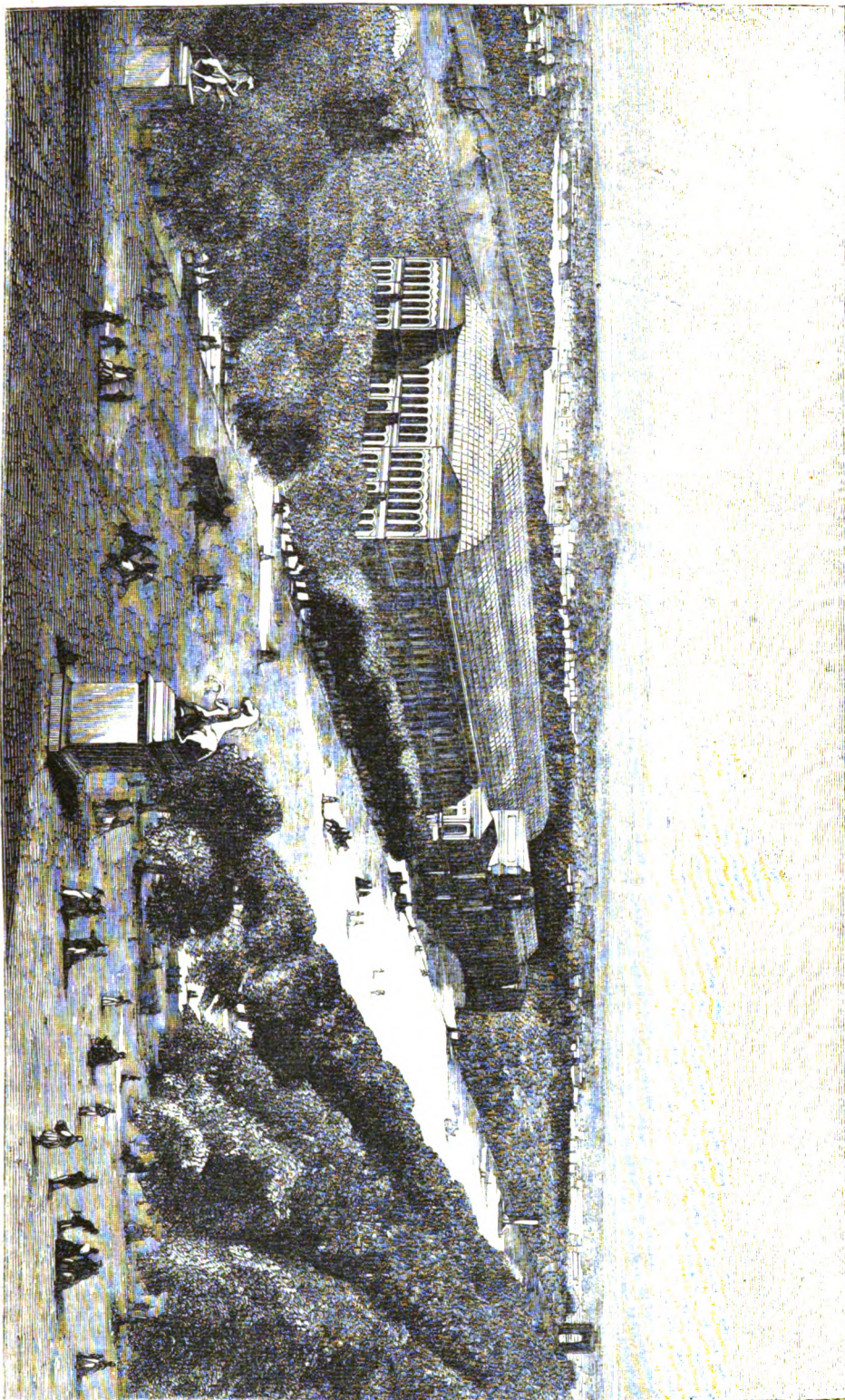
During the week the Paris Exhibition is never crowded. The people of Paris have always been accustomed to visit these buildings gratuitously. Hitherto they have been government affairs, to which all were admitted—as they are to Versailles, to Meudon, to the Louvre—for nothing. Some exhibitions have had their pay day, out of regard to the aristocratic exclusives, who will never anywhere condescend to mix with the millions; but Sunday and the early days of the week were free.

The present Exhibition tried the experiment of five francs (one dollar.) This in Paris was of course a failure. Even with 21,000 free tickets, and some thousands of season ones, the building was comparatively empty. Then came the franc (or ten-

penny) day. The result was not brilliant. Even the twopenny day (Sunday) did not fill the building. The Emperor then, out of his private purse, paid the Company for a free day—the first Sunday in June—when about 120,000 persons of all classes thronged the building, and passed through in the usual orderly manner of French crowds. It was curious to observe the natural tendency of man on this occasion. The crowds were so great round the specimens of gold ore from Australia, that the police

sumed a perfectly fairy aspect, were densely crowded by some hundred thousand people. The flower show opposite the Exhibition is one of the great attractions here.

It is remarkable, says Dr. Darwin, that all diseases from drinking spirituous, or fermented liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, and gradually to increase, if the course be continued, till the family becomes extinct.



EXTERIOR OF THE EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

had considerable trouble to keep the circulation free on this point.

Gold is still the idol which those equally worship who have, and those who have not.

The proportion of well-dressed people on the free day was very great. The working classes attended in large numbers, but in that tidy and neat costume which so eminently characterises the Parisian mechanic on his day of rest and rejoicing—Sunday. As a matter of course, there was not a single case of inebriety out of the whole vast assemblage. In the evening the Champs Elysées, which have as-

A PHILANTHROPIC RUSSIAN.—One of the most striking spectacles I witnessed in Moscow was at the Ragoshka-gate, where the criminals condemned to exile in Siberia bid a final adieu to their friends. Among these stood pre-eminent for many years the philanthropic Dr. Haaz, who devoted his time, his means, and influence to the service of the wretched prisoners. Of his devotion to the cause he had taken in hand, no stronger proof can be given than the fact, that in order to test the weight of the manacles attached to each prisoner, he had a pair put on his own legs, and tramped the whole length

of the first stage on the highway, successfully proving to the authorities, from his personal experience of the torture inflicted, that the fetters ought to be made lighter. I see him now, the good old man, in his black, old-fashioned costume of knee-breeches, silk-stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, distributing tracts and money to the culprits, whom he benevolently called "children."

COLONEL FLEURY, the colonel of the Guides, has married Mlle. Calais St. Paul, a daughter of a rich *homme d'affaires* of Paris. On this occasion the Emperor made the colonel the magnificent present of 500,000f. from his private purse, and also settled a pension of 12,000f. a year to make things pleasant to a lady who went down on her knees to supplicate his Majesty to prevent the marriage.

HAVING AN INTEREST IN THE WAR.—A gentleman much respected in Bristol, and a partner in one of the principal banks in that city, has two nephews in Sebastopol, serving in the Russian army, and two nephews outside Sebastopol serving in the French army. They are sons of two sisters, married one to a Russian and the other to a French gentleman. Both Russians and French have also cousins in the English army.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ECLIPSED.—In a private letter from Canada, we find the following:—Since the promulgation of the theory that the firing of the guns at Sebastopol affects the atmosphere, a chemist at Montreal has been studying his weather-glass; and, making allowance for time, &c., he publishes in the papers notices to this effect, "A Slight Skirmish in the Trenches," "Grand Bombardment of Sebastopol," "Fierce Assault on One of the Batteries," &c., all adduced from the state of the atmosphere.

COATING IRON WITH COPPER.—The iron, in order that it may be thoroughly cleansed, is first submitted to the action of dilute sulphuric acid until any layer or crust upon it is removed; it is then washed, first in cold water, and then in boiling water, for a few seconds. To remove the last traces of the acid, the iron must be placed in a lye of caustic soda, and finally in quick lime for several weeks, at the end of which time it will have acquired a surface on which there is no extraneous matter whatever. The iron having been thus prepared, must be plunged into a first bath, by which means a thin coat of copper is deposited, and the iron is thereby protected against the action of the acid in a second bath, by which the deposition is completed; this latter bath consisting of sulphate of copper, rendered strongly acid by the addition of sulphuric acid.

Casualties of the British Army in the War with Russia up to June 18th, 1855, Inclusive.

IN THE ARMY.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, &c.	83	1114
Killed in the siege of Sebastopol up to June 18, 1855	57	813
Died of wounds to June 18	31	413
	171	2340
Died of disease, &c., to same date	142	7622
	313	9962
		313
		10,275
Probable number of deaths at Balaklava, of which no returns have been published		5,000
Total		15,275

IN THE NAVY.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in bombardment of Sebastopol, &c., 19	4	169
Died of wounds to June 18	4	No return published.
Died of disease to June 18	14	No return published.
	37	169

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF CASUALTIES IN THE MOST MEMORABLE BATTLES AND SIEGES OF THE PRESENT CENTURY IN EUROPE.

	BATTLES.		Wounded.		Total.
	Killed.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	
1809, July 28 Talavera	27	613	171	3235	4076
1811, May 26 Albuera	32	850	165	2567	3614
1812, July 22 Salamanca	28	360	178	2336	3102
1813, June 21 Vittoria	22	479	167	2640	3308
1851, Sept. 20 Alma	25	341	81	1540	1990
1854, Nov. 5 Inkermann	43	594	101	1804	2542
	SIEGES.		Wounded.		Total.
	Killed.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	
1812, March 18 to April 6, Badajoz	58	700	241	2600	3599
1813, July 7 to Sept 8, St. Sebastian	47	641	103	1442	2233
1854, Oct. 13 to June 18, Sebastopol*	64	887	207	3771	4929

* Including the Naval Brigade.

Salvator Rosa's Picture of "Hagar and Ishmael."

It happened that as the Cavaliere Lanfranco was returning one day in his splendid equipage from La Chiesa del Gesa to his lodgings by La Strada della Carita, he was struck by a picture in oil, which was outside the shop door of a *revenditore*, with other odds and ends of second-hand wares. Lanfranco stopped his carriage, and ordered Antonio Richieri, his favorite pupil, to alight, and bring him the painting which had attracted his attention.

The *revenditore* was struck by an honor so little to be expected. The carriage of the great Signor Cavaliere Lanfranco, stopping before his miserable balk, was a distinction to excite the envy of all his compeers in the Strada della Carita, and he came forward with many gesticulations of respect, wiping the dust from a painting on canvas, four palms in length, which had lain for weeks untouched at his shop door; while "hells" and "purgatories," saints and martyrs, had gone off with successful rapidity.

Lanfranco took the picture into his carriage, and a nearer inspection convinced him of the accuracy of his first rapid decision. It was labelled "Istoria di Agare e del suo figlio languenti per la seta." The affecting story of Hagar had already been treated by Guerrino; and the virtuosi of other and distant countries made pilgrimages to Bologna—where it originally hung, in the Sampieri Gallery—to view that masterpiece of art, which attracts now the eyes even of the unlearned amidst all the splendid works that surround it, in the gallery of the Brera, at Milan.

Guercino had taken that moment in the story of Hagar, when, having been brought back to the arms of Abraham by "the angel of the Lord," she is again driven forth, through the jealousy of Sarah. She is still in all the force of health and pride of beauty, and she pauses at the threshold of the timid Abraham's dwelling, from which she is sent as an outcast, and which exhibits all the rural wealth of that patriarch, who is described as being very "rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." But another epoch, and another view of the story of Hagar, had been taken in the picture which now fixed the attention of the chief of the Roman school. The scene was the wilderness of Beersheba; but so boldly conceived, so desolate, and so dreary, that Nature alone could furnish its details in those vast regions where few then had ventured to study.

The incident was that—so terrible and affecting in the life of the young outcast mother—when, having long wandered through pathless deserts, and under burning skies, she beholds her last hope extinguished; "for the water was spent in the bottle" which Abraham had put upon her shoulder, and the bread had long been devoured which stood between her and death. She was no more the blooming and indignant Hagar as at the moment of departure, but that Hagar who had, indeed, been "hardly dealt with." She appeared to have "cast her child under one of the shrubs," and had "sat down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, 'Let me not see the death of the child; and she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice, and wept.'"

There was in the conception of this picture a tone of deep and powerful feeling, a gloomy and melancholy originality, which probably struck on the imagination of Lanfranco even more than its execution. He sought for the name of the painter, who was evidently of no school, who copied no master, and whose manner was all his own; and in a corner he perceived a superscription unknown to fame, and by its diminutive termination almost consigned to ridicule. It was "Salvatoriello." The *revenditore* either could not, or would not, give any intelligence concerning the painter; and Lanfranco, paying without hesitation the price demanded, carried home the picture in his carriage, and gave general orders to his pupils to purchase all they saw bearing the signature of Salvatoriello, without reservation. When he departed from Rome, Hagar was the companion of his voyage, and became the chief ornament of his picture gallery at La Vigna, where he showed it himself to Passeri.

This incident of the purchase of Hagar, and the sweeping order that followed it, caused considerable sensation in the school of Spagnuoleto, and among the *dilettanti* of Naples, which the *revenditore*, who had sold the picture, and others of his brethren who were in possession of works of the same hand, made use to raise the humble price hitherto demanded for the *quadretti* of the young and neglected artist. They now began to place some value on pictures, which they had hitherto considered it a risk to purchase, even at prices which scarcely repaid the expense for canvas and color.

How Murat met his Fate.

THE sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, equally without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced of his own accord towards the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade, lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit them to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive death of a part of its horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of his chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged; and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile:

"My friends," said he, "do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space naturally compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble—do not strike me in the face—aim at the heart—here it is."

As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained, in one focus of love, the image of his wife and of his four children, as he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last hour, or to have their images in his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death-blow without feeling it, absorbed in contemplation of all he loved upon earth! His body, pierced at so short a distance by twelve balls, fell with his arms open and his face to the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom which he once possessed, and which he had come to re-conquer for his tomb.

They threw his cloak upon the body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pizzo. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch; not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.

HINTS ON HEALTH.—What is health? Take, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood, in a boarding school through her youth, never accustomed to either air or exercise—two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through the hard offices of nursing and watching over her children, and dies early; and her acquaintances lamentingly exclaim, "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence has assigned her three score years and ten—a time long enough to rear her children and see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and, of course, she lost it. A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office, and in the courts; of eating luxurious dinners and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depend. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary, in some cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty—a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for whoever saw a bride with a close evening dress? She is seized with inflammation of the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world. "Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my dear friends, on the masses of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect

of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c.; and all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body—this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as a few men do die, as if falling to sleep.

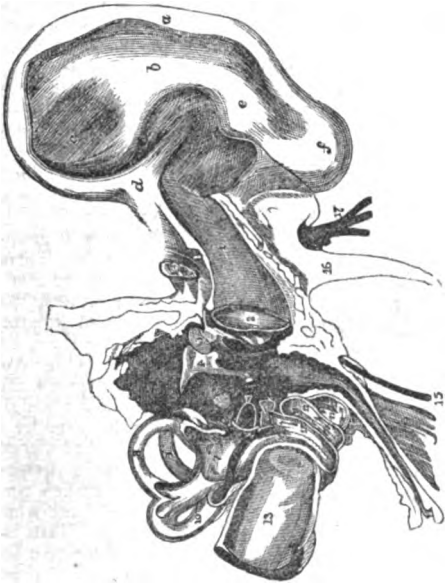
TASTE.—There is more uniformity than is generally imagined in the taste of individuals. There is more uniformity in their taste than in their actions—and why? Because they are passive to the operation of principles, while in the act of judging of works of art; but it is not possible for them, on all occasions, to be so while performing the business of life. We never know the better and prefer the worse, in matters of taste. If we err, it is through ignorance. But an ignorant man can never be a man of taste. From nature he may have had a good judgment, he may be able to seize the more obvious distinction of things—but he will never make a perfect discrimination between what is useful and what is showy. The power to do that is taste. Taste is, indeed, nothing more than the result of repeated actions of the mind, of numerous comparisons of most delicate distinctions. It is the habit of applying knowledge to distinguish rapidly between truth and beauty in works of imagination and their mere resemblances. If we sometimes consider taste as something distinct from judgment, it is because the mind that has been trained to judge arrives at its conclusions so rapidly, that it seems to know by intuition. We lose sight of the operations of the mind, on account of their celerity, and thus imagine that those are faculties distinct in nature, which are only degrees of the same thing. The differences in kind which appear in this faculty of judgment arise entirely from the different degrees of imagination which are united with it. The man who has much fancy will be led to exercise his judging faculty upon such forms of beauty and loveliness as art and nature have presented to his imagination.

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.—Pope has told us how some old people "die and endow a college, or a cat." We have seen, even in our time, some eccentric bequests; but here, in Paris, we have a dying millionaire, who is perplexed with the wildest phantasies that ever were aroused by Death's approaching footsteps. This old man has been sadly annoyed by finding his couch incessantly surrounded by crowds of country cousins—even to the third and fourth generation—who, sniffing, vulture-like, the carrion from afar, have flown hither, to hover over the death-bed. In order to scare away the vultures, he has intimated to them that he will select as his heir any of his relations who chooses to bind himself to accompany his body into the vault, and remain there for twelve months. During this period, he engages that a sumptuous repast shall be provided daily in the charnel-house; and at the expiration of the twelve months he will settle 20,000 francs per annum on the sharer of his grave. The relations have recoiled before this strange condition, and it has been accordingly extended to other persons not connected with the dying man; but the conditions are less favorable. He simply offers 1000 francs per month so long as the person remains in the vault with him. A provincial actor, and a couple of bankrupts, are candidates for this legacy; but the authorities are going to interfere, to prevent the desecration.

GREAT BATTLES.—October the 25th, the day on which the engagement at Balaklava took place, is St. Crispin's day. It is also the anniversary of the memorable battle of Agincourt, between the French and English, the latter under Henry the Fifth. At this battle ten thousand French were killed and fourteen thousand made prisoners. Among the slain were the Constable of France, three dukes, an archbishop, a marshal, thirteen earls, ninety-two barons, and fifteen hundred knights; and two dukes of the blood royal, private men more numerous than the English army. The loss of the English was about 1200, including the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, and other persons of rank.

The 5th of November, on which the battle of Inkermann was fought, was also signalized in 1757 by the battle of Rossbach, between the Austrians and French, and the Prussians under Frederick the Great, when the former were defeated. The battle of Jemappes, in which the Austrians were defeated by the French, took place November the 5th, 1792.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character—and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.



The Ear.

WHAT a wonderful organ is the ear! How delicate are all the parts, and how necessary is it such a beautiful structure should be carefully treated when diseased. We purpose in this chapter to say something of hearing, and to describe the various parts of this beautiful machinery which is concerned in the function of hearing. The plate above will show that there are many parts concerned in this sensation: 1, the outer ear or shell for collecting sound; 2, the passage by which the sound is transmitted to the drum-head; 3, the drum-head; 4, the eustachian passage, which passes into the throat, often partially obstructed from colds, and causing temporary deafness; and 5, 6, the other delicate parts or small bones; 7, the nerve which leads to the brain, and which conveys sound to the individual.

The knowledge acquired by animals of the presence or movements of distinct objects, is derived almost wholly from the sense of hearing and sight, and the apparatus necessary for the exercise of these senses is more elaborate and refined than any of the human body. Sound or hearing results from certain tremulous or vibratory motions of the particles of an elastic medium, such as air or water, excited by any sudden impulse or concussion given to those particles by movements of the sounding body; these vibrations or impulses are transmitted with great velocity through these fluids, till they strike upon the external ear; and then, after being concentrated in the internal passages of the organ, they are made to act on the acoustic bone, and are communicated to the brain. Sound cannot traverse a varied space, as sight does, but always requires a ponderable material vehicle for its transmission; for instance a bell suspended in the vacuum of an air-pump gives, when struck, an audible sound, although its parts are thrown into vibratory motion; and in proportion as air is admitted into the reservoir, the sound becomes more and more audible: the velocity of sound in air is on an average of 1,100 feet in a second, or twelve and a half miles in a minute.

Water is the medium of sound to aquatic animals, as air is to terrestrial animals. Sounds are conveyed more quickly, and to greater distances, in water than in air, on account of the greater elasticity of the constituent particles of water within the minute distance required for their action in propagating sound. Stones struck together under water are heard at a great distance by a person whose head is under water. The velocity of sound in water is four or five times as great as it is in air. Solid bodies, such as are of hard and uniform substance, are excellent conductors of sound: we may convince ourselves of this by a very simple experiment. Apply the ear to the end of a log of wood, or a long rod of iron; we shall hear very distinctly the slightest scratch made with a pin at the other end—a sound, which, had it passed through the air only, would not have been heard at all. Sounds are weakened by diffusion over a large space; hence those who are suffering from incurable deafness have recourse to the hearing-trumpet. This is explained thus—the sound is concentrated into the tube, which is applied to the deaf sufferer's ear. Conversation can be thus carried on, which is otherwise denied them. These expedients, however, Mr. Harvey states, should be the last thing thought of, and none of the so called small conductors of sound, and which are invisible, are of any avail at all, when the deafness

has arrived so as to require artificial aid. Although the organ is double, it does not follow that we hear a single sound twice; the two impressions are received at the same time, and are conveyed to the brain at the same instant: the two impressions are thus regarded as one. The difference of power in the ears of different individuals would appear to depend upon exercise; the exquisite accuracy of the musical ear, and the high finish in some people in contradistinction to others, arises from education, doubtless. Instances are every day met with of persons with slight deafness of one ear, who are nicely correct in perceiving every variation of tone: to complete the perfection of this sense in every instance, it is necessary that we should be on the alert to catch the low, faint, or indistinct sounds.

The observation has often struck us of the relative difference in appreciation as regards the deaf and the blind; in fact, which of the two senses is the most valuable. Statistics inform us that the blind are much longer lived than the deaf: the deaf are generally depressed and melancholy, whilst the blind are cheerful and happy in comparison. Who has not felt a sympathy with the blind mendicant? But who has not rather avoided the trouble of intercourse with the deaf? These are practical points, and well deserve our most serious consideration. Though the rapid glance of the eye, the immense distance to which it enables us to carry our perceptions, and the extended circle it embraces, have given rise to some of our most pleasurable and magnificent sensations—though it has brought us acquainted with objects which seemed ever placed beyond our reach—still the more humble sense of hearing, which we are now considering, the more confined dominion of the ear, has contributed most efficiently to the every-day happiness of life. It enables us to hold communication with our fellow-creatures, to improve and exalt our understanding, by the mutual interchange of ideas, and thus to increase the circle, not only of our physical, but of our moral relations. The charms of eloquence, the pleasure of sweet sounds—inexplicable, perhaps—are sources of intellectual enjoyment which contribute to place this sense among the most delightful as well as the most important we possess.

A BATTLE GAINED BY A BALLOON.—Devised on the very eve of the French Revolution, ten years had not elapsed after its first ascent, before its inventors were eager to make it a weapon of war. The only difficulty in the way was the necessity of employing sulphuric acid to furnish the hydrogen requisite for the inflation of the balloon, which would waste the sulphur so needful for the revolutionary gunpowder. Lavoisier came to the rescue, with his method of making hydrogen from pure water, by passing it over red-hot iron; and it was found possible to furnish, at a very small cost, 17,000 cubic feet in four hours, by this process. A military balloon school was immediately organized in the neighborhood of Paris, with fifty young soldiers attached to it; and a balloon, thirty-two feet in diameter was kept constantly full of gas as a practising machine. In this the balloon-colonel ascended with a single pupil at a time, to the height of 500 or 600 feet, the balloon being anchored by a rope controlled by a windlass, limiting, and to a certain extent guiding its ascent. In this way each pupil was taught to make observations, and the wide horizon which was commanded from an altitude of some hundred feet, by the aerial ship of war, appeared to constitute it an invaluable means of reconnoitering the enemy. Accordingly, with all the energy of the people and of the period four great balloons were constructed, one for each of the French armies, which soon found themselves burdened with a novel species of "impedimenta." One of them accompanied the army into Belgium, and ascended from the plain of Fleurus, in June, 1794, to the height of several thousand feet, the windlass machinery being so arranged that it could be kept stationary at any elevation. From this vantage-ground the disposition of the Austrian forces could be traced with the minutest precision; and the information thus furnished to General Jourdan enabled him to win the battle of Fleurus.

PREFER loss to unjust gain.

ARAB CALCULATION.—The utmost exactitude is required at Alexandria in checking the number of boxes which form the India, China, and Australian mail passing through Egypt. The illiterate Arabs who take charge of the mails in that country have a unique and unerring method of keeping an account of the number of boxes, and which is done by a string of beads: as each box is passed before the eye of the Arab a bead is thrown over his shoulder, where one end of the string rests. The power of mental abstraction possessed by the Arab, together with the simplicity of his numerical operation, enables him, amidst confusion and noise, to keep an exact account of any number of boxes of which he is to take charge, without any chance of a mistake.

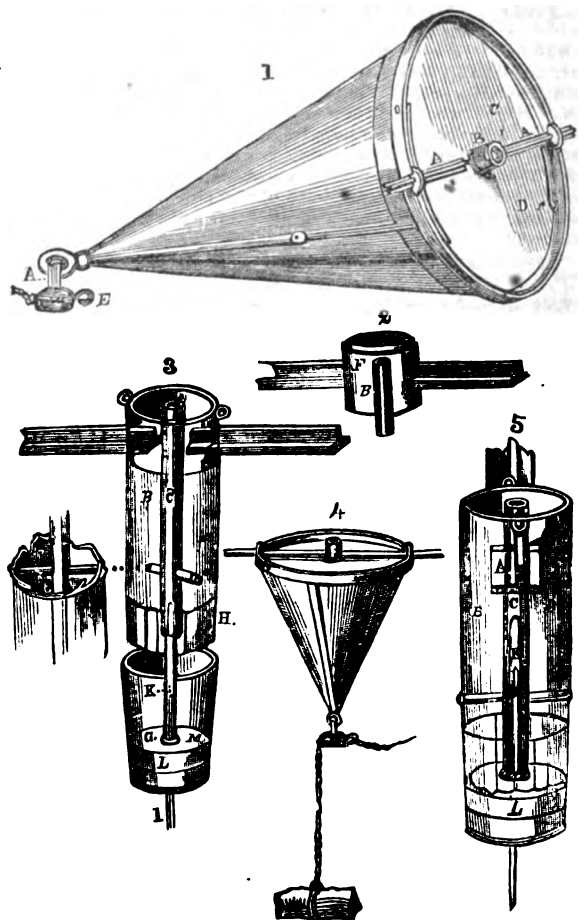
Russian Submarine Infernal Machines.

WE have already somewhat minutely described these formidable engines of war, the destructive power of which, however, is, I apply for mankind, not so close a certainty as is generally imagined.

We have illustrated one of these Infernal Machines in all its details: it is 20½ inches long, and has a partition around it, which gives a floating buoyancy to the depth required:

- Fig. 1.—THE INFERNAL MACHINE SIDE AND END.
Fig. 2.—CAP OR COVER.
Fig. 3.—TUBE DISSECTED.
Fig. 4.—THE MACHINE AS IT FLOATS THREE FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.
Fig. 5.—TUBE PUT TOGETHER.

- A—A piece of leather, which doubles round a small iron bar inside of the block, and fastens to a thimble fixed to the end of the machine.
A'—A very slight touch on this thimble will cause explosion.
B—Large tube.
C—Brass tube or thimble fitting over the zinc tube below; it is suspended by a smaller cross-piece riveted to the side of the large tube, so that a very delicate touch would move it.
D—A delicate copper spring, which keeps the thimble or striker out.
E—This hook is supposed to be for the purpose of tying others to.
F—A cap or cover, which fits into the cylinder or tube B, and prevents explosion by not allowing the thimble to touch the tube B.
G—A small zinc band or hoop.
H—Flange to fit into tube below.
I—Glass tube among the combustibles.
K—A zinc tube with a solid conical top. The tube itself being hollow, and fitting over the glass tube.
L—Solid head, the top of which is covered with chlorate of potash, below which all is water-tight.
M—The outside of this greased to make it water-tight, and to fit on the lead.



RUSSIAN SUBMARINE INFERNAL MACHINE.



Perils of the African Desert.

In the year 1850 the British Government sent Dr. Richardson on a mission to Central Africa, with the view of entering into treaties with the native kings for the suppression of the slave trade. He set out from Tripoli, accompanied by two German travellers, Dr. Barth and Dr. Overweg, some native servants, and several liberated slaves, who were returning to their homes in different parts of the interior of Africa. The way lay right across the Great Sahara, or desert, which untravelled geologists have assumed is the bed of some sea recently elevated and converted into dry land. Dr. Richardson states, however, that, with some exceptions, the Sahara is covered with rocky hills and valleys which are enlivened by a few trees and a little herbage. Some of the valleys contain towns, and these are scattered over the Sahara from ten to twelve days' journey apart, that is, about 300 miles; and they form resting places for the caravans of travellers journeying between the central states of Africa and the shores of the Mediterranean.

The expedition reached Mourzok, one of these towns, with comparative ease and safety; for though at least seven hundred miles from Tripoli, it is within the influence of civilization. Indeed it belongs to the Sultan of Turkey, and is garrisoned by Turkish troops. But beyond this the desert was an almost undiscovered country to Europeans; and those who traversed it, as Dr. Richardson had discovered on a previous journey, must rely on their own strength and the overruling providence of God. A company of merchants, or Kailonees, who were returning to their own country, agreed on certain terms to escort the expedition as long as their routes were the same; and the united caravan, numbered upwards of one hundred persons, with as many camels laden with food and merchandise. For many days they traversed the stony desert, resting at night by the side of wells, or at places where supplies of dates had been buried for them by a caravan which had preceded them. These deposits are easily discovered by passing travellers, but it is a point of honor not to touch them, and they are perfectly safe. Occasionally the expedition encountered a caravan of slaves journeying painfully down to the coast; or, more melancholy still, they passed little heaps of stones, the graves of children who had perished by the way, in the arms of their wretched mothers. The expedition were on their way from Ghat to the country of Aheer, or Ashen, when they learned from passing travellers that the sheik of Janet had determined to attack them. It had been noised abroad that some tin packages containing biscuits, which one of Dr. Richardson's camels carried, were full of money. Then reports reached them that several tribes of Tauricks were lying in wait to plunder the expedition, or, as the African marauders say, "eat them up." For many days, however, they suffered only the torture of expectation. At length, as they approached the borders of Ashen, a man riding on a swift dromedary overtook them, saying that a large number of Tauricks were coming, and demanded that Dr. Richardson and his friends should be given up to him; but the Kailonees rejected the proposal

with indignation. The next night the fellow came again with the same request, and met with no better success. Indeed a native merchant of Mourzok, who happened to be passing, joined in scouting the proposition. On the third night four men presented themselves, and demanded that the Christians should be given up at once with their camels and baggage; and the peremptory insolence of these men showed that they had assistance close at hand. They were told, however, to go about their business, as the caravan were determined to defend themselves to the last. Before the parleying had come to an end, about forty men, mounted on dromedaries, and equipped for war with spears, shields and swords, rushed over the hills towards the caravan, and with wild cries challenged a battle. About two-thirds of the expedition, armed with matchlocks, pistols and swords, immediately advanced, and shouted out that they accepted the challenge; but this bold movement staggered the assailants, who hesitated, then fairly turned tail and retired. It appears that they were composed of the sheiks, or mayors, of the neighboring districts, with their followers, and some regular bandits, and that their object was to plunder the expedition in the name of their religion.

The enemy had not been gone long before a small party of them advanced as a deputation. They declared that their comrades did not want to fight against the people of their own religious faith, and made several propositions to avoid a struggle. The first was, that the Christians, or infidels, as the Mahomedans call them, should be given up to be put to death; but nobody considered this either proper or feasible. Next they insisted that the Christians should turn back to the place whence they came; but this was also rejected. Next they demanded that the Christians should become Mahomedans on the spot; but the escort refused even to name the thing to Dr. Richardson and his two friends. At length they came to their real object. The Christians, they declared, should give them half their baggage to be allowed to keep the other half. A compromise was now effected. Dr. Richardson gave the fellows two hundred and fifty dollars worth of goods; and in return, they not only allowed the expedition to proceed, but restored some camels which had been previously stolen.

Two days afterwards the expedition was attacked by a second gang of thieves, who declared that they did not wish to harm the Christians, but to force them to become Mahomedans. No infidel, they said, had ever yet passed through their country, and none ever should. The escort had no choice but to communicate the proposition to Dr. Richardson and his companions, and begged them to accept it, or seem to do so, for a few days, to deliver themselves from the impending danger. The two Germans indignantly and passionately refused to save their lives at the loss of their souls, while Dr. Richardson more calmly told their servants to inform the robbers, that he would pay the tribute imposed by Mahomedan law on infidels for passing through a Mahomedan country, and that if this offer was refused he and his companions would turn back and endeavor to reach their own countrymen. But the escort de-

clared, with tears in their eyes, that either course would provoke certain death. Dr. Richardson then boldly declared that he and his companions would await death patiently, but that to abjure Christ and follow Mahomet was impossible.

It should be stated, that when Dr. Richardson and his friends appeared in arms to fight in the common cause, their servants insisted on their returning to their tents; "You shall not fight," they said; "let our enemies kill us first, and then you may fight if you please, but while we live, remain in your tent." Dr. Richardson was forced to comply; because, if a Christian kills a Mahomedan, even in self-defence, it is murder, and had he struck down any of the thieves, his own people would have risen against him.

The thieves were now told that the Christians were resolved to die for the honor of their country and the truth of their religion, and El-Norr, the leader of the Kailonees, casting his sword upon the ground, exclaimed to his comrades, "Let us, then, die with the Christians!" On the other hand, some of the fiercest of the robbers started up from the ground every now and then, threatening to rush upon the Christians and spear them in their tent. Then the two parties debated, and the Koran was quoted, the thieves swearing that the book ordered them to slay unbelievers. Again, however, the thieves agreed to waive their religious scruples, and accepted one hundred and sixty-five dollars worth of goods as a compensation. The Christian travellers, who had spent a distressing time in their tent during these discussions, having given up the goods, at once proceeded on their way, leaving the robbers quarrelling amongst themselves, and even gripping each other by the throat.

A few days afterwards the expedition quitted the Sahara and entered the country of Ashen. Aheer, or Ashen, is about two hundred miles long, by one hundred and sixty miles broad, and consists of a collection of small states, the sultans of which occasionally assemble together at the head of their forces, in some patriarchal wilderness, and there regulate the common affairs of the country. They do not levy taxes; but when they are "hungry," to use their own term, they suddenly attack some distant tribe, generally in the dead of the night, and sell the prisoners they take to the merchants, who drive the poor creatures across the Mediterranean. The expedition was encamped at the village of Tintughodu, when a cry was raised, "The waddy (river) is coming!" A broad white sheet of foam was seen advancing from the south, between the trees of the valley, and in a few minutes a river of water poured resistlessly along, and, spreading, converted the hillock on which the encampment stood into an island. Rain had been previously observed falling in the south, and had caused the flood. "This incident," says Dr. Richardson, "explains the scriptural phrase, 'rivers of waters,' for here, indeed, was a river of water appearing on the instant, and almost without notice." The water rose higher and higher, until it threatened to overturn the tents. Still it rose. "We calculated with intense interest," proceeds Dr. Richardson, "how many inches more would peril our lives. The most gloomy forebodings troubled me. I had always looked forward to Aheer as a haven of safety, and instead thereof it had proved to be the place of persecution. When men had ceased to fight against us, Nature had begun. I thought I could hear the people of Tintughodu saying one to another, 'They saved their lives by money, but now God comes in to punish and destroy them.'"

God did not, however, abandon the travellers in this extremity; a few minutes more and they must have been swept away; but the swelling of the flood ceased, then its height fell, and it drained away as rapidly as it had risen. At this moment, too, as if that Providence in which the travellers had put their trust intended to visit them with marked favor, an escort arrived to conduct them to Tintalous, and the capital of En-Norr, the sultan who had promised the expedition and aid its progress into the heart of Africa.

They reached Tintalous, and were the first Christian men who had ever set foot in it, or even within the country of Ashen. But instead of beholding a great city, as they had expected, they found that it was a collection of about one hundred and fifty mud huts, built in the shape of haystacks. The palace of the sultan is only distinguished from those surrounding it by its larger size, and the population is made up of his dependents and slaves. The other towns of Aheer are even inferior to Tintalous. En-Norr, the sultan, was seventy-eight years of age, and was suffering from rheumatism; he sent for Dr. Barth, who gave him some medicine, and, in return, he promised to escort the expedition to Zinder, whither they were bound.

The next day the sultan was better, and Dr. Richardson and his friends went to see him. It may as well be stated here that Dr. Richardson sought to induce him to enter into a treaty with Queen Victoria for the suppression of the slave trade within his dominions, and to assist him in penetrating into the interior of Africa, whither he was going, to prevail upon the other native princes to agree to similar treaties. The sultan ultimately helped the expedition on their way; but as to the suppression of slavery, by which alone he lived and paid his debts, no one dared even mention it to him.

The sultan was lying on a couch half asleep when the Europeans entered his palace; but he roused himself up, and, sitting on his hams, politely excused himself for being in *deshabille*. Then, tying a black cloth round his head, he asked the Europeans to sit down and entered into conversation with them. The country, he said, was in a state of revolt, so that the people cared very little for sultans and magistrates. He cautioned them to be on their guard against thieves, who, he said, abounded in his dominions. Finally he undertook himself to escort the expedition to Zinder. During a pause in the conversation, Dr. Richardson laid before the sultan a number of presents, and then withdrew, leaving him highly delighted with the liberality of the Europeans.

No sooner were they gone than he called all his great people together. "See the fine things these Christians have brought me," he said. "I shall, however, only take this blue bournous" (a kind of upper cloak) "for myself; the rest I give to you, take all else."

This was not done in a spirit of liberality but cunning. The secret of his power was, that he shared all the gains of his slave-hunts with his creatures, and fed and clothed them when there was nothing to be got by war. The notables were even more pleased than the sultan, as they enjoyed the presents, and extolled Dr. Richardson as "a fine man," and "a man with a large heart." Nevertheless, the sultan never sent the expedition a morsel of food; and, during their stay at Tintalous, Dr. Richardson and his companions would have starved if they had trusted to the hospitality of the sultan.

Dr. Richardson very soon discovered, indeed, that the people considered him their lawful prey; and that it would require a thousand camel-loads of goods to satisfy the demands of the people about him, and the tribes on his route, even if their requirements did not rise in proportion with his wealth. The subjects of the sultan even became suspicious of the expedition, declaring that they had come to "write the country." An idea prevails throughout northern Africa and the Desert, that Christians first come to "write the country," and then capture it.

One night some of Dr. Richardson's camels were stolen; the sultan promised to recover them, but insisted on being paid fifty cents a head for feeding them. Another night some thieves stole several copies of the Bible in the Arabic language, and some tea; but being caught in the act, they dropped the books, and split most of the tea as they ran away. Dr. Richardson says he prized the tea so much, that he spent six hours in picking out the stones from about six ounces, which he had scraped up in the road. The sultan, too, was very fond of tea, and used to come very often to drink it in Dr. Richardson's tent. The doctor generally gave him something at parting, such as a ring worth six cents, which he would put on his finger with great glee; or a pair of bellows, with which he would blow his face, and carry home delighted under his arm. Sometimes, too, Dr. Richardson sent a ribbon or a pair of scissors to his wife, for which he would express many thanks, though he used to beat her terribly, and she would send to Dr. Richardson to buy things, for which, however, she never paid. The goods of the expedition, in truth excited a general longing for them, and the tents were continually plundered.

At length the sultan submitted to the *zadi* the question, whether it was lawful to rob and murder Christians by night? and that body, after due deliberation, not only decided in the negative, but added, that Christians might fire upon, and even kill Mahomedan robbers at night. This decision had considerable effect in restraining the dishonesty of the people. The rest of the stolen tea was restored, the robbers confessing that they did not know what to do with such "herbage," as they called it. There was probably another reason for their honesty: one of the servants of the expedition had given out that Christians could drink what would poison Mahomedans.

But, unhappily, the sultan himself was the greatest robber of all. First, he was dissatisfied with the present made to him on receiving the expedition, saying it was a present for servants, and therefore he had given it away amongst his people. Then he sent to say that everybody wanted to take away the

property of the expedition, and, therefore, he must have one thousand dollars' worth of goods for protecting and conducting them to Zinder. Such was the man to whose protection the expedition had been recommended by his friends at Mourzok. He turned out to be the most extortionate of the brigands who had troubled the expedition. As resistance was impossible, Dr. Richardson offered the sultan five hundred dollars, and distributed one hundred dollars more amongst his great men, to prevail on him to accept his offer. The sultan was graciously pleased to do so, and, moreover, agreed to sign a letter addressed to Queen Victoria, promising protection to all future British travellers. But the sultan begged the expedition not to say a word about the money to any one, as if they did, his people would want a share of it, and if he did not give it to them, they would not accompany him with the expedition to Zinder.

The sultan one day sent to Dr. Richardson, saying, that he had heard that the expedition had brought a sword for him, and also a letter from the Queen of England; he trusted that he had done nothing to offend Dr. Richardson and his companions, and that there might be nothing between them but good feeling and justice. Dr. Richardson seized this opportunity to induce the sultan to sign a treaty of amity and commerce for the benefit of all other Christian travellers; and having prepared two copies of the document, one in Arabic, the other in English, he and his friends waited on the sultan. Dr. Richardson showed him the treaty, and, as an incentive presented him with a small naval sword with a good deal of polished brass and gold about it. The sultan was greatly pleased, and made Dr. Richardson read the treaty, to hear the sound of English as he said, and asked that it might be left with him.

During the conversation, one of the sultan's female relations entered the hut; she was a young woman, of brown-black complexion, daubed with brilliant yellow ochre. The paint covered the face from the roots of the ear to the lower jaw, forming two semicircles with the upper lips; between the eyes were three black beauty spots, descending perpendicularly to the bridge of her nose, and the eyebrows were blackened and joined so as to form one immense arch across the face upon the yellow brow. The result of the interview was, that the sultan agreed to sign the treaty of amity, and, by his permission, the British flag was hoisted over the tents of the expedition under a salute from eleven muskets, the first time that the ceremony had been performed beyond the great Sahara, in the bosom of the African continent.

True and False Civilization.

THERE have been some writers who, reflecting on the successive rise and downfall of the great nations of antiquity, have thought that the future will be like the past, and that London and Paris are doomed to experience the same fate as has overtaken Nineveh and Palmyra, and Babylon and Memphis. "What," says Washington Irving, speaking of Westminster Abbey, "is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when the gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot through the shattered tower; when the garish sunbeam shall break into these mansions of death; and the ivy twined around the fallen column, and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead." Another writer has anticipated the time when a traveller from Timbuctoo shall sit upon a broken arch of London bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

A little reflection will show the groundlessness of these conjectures. The civilization of the present is altogether of a different character with that of the past. The civilization of Assyria, of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, which collectively we will take the liberty of calling false civilization, had never in it the elements of endurance. It was as different from modern or true civilization as a meteor is from the sun. It dazzled for a time, but it did not warm, and its duration was evanescent. The palaces and temples of Nineveh, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the pyramids of Memphis, were the work of slaves, on which all ancient civilization rested, like a statue of gold upon a pedestal of clay. The people groaned under the iron yoke of an irresponsible despot, and wars were frequent, long, and cruel. The masses were everywhere in a condition of slavery. Even Sparta, under the institutions of Lycurgus, had its Helots. Learning was confined to a few, and the glories of art and the refinements of life were seen only in mansions of the great.

Very different to all this is the civilization of the present. It has all the elements of permanency. The art of printing is diffusing knowledge among all classes, and the wide circulation of the Bible and the newspaper prevent either religion or politics from being made a mystery. The press affords every guarantee, not only for the continuance of what we have gained, but for further progress. No doubt there is much misery, much ignorance, much hidden vice, amongst us; but the true civilization affords the means of removing these evils, which the false did not. In Greece and Rome, the evils of society went on increasing until they submerged the barbaric splendor of the age beneath their wild waves, and then came darkness and desolation. The old civilization was like a palace built upon a chalky cliff which the tide is daily wearing away at the base; at length the cliff falls, and the palace becomes a ruin, like those of Nineveh and Persepolis. The buried remains of the great cities of antiquity are a forcible commentary upon the civilization of the period of their magnificence. Nothing remains of Nineveh but the palaces of the Assyrian monarchs. The people lived in wretched huts, and not a trace remains of their existence. Now, in the nations most advanced in civilization, the people are all-powerful. Ancient civilization, in fact, was only the accompaniment of one of those phases which society has to pass through in its progress towards true civilization. England, under the Plantagenets, had made a greater advance towards real and permanent civilization than Athens under Pericles, or Rome under Augustus, because her institutions rested upon a broader basis.

Take Care of Your Health.

To a young man who asked of Horace Mann counsel to guide him towards success in the legal profession, that extraordinary man replied tersely, promptly, and definitely. He opens with the following very common-sense and important suggestions touching the necessity of health:

"First, you need health. An earnest student is prone to ruin his health. Hope cheats him with the belief that, if he can study now without cessation, he can do so always. Because he does not see the end of his strength, he foolishly concludes there is no end. A spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts. I am certain I could have performed twice the labor—both better and with greater ease to myself—had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one, as I do now. In college, I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should have come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have been since able to do, I have done it all on credit, instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behaviour, and during the whole of this period, as a Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folk do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.

"Health has a great deal to do with what the world calls talent. Take a lawyer's life through, and high health is at least equal to fifty per cent. more than brain. Endurance, cheerfulness, wit, eloquence, attain a force and splendor with health, which they never can approach without it. It often happens that the credit awarded to the intellect belongs to the digestion. Though I do not believe that genius and eupepsy are convertible terms, yet the former can never rise to its loftiest heights, unaided by the latter.

"Again: a wise man, with a great enterprise before him, first looks round for suitable instruments wherewith to execute it; and he thinks it all-important to command these instruments before he begins his labor. Health is an indispensable instrument for the best qualities, and the highest finish of all work. Think of the immense advantage you would have in a suit in court, if, after a week's or a fortnight's investigation of facts, you could come in for the closing argument on the last day, fresh and elastic, with only so much more of momentum and fervor for the velocity and glow you had acquired."

The Amateur and Mechanic's Friend.

No. I.—GILDING.

GILDING is performed in several ways, varying, of course, with the substance to be operated on, though the principle is the same for all.

There are various kinds of gilding: 1st. *Oil gilding*; 2nd. *Japaner's gilding*, or *gilding with gold size*; and 3rd. *Burnish gilding*, which may be used on a basis of wood, metal, paper, or leather; but the two last require a different process.

Materials.—Gold leaf should be pure, for if mixed with silver it will have a greenish hue, and be too pale for general purposes; and if copper enters into combination with it, the green hue will be much heightened. To test the purity of the leaf, apply *aqua fortis*, which strikes green if impure from copper. The color of the leaf depends much upon fashion. A full yellow is much admired, and so also is the reddish leaf. But in our opinion the best method of testing the color is to compare the leaf about to be employed, with a good specimen, which should always be preserved for that purpose.

Dutch gold, which is much cheaper, is only used for coarse work, and should be varnished, otherwise it spots green, and loses its color, especially if exposed to any moisture.

Instruments required.—The cushion may be of any size, from twelve or fourteen inches square, to six; it is made of leather, fastened to a board with fine tow or wool between the two, having, however, a perfectly flat and even surface. The knife resembles a palette knife, the blade being about half an inch broad, and four or five inches long, with a sharp edge. A squirrel's tail is also required to take up the leaves, give them the proper position, and assist in compressing the metal to the surface of the material to be covered. The tail is cut short, and spread like a fan by means of a split piece of wood, or sometimes left to its own form.

The hog's hair brush should be large and soft; and is used to pass over the work to remove the loose gold.

The cotton dabber is made by rolling some fine cotton wool into a ball, and tying it upon a piece of fine linen rag. This is used to take up the smaller parts of the leaves, and lay on, adjust, and compress them to the work. If the wool is used without the rag, the fibres adhere to the gold size, and give a roughness to the work.

The other instruments requisite for the three principal kinds of gilding are, a muller and small stone, with palette knife, for grinding and mixing the substances used of fat, gold, size, &c.; sizing, laying, spreading, and varnishing brushes of various dimensions, and some small camel-hair pencils.

I Oil gilding is the cheapest, most durable, and easy kind, and therefore we will commence with it. It consists in cementing the leaf to the basis or ground-work, by means of fat oil, the preparation of which is given below.

Oil-gilder's fat oil.—Take any quantity of linseed oil, and put it into an earthen vessel broad at the top—in fact a milk-pan—so that the oil may present a very large surface, and about an inch thick, having previously poured sufficient water into the pan to make it rise six or eight inches from the bottom. Place the vessel with the oil swimming on the water, where the sun and rain can have free access to it, but guarded from dust. Let it remain in this position until it attains the consistence of treacle, stirring it every morning and evening; then take the oil off the water, put it into a champaign bottle, and pour off the remainder of the water. If the bottle be now put in a warm place, the oil will become fluid, and the impurities subsiding, the clear parts should be poured off.

As it is obvious that this method can only be followed in summer, it is better to prepare it then, to save the expense of buying it.

To prepare the Materials.—Prime the piece to be gilded with drying oil, mixed with a little yellow ochre, and a very small proportion of vermilion. If the work is delicate, it may be necessary to rub down any inequalities, with sand-paper, or fish-skin, and then with Dutch rushes.

When the priming is dry, it is ready for sizing; which is done either with the fat oil alone, or with fat oil and japaner's gold-size, either in equal quantities, or as may seem fit. If the gold size be omitted, the gilding is less glossy, and is slower in drying; if used, the material is sooner fit for gilding, in proportion to the quantity of gold size to the fat oil.

To size the work, mix the fat oil and gold size in such proportions as appear necessary, incorporate some yellow ochre with them, and then, by means of a brush, lay this thinly over the work, taking care to dip down into all the hollows if it is carved; and

as much depends on the sizing, it should be repeated a second, or even a third time, if perfection is required.

When thus treated, and allowed to remain in a cool dry place, it will soon be ready to receive the leaf. If the surface, on being touched with the finger, daubs, or comes off, it is not sufficiently dry, and must be kept longer; if it feels slightly clammy, it is fit to receive the gold leaf; if there be no clamminess, it is too dry, and must be sized over again.

To lay on the gold leaf.—The fitness of the work to receive the gold leaf, having been tested in the manner described above, the leaves may be laid on entire, where the surface is sufficiently large and plain to receive them, either by means of the squirrel's tail, or immediately from the book, which is far more simple, and quicker. The leaves being laid on, the ground must be compressed where it is necessary, with the cotton dabber, or squirrel's tail. If any part of the work is uncovered by the leaf, either from accident or otherwise, a piece of another leaf, of corresponding form and dimensions, must be laid on the spot; and where the parts are too small to receive the whole leaves, or vacancies occur, a leaf should be turned from the book upon the cushion, and cut, by means of the knife, into the proper form and size; after which, being taken up, by means of the squirrel's tail, or cotton dabber, which is done by gently breathing on them, the piece is to be laid on the part to be covered, and lightly pressed, till it adheres firmly and evenly everywhere.

Should the carving present such deep hollows that the tail or dabber cannot reach them, the leaf or pieces must be taken up with one of the small camel-hair pencils, (previously breathed upon), and placed on the spot, where it must be pressed and smoothed with another dry pencil.

The gilding being finished, the work should be set aside to dry, and then brushed with the hog's hair brush or squirrel's tail, to remove the superfluous gold. If, after this is done, any parts remain uncovered, they must be sized with japaner's gold size alone, and then gilt.

II. Japaner's Gilding is the gilding by means of gold powder, or imitations of it, cemented to the basis by a kind of gold-size similar to drying oil, which can be made by either of the two following recipes:—

Japaner's Gold-Size.—1. Take of gum animi and asphaltum each one ounce; of red lead, litharge of gold, and umber, each one ounce and a-half. Reduce the coarser of these to a fine powder, mix and put them with a pound of linseed oil into a pipkin, and boil them gently, constantly stirring with a stick or spatula, until thoroughly incorporated. Continue the boiling, frequently stirring, until, on taking out a small quantity, it becomes as thick as tar, as it cools. Strain the mixture through flannel, and keep it until required for use, carefully stoppered up in a bottle, having a wide mouth. When wanted, it must be ground with as much vermilion as will give it an opaqueness, and diluted sufficiently with oil of turpentine, to render it capable of being worked freely with a pencil. We give preference to the following recipe, as being the more simple, and easier of preparation:—2. Take of linseed oil one pound, and of gum animi four ounces. Boil the oil in a pipkin, and then add the gum animi finely powdered, gradually stirring each quantity into the oil until dissolved, before the addition of another. Let the mixture boil, until it assumes the consistence of tar on cooling, then strain it while warm through a course cloth, and keep it for use. Previous to being used, it must be mixed with vermilion and oil of turpentine, as directed above.

The gilding with this size may be practised on almost any substance, whether wood, metal, leather, or papier maché; and no preparation of the work is necessary beyond having an even and perfectly clean surface.

To use the Size.—Put a proper quantity of it, prepared as directed above, and mixed with the due proportion of oil of turpentine and vermilion, into a small saucer, or tin, such as is used for containing the colors employed in painting with varnish. Then spread it with a brush over the work, where the whole surface is to be gilt, or draw with it, by means of a pencil, the designs intended, carefully avoiding to touch any other parts. Let it remain until fit to receive the gold, which is to be determined in the same manner as in oil gilding, by the finger. Being ready to receive the gold, a piece of wash-leather must be wound round the fore-finger, dipped in the gold powder, and then rubbed very lightly over the sized work; or it may be spread by a soft camel-hair pencil. The whole being covered, it must be left to dry, and then the loose powder

lightly brushed off by a camel-hair pencil. When gold leaf is used, the method of sizing is the same, but the operation requires more nicety.

The Gold Powders.—There are several of these, as the true, the German, the *Aurum Mosaicum*, and the copper, all of which may be easily prepared by the following recipes:—

1. **The True Gold Powder.**—Take any quantity of leaf gold, and grind it with virgin honey on a stone till the leaves be minutely divided. Then take this mixture from the stone, and put it into a basin or glass vessel with water; stir it gently with a glass rod, so that the honey may be dissolved. Set the vessel aside, so that the gold may subside; pour off the water into another vessel, add fresh water to the gold, and repeat the washings until it is entirely freed from the honey. Examine the other vessels, where the washings are deposited, for any portions of gold that they may contain. Place the gold on paper when thoroughly washed, and then dry.

2. **The German Gold Powder** is prepared from Dutch gold, exactly in the same manner as the above, but requires protecting with a varnish after it is dry, otherwise it spots green.

3. **The Aurum Mosaicum.**—Take of tin one pound, flowers of sulphur seven ounces, and of sal ammoniac and purified quicksilver, each half a pound. Melt the tin, and add the quicksilver to it in that state, and when the mixture has become cold, powder and grind it with the sal ammoniac and sulphur, till the whole be thoroughly mixed. Calcine them in a mattress; the other materials, subliming the tin, will be converted into *Aurum Mosaicum*, and will be found in the form of a flaky gold powder at the bottom of the glass; if any black particles are observed in it, they must be carefully picked out.

4. **The Copper Powder** more properly belongs to bronzing; but as it is used in the japaning, it has been thought necessary to give it here. Take of copper slips, filings or cuttings, any quantity, dissolve them in *aqua fortis*, in a glass vessel. Pour off the solution into another glass vessel, and place large iron nails, or small bars of iron, in it, which will precipitate the copper in the form of a fine powder. Pour off the fluid, and wash the powder in successive quantities of fresh water.

III. Burnish Gilding is generally used for wood, especially where there is much carved work requiring relief, or mixed with plain. The chief difference between this and oil gilding, is in the mode of preparing the work, and the substitution of parchment size for fat oil, as the cement.

The Priming Size is made thus:—Take a pound of parchment cuttings, or of the leather used by glovers, or old white kid gloves cut small; and having added to them six quarts of water, boil them till the quantity of fluid be reduced to two quarts, or till the fluid becomes a firm jelly on cooling, which may be determined by dropping a little on a cold stone. Strain it through a flannel while hot, and it will then be fit for use. This size is used not only as the size or cement to bind the gold to the ground-work, but also as a priming.

To prepare the work, rub it with fish skin and Dutch rushes, except where the carved work is sharp and fine, as this would injure it. Then prime the whole with the parchment size, mixed with as much whiting as will give it a good body of color, which is done by melting the size and adding the whiting, finely powdered, gradually to it, stirring all the time. This priming must be repeated seven or eight times, working it well into all the hollows of the carved work, and allowing it to dry well before each coat is applied. After the last coat is applied, and before it is quite dry, pass a camel-hair pencil, wet with water, over the whole, to remove any inequalities, and give it a smooth surface, which may be completed with some rushes when it is dry. The work should now be freed from any unnecessary priming in the hollows of the carving, which would otherwise injure the relief; after which, a water polish should be given to the parts that are to be burnished, by rubbing them gently with a fine linen rag, wet with water.

The work being thus prepared, it must be covered with two or three coats of the gilding size, which is prepared in the following manner:—

The Gilding Size.—Take any quantity of bole ammoniac, and add some water to it, that it may soak till it grows soft. Rub it on the stone, with sufficient water to soften it; then add a little purified suet, or tallow scraped, and grind them together. Some advise the admixture of soap-ends to the bole, to make it unite more readily with the tallow; or they melt the tallow or suet, and mix it with five or six times its weight of chalk before adding it to the bole. When this is required for use, dilute the bole mixture with warm size, mixed with two-thirds of water.

(To be continued.)

Facetia.

MILES OF CLOTHING.—In winter a lady is enwrapped in a hundred miles of thread; she throws over her shoulders from thirty to fifty in a shawl. A gentleman winds between three and four miles round his neck, and uses four more in a pocket-handkerchief. At night he throws off his clothing, and buries himself, like a larva, in four or five hundred miles of convoluted filaments.

INNOCENT RETALIATION.—Campbell, the poet, and Turner, the artist, were dining together with a large party a few years ago. The poet was called upon for a toast, and by way of a joke on the great professor of the sister art, gave, "The painters and glaziers." After the laughter had subsided, the artist was of course summoned to propose a toast also. He rose, and with admirable tact and ready wit, discharged the debt of his craft to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," by giving, "The paper-stainers."

"ALL MOONSHINE."—Brougham one day, speaking of the salary to be attached to a rumored appointment of a new judgeship, said it was "all moonshine." Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked, "May be so, my Lord Harry; but I've a confounded strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

REPUBLICANISM.—Hood, in one of his humorous articles, states that the phrase "republic of letters" was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a sovereign amongst them.

The first law of nature is marriage, and yet man is the only creature that resists it. Who ever saw an old bachelor robin, or a female blue bird with strong thoughts of dying an old maid? No one. Every created thing becomes a parent, and this is just what it was intended they should become.

SILENCE.—One might have heard a pin fall, is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase—you might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief.

PLEASANT.—To make money ourselves, or to see our neighbors lose it. By the way, the quantity of bad luck that a man can endure in a friend is really astonishing.

A LATE visitor to Cuba divides the inhabitants into classes—one of which makes a living by manufacturing cigars, and the other by smoking them.

SICKNESS has a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them. All our crimes are committed by men overflowing with blood and robustness.

A Dutchman related a misfortune which befel his son, in the following manner: "Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vash sick into his ped speechless for six weeks in te munt of August—and all his cry vas, 'Vater! vater!' and he couldn't eat noting except a leetle tea."

PRECAUTION.—Somebody says of Madame de Gentis, that she reproved her librarian for placing works written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," she said, "without putting a prayer-book between them."

BRYANT writes home that the Turks are rapidly advancing in civilization and refinement. In proof of this, he mentions that they get drunk, play at billiards, and take advantage of the money market.

Things are pretty evenly divided after all. The poor man has no money, while the rich man has no appetite. The former lives in dread of the almshouse, and the latter of dyspepsia.

That Man is not totally depraved, is shown by the fact, that whenever we see two dogs fighting, we always sympathize with the smaller one.

A DOCTOR and a poet quarrelled: an indifferent person was applied to, to settle the dispute: when the latter made the following reply: "You are faulty, both; do penance for your crimes: bard, take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes!"

FEARFUL WASTE.—The only notion that a woman has of time, is shown by her constantly endeavoring to imitate in her person, as near as she can, the shape of the hour-glass.

POLITICIANS are like lions in a menagerie, constantly stirred up, that the crowd may see their size and hear their roar.

An honest Norfolk grazier, who had seen *Richard the Third* performed one night, waited upon the manager next morning to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

A WAGONER passing a store, was asked what he had in his wagon. He replied:

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet;
A rectangle standing on feet;
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

Three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O. An upright where two semi-circles meet is a B. A triangle standing on feet is an A. Two semi-circles are CC, and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the wagon.

When Coleridge was in love, he was compelled to leave his innamorata, and was consequently wretched. As he left the scene of his amour, however, he by degrees got reconciled, and philosophically came to this conclusion: "Love is a local anguish. I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable."

A PERSON having asked how many dog days there were in a year, received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, "as every dog had his day."

The Russian women think their husbands are becoming cold and indifferent if they do not flog them once a week. Mirabeau's valet, Teutch, regarded it as a great favor and compliment to be kicked by his master; and it is said that, however low-spirited he was before, this always set him in an excellent humor.

A LADY, who is now in Italy, on asking a poor woman who had placed one candle at the image of a saint, and another at the image of the devil, why she placed one at each, was told by the poor devotee, that "she knew not into whose hands she might fall, so she thought she had better be civil to both." What a politician in petticoats!

A CLERGYMAN happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked: "What is the matter, my little fellow?" The boy replied: "We could hardly get enough to eat before, and now there's another one come!" "Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman; "and remember that He never sends mouths without He sends victuals to put into them." "I know that," said the boy; "but then all the mouths come to our house and the victuals to your house."

Dr. Busby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal height, thus, "May I pass to my seat, oh giant! The doctor, politely making way, replied, 'Yes, oh pigmy!'" "Oh sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir, to the size of yours," said the doctor!

SILENCE does not always mark wisdom. Coleridge says, "I was once at dinner in company with a man who had listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed upon the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with, 'Them's the jockey's for me!'"

The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this—one goes best when tired, the other don't.

A magistrate was recently called upon by a woman in great haste, very indignant at some expression which had been used towards her.—"Sir," said she, "Mrs. Snooks, my next door neighbor, has called me a thief; can't I make her prove it?" "Well," said the magistrate, after a few moments' deliberation, "you may, but I think you had better not."

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

"PEOPLE may say what they will," said Dame Partridge, "about country air being so good for 'em, and how they get fat on it; for my part I shall always think its owin' to the vittles. Air may do well enuff for camel-lions, and sich other reptiles as live on it, but I know that human critters must have somethin' much more substanshaller."

On a child being told the other day, that he must be broken of a bad habit, he immediately replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

The Chinese have no word which will compare with our English word "Amen;" they say, instead, "Sin yeuen ching sin;"—"The heart wishes exactly so."

An entry was actually made in the minute book of a certain society, "After the usual business, a collection was taken up, but nothing was paid in."

Punch describes a "Youthful Swell" addressing a young companion thus:—"Now, Charley, just in time for breakfast; have a cup of coffee?" to which the languid swell from a government office replies, "Thanks; no; I assure yah, my dear fellow! If I was to take a cup of coffee in the morning, it would keep me awake all day."

An American puffer advertises Port wine "as pure as the tears which fall on a sister's grave!"

BABIES.—Baby-carts on narrow side-walks are awful bores, especially to a hurried business man. Are they? Suppose you, and a certain pair of blue eyes, that you would give half your patrimony to win, were joint proprietors of that baby, I shouldn't dare to stand very near you and call it "a nuisance." Its all very well for bachelors to turn up their single blessed noses at these little dumpled Cupids; but just wait till their time comes! See 'em, the minute their name is written "papa," pull up their dickies and strut down the street as if the state owed them a pension. When they enter the office, see their old partner (to whom babies have long since ceased to be a novelty) laugh in his sleeve at the new-fledged dignity with which that baby advent is announced. How perfectly astonished they feel that they should have been so infatuated as not to perceive that a man is a perfect cypher till he is at the head of a family! How frequently one may see them now looking in at the shop-windows with intense interest, at little hats, coral and bells, and baby-jumpers. How they love to go home to dinner, and press the little velvet cheek to their business faces! Was there ever any music half so sweet to the ear as it first lisped "papa?" Oh, how closely and imperceptibly, one by one, that little plant winds its tendrils round the parent stem! How anxiously they hang over its cradle when the cheek flushes and the lip is fever-parched; and how wide, and deep, and how long a shadow in their happy homes its little grave would cast! My dear sir—depend upon it, *one's own baby is never a nuisance!* Love heralds its birth.

A FRENCH JOKE.—Passing one evening along the Rue de Seine, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, about half-past twelve, just as they were closing the emporium of *The Two Baboons*, which was commonly done at half-past eleven, Romieu dashed head-foremost into the shop. "Where is the proprietor of the establishment?" "He is in bed, long since." "But he sleeps in the house, I hope?" "Certainly." "Conduct me to him at once—I must see him this instant." "Your business must be very urgent, then." "I tremble with anxiety for fear of being too late." "Well, sir, as you assure me—" "Oh, go on—go on!" The shopman did not take time even to close the street-door, but ushered Romieu to the chamber where Mr. P. was snoring like a bass viol. "Mr. P.—Mr. P.!" cried out the man. "Eh, eh! what's that? Go to Halifax! (Halifax was not precisely the place indicated, but I respect my readers' nerves). What do you want?" "Sir, it isn't me!" "Eh! who then?" "A gentleman who wishes to say two words to you." "And at this hour!" "Sir, he says he can't help it." "And where is this gentleman?" "He is at the door. Come in, sir—come in!" Romieu entered on tiptoe, his hat in hand, and his face one smile. "I beg a thousand pardons, sir, for the trouble I am giving." "Don't mention it, I beg. What can I do to oblige you?" "Sir, I wish to speak to your partner?" "To my partner! I have no partner." "No partner?" "None!" "And pray, sir, why have you put on your sign-board 'The Two Baboons'?" It is a shameless imposition on the public!"

MULISH OBSTINACY IN DRESS.—Our young men of the present day run about with black stripes down their legs—not unlike the legs of mules. Why not carry the likeness further, and allow the stripes, as in the case of mules, to run all over their coats? Surely he who dresses himself like a mule must be "next to a donkey," and, accordingly, cannot make himself too ridiculous. A sharp young friend of ours, who has studied heraldry, merely to joke upon it, calls these thick, heavy stripes, "The bars sinister of taste."

MOORNFUL CONFESSION.—The *Albany Transcript* informs us of a mournful death-bed confession. "In the western part of the city there has, for years past, resided a singular being, whose only occupation was that of drawing sand. Yesterday, near noon, he paid the great debt of nature. Before he died, he called his friend to him, and said, '—, I haven't got a friend in the world but you, and to you I give all that I have. There is but one thing that troubles my mind, and that is, that in the last five years I have sold Mr. —, the grocer, thirty loads of sand!' 'But,' said his friend, 'why should that trouble you?' 'Ah,' said the dying man, his voice growing faint, 'to think how he has shaved his customers, retailing that sand at eight cents per pound for sugar—that's what bo—.' The sentence was not finished."

Table bear sold here.—"Ah," said Tom, as he read the sign, "that bear must be the person's own bruin."

He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.



A Patent Alarm,

Calculated to make a person "wide awake" at any time.

CONUNDRUM.—What kind of men do women like best? Why, a husband-man.

Why is a pretty young woman like corn in a time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

Which is the shortest day on record? The 8th of February, as that is half a "quarter day."

Can a man who is always following a good example ever be in a position to set one.

A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

When a man cannot contain himself, is he too large or too small.

THE FUTURE.—The man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face.

ILL TEMPER.—A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, said: "he never smiles but he seems ashamed of it!"

HON. H. A. WISE has recently married. To our dear bachelor friends still "halting between two opinions," we say, "Go and do like-Wise."

An eminent teetotaller, being requested by "a few of his admirers" to sit for his portrait, consented, on condition that it should be taken in water-colors.

An experienced woman asserts, that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouting immediately, and growing in its place.

SEAT OF WAR.—Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the "seat of war." Fubbs says he found it last summer without a map. The discovery was made by sitting down upon a wasps' nest in a hay-field.

COLLECTING MONEY.—A New Orleans paper tells us of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really these are "times to try men's soles."

WHO MADE THE MONKEY?—"Why Charley," said a Yankee to a negro preacher, "you can't even tell who made the monkey!" "Oh, yes, I can, massa!" "Well, who made the monkey?" "Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you."

WHICH SHALL GO FIRST.—Two ladies were contending for precedence in the Court of the Emperor Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like another Solomon, awarded "Let the elder go first." Such a dispute never took place afterwards.

A GOOD HIT.—One of the best "hits" ever made at an impropriety in a lady's dress, was made by Talleyrand. During the revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied; "It began too late and ended too soon."

THE COMING MAN.—A good tale is told of the clerk of a little village church in the West of England, where the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the "squire" has taken his seat. One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighboring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was "doing duty." So he commenced, as usual, with, "When the wicked man—" He had proceeded no further, when up jumped the clerk, bawling out, "Stop—stop, sir! he's not come yet!"



A Novel Aerial Machine,

By which any fast man can go ahead at his own rate, puff his cigars and his bellows at the same time. Invented by Mr. C. Breeze.



Appalling Result of incautiously taking too much Soda to correct Acidity.

AUNT ROSY was dividing a mince-pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no piece for the wicked."

WHEN MOORE was getting his portrait painted by Newton, Sydney Smith, who accompanied the poet, said to the artist: "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church Establishment?"

A FLAG OF TRUCE.—*Young Lady:* And then, captain, when a flag of truce is exhibited—*Captain:* Why, then, you see, there is a cessation of hostilities—just as if I was going to kiss you, and you held up your handkerchief and called for a truce, I should of course desist! *Young Lady:* Dear me, how dreadful!

AN OXFORDSHIRE FARMER, having been persuaded to attend a lecture on Agricultural Chemistry, and having no ear for the aspirate, nor any conception of the difference between an Ox-hide and an Oxide, declared that he did not believe that the lecturer or any other human being could turn a piece of iron into the skin of an animal.

A NEAPOLITAN PASSPORT.—Of the strictness of the passport system, and the danger from new comers which haunts the Neapolitan official mind, a good story has just been told. A lady, expecting her confinement, was at Capri with her husband. Wishing that the child might be born on the main land, they sailed across the bay; but the youthful Neapolitan having unexpectedly made his appearance during the three hours' voyage, they were not allowed to land, because *the infant was not in the passport.*

JOKES NEVER DIE.—Jokes are immortal. Capital or shocking, they survive the most studied speeches of orators, the profoundest papers of statesmen. If some antediluvian editor treated his readers to one, we do not believe that all the water of the flood could drown it. A good joke now-a-days goes to help to digest the roast beef and plum puddings of a thousand families. It makes the circuit of the world, steams over the ocean, skates on telegraphic wires, tunnels, mountains, rides expresses, excites the risibles of armies and of evening circles, makes many merry, and harms no one. Verily, a good joke is a great thing.



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FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL II.—PART 5.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

18½ CENTS.

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. II., page 168.)

CHAPTER IX.

Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By Young Love Old Time beguiled;
While our sportings are as free
As the Muses with the child.

MURVEL.

From the day of the orphan's birth, Matthew Price was a changed man—he had something to live for. Singular to say, he looked upon the infant in some sort as his own. It had been born beneath his roof, in the same bed as himself—rather slender

grounds to entitle him to the honors of paternity; but to his simple mind they were sufficient. If the child was not his by blood, he resolved to make it so by adoption, much to the annoyance of the pious Mr. Shanks and the ambitious cook and housemaid, Sally Stret.

The last-named personage was resolved not to resign her pretensions and hopes of becoming mistress of the Warden's Arms without a struggle—to make the old bachelor feel, as she said, the value of the treasures he had so long neglected; and the waiter agreed to second her.

When anything went wrong in the household affairs, it was always laid to the charge of the baby; if dinner was late, badly cooked, or over done, baby

was the cause: in short, baby was the excuse for everything. Matthew bore it patiently: instead of exciting his anger, as the confederates anticipated, the word acted like a balm on his irascible humor, and he only answered, "Pretty creature," "Poppet," or "Pet"—terms of endearment which he had picked up from the nurse, whose affectionate and unremitting attention to her charge had won the inn-keeper's good opinion.

Brin, who was a quiet observer of the manœuvres of his fellow-servants, used to smile and shake his head: he knew his master's disposition much better than the two schemers did; but as they were indirectly fighting his battle, he thought it most prudent to remain silent.



MISS SIDNEY BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

Matthew Price was one of those men whom opposition only renders more obstinate—for, as Sally Stret used to declare, when worked to desperation by his blindness to her merits, it was as hard to drive as to lead him.

The evening on which Mr. Sidney and his sister were to give a grand ball in honor of the visit of Lord Allan was destined to prove an important one at the Warden's Arms—for it brought matters to a crisis, although not exactly in the way which the conspirators anticipated. Accommodation had been ordered for the servants of several of the visitors who resided at a distance from Charlton—everything went wrong. Lady Hale's waiting-maid was disgusted that brandy-and-water should have been sent to her instead of negus, and Lord Seaton's valet solemnly demanded whether Matthew meant to poison him.

The waiter had brought him a bottle of *filthy ale* instead of sherry.

In answer to his master's remonstrance, Shanks pleaded, as usual, the baby—though what the innocent little creature had to do with it might have puzzled even his inventive powers to explain.

Matthew Price both looked and felt terribly angry—but for once he repressed the explosion of his wrath: he began to see through the manoeuvre, and wisely determined to watch it to the end. With this intention he proceeded to the kitchen, to inquire the cause of the delay which his guests were complaining of.

The volubility of Sally's defence staggered the old man. "How could he expect things to go on regularly in the house with a baby in it—quite unreasonable! What with making pap, &c. &c., she was at her wits' end!"

Her master was very nearly at the end of his, and his patience into the bargain—still he kept his temper.

"You can't expect, sir," added the cook, by way of closing her peroration, "that the child is to be starved!"

"I should think not!" was the emphatic reply.

"If you will have *babies*," observed Sally, emboldened by the quiet and almost subdued tone in which he answered her, "you should have a *wife*, sir, to look after them!"

Martin stood like a man struck for the first time by an original idea.

"One," continued the speaker, "who would look after your interest"—here she began turning the chops upon the gridiron—"keep everything in order—make you comfortable, and act like a mother to the dear little poppet!"

The words "dear little poppet" went sadly against the grain—for she hated the intruder, as she called it; but for once prudence vanquished dislike: once mistress of the Warden's Arms, she thought she would soon get rid of it.

"And where am I to find such a person as you describe, Sally?" demanded the innkeeper, who began to perceive her aim, and felt amused at the discovery.

The cook turned as red as the ribbons in her cap, as she simpered, in reply, "that he need not look far from home!"

Matthew Price was a bit of a humorist in his way, and he determined to punish her.

"I believe you are right!" he said; "and I must have been blind not to have seen it before! If I were not so old!" he added hesitatingly.

"Old!" exclaimed the delighted Sally. "Lor, sir, you are in the very prime of life! For my part, I never could abide boys—they are so dreadfully conceited!"

"Very much to your credit!" replied her master gravely.

"And you are still a very personable man!" added the siren.

Her master contemplated for an instant his massive legs, and then took a synopsis of his full, round face in the bit of cracked looking-glass which hung over the dresser: a feeling of complacency gradually came over him.

He felt that for once Sally had spoken the truth—that he *was* a very personable man.

"I must see about it!" he said; "for this state of things is intolerable!"

With this observation he left the kitchen, to see how matters were going on in the bar.

In the course of the evening he contrived to snatch a few minutes to visit the nurse and her charge, and so interesting was the conversation, which took place, that Shanks had to call him twice before the old man could tear himself away.

When he quitted her at last, he shook hands with her.

"Abominable!" muttered the waiter when he returned to the kitchen; he has been nearly an hour

up stairs with that woman and brat! I am not given to think ill of any one—for it is a Christian's duty to judge charitably; but really —"

The rest was muttered so indistinctly that neither Sally Stret nor Brin, who was smoking his pipe by the kitchen fire, could catch the conclusion.

"Don't make yourself uneasy!" observed the former. "Mr. Price has too much sense to think of the likes of her!"

The tone of mingled triumph and self-complacency with which this was uttered caused the ostler to prick up his ears.

"I shall soon clear the house of her," continued the speaker, with a toss of the head, "and of the child, too!" she mentally added.

Shanks began to feel a little uneasy.

"What do you mean, Sally?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" replied the woman, with a giggle. "You need not be in the least uneasy! I shall always be kind to *old servants*!"

"Why, you don't mean to say that master has —"

"I mean nothing!" interrupted the cook; "I say nothing! Wait, and you will be as wise as I am in time!"

Brin indulged in one of his extraordinary chuckles, which the lady magnanimously forgave. Doubtless she attributed to jealousy.

But the person who felt the greatest annoyance was the waiter. The idea of his master's marrying was a death-blow to his hopes of succeeding him in the Warden's Arms. During the rest of the evening his features appeared more than usually cadaverous—or, as Brin quaintly expressed it, he looked as if all the green tea he had taken during the week had flown into his face.

"There be something goin' again to happen, observed the ostler, as he bade his fellow-servants good night. "I be sure on it!"

"Why so?" demanded Shanks and Sally both together.

"Cos the governor," replied the man, "has ordered me to get the chaise ready to drive him over to Canterbury in the morning!"

The cook simpered and tried to look confused.

"Don't make yourself uneasy, Brin!" she said.

"I won't!"

"*I shall not forget old friends!*"

The old man whistled, and, lighting his lantern, retired to his dormitory over the stable.

The ball at Charlton proved a much more elegant affair than many of the guests anticipated. Even the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, who made her appearance leaning on the arm of her nephew, Lord Allan, pronounced the arrangements perfect. Mrs. Mendal and her daughters were secretly annoyed that their hostess had not availed herself of their taste and experience in such matters, or accepted their friendly offer of lending such additional articles of plate, china, or glass that she might require.

Nothing appeared to have been borrowed, and yet there was a profusion of everything. The eagle eye of the rector's lady could not detect a single ornament upon the supper-table which she had seen before.

It was some consolation to her vanity that her neighbors had not been more favored than herself.

Amongst the strangers whom Clara introduced to her new friends were a Miss Townshend and her niece, Caroline Moreland: the former an unpretending, good-humored old maid—the latter and exceedingly interesting girl of eighteen. From the extreme simplicity of their dress, the aristocracy of Brook set them down at once as poor relations of the Sidneys—persons whom it was as well to be civil to, and nothing more.

"I must quit you, my dear aunt!" said Lord Allan, a few minutes before the ball commenced.

"Whom do you dance with?" inquired the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier.

"Clara Sidney."

"For the first set," observed the lady; "that is *en regle*; but the second?"

"With Caroline Moreland."

"The girl in the white frock, and *only* a flower in her hair? My dear Allan, you are really condescending too far!" whispered the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, who wished him to dance with one of the Misses Trench, in order to mortify the Mendals, whose new carriage she could not forgive. "Such an undistinguished looking girl!"

"You to be taken in by appearances!" replied the young nobleman, with a smile. The undistinguished girl, as you designate her, has twice refused an alliance with the peerage!"

"*Est il possible?*"

"*Oui, ma tante!*"

The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's French went no further—she therefore resumed the conversation in English.

"Is she rich?"

"Fifty thousand pounds, besides expectations."

"And engaged?"

"Yes!"

"To whom?"

"That at present is a secret," answered Lord Allan; "although it cannot long remain one—for the match is expected to take place in a month."

"To yourself perhaps?" said the inquisitive lady.

Her nephew smiled, and waving his hand in adieu, hastened to join his partner.

Although so long absent from the world, the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier had not forgotten its manoeuvres—the countless little means of annoyance which the dearest friends in fashionable life contrive to practise on each other; the knowledge that Caroline Moreland was an heiress was too good a card not to be dexterously played off against the Mendals, whose vanity, since their triumph in the affair of the carriage, she considered insufferable—in fact, it was so glaring that it rebuked her own.

With this charitable intention, she sought her very dear friends in the card-room.

The rector and his lady were seated at the whist-table with Squire Dilmott and the maiden aunt.

The three Misses Mendal, dressed exactly alike, in primrose-colored silk and Roman pearls in their hair, affected to be deeply engaged in looking over several albums and books of prints. They had not been invited to dance—even the Reverend Theodosius Popphy had fallen from his allegiance to them. He was reserving himself, in all the freshness of unsoiled kids and uncrumpled neck-tie, for Clara Sidney. There was the same eternal simper on his lips and air of self-satisfaction in his manner, which nothing less violent than the shock of an earthquake could derange.

"What, my loves," exclaimed the honorable widow, with prettily affected surprise, "not dancing? What can the men be thinking of? Such loves of dresses, too! And—yes—*real Roman pearls*, I declare!"

Euphemia pouted, but wisely left the reply to this indirect attack to her mamma, who was by far the more experienced general of the two.

"My daughters," observed the lady, "are in no hurry to dance; and for their dresses, which you are good enough to admire, they certainly are very becoming, and *quite new*! I never permit them to wear *dyed silks*!"

This was accompanied by a glance at the green satin gown worn by the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, which the speaker felt positive she had seen when it was of another color, and with different trimmings.

Miss Townshend charitably endeavored to repress a smile, and called the rector's attention to her lead—the ace of spades.

The defence was so much more vigorous than she expected, that it quite disconcerted the assailant, who quietly took her seat.

"Popphy," she said, calling the curate to her side, "do you not intend to dance?"

The gentleman intimated that such was his intention, and added, "that he was reserving himself till Miss Sidney was disengaged."

"You are quite right to dance with Clara—she is a most amiable girl!" observed the lady; "but have you seen her brother's partner? Such an elegant, quiet, graceful creature! No pretence, no finery; decidedly the most *distinguee*-looking person in the room!"

Miss Townshend felt pleased—for she was doatingly fond of her niece.

"My dear Mrs. Bouchier," exclaimed the rector's wife, "how can you think so! For my part, I never saw a plainer girl in my life! No style, and dressed like a housemaid! Very odd," she added, "that Mr. Sidney should dance with one of his poor relations!"

"Caroline is not exactly a *poor relation*!" observed the aunt; "since, independent of what I may leave her, she is already mistress of a considerable fortune!"

Mrs. Mendal saw at once that she had fallen into a trap which had been artfully laid for her by her very dear friend, and bit her lips with vexation; but she was a woman of too much tact to despair of extricating herself.

"I advised her to wear her diamonds!" continued the old lady. "In the country one is so apt to be judged by appearances; in the circle we are accustomed to move in London it is quite a different affair!"

There was a slight mixture of irony and bitterness in the tone, as well as observation of the speaker, which showed how deeply she was offended.

At this moment the dancers passed close to the

folding-doors which opened from the card-room into the ball-room.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the rector's wife, with a look of astonishment, "is that the young lady we have been speaking of?"

Miss Townshend answered with great dignity, that it was.

"No wonder," continued the clever woman, "that you were surprised at my want of discernment! She is indeed a lovely girl, and requires no assistance from jewels or dress! I had mistaken her for the cousin of Miss Trench," she added, turning to the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, "whom we all must admit to be exceedingly plain!"

Although no one was deceived by the assertion, they all affected to believe it; and the card-players resumed their game in apparent good humor with each other.

During the evening the Rev. Theodosius Pophly danced several times with Clara Sidney, to whom his attentions were so marked that they excited general observation.

"Your papa will soon have to seek another curate!" whispered Mrs. Pettars to the disconsolate Euphemia, who began to suspect that she might have done worse than accepting the curate's offer.

"Ridiculous!" she muttered.

"Well, he is rather a ridiculous sort of personage," replied the lady; "but very handsome. If he is fortunate enough to win Miss Sidney and her thirty thousand pounds, there will be no bearing him! It was once thought, my love, that he was attached to you?"

"I rejected him!" said the rector's daughter, proudly.

"Indeed!"

"And so did my sister!" she added, spitefully.

"How singular!" observed the former; "his attachment could not have been very deep!" and she hurried away to impart the intelligence in a quarter from whence it would be certain to reach Clara's ears. Mrs. Pettars was a prudent woman, and had sons and daughters of her own.

Before the ball was half over, Lord Allan called Mr. Sidney aside, and informed him that, in consequence of a letter he had just received from his father, he was compelled to start for Paris on the instant.

The tone of agitation in which he spoke convinced his friend that something serious had occurred.

"I will but speak a few words to my sister and Caroline, and start with you!" he said; "you may require a friend!"

"It is not a circumstance in which your friendship can be of any service!" answered the young nobleman, pressing his hand; "my sister is a widow. I must leave you," he added, "to explain my abrupt departure to my aunt—I have neither time nor inclination to lend myself to a scene which the dear, absurd old soul would be sure to indulge in—and excuse me to the tall girl in yellow, whom I asked to dance with me to oblige your sister!"

His host promised that he would do so, and Lord Allan quietly stole out of the room, without taking leave of any one. Before his absence was remarked, he was already on his way to Dover.

The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's first idea on hearing of the bereavement of her niece, Lady Sybella—whom, by-the-by, she had never seen—was to faint: luckily she recollected her *rouge* just in time to avoid making herself ridiculous. The use of Mrs. Mendal's carriage was haughtily declined—she had her own equipage; and, bowed down by grief—or at least an excellent imitation of it—she permitted Mr. Sidney and the rector to conduct her to the park phaeton, into which she gracefully sank, overcome by the unexpected blow.

Unfortunately neither of the gentlemen perceived that Orlando the page had partaken too freely of the hospitality of the servants' hall at Charlton.

In consequence of the departure of Lord Allan, the Reverend Theodosius Pophly, had the honor of conducting Miss Sidney to her seat at the supper-table, to the great indignation of Euphemia and her sisters, who for years had looked upon him as their beau whenever a more eligible one failed to present himself. Their mamma, in the bitterness of her vexation, pronounced such open flirtation on so short an acquaintance positively indelicate, and hinted at the propriety of her husband remonstrating with his curate on the subject.

For once she was mistaken: it was not a flirtation. Clara knew perfectly well that she was no longer young, and had never been beautiful. Her brother's approaching marriage with Miss Moreland would deprive her of an establishment: she wisely resolved, therefore, to look out for one of her own. To accomplish this with propriety, it was necessary to find a husband—and she had already decided in

her own mind that Pophly should be the fortunate individual.

His person pleased her—his mind and disposition she cared but little for—her fortune was irrevocably settled upon herself. Moreover, she saw that the bait had taken, and determined to let the reverend gudgeon hook himself.

We must now quit the guests at Charlton, and follow the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier on her return home.

The old pony was so perfectly acquainted with every turning of the road, that, despite the jerkings of the reins and sundry cuts of the whip, with which his driver from time to time tried his patience, he proceeded at his usual steady pace till he reached the brow of the hill—a steep one—between Charlton and Brook.

Here the animal betrayed the first signs of restiveness.

"Orlando," exclaimed his mistress, sharply, "drive steadily, sir!"

Instead of obeying her commands, the lad began lashing Jovial most unmercifully.

"Did you hear me?" demanded the lady.

"I ain't a-goin' to be mastered by him!" replied the page, doggedly—for, as we before observed, he had been drinking.

"Orlando!" wretched boy —"

"I ain't no wretched boy!" interrupted the hitherto obedient youth; "and I won't be called Orlando! I have been laughed at finely up at Squire Sidney's about it! My name's Peter, and I intend to stick to it!"

At the same time he was giving utterance to this rebellious declaration he continued his attack upon the pony, till at last the incensed animal, taking the bit between his teeth, started at a fearful pace towards the hill, his driver shouting and lashing him all the way.

The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier began seriously to regret, when she found the phaeton swing alternately from one side of the road to the other, that she had not accepted the offer of her dear friend Mrs. Mendal's carriage: unfortunately it was too late.

As the oscillations of the vehicle increased, the lady's nerves gave way, and she began to scream loudly for assistance.

At the bottom of the hill were three men—rough-looking fellows, dressed in pea-jackets. One of them courageously dashed forward and seized the pony by the reins.

"Let go!" shouted the drunken driver.

"For heaven's sake, do nothing of the kind, gentlemen!" gasped the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier; "I am terrified to death! What an escape!" she added, as she alighted, with the assistance of her preserver's two companions, who by this time had reached the spot.

"Gentlemen!" repeated Orlando; "can't you see they are robbers!"

This was a fresh terror to his mistress, who, hastily removing her paste necklace and bracelets, begged them to spare her life and be satisfied with her diamonds.

"We are not what you imagine!" observed the youngest of the three, giving her back the trinkets, which she had thrust into his hands; "it is not your jewels that we require!"

"Surely you would not murder us?"

At the word "murder," Orlando—or rather Peter—whom terror had pretty well silenced, began to shout lustily for assistance.

"Quiet the fool!" whispered the young man; but use no unnecessary violence!"

In an instant the page was dragged from his seat, and his white cravat twisted so scientifically round his throat that he was unable to speak—scarcely to breathe.

"I have no money about me!" faltered his mistress; "I am the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier," she added; "a person whom you cannot outrage with impunity!"

The stranger, who seemed to exercise some sort of authority over his two companions, raised his hat respectfully.

"Why, captain, it's the very woman you wanted to see!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Be under no alarm, madam!" said the stranger;

"I am the last person in the world to offer violence to a lady! Permit me to offer you my arm and conduct you to your residence! My men will bring the pony and carriage after us!"

"You are a gentleman!"

"I was one once, and flatter myself that I have not quite forfeited all claim to the title! If you feel too much alarmed to grant me a few moments' conversation now, say but the word, and I will retire!"

There was something so respectful in the speaker's tone that the curiosity of the lady was excited.

"The proposal which I feel anxious to make," he added.

"Sir?"

"A mere business one, I assure you! I am not ignorant of your rank, or that your position in point of fortune is unworthy of it; and yet if you would take my advice, you might more than double your income easily!"

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly!"

The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier took the gentleman's arm, and walked with him towards her cottage. On their way she listened attentively to all he had to impart, and when he quitted her, to the great astonishment of the page, who followed at a short distance with the carriage, shook hands with him.

"Here, you young rascal!" exclaimed the stranger, at the same time giving him a sovereign, "be more careful for the future, and mind how you mistake a gentleman and his servants for highwaymen again!"

"He must be a gentleman," muttered the boy, after he had tried the coin between his teeth to ascertain if it were a good one; "the beer at Charlton be over strong for my poor head."

With this reflection he led Jovial towards the stable, at the same time wondering what his honorable mistress would say to him in the morning.

CHAPTER X.

Rumor is painted full of tongues, I wis—
And they do know her well who thus depict her;
She is the sister unto babbling echo;
Their common parentage is empty sound:
Therefore give ear not unto flying rumor.

OLD PLAY.

THE report that the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's carriage had been stopped and herself and servant nearly murdered, was generally circulated the following morning through the village of Brook. One of the first persons who called to ascertain the truth was the rector's wife—Mr. Sidney and his sister, Mrs. Pettars and the Misses Trench quickly followed: so that by one o'clock the little drawing-room at Rose Lodge—the name of the lady's residence—resembled a levee.

All were more or less disappointed—the lady had nothing to tell. Instead of robbers, she described the three strangers as exceedingly gentlemanly men—officers, most probably, who had preserved her life—and affected the greatest wonder at what could have given rise to so ridiculous a report.

Mrs. Mendal felt convinced that there was something connected with the adventure which her aristocratic friend wished to conceal, and she good-naturedly resolved to find it out, if possible.

Before taking their leave, the lady announced her intention of paying a visit to London, and coolly informed Mr. Sidney that, as her own carriage was too much injured for her to travel in, she should borrow her nephew's, which that young nobleman had left behind him at Charlton.

"Take Lord Allan's carriage," repeated Clara, with a look of surprise; "how odd!"

"I thought, my dear Mrs. Bouchier," observed Mrs. Pettars, "that you could not endure London?"

"It is my duty to visit my family in their affliction," was the reply.

"And do you intend to post all the way?" inquired Mrs. Mendal, who, from her knowledge of her friend's limited means and economical habits, was more surprised than any other person present at such an unusual piece of extravagance.

The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier drew herself up with an air of stateliness which she could assume on occasions, and asked if they thought for an instant that the daughter and sister of a peer ought to travel by rail—"which no doubt was all very well for persons of a certain class," she somewhat maliciously added.

Mr. Sidney felt that he was not justified in refusing his friend's carriage to so near a relative. If she chose to send for it, he decided on giving it up.

The lady did think proper to send for it, and two days afterwards started for town with four post-horses. The whole village was in commotion to witness her departure.

"What an enormous quantity of luggage!" observed Mrs. Mendal to her eldest daughter, as they both stood concealed behind the drawing-room curtains, to notice everything that passed; "what can it contain?"

"Dresses, most likely, mamma!"

The rector's wife shook her head doubtfully. She was too well acquainted with the list of her friend's wardrobe to admit the possibility of such a supposition being a correct one. Never in the course of her life had she been so puzzled.

As the emblazoned carriage dashed passed the house the Hon. Mrs. Bouchier, who felt convinced that her dear friends were on the watch, waved her hand toward the window. The next instant she was borne from their sight.

Deeply mortified at having been detected, as they imagined, indulging in a vulgar curiosity, mother and daughter descended to the breakfast-room, where the rector was amusing himself with the papers till they made their appearance.

"Shocking! abominable!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, as he sipped his coffee.

"What is shocking papa?" demanded the young ladies.

"Lord Allan's brother-in-law, Captain Graham, has been killed in a duel in France!"

"Captain Graham?" repeated his wife; "was not that the name of the officer whose wife died a few weeks since at the Warden's Arms?"

"Some such name, I believe!" carelessly answered her husband; "but of course no relative of his distinguished namesake!"

Mrs. Mendal did not feel so perfectly convinced of that. Her maternal pride had been hurt at the slight which his lordship had paid her daughters—for Sidney had forgotten to deliver his friend's apology—and she determined, if possible, to ferret out the mystery, if there were one.

"Any more news, papa?" inquired Euphemia.

"Nothing," answered the rector, "except that there has been a sanguinary engagement between a smuggling vessel and one of the revenue cutters off Deal, in which the latter got the worst of it!"

"Serve them right!" observed his wife; "French cambric is infamously dear!"

"My love," said her husband in a very mild tone of remonstrance, "I am surprised that you should express such an opinion—you forget I am a magistrate!"

"No, I don't!"

"And a clergyman?" added the gentleman.

"What has that to do with the price of handkerchiefs and lace?" exclaimed the lady.

This probably required too elaborate a line of argument for the rector to enter into—so he wisely permitted the subject to drop, observing that he had a marriage to solemnise at nine—to which it only wanted a quarter of an hour.

That same morning, Matthew Price had descended from his room somewhat earlier than usual, and ordered Sally Stret not to prepare breakfast till ten o'clock, adding, that he had a visit to pay to Dr. Mendal.

"Bless him!" thought the cook; "it is to speak to him about our marriage!"

Shanks, who was in the kitchen, looked more bilious than usual. Brin was the only one who manifested neither curiosity nor concern.

"Haden't you better have it first, sir?" inquired Sally, kindly; "it's bad going out on an empty stomach!"

Her master regarded her with a peculiar expression, half anger and half mirth, as he bade her attend to his directions, and leave him and his stomach to take care of themselves.

Even this rebuff did not disabuse her of her ambitious dream, so fully had she made up her mind to become mistress of the Warden's Arms.

A few minutes before nine, Matthew Price sauntered into the village. In his way he nodded to one friend, chatted with another, like a man who was not in the least busy, or whose business could wait. At last he entered the church, whose doors stood invitingly open, observing, as he did so, to the village schoolmaster—whose duties did not permit his accompanying him any further—that he supposed some silly couple were about to tie a knot they could not untie for the rest of their lives.

His old acquaintance laughed as he bade the innkeeper good-bye, and hinted something about the propriety of a tax on all confirmed bachelors.

Certainly no man ever looked or acted less like a bridegroom than Matthew Price.

Never had Sally Stret taken greater pains in preparing her master's breakfast than on the morning which was doomed to see the downfall of her hopes. Just as the eggs were done to a turn, and the coffee sending forth its rich aroma, Peter Brin entered the kitchen. There was nothing unusual in his manner as he quietly directed Shanks to place an additional cup and saucer on the tray.

The waiter groaned—he had a horrible misgiving. "What! does Matthew expect company?" inquired the cook.

The ostler nodded in the affirmative.

"Why didn't he tell me so!"

"You'll know it quite soon enough!" replied her admirer, with a smile, as Shanks disappeared with the breakfast things.

Sally began to feel uneasy.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed, turning very red in the face.

"Why, that master's married—that's all!"

"It is easy to paint a storm, a whirlwind, or even an eruption of Vesuvius; but what words can describe the outbreak of a disappointed woman's fury?"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" said Brin, when he thought that she had screamed a reasonable time—for he was one of those men who invariably showed a proper deference to the fair sex. "Do you want to make yourself the laughing-stock of the village?"

These few words produced a much better effect than any consolation he could have offered.

The cook began to dry her eyes.

"That's right!" he continued; "show yourself a girl of spirit! If Matthew Price wouldn't have you, there is another as will, *provided*," he prudently added, "that you don't get yourself talked about!"

"Married!" repeated Sally, with a desperate effort to appear calm; "and to that hussy!"

At the same time she pointed towards the nurse's chamber over-head, to indicate whom she meant.

"First," said her old admirer, philosophically, "you and Shanks drove him to it: neither of you would let him have any peace on account of the baby!"

A loud shout in front of the inn announced the return of the bride and bridegroom—for the intelligence that Matthew Price was getting married spread like wildfire through the village before the ceremony was half over; and as the old man was generally respected, a crowd had rapidly collected.

"She sha'n't see, at any rate, that I am disappointed!" observed the cook, with a desperate effort to appear calm.

"Quite right!"

"And if, Peter, you are of the same mind still —"

"Of course I am!" interrupted the ostler, at the same time giving her a hearty kiss. "I always knew that we should come together at last—we were made for each other! You played my game," he added, "all the time you were angling for master; but I remained quiet and bided my time!"

The air of savage resignation on the features of the waiter, as he entered the kitchen, gave place to a look of astonishment when he saw how very placidly Sally Stret bore her disappointment.

"The new mistress has arrived!" he muttered, gloomily. "Only to think, at his age! Well, the saying is a true one—there is no fool like an old fool!"

"Are you speaking of the governor in that fashion?" demanded Brin.

"Of whom should I speak?" replied the waiter, doggedly.

"Why then you are a pitiful, ungrateful, sneaking cur!" exclaimed the honest fellow. "He has given us bread when we could not have earned it anywhere else; and, with all his queer words and hot temper, acted like a good man and a kind master! Here's his health!" he added, as he filled himself a glass of ale and tossed it off. "Drink it, Sally, if what has just passed between us is to stand for good!"

With the courage of a martyr, the disappointed cook followed his example. She knew that the ostler had saved a considerable sum of money during the thirty years he had been in the service of Matthew Price, and wisely resolved not to lose a second chance of becoming a wife.

"Thank you both!" exclaimed the innkeeper, who had entered the kitchen unperceived, and overheard the latter part of the conversation. "Peter, you are an honest fellow, and I have no doubt will make Sally a much better husband than I should have done!"

The cook colored deeply, but wisely remained silent.

"As for you, you methodistical, tea-drinking rascal," continued Matthew, fixing his eyes upon Shanks, "I'd turn you out of the house this very minute, if I didn't know that you had no place but the workhouse or the rail to take to—and I wouldn't send a dog there—though some human critters are worse than dogs!"

With this observation—rather a philosophical one for him to make—the speaker stalked out of the room in all the dignity of a newly-married man.

Strange to say, the marriage of the landlord of the Warden's Arms, instead of diminishing the affection which he felt for the orphan committed to his care, appeared to augment it. The cradle was removed from the nursery to the bar, and, when not otherwise engaged with his guests, Matthew would amuse himself for hours by rocking it.

In the course of three weeks, Brin and Sally Stret

made a match of it—and their example was followed by Mr. Sidney and his sister, who were united on the same day to Caroline Morland and the Rev. Theodosius Popply—to the disgust and disappointment of Mrs. Mendal and her daughters.

The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, who had returned from London, was present, and, to the astonishment of her most intimate friends, sported a new carriage—a *demis-fortune*—on the occasion.

Every one considered the curate an exceedingly lucky man in winning the hand of so rich a bride. They were not aware how strictly the fortune of the lady was settled on herself, and that her husband could not touch a penny of it. Beyond the pleasure of residing in a handsomely-furnished house, which his wife took in Canterbury, and enjoying a rather better table, the reverend gentleman remained as poor as ever. Clara, much to the annoyance of the rector's family, would not even permit him to resign his curacy. The stipend found him in gloves and pocket-money—no inconsiderable item in her husband's expenditure.

As she was a very far-seeing, as well as prudent lady, the probability is, that she had other reasons for remaining in the neighborhood of Charlton.

But the most extraordinary part of her conduct was the violent friendship which she suddenly entertained for the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier. Scarcely a day passed that her carriage might not be seen standing for hours at Rose Lodge.

It was a mystery which even the Rev. Theodosius Popply failed in his endeavors to penetrate.

On the occasion of the return visit which the curate and his wealthy bride paid to the rectory after their marriage, Dr. Mendal—who was daily urged by the ladies of his family to contrive some means of ridding himself of the upstart, as Euphemia designated him—called the attention of his visitors to the following advertisement, which he had that very morning extracted from *The Times* :—

"To be sold, the next presentation to a valuable living in the county of Kent. Income from tithes—which are commuted—and glebe lands, exceed twelve hundred a year. Present incumbent in bad health, having already experienced a stroke of apoplexy—every prospect of early possession."

"Apply to Amen and Gobble, Clerical Agents, Doctors' Commons."

"Respectable men!" said the rector, emphatically; "You may take their word—safe as a bishop's! Of course," he added, "we should be loth to lose you; but with your talents—wife's fortune, he should have said—"a curacy is not to be thought of!"

The Rev. Theodosius Popply looked at his better half, as if to ask what she thought of the affair.

The lady was on the point of refusing to entertain it, when she suddenly recollected having heard that the rector himself had suffered an attack of apoplexy. It was just possible—the rectory of Brook was the very thing she wished for.

"We will reflect on it, my dear!" she said.

The rector offered to write to Messrs. Amen and Gobble himself—an offer which Mrs. Popply thought fit to decline, feeling that she was perfectly competent to conduct her own correspondence.

By one of those singular coincidences which sometimes occur in life, it turned out as she had suspected. It was the living at Brook—and in less than a month the next presentation was at her disposal.

The indignation of the Mendals may be better imagined than described when they discovered the fatal truth. The ladies pronounced it unfeeling, heartless, abominable; and the unfortunate rector was immediately put upon strict diet by his prudent wife, and the key of the cellar was no longer permitted to remain in his possession.

If the poor man hinted at giving a dinner party, his three daughters broke out into affectionate lamentations, and his wife threatened to go off in a fit of hysterics. Never was the father of a family more frequently reminded how precious his existence was to his children.

Mrs. Mendal carried her conjugal devotion so far as to purchase a case of lancets, and actually prevailed on one or two of the paupers in the village to allow her to bleed them by way of practice.

"Forewarned, forearmed!" she thought.

As for the rector his life became a burden. He never met his curate, and listened to his affectionate inquiries after his health, that he did not grow very red in the face, and feel a certain choking sensation in his throat and neck.

Sometimes he would dream that he heard the soft, oily voice of Popply reading the burial service over him, and start from his sleep in terror.

"I am dying!" he used to say; "dying by inches! Killed by the next presentation to my living and that vampire Popply!"

We must leave the rector awhile to his terrors,

and return once more to the hero of our tale, whom our fair readers will accuse us, we fear of detaining too long in his cradle.

A little patience, and he will soon grow out of it.

It was not to be supposed that Walter Graham, in the midst of his own happiness forgot the request of his dead brother, or the existence of the infant so solemnly committed to his charge. He was determined to preserve the helpless innocent from the merciless guardianship of its unnatural grandfather at any risk, and forebore visiting Brook till he felt he could do so with safety.

Spring was far advanced when he and Fanny arrived one evening at the Warden's Arms. The caresses which they lavished on the infant almost made the worthy host and his wife, who was as much attached to it as himself, jealous.

Matthew began to suspect that his new guests wanted to steal the child; nor was his mind perfectly satisfied upon the point till Walter revealed to him his name and the right which his relationship to the infant gave him.

They quickly understood each other, and it was arranged that for several years at least, the orphan should remain at Brook under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Price, who felt only too happy to retain their charge on any terms.

Walter was so struck by the simple honesty and affection which the worthy couple evinced towards his nephew, that he offered to increase the stipend for his maintenance—a proposition at which Matthew's eyes dilated unusually wide.

"Lord bless you, sir, it be more than enough already," he replied; "seeing there is no nurse to pay now—is there, Betsy?"

His wife smiled.

"Besides," he continued, "since Mr. Sidney has established the paper-mill at Charlton, business be looking up and good times be coming round again! I don't want the money—you can make a better use of it for the little poppet than I can!"

"One alteration at least I must request!" observed his visitor.

"Anything, so you don't take him away!"

Their fears were ended by their visitor informing them of his desire that the child should for the future be called Frederick. The innkeeper had indulged his love for the boy by calling him Mat.

"There can be no difficulty in that!" observed his wife.

Her husband fancied that he should never bring himself to call the orphan by any other name.

After staying three days, Walter Graham and Fanny took their leave, fully satisfied that the child could not be left in safer or better hands—at least for the present.

Matthew Price saw them depart with secret satisfaction: not that he had taken the least dislike to his visitor—on the contrary, he considered him a perfect gentleman; but he felt uneasy whilst any one could claim a greater authority than himself over his adopted son.

Time rolled on smoothly. In the beginning of the following year there were great rejoicings at Brook—Mrs. Sidney had presented her husband with a daughter.

Much about the same time the Rev. Theodosius Pophly was made the father of a healthy boy.

We trust that our readers have felt sufficient interest in the parents of both the children during the progress of the tale to extend a portion of their indulgence to their offspring, who are destined to play no unimportant parts in the scenes we are about to describe.

CHAPTER XI.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us back with age and dust,
And in the dark and dismal grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

TWELVE years had passed, and the scythe of the destroyer had not been idle: it had performed its allotted work in the little village of Brook as well as in the great world—for Death is a keen hunter, and not a nook or corner of the earth escapes him.

After a short career of benevolence and usefulness, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney had been called to their account in the very summer of existence, leaving an only child—a lovely girl, whose budding beauty gave promise of a graceful womanhood—to the guardianship of her aunt, the wife of the Rev. Theodosius Pophly, who had succeeded Dr. Mendal in the rectory, much to the annoyance of that gentleman's widow and three daughters, all of whom were still unmarried.

When Mr. Sidney found his health failing him,

he made his old and trusty foreman, John Purday, a partner in the paper-mill; and, to the secret discontent of his very clever sister Clara, not only left him one of his executors, but sole trustee of the orphan's fortune, not a shilling of which, with the exception of an ample provision for her education and support, could be drawn, invested, or expended, without his signature.

It is very far from being our intention or wish to insinuate that, had the will been worded otherwise, Mrs. Pophly would have abused her trust—far from it—her character stood too high to admit of such a supposition. Still she felt annoyed—probably at the want of confidence which it implied, possibly from that love of power inherent in her nature; for, although, doubtless, a very excellent person, we by no means mean to imply that she was exempt from the weakness of her sex.

Immediately after the death of her brother, Clara removed with her family to Charlton, to the great regret of her husband, who detested the neighborhood of the mill; but as his wife's will was law, his disapprobation was rather implied than expressed: she had her own reasons, as she observed, for the arrangement—and they were sufficient.

The consequence was, that Mrs. Mendal remained at the rectory house as a tenant.

These were not the only changes which had taken place in the village. The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier had long since exchanged her park phaeton, as she termed it, for a handsome Brougham and a fat coachman—Orlando, who had outgrown his buttons and pink and blue livery, being promoted from the dignity of page to that of footman.

The marriage of Matthew Price had proved a happy although a childless one—a circumstance which neither the innkeeper or his wife regretted—for the worthy couple felt for the orphan committed to their care as strong an affection as if he had been their own.

When ten years of age, the old man had bought the boy a pony, upon which he used to ride every day to the grammar-school at Canterbury, and return home in the evening—one of the arrangements which Walter Graham wisely insisted on, well knowing the position in society which his nephew was one day destined to occupy.

As Augustus Pophly attended the same school, the lads naturally became friends.

Here it may be as well to describe them more particularly to our readers, whose friendly interest we would fain solicit for the two heroes of our tale.

Frederick Graham—or rather Fred Price—for that was the name he was generally known by in the village—was a tall, elegant youth, with frank, expressive features, dark hair, a mischief-loving eye, and a merry laugh, which Brin, the ostler, used to declare he had learned of his old master—in short, he was the living image of his unhappy father: the same reckless manner, warm, impetuous feelings—which were always leading him into some scrape or another—and affectionate heart. Shanks, who had never forgiven the disappointment of which he was the indirect cause, was in the habit of predicting, in strict confidence to his friends, that no good would ever come of the young scapegrace—and many besides the waiter were of the same opinion.

And yet, beyond plundering the rector's orchard or mimicking the pompous, sententious tones of Dr. Burt, we never heard of any serious enormity that could be laid to his charge. His schoolfellows idolised him—for he was ever ready to defend the weak against the strong; the first to bear the blame and the punishment, and the last to betray the escapades of his young companions.

His friend Augustus, on the contrary, was looked upon as a model of perfection, not only by his tutors and parents, but all who knew him; he never returned home with a torn jacket, soiled hands, and flushed face; his name had never been mentioned in connexion with robbing orchards and such *unyoung-gentlemanly* proceedings. If he laughed, it was in a subdued, musical, drawing-room key; and he never addressed a servant without saying, "If you please," or "Thank you!"

Many wondered that Mrs. Pophly—the rector was not supposed to exercise any opinion in the matter—should countenance an intimacy between her son and Fred Price; the junior boys, in all probability, were the only persons besides the prudent mamma who possessed a clue to the enigma. They used to say that Pophly made friends with Fred to avoid fagging—for the generous lad neither thrashed him himself nor permitted any one else to do so.

Frederick had two staunch friends in the village besides the innkeeper and his wife—who, as a matter of course, were blind to everything like imperfection in their favorite. The first was John Purday,

who every evening smoked his pipe in the snug bar of the Warden's Arms; the second, a gentleman named Claridge, who frequently stayed for several weeks with Matthew Price.

No one knew exactly who or what he was; as Brin said, he was evidently a gentleman—for he had paid like a prince; even Shanks was satisfied with him in that respect: some thought he was a merchant, others a retired officer. The exceedingly good-natured persons hinted that he was no better than he ought to be—few are; but as the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier condescended to notice him, and had even invited him to several of her parties, those who entertained the last opinion were decidedly in the minority: so that, altogether, he was rather a popular person than otherwise at Brook.

Whatever the gentleman's rank in life, he had evidently travelled much and seen a great deal of the world. Frederick would sit and listen for hours to his tales of the Indian seas and the daring deeds of the Greek pirates in the Archipelago.

These descriptions would so work upon the boy's imagination that he frequently declared he would be a sailor, much to the horror of Matthew Price, who would have felt as much distress at his adopted son taking to the sea as the hen who has been deluded into hatching a brood of ducklings endures the first time she sees them rush into the water.

The attachment between the stranger and our hero seemed to be mutual—they frequently rode and walked together. On one occasion, after a more than usually long absence from the Warden's Arms, the former presented his young favorite with a very beautiful watch and chain of foreign manufacture.

"It is all very well," observed the innkeeper to his wife and John Purday, "but if he makes a sailor of the boy I shall wish I had never seen him."

At the bare idea of losing her foster-son the eyes of Mrs. Price were filled with tears, and the guardian of Caroline Sidney smoked his pipe with redoubled energy.

A very taciturn man was John Purday; if, like Marmood's parrot, he said but little, he thought the more. He had long entertained the wish of placing Fred in the counting-house at the mill, and to use his own emphatic words, "making a man of him."

The party were seated one evening in the bar when a chaise and pair drove up to the door, and two sturdy seafaring men alighted: each had a broad leather belt girded round his waist, in which were a brace of pistols and a sword.

"The supervisor!" exclaimed the landlord, at the same time knocking the ashes out of his pipe and rising to meet them; "some game is up with the smugglers, I suppose. Perhaps the Osprey is off the coast again."

This was the name of a vessel commanded by one of the most daring, resolute fellows that ever ran a cargo and set the revenue laws at defiance. Innumerable tales were told of his gallantry and achievements, his generosity and success, till fame made quite a hero of him in that part of the country.

"Not unlikely," observed John Purday, walking to the window to see what was going on.

The stranger, who was playing chess with our hero—a game he had taught him—bent over the board, and whispered a few words in his ear. Both quitted the bar, and proceeded to the back of the house.

"Fred," said Mr. Claridge, placing his hand upon the boy's shoulder, "I have some reason to think that you would serve me."

"I'd die for you!" replied the youth, looking earnestly in his face.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the gentleman, with a smile; "but I do not require so desperate a proof of your devotion. You remember," he added, "the house of the old fisherman at the foot of the cliff near Dover?"

Where we stayed for an hour once?"

"The same?"

"I shall not easily forget him," observed the lad, "or the tale he told of Captain Jerrold and his gallant ship the Osprey. How I should like to see that man!"

"Perhaps your curiosity may one day be gratified," thought the stranger to himself; "but not now." Then, speaking aloud, he added: "In how short a time do you think you could ride to the fisherman's hut?"

"On my pony in a couple of hours—on your mare Starlight, in little more than half the time."

"Take her," said Mr. Claridge, "and spare neither whip nor spur; but be careful of your safety—I would rather my errand were unperformed a hundred times than endanger that."

"And when I arrive there?" said the boy.

"Tell him there will be no moon to-night!"

"Is that all?"

"All!"

"You do not trust me," exclaimed our hero, reproachfully; "and yet I will do your bidding as faithfully as though I shared your secret—for I feel assured there is one."

"It is that I have not time," replied the gentleman, impressively; "that the lives of brave men depend on your expedition. For myself, I am so reckless of life, I care not what becomes of me."

The tone of sadness in which the last observation was uttered went to the heart of our hero, who felt at that moment he could have braved a thousand dangers to serve one who had been so kind to him.

"Don't be angry," he said, wringing him by the hand, "or think me ungrateful—but curiosity is so natural to youth. Brin is busy with the guests who have just arrived, so I'll saddle Starlight myself, and, instead of riding through the village, take the fields at the back. In five minutes I shall be upon the downs. Once there, I defy the best rider in Brook to overtake me."

The speakers proceeded at once to the stable. To saddle the mare, which was thoroughbred, and lead her forth was the work of a minute.

"You will not forget the message?" observed the gentleman.

"There will be no moon to-night!" repeated Fred, at the same instant clapping spurs to the spirited animal, which cleared the hedge at the back of the garden and disappeared with him so rapidly that Mr. Claridge's last words, recommending him to be careful of his safety, failed to reach him.

"Noble fellow?" he muttered; "his hand is ready as his heart's promptings. By heavens, but it would be a generous act to save him from the drudgery of the desk—the spirit-crushing, monotonous existence to which his friends design him—to train him like a young eagle, to own no master, to think, feel, and depend upon himself. But would it be right?" he added, thoughtfully; "if a life of adventure has its fascinations, it is not without its perils and regrets. I must reflect upon it."

The speaker coolly lit a cigar and retraced his steps to the bar, where by this time the supervisor and his companion were already refreshing themselves.

"We are sure of the Osprey this time!" he heard the revenue officer say; "the pass has been sold upon the captain by one of his own crew, and—"

Seeing a stranger, the speaker suddenly paused, for fear of committing himself, and eyed him suspiciously.

Mr. Claridge quietly resumed the seat he had so lately vacated.

"Are you acquainted with that gentleman?" whispered the supervisor to John Purday, who replied only by a nod—for he was exceedingly chary of his words.

Still the man appeared dissatisfied, and repeated the question to Matthew Price.

"Known him for years!" replied the innkeeper; "rich London merchant who runs down here occasionally for his health!"—this was stated in perfect good faith by the innkeeper, who, having settled in his own mind that such was really the quality of his guest, mistook his supposition for a certainty—"ask Mr. Purdy!"

Of course there was no doubting the assertion of two such respectable men as the mill-owner and the speaker. Many a man's character has been established on a less certain foundation.

"Well, gentlemen," resumed the supervisor, who now felt perfectly satisfied, "as I was saying, we are sure of the Osprey and its commander at last—the fellow has cheated the revenue and baffled our cruisers long enough!"

"Is that the smuggler you were speaking of the other day?" inquired the gentleman, in the tone of a person whose curiosity is slightly awakened.

John Purday nodded again.

"I have heard much of him: he seems a daring fellow!"

"Daring!" exclaimed the officer; "I should think he is! He has twice exchanged shots and beaten off our cutters!"

Mr. Claridge expressed a very becoming horror of such unheard-of atrocity, and observed that he had "no doubt the captain was a desperate villain."

"Just such a fellow as you were describing to Fred the other evening," answered Mrs. Price, "when you related the story of the Greek sailors in the—dear me, I never can recollect the name of the place—but I know it ends with pelligot!"

"Archipelago, my dear!" said her husband, who had written it down upon the slate, in order to recollect it.

"That's it, Matthew!" exclaimed his wife; *Archipelago!* what a memory you have! Dear

me!" she added, looking round her uneasily, "I wonder where Fred is?"

"Writing his exercise, no doubt!" replied Mr. Claridge; "for the holidays are near at hand, and the examinations are coming on! Quite as well that he is not here," he added; "the stories I have related of the wars in Greece have taken too deep a hold on his imagination, I fear, already!"

"You have been to sea, then?" observed the supervisor.

"When a mere boy," replied the stranger, carelessly. "The firm in which I am now a partner had very extensive transactions in various parts of the world, fitted out a great many ships, and I sailed with a relative, who commanded one of them. But it was a sad life!" he added, distastefully; "too many risks for a quiet man! We were twice chased by pirates, and on one occasion must have been taken, but for the presence of a French man-of-war which hove in sight: so we took shelter under her lee."

"Ha! no taste for fighting!" observed the officers, with a laugh.

The gentleman modestly confessed that he had not much taste that way; but added, that he should have defended his life, had it come to a struggle.

"And right, too!" muttered John Purday, for the first time breaking silence. "I should fight myself, under such circumstances!"

"Mrs. Price sincerely hoped that the smugglers would quietly give in without resistance. Bloodshed was such a terrible thing."

"Pah!" said the revenue officer; "Jerrold is a daring fellow, and most likely we shall have a brush with him! The commissioners have offered three hundred pounds for his apprehension!"

Looking at his watch, he observed that they had plenty of time for supper, adding, that for many reasons he wished to avoid arriving at Dover before midnight.

"Fond of travelling late?" said Mr. Claridge.

The speaker explained to him that it was not exactly that, but on account of the numberless agents which the smugglers had in the town.

"On the first alarm," he continued, "you may see lights on the cliffs, signals in every direction!"

The gentleman gravely thanked him for the information he had afforded him and politely requested the two officers to take wine with him—an invitation they were by no means backward in accepting.

Two hours had elapsed, during which Mr. Claridge exerted himself to the utmost to amuse his new acquaintances. The anecdotes he related of his mishaps and disgust of a sailor's life were interminable; he continued to keep them in a roar of laughter till supper was announced. To John Purday and Matthew Price this was quite a new phase in his character. The first listened in silence, the latter with eyes which kept alternately dilating and contracting with surprise. The worthy man felt that he was being mystified, although he could not exactly understand the motive.

Just as they were about to take their seat at the table, a third guest, in the person of the lieutenant who commanded the coast-guard, was added to their party. He was a pale-faced, dissipated-looking man, whose features betrayed neither resolution nor intelligence.

"Come at last, Spears!" said the superintendent, shaking him by the hand; "we have been waiting for you these two hours!"

The new-comer whispered his reasons for not having made his appearance sooner. They were doubtless satisfactory ones—for the former replied by the emphatic declaration of "All right!"

We must leave the gentlemen awhile to enjoy themselves in the bar of the Warden's Arms, and follow the hero of our story on his ride to Dover, which he reached within the hour and a half without once drawing rein—for he remembered the words of the stranger—that the lives of gallant men depended on his success.

Dashing up Snaresgate street, he hurried to the beach, and soon reached the cottage of the fisherman. It was closed, and he had to knock several times at the door and shutters before he could obtain admittance. It was opened to him at last by Simon Neil, who recognised him and the noble animal which he bestrode at a glance.

The old man guessed that something important had occurred, and called to one of his sons to hold the horse whilst the young gentleman rested himself.

When Frederick entered the cabin, he saw at a glance that he had disturbed the inmates in the midst of some occupation which they wished to keep secret. Various articles, such as slings for carrying tubs, rockets for signal lights, and heavy water boots, were scattered on the floor and table. There was a strong odor of spirits, also, in the room.

"Well, sir," said the owner of the place, "to what accident do we owe the pleasure of your visit at such an unusual hour?"—it was past nine o'clock. "I and my boys were about starting with the boat to fish."

"You had better stay at home!" replied his visitor.

"Why so?"

"Because there will be no moon to-night!"

"All the worse for those who have to travel, then!" exclaimed the fisherman; at the same time giving a peculiar whistle.

Four men made their appearance from the inner room.

"Launch the craft quickly!" said Simon Neil; "take the nets with you, and don't forget the lanterns! Not a moment is to be lost! This young gentleman says there will be no moon to-night!"

In an instant all was bustle and confusion in the cottage. With muttered curses and grumbings, uttered in an under-tone, the men rushed to the beach, where a large fishing-boat was drawn up beyond the reach of the tide: they pushed it at once into the sea.

Nets, several kegs, and provisions were thrown hastily in; and in less time than it takes to describe, the pretended fishermen followed.

"Have you the lanterns?" shouted the old man.

"Ay, ay!" was the reply.

"All right! Off with you at once!"

"Will you not walk in and take some refreshment?" inquired Simon Neil, as soon as he had seen his companions safely off. "I suppose the captain sent you?"

"Mr. Claridge sent me," replied the boy, who scorned to entrap the secret he felt so anxious to obtain.

"The gentleman you rode here with the other day?" observed the fisherman, in a tone of well-affected surprise. "How kind of him! It is all right, sir! He is a good friend of ours! I fancied," he added, peering at him curiously from beneath his bushy eyebrows, "that you might have known the captain!"

"So, then," thought Frederick, with a sigh, "he is not the gallant fellow I took him for, after all!"

During his ride, a hundred romantic visions had passed through the excited brain of the youth. The stranger he had decided in his own mind to be no other than the captain of the Osprey, of whose daring and gallantry he had heard so much. True, that desperate personage had been described to him as a middle-aged man, with grey hair and enormous bushy whiskers. But what of that? At his age discrepancies are easily reconciled; and it was not without a pang that he found himself mistaken. He had imagined himself the sharer of his adventures, courting perils by sea and land, braving the tempest in its fury, partaking of the glory of a life of enterprise with a band of gallant men bound to each other by the ties of common danger and brotherhood.

"Only a landsman, after all!" he mentally ejaculated. "Perhaps he has an interest in the Osprey—at any rate, I am glad that I have served him!"

This last feeling was prompted by the gratitude he felt for the repeated acts of kindness he had received from Mr. Claridge.

The same sentiment prompted him to return as quickly as possible to his home—for he well knew the distress his absence would occasion to the affectionate Matthew Price and his wife, should it unfortunately be discovered.

"You had better rest yourself!" said Simon Neil; "there is no danger now!"

"I must start instantly!" replied the youth. "My absence may be discovered else—and—"

"Right!" interrupted the old man; "and Starlight will carry you bravely! Scarcely a hair of her sleek coat is turned, and yet you must have ridden sixteen miles, at the very least!"

"Have you any token for him who sent me?" demanded Frederick.

"You have received it already."

"When?"

"When I told you, in answer to there being no moon to-night, that it would prove the worse for those who had to travel. If you meet any one on the road," added the speaker, "avoid him—he might ask awkward questions."

"Trust to me," answered the youth, with a laugh. "I know every inch of the country as well as any revenue officer on the station. Those must ride hard who would overtake me."

With this reply he once more gave Starlight the rein, and set forward on his return to the Warden's Arms.

Whether Mr. Claridge was connected with the smugglers by interest as well as sympathy, the pro-

gress of our tale in all probability will decide. One thing is certain—that he felt most anxious for the return of his messenger; and a close observer might have detected a secret uneasiness, a forced effort in the exertions he made to amuse the supervisor and the lieutenant of the coast-guard, to whose different humors he suited his conversation admirably.

Twice during the evening he quitted the bar to ascertain if Starlight was in the stable, and returned with some fresh jest or merry story to relate. The guests of Matthew Price were delighted with him.

At a quarter past eleven the chaise drove up to the door, and the revenue officers rose to depart. To detain them only a few minutes more, he proposed a parting glass.

"It must be taken standing, then," observed the lieutenant, "or we shall be beyond our time. Those we have to deal with seldom tarry longer than they are obliged."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the gentleman; "the journey is a short one."

"You forget," observed the supervisor, "there is no moon to night."

"All the worse for those who have to travel!" replied a voice in the passage.

"Bless me, if that is not Fred!" exclaimed Mrs. Price; "I thought the boy had been in bed at least two hours ago."

"Only come to say 'good night!'" said our hero, showing his curly head for an instant over the hatch of the bar.

"Finished your exercise?" kindly inquired Mr. Claridge.

"Every word of it, sir," was the reply. "Good night, dad," and, before any one had time to notice his flushed face or ask any further questions, he disappeared.

Satisfied with the reasons they had given, their pleasant friend no longer persuaded the lieutenant and supervisor to remain, so they separated with mutual expressions of regret.

As soon as he heard the chaise drive off, the gentleman retired for the night; at the same time John Purday laid down his pipe, and, buttoning up his great coat, prepared to depart.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Price, "how very tired Mr. Claridge seems!"

"As tired as an actor who has gone through a long and difficult part," observed her taciturn guest—the only one left in the bar—as he took his leave.

"Did you hear that, Matthew?" asked his wife. "What could he mean by comparing such a gentleman as Mr. Claridge to a play-actor?"

"Don't know," replied the innkeeper; "but John Purday has his reasons, rely upon it, for whatever he says."

"He can have no good ones if it meant evil of Mr. Claridge," said Mrs. Price—an observation in which her husband cordially agreed.

At an early hour the following morning, Frederick found his way to the stables, to ascertain how Starlight had fared after the work of the preceding night. Brin, who was at his work, received him with an ominous shake of the head.

"Why, what is the matter, old fellow?" demanded the youth, good-humoredly.

"Matter!" repeated the ostler. "Oh, Master Fred, I didn't think you would have played me such a scurvy trick. What will Mr. Claridge say—what will your father say?"

"Say about what?"

The man pointed to the animal, which certainly showed symptoms of having been hardly ridden.

"You won't tell?" said the boy, coaxingly.

"Must—that is, if I am asked. Never was in such a fright in my life," observed Brin. "When I dropped into the stable last night, just to give a last look and see all was right, I found the mare in a foam. You must have ridden her unmercifully. I gave her a warm mash, and rubbed her comfortably down; but it's plain enough to be seen how she has been used."

"Perhaps Mr. Claridge won't notice it," observed Fred.

The old man muttered something about the credit of his stable and breach of confidence.

"Don't distress yourself," replied his young master; "I had permission to take Starlight."

"Your own, I suppose?" said Brin.

"Mr. Claridge's, exclaimed the youth, coloring to the temples at the doubt thus indirectly cast on his veracity. "Do you think that to screen a thousand faults I would descend to the meanness of a lie?"

Before the ostler could reply, the gentleman himself entered the stable. He shook hands with the speaker, and proceeded to examine the mare, by carefully passing his hands down her legs, to ascertain whether she had received any strain or not. The animal neighed with pleasure—she evidently recognized him.

"Better than I expected," observed her owner; "give her another feed of corn, and sponge her ears and nostrils."

Brin touched his cap.

"And let her be saddled by nine, at the latest. I must ride to Canterbury to-day."

The old man gave an expressive whistle as the speaker and our hero walked together into the yard—a habit he had when anything occurred which he could not exactly comprehend.

"Fred," said the gentleman, "as soon as they were out of hearing, 'you have rendered me and the poor fellows in whom I feel an interest great service. How can I recompense you?'"

"You have done so already, sir."

"How?"

"By the kindness you have shown me," replied the grateful boy; "the strange tales you have told me of adventures which made my heart bound as I listened to them. Oh, if you could but think me worthy to share the life you have described—its perils and excitement—I should be happy."

"'Twas this I feared," murmured the stranger to himself.

"Besides," continued the pleader, "I shall be a man in another year or two, and able to serve you better, though not more faithfully."

"Frederick," said Mr. Claridge, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the speaker, "you have made the only request I dare not grant. It would be affectation to deny, after what has passed, that I am connected with the daring, lawless men you speak of. The world has made me an outcast, but it has not rendered me heartless. This boyish enthusiasm would soon fade like an idle dream—you would awake to vain regrets and stern realities."

"Never!" exclaimed the youth, resolutely.

"I must be well convinced of that," continued the stranger, "before I decide; at present you are too young. Life has better prospects for you—surer hopes; but I will keep an eye upon you; you may not see or hear of me, but rest assured that I shall learn all that concerns you; and if the hour should arrive in which the career you seek should prove advisable, I will open the path to you."

"It will arrive," said our hero, sorrowfully; "I feel, that nature never destined me to a life of obscurity—to sit at a desk like a tame drudge, and pore over a ledger. I long for action and adventure—this restlessness consumes me."

The stranger gazed on him for a few moments with an expression of the deepest interest: perhaps he thought of his own youthful days and the aspirations which had driven him to such a desperate career.

"Think of your father," he urged; "you owe a duty to him."

"I love the old man dearly," said Frederick; "but Matthew Price is not my father."

As briefly as possible the boy related to him the circumstances of his birth. As he proceeded, Mr. Claridge became greatly agitated; once or twice during the narration he started, and, placing his hand upon the brow of the speaker, gazed long and earnestly into his face, as if he sought to trace a resemblance to some one whom he had seen before. When the sad story was concluded, he asked him if he had ever heard the name of his mother.

"Ellen," replied the youth.

"And the name of her—of your father?" added the gentleman.

"Graham, I believe. But he is dead—Matthew Price can tell you more."

"I know enough," added the stranger, with a sigh.

For several moments he remained silent, as if in communion with his thoughts.

"Frederick," he said, "listen to me—but do not reply—for my resolution is unalterable. You are now thirteen years of age. I cannot—dare not grant your request. Wait till you are eighteen—should your desire remain unchanged, I pledge my word to you it shall be fulfilled."

With this promise they shook hands and parted. An hour afterwards, Mr. Claridge paid his bill and quitted the Warden's Arms. Several years elapsed before he was heard of in the neighborhood again—unless by Frederick, who every Christmas received some token that he was not forgotten.

CHAPTER XII.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigor to repress;
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the power of a heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasure mollify
Their harden'd hearts, inur'd to blood and cruelty.
SPENSER.

A YEAR passed rapidly over the head of our hero, and the time drew near when he was to quit the dull routine of the grammar-school to enter the more active school of life, in which we remain but too frequently scholars to the end.

As he progressed towards manhood, the character of Frederick assumed a more decided tone; he began to think and act for himself.

John Purday and Matthew Price both looked upon it as a settled thing that he was to enter the counting-house of the former. What could the boy do better? they mutually asked each other—and not receiving any satisfactory solution to their question, gave themselves no further trouble.

Not so the landlady of the Warden's Arms: women are naturally more clear-sighted than men. She had long had her secret misgivings on the subject; her penetration had discovered the repugnance of her foster-son to their project, and she dreaded the moment when his decision must be known one way or the other.

It is not to be supposed that Walter Graham had neglected his orphan nephew during so many years; on the contrary, he had regularly visited the village once a year, and, satisfied with the progress of his studies, returned to his banking-house in town.

Frederick frequently wondered who the mild, quiet gentleman could be who took such an interest in his welfare; but after several vain attempts to extort an explanation from Matthew Price, who was bound to secrecy, stifled his curiosity.

After all, it mattered but little, he thought, since he was determined to carve out a career for himself. He had not forgotten the promise of his mysterious friend, Claridge, and he relied upon it with all the trusting confidence of his age and inexperience.

"Two more years," he frequently repeated, "and I shall be eighteen!"

No miser's heir, impatient to revel in the enjoyment of his fortune, ever looked forward with greater desire to the hour of emancipation than our hero did for the promised time.

Things were in this state when Walter paid his usual visit to Brook. His heart yearned with almost a father's love as he gazed upon the orphan son of his dead brother, whom he would at once have presented as such to the world, had he not dreaded the machinations of Sir Richard, who would at once have claimed and exercised the right of guardianship over him. At any sacrifice he resolved to preserve him from his stern discipline.

Had he been better acquainted with the character of his charge, he need not have feared it—for the youth possessed a resolution as unbending as his grandfather's. He had long been made acquainted with the kind intention of John Purday, and, considering it of little consequence how Frederick passed the next two or three years of his life, acceded to it.

His visit brought matters to a crisis sooner than he either intended or wished.

"Show the gentleman the Greek and Latin books you received as prizes last year, Fred!" said Matthew Price, with a certain amount of pride.

"What interest can he possibly take in them?" observed the youth; "you forget that he is a stranger!"

It was not without intention that he laid a particular emphasis upon the last word—for he felt annoyed by what he unjustly considered a want of confidence in his discretion.

"A stranger!" repeated the innkeeper, with astonishment. "Why, bless the boy, has he forgotten one who has been so kind to him?"

Walter smiled: he perfectly comprehended the tone and manner of his nephew.

"Not quite such a stranger as you imagine," he replied; "since I was the intimate friend of your father! I can read your heart, Frederick—its surmises—its injustice!"

"Hold there, sir!" interrupted the young man: "I must deny the right of any one to accuse me of injustice! If I have received favors from you, it has been unknowingly—if you possess a claim upon my gratitude, I am unacquainted with the rights which give it! I have been kept in ignorance of everything concerning my birth, family, and position! It was by accident only that I learned the name I am entitled to bear!"

"Patience, my dear boy—patience!"

"Patience!" repeated our hero, bitterly; "how easy to preach—how hard to practice! I cannot comprehend this mystery! It eats into my very heart—it oppresses me! Is my name a shame? If so, let me know the worst, that I may carve for myself a new one!" he added, proudly. "Am I to bless the sacred name of mother," he continued, "or blush for the infamy of both my parents?"

At this passionate appeal, poor old Matthew Price, whose ideas were not very clear upon any subject, turned his eyes imploringly from the speaker to the party to whom it was addressed.

"What does he mean?" he faltered, in a tone of helplessness.

"It means," replied Frederick, firmly, "that I have decided on acting for the future for myself! The world is not so full but I can find a place in it! I mean to travel!"

"What!" exclaimed the innkeeper; "quit your home—leave me, after all my care!"

"It has been paid for, I presume!" answered the youth, greatly excited.

The old man sank back in his arm chair as suddenly as if he had received a violent blow.

"Paid for!" he murmured. "Oh, Fred—Fred! I can't read Greek and Latin, but I have learned enough to know that a love like mine can never be paid for!"

At the sight of his distress, he who had so lately spoken with the stern determination of manhood felt as a child again. Grasping the withered hand of the speaker within his own, he raised it to his lips, and, sinking on his knees, passionately entreated his forgiveness.

It must have been a serious offence indeed which Matthew Price could not have pardoned.

"There—there!" he said; "say no more about it! I am sure you did not mean to vex me!"

Frederick did not, however, so easily forgive himself; he felt humiliated at the outbreak he had been betrayed into. So poignant was his regret, that the innkeeper began to wonder how he could have been so harsh and unkind as to say anything which sounded like a reproach to his adopted son, whose heart he knew must be in the right place.

"Young man," said Walter Graham, calmly—"for it would be folly either to treat or consider you any longer as a boy—on one point at least your appeal shall be answered! In the solitude of your chamber, when you address heaven for that forgiveness which all its erring creatures require, do not forget the injustice you have been guilty of to the memory of your unhappy parents! Your birth," he added, solemnly, "is as legitimate as my own!"

His nephew started to his feet—a flush of delight passed over his handsome features, but was quickly succeeded by an expression of seriousness.

"I have indeed been rash!" he observed, with deep humility; "but if you knew how the suspicion haunted me—"

"Speak of it no more!" replied his uncle. "I am to conclude that your repugnance to pass a year or two in the counting-house of Mr. Purday is decided?"

"Insupportable!" answered the youth; "I should pine like a prisoned bird! I must have liberty—action! The drudgery of the desk would rob life of its charm—would kill me!"

"You desire to travel?"

"Most ardently!"

"Would I had known this before!" said Walter Graham. "I can understand your distaste—for I have felt and conquered it!"

The quiet dignity with which these few words were uttered excited a feeling of mingled curiosity and respect in the heart of him who so well knew how keen a pang the struggle must have cost him.

"You are too young," resumed the speaker, "to indulge in even so innocent a desire as that of travelling alone! The world is not the garden you imagine! True, it has flowers—but the serpent often lies concealed beneath them! Should evil example or false friends tempt you to dishonor the name you have a right to bear, it never shall be yours!"

"Sir?"

"Justice to the living and the dead alike command it!"

"A menace! observed Frederick, with a smile of disdain.

"No—a caution," replied his uncle; "which I trust will prove an unnecessary one! Boy," he added, in a tone of deep feeling, and at the same time placing his hand upon his shoulder, "you cannot imagine as I gaze upon you how many memories prompt me to love you! You are the living image of one who was dear to me as a brother! Were you my own son," he continued, "I could not feel a deeper interest in your welfare!"

"Perhaps you will explain to me—"

"I can explain nothing more!" interrupted Walter Graham. "It was your fathers wish that you should be kept in ignorance both of your name and prospects till you reach the age of twenty-one! There is a reason for it! It was written scarcely an hour before his death! His last care, his last thoughts were for you!"

"My father must have died young?" observed Frederick, musingly.

"He fell in the pride of manhood!"

"Fell!" repeated our hero; "how? in the battlefield? A soldier's death, or—oh, heaven! the supposition is too horrible—by the hand of some assassin?"

His informant turned aside.

"Answer me," continued the speaker, with increased energy, "if you would set my heart and brain at rest! He fell, you say?"

"In a duel!" groaned Walter.

"The name of his murderer?" demanded his nephew, fiercely. "I'll hunt him through the world! Oh, he shall answer to me for the blood that he has shed—for the deed that has left me fatherless!"

"Respect the last commands of him you would avenge!" replied his guardian; "at the appointed time all shall be made known to you!"

The youth inquired no further. One painful load was removed from his young heart—the doubt which had haunted him had vanished. He could move proudly amongst his fellow men, nor blush for the name of her who bore him.

The speakers were too much agitated to continue the conversation further, and they separated to meditate on what had taken place. Walter had drawn aside the veil which concealed his nephew's destiny quite sufficiently to let him perceive that the future was not so dark and cheerless as he imagined. He had implanted in his youthful breast one of the strongest incentives to pursue the path of honor—hope.

Before quitting Brook, he so far departed from the line of conduct which prudence rendered necessary as to arrange a future correspondence, without, however, informing him of his real name or the tie of blood which united them.

That epoch at last arrived which sooner or later produces a revulsion in all our preconceived ideas—changes the boy into the man—gives him a definite object and pursuit. We need not say that we mean love—the sentiment which makes or mars our whole existence, as reason directs or passion guides our choice.

A ball was given at Charlton by the rector's lady in honor of the fifteenth birthday of her son and heir. After many pros and cons upon the subject, it was settled that Frederick should be invited—a decision to which his good looks, gentlemanly deportment, and, to be just, let us add, the urgent request of his friend Augustus, not a little contributed.

Although it was impossible for any two youths to be more dissimilar either in person, character, or temperament, that sort of friendship which springs from dependence on one side and protection on the other really existed between them. The Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, who was consulted on the occasion, gave her vote in favor of our hero.

"Have him, by all means, my love," she said. "Beaux are so scarce in Brook, that really it would be cruel to the girls to deprive them of so eligible a one."

"Eligible!" repeated the lady.

"As a partner, of course," replied her friend; "you forget he is a mere boy—little more than a year older than dear Augustus."

Whatever the speaker's motive was, she carried the point. Mrs. Popply was persuaded, but not convinced. She had a secret misgiving on the subject—a vague presentiment that it might interfere with her long-cherished plan of a marriage between her idolized son and his wealthy cousin.

The important evening at length arrived, and Frederick made his first appearance in what was considered the fashionable society of Brook. Although it was not the first occasion of his meeting Caroline Sidney—for they both attended the village church—it was the first time he had been introduced to her, heard the music of her voice, caught the varying expression of her face, which changed with each fresh feeling. He was fascinated, but, being far too young to analyse his sensations, or even comprehend them, with a timidity he could not account for, he avoided dancing with her.

And yet he could think of no one else during the evening.

"Why are you not dancing with Caroline, my love?" whispered the manoeuvring mother in the

ear of Augustus, as she passed from the card-room into the ball-room; "remember, you must not neglect her."

"I have danced with her three times already," answered the youth, carelessly; "it looks so foolish to be always dangling after one's cousin."

Like many exceedingly clever persons, Mrs. Popply sometimes overshot the mark. Had she been less anxious, Augustus in all probability would have been more eager.

"Go and invite her directly, sir," whispered the lady.

With a dissatisfied air the very quiet young gentleman walked towards the end of the room where Caroline and Julia Rushton—a relative of her mother's—were seated. The fair girls were discussing with all the innocent confidence of their age the merits of the partners they had been dancing with, and Julia was quite enthusiastic in her praises of our hero, whom she pronounced by far the handsomest fellow in the room.

"He is certainly the most unassuming," replied the heiress, "if I may judge by his manner."

"Then he has such a low, musical voice."

"I have never heard it."

"What—not danced with him?"

"He has not invited me," replied Caroline, in a tone which betrayed something like vexation.

"Then he is about to atone for his blindness," observed her companion; "Augustus is bringing him towards us. He looks very much embarrassed."

"Doubtless my cousin wishes him to invite me."

The supposition was a correct one—for the youth, tired of being continually tied, as he considered it, to the side of the heiress, had sought out his friend and insisted on his dancing with her.

It was the secret wish of Frederick's heart, and yet he had not found courage to propose it. He, naturally so bold and reckless, who had braved his uncle in his anger, felt timid as a child in the presence of a girl.

His hand absolutely trembled as he led her to the set which was just being formed.

"How stupid she must think me!" he mentally ejaculated.

He was wrong—for Caroline was no less embarrassed than himself.

The reserve must be great indeed which youth and a mutual desire to please will not eventually break through. Before the dance was half over, each had found a dozen subjects at least to converse upon—the rides and walks in the neighborhood, flowers, music—till the conversation became absolutely animated between them.

"I was wrong to invite him," thought Mrs. Popply, who had been for some time regarding them; "he is a head taller than Augustus, and nearly as good-looking."

This was rather a liberal remark for her to make.

At the end of the set, she advanced with a pale, sickly-looking man, whom she introduced to her niece as Harry Lechmere, who solicited the honor of her hand.

The request was accorded, and Frederick and Caroline separated. The point was gained.

"Come," said the clever lady, at the same time offering her arm to our hero, "you shall escort me to the card-room. I wish to become acquainted with you. Augustus tells me that you are his most intimate friend; as his mother, I naturally take an interest in any one to whom he is attached."

All this was uttered so naturally that the youth, although secretly annoyed by her interference at a moment when he felt so supremely happy, was deceived, without, however, being thrown off his guard: the novelty of the sensations he experienced protected him.

"What do you think of my niece?" added the speaker.

"Of Miss Sidney?"

"Yes."

"In what respect, madam?"

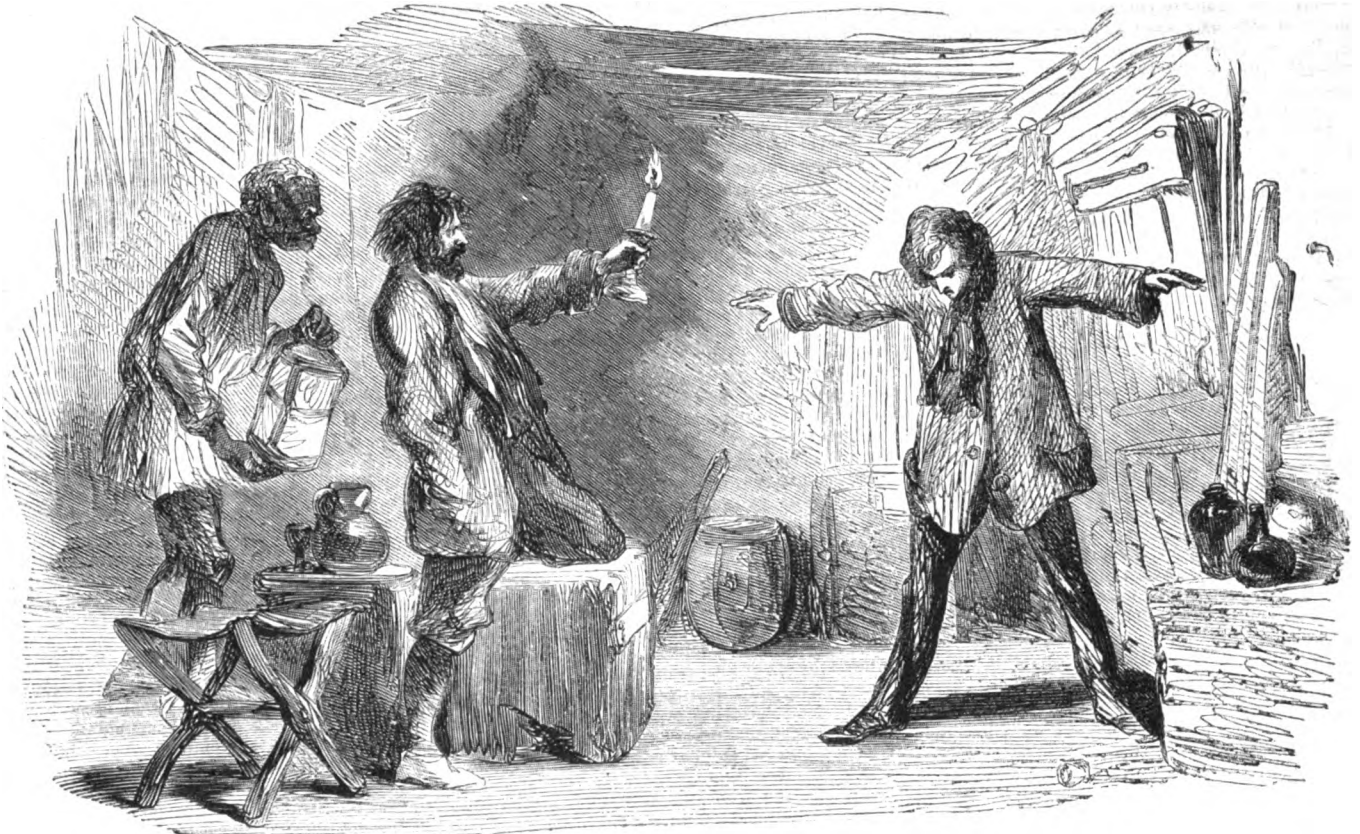
"Oh, her person, mind, and manners. Confess, now—is she not a charming girl?"

The artful woman well knew that Caroline was a very proud one. She had a motive in asking the question.

"Of Miss Sidney's person, replied Frederick, "there can be but one opinion—that it is lovely. Of her mind, the few moments that I have had the honor of conversing with her do not enable me to judge. Her manners must be perfect," he added, "seeing they were formed under your direction."

This was not exactly the answer Mrs. Popply wished.

"She is a dear, sweet girl—more like a daughter than a niece to me," she observed; "and as for your friend Augustus, he loves her."



FREDERICK GRAHAM ADMITTED INTO THE PEDLAR'S VAN.

"Like a brother, no doubt," said Frederick, who remembered the request the young gentleman had made of saving him from the bore of dancing with his cousin.

"He is either very stupid or very artful," thought the rector's wife, who, not being too charitable in the judgments she formed of her fellow-creatures, eventually decided in her own mind that he was the latter.

Despite her manœuvres, twice during the evening our hero contrived to dance with Caroline Sidney again, and the impression they had produced upon each other was confirmed; and yet neither suspected that it was the first germ of love which began to unfold itself in their young hearts.

Happy ignorance, if we could only think so; but that is impossible—for the seeds of love once planted, develop themselves with wonderful rapidity. Solitude, absence, and meditation accelerate their growth, till the roots strike up, fibres become branches, and the passion tree produces its fruit of sweets or ashes as we attend to its culture or suffer it to run wild.

From that night the resolution of our hero to travel changed, and, to the great delight of Matthew Price and his friend John Purday, he announced his willingness to accept the situation which the latter offered him in his counting-house. Fred was not the first lad of his age whose resolves have given way before the united influence of a pair of bright eyes and ruby lips.

CHAPTER XIII.

Love takes as many shapes as Proteus does,
Taming the lion into gentleness. OLD PLAY.

MATTHEW PRICE and his wife were no less surprised than delighted at the unexpected decision of their adopted son to take the clerkship at the mill which John Purday had so kindly offered him, and Walter Graham equally approved of his resolution, which met his views for the present.

"It matters little," thought the noble-hearted man, "how he employs his time till he comes of age. His grandfather's power will expire then, and I can present him to the world with pride and satisfaction as my nephew."

The only person who either felt or expressed any dissatisfaction on the occasion was the wife of the Rev. Theodosius Pophly. She had long decided in her own mind that Augustus should enter the counting-house, in order to qualify him for the fu-

ture management of the mill, which, together with the hand of the heiress, she resolved should be his.

This clever arrangement was in opposition not only to the wishes of her husband, who would have preferred sending his son to college, but the inclination of the youth himself, whose pride revolted at what he considered the drudgery of the desk. He was too young, and, let us add, too disinterested to comprehend all the advantages which his clever parent had from his infancy been scheming to obtain for him.

This introduction of the innkeeper's brat—as she scornfully designated Frederick—was a serious annoyance to the lady. Even her maternal weakness could not overlook the fact that he was considerably handsomer than her son, of a more frank and generous turn of mind, and better calculated to make an impression upon the heart of her niece, in whom she fancied she already detected the symptoms of an embryo passion.

Unfortunately for her designs, the will of her brother gave her no power to interfere in the management of his property. Had it, she would speedily have nipped the affair in the bud—soon have put an end to the preposterous folly of John Purday—as she termed his attempt to promote the interests of our hero—by placing her decided veto on the arrangement.

Few persons were ever endowed with greater pliability of character than the rector's lady. Where she could not command, she was never above soliciting, and could become humble and subservient in her manner—flatter, caress, and insinuate—in short, do anything to further her purpose.

She felt that she had tough material to work upon in John Purday, who was one of those men in whom ideas become principles, exceedingly slow in arriving at conclusions, and whose minds, once made up on any given point, are immovable.

For the memory of his deceased benefactor and partner, Mr. Sidney, the old man entertained the deepest veneration, as well as a strong affection for his orphan child: his own habits were so simple and his wants so few that he would long since have retired from business, to spend the rest of his days upon the competency he had honestly acquired, had not the thought that he was toiling to augment her fortune restrained him.

Each year when he invested the profits of the mill in the name of Caroline Sidney, the worthy fellow felt that he had paid off some portion of the debt of gratitude due to her father.

No matter how complicated the accounts in which he might be engaged, or how important the business in hand, whenever John Purday caught sight of the heiress he would leave his desk and stand at the window of the counting-house, gazing after her till she was out of sight. A kind word or a smile from her would put him in a good humor for the rest of the day. The only subjects on which he was ever heard to be eloquent were the goodness, charity, and benevolence of his ward.

"She is her father's child," he used to say, "and heaven will bless her!"

A few days before our hero was to enter on his duties at the mill, Mrs. Pophly contrived an interview with him—*accidentally*, of course—she was too clever to give an appearance of importance to the affair by requesting one.

"I was just thinking of you, Mr. Purday," she said, after numerous and affectionate inquiries respecting his health; "in fact, I am almost resolved to quarrel with you—we see so little of you!"

"And yet I pass the house half a dozen times a day, at least," observed the old man, drily.

"Yes—true; but you so seldom drop in," continued the lady. "Caroline was complaining of it only yesterday. She thinks it very unkind of you for I need not tell you that she looks upon you as a parent!"

This was dexterously put in: she knew the weak point of the party she had to deal with, and noticed with satisfaction the smile of gratified feeling which lit his wrinkled face.

By-the-bye, my dear sir," added the speaker, "is it true that you have engaged the young man who lives with Price at the Warden's Arms as clerk?"

The smile vanished in an instant.

"Quite true," he said.

"I am sorry for it," replied Mrs. Pophly; "not that I have ever heard anything to his disadvantage beyond his being exceedingly wild, headstrong, and inclined to dissipation—but because I desired Augustus to enter the counting-house."

"Augustus!" repeated the former, in a tone which betrayed, as the lady thought, a slight degree of dissatisfaction; "college, I should have imagined, would have suited him better!"

"Such was mine as well as my husband's wish," observed the manœuvrer; "but he prefers devoting himself to business—he has a positive talent for it, and, with your instructions and guidance—"

"Well—well!" interrupted her hearer, "if such

is his desire, in heaven's name let it be gratified! *We can find a stool for him too!*"

Mrs. Pophly bit her lip in vexation at what she considered the insulting indifference with which her son was treated by a man who owed everything to her brother's partiality.

Had she judged rightly, she would have assigned John Purday's rise in the world to its true cause—his perseverance and stern integrity.

"Certainly," she said; "I felt assured that there would be no hesitation in complying with my wish respecting Augustus! It would be singular indeed to refuse him a situation in an establishment which his uncle founded, and of which his cousin is still the chief proprietor."

Singular as such a refusal might appear, her hearer felt very much inclined to give it."

"But my son, I fear, is no favorite of yours," she added.

"And why should you think so, madam?" replied the old man. "I believe I have never shown any want of respect towards you or your family?"

"Certainly not."

"He is a very polite young gentleman," he continued. "Of his business habits or inclinations of course I cannot speak—I take them, however, for granted; and can only repeat that whenever he feels disposed to enter the counting-house, *there is a stool for him.*"

"Again that shocking word," thought Mrs. Pophly; "*a stool!*" It grated terribly on her ears; but this time she repressed all signs of dissatisfaction, and even condescended to thank him for his politeness.

John Purday, deeming the conversation at an end, was about to return to the mill, when the lady placed her hand upon his arm, and playfully insisted on his accompanying her to the house.

"Caroline," she said, "will be so delighted to see you, and I can conclude all I have to say as we walk along."

"More humbug," mentally ejaculated the old man, who this time did not smile at the flattery so artfully thrown in of his visit affording pleasure to his ward.

"Mr.—dear Mr. Purday," resumed his companion, after a pause, during which she had well weighed the means of arriving at her object, "I wish to speak with you respecting this young man whom you have engaged. I am a mother, and a mother's heart is naturally anxious: from all I hear respecting him, he is not the sort of acquaintance suited for Augustus."

"Why they have been friends for years."

"Yes—as schoolboys."

"I see," replied her companion, sarcastically; "having been your son's protector at school, fought his battles, written his exercises, and screened his faults, he and his mother think they have no further occasion for him."

"Shocking! cruel!" ejaculated the rector's wife; "how can you suspect us of such meanness?"

"Right! it would be meanness."

"Such want of Christian, proper feeling!" added the lady; "Augustus is too much attached to this Frederick to treat him so ungenerously."

"Too much afraid of him," thought Mr. Purday.

"The objection originated with me," added the lady: "I have not as yet spoken to my son upon the subject; my objection rests entirely upon moral grounds. In the first place, the young man is illegitimate."

"Don't believe a word of it," answered the old man, warmly; "it is my belief the lad is as well born as any man's son in the county. But even supposing it true, and that he is, as you so charitably suppose, illegitimate, the reproach cannot apply to him, however it might to his parents."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Pophly; "that is, in a Christian point of view; but unfortunately the world thinks differently."

"The world is a fool, then."

"Besides, he is dissipated, wild, and headstrong—has vulgar habits—the natural consequence of the home in which he has been reared."

"Who told you all this?" demanded Frederick's defender, stopping suddenly and at the same time letting fall the arm of his companion.

"The fact is generally admitted—rumor—every one knows it to be the case," answered the lady, who was far too prudent to compromise herself by mentioning any name.

"Rumor and everybody both lie," replied John Purday, warmly; "you may make my compliments, when next you meet them, and tell them that I said so. The lad is a good lad. I have known him from childhood, and don't believe he has a vice in his disposition. As to his being a little wild, that is true enough—and I like him all

the better for it: too much culture forces the growth of the plant. Of his manners I don't pretend to be much of a judge—never had any myself," he added, bluntly.

This was an assertion which Mrs. Pophly at that moment would have been the very last person in the world to dispute.

Deeply mortified as she felt at the failure of her scheme to prejudice the speaker against our hero, the clever woman possessed too much tact to betray her disappointment; remonstrance and solicitation she also saw would be useless, and at once changed her tactics.

"You cannot imagine," she began, "how serious a doubt you have removed from my mind: Augustus is so much attached to his friend and schoolfellow that I should have experienced the greatest difficulty in breaking the acquaintance—he is so young, so ingenuous, so pure in heart and mind, that I scarcely know how to inculcate lessons of worldly prudence, the necessity of which he can neither feel nor comprehend."

"With such a teacher and such capabilities as he possesses," said the old man, somewhat sarcastically, "he could scarcely fail to acquire them."

This sounded very like an epigram; but the lady did not think fit to notice it.

"You are too good," she said, with a forced smile; "but you must not flatter either Augustus or his mother."

John Purday protested, seriously, that such an idea was farthest from his thoughts—and the rector's wife readily believed him.

On reaching the house, they found Caroline Sidney and Julia Rushton in the drawing-room. Their arrival had interrupted the fair girls in the midst of an interesting conversation, in which the latter had been teasing her cousin on the subject of Frederick and his evident admiration of her.

"Ah, my dear guardy," gravely exclaimed the heiress, starting from the sofa and kissing him, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Intrusion, I fear!" replied John Purday, with a smile.

"You can never intrude! In fact I was most anxious to see you—poor Mary Rourke has been here, crying and pleading for her father. Now I know what you are going to say!" she added, placing her hand playfully on his lips, to prevent his replying; "that he is a worthless fellow—idle, dissipated, and a bad example to the rest of the work-people; but if you discharge him from the mill, what will become of his motherless children?"

"It is not the first, second, or third time!" said John Purday, beginning to look as if he had made up his mind to refuse the request which he foresaw she was about to make.

"But I have promised!" continued the young lady; "Mary is such a good girl—the best scholar I have in the school—what would become of her?"

"Her father should have thought of that!"

"We must think of it for him, guardy," said his ward, "if he has not the sense or feeling to do so! She assures me that he is very penitent! You will take him again?"

"Of course, Mr. Purday will!" said Julia Rushton, with a laugh; "your aunt says he could not refuse you anything!"

Patrick Rourke was the name of one of the overseers in the mill, clever enough in his way, but so addicted to dissipation that no reliance could be placed on him. He had been several times discharged, but taken back at the entreaty of the heiress, with whom his daughter Mary, an exemplary and very pretty girl, was an especial favorite.

"She is so young!" added the pleader; "so very unhappy!"

"Well, if you insist upon it," said her guardian, who felt that he was yielding against his judgment, "I suppose I must!"

"Insist!" repeated Caroline Sidney; "do not spoil an act of kindness by so harsh a word! Insist! as if I could ever use such a term with you, whom I regard as a second father!"

It must have been a far more serious offense than either drunkenness or negligence which John Purday could not have overlooked in one of his men at that moment.

Mrs. Pophly, who judged human nature after her own standard—which, as our readers have doubtless ere this time concluded, was not of the highest order—secretly wondered at her niece's tact, and decided in her own mind that she was artful enough to persuade the old fool, as she considered him, to anything.

In judging the conduct of others, very clever persons seldom take the heart into consideration—mere intellectual machines themselves, they attribute

everything to calculation—and hence they are as frequently in error.

It is almost needless to say that with such an intercession the offender was forgiven and permitted to resume his employment in the mill. John Purday hoped that he had acted wisely—but his judgment was at war with his heart.

Frederick and Augustus Pophly entered the counting-house about the same time—for the manoeuvring mamma resolved that her son should not lose the opportunity of acting, as she hoped, as a spy upon the proceedings of the youth whom she looked upon instinctively as his rival. Whether he accepted the unworthy part assigned him will appear hereafter. To all appearance they continued as firm friends as ever.

Among the many praiseworthy arrangements of Caroline's guardian to promote the welfare of the persons whom he employed, the schools which he had established for their children were not the least excellent. Having risen from a very humble origin himself, he had labored under all the disadvantages in early life arising from want of education; true, his own perseverance had conquered them, but he recollected the struggles he had endured, and felt a benevolent pleasure in affording facilities to those in a similar position.

The girls' school was a subject of unceasing interest to the heiress, who visited it daily; her gentle manner and mild remonstrance would subdue the most intractable—the severest punishment the governess could threaten a refractory pupil with was to complain of her to Miss Caroline.

With this work of usefulness Frederick and her cousin somehow contrived to identify themselves: they first began by giving lessons in writing and arithmetic twice a week—in process of time they were repeated daily: this naturally led to a certain degree of intimacy between the young people, and gave our hero and Caroline an opportunity of appreciating the character of each other.

All this was gall and wormwood to Mrs. Pophly, who fancied that she saw a mutual passion springing up between them; whilst, to add to her mortification, her son evinced a most provoking coldness towards his cousin. Of the two cousins, he seemed decidedly to prefer Julia Rushton.

In this state of affairs a year passed rapidly on, and yet no word of love had ever passed the lips of Frederick; not that he was unconscious of the nature of his feelings towards the heiress—they were the charm of his existence—the spell which haunted his youthful dreams—the hope of his future manhood; a sensitive pride, a fear of being suspected of unworthy motives restrained him, froze the avowal on his tongue, and fettered his heart to silence.

Had she been poor how differently would he have acted. In the agony of his struggles he frequently cursed the barrier which wealth seemed to have interposed between them.

Till his position in the world was known and the mystery of his birth made clear he resolved to repress the words which a hundred times had trembled on his tongue. It was a bitter trial for one so young and so impulsive, yet there is little doubt that he would have adhered to the line of conduct he had so honorably chosen, but for one of those unforeseen accidents which snatch the rein from reason, unseal the fountains of the heart, and betray its long-cherished secret.

The rector and his wife had left Charlton to dine with the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier—her niece had declined accompanying her, on the plea of indisposition, and Julia, as a matter of course, remained at home to keep her company.

Augustus, who had had quite enough of the counting-house for one day, proposed that his friend should accompany him home and take the cousins out for a walk—a suggestion too tempting not to be at once acceded to by our hero.

On reaching the house they were informed by the servants that the young ladies were in the grounds. "I'll seek them, Fred," said his companion; "ten to one but I find them in the little hermitage. You stay here."

As he had evidently some motive for going alone, his companion agreed to remain in the drawing-room.

The table near the window was covered with books and portfolios filled with drawings—for Caroline, in addition to her taste for music, had a passionate love of the arts.

"How beautiful!" thought Frederick, as he examined a spirited sketch of the Abbot's Mill, signed Caroline; "what would I not give to possess it! Each day discovers fresh accomplishments, fresh graces, both in her mind and person!"

Being alone, he ventured to press the letters which composed the name so dear to him to his lips.

"What an insensible clod of earth she must think me!" he continued, "sometimes I imagine she sees the struggle I endure—the fierce agony of my heart—pities and understands me! Were I but assured of that—But no—no! the presumption of my hope misleads me!"

Whilst contemplating the drawings he fell into one of those reveries which all who love are peculiarly liable to indulge in; pictured to himself the bliss of passing his days with one so beautiful, so good, and gentle, and then asked himself if ever he might hope to realise the dream.

In turning over the leaves of the portfolio, a small drawing, carefully wrapped in tissue paper fell upon the carpet; he stooped to raise it, and, urged by an impulse he could not resist, opened the envelope.

It contained a portrait of himself—there was no mistaking the artist: the same freedom of touch, the same delicate pencilling. How his heart beat as he gazed upon it, and reflected that it must have been drawn from memory—it was the sweetest moment of his life.

So entranced was he in the contemplation that he heard not the opening of the drawing-room door and the light, fairy-like step of Caroline as she entered the apartment, or he would have concealed the proof he had so unexpectedly obtained that he was not indifferent to her.

An involuntary exclamation which escaped her lips as she recognised the likeness in his hand and caused him to look up.

For some moments both were too much agitated to speak.

"Oh, Frederick!" faltered the blushing girl; "how foolish you must think me! I—the drawing—it—"

She hesitated; her lips were too pure to give utterance to a falsehood, and, overcome by her emotion, she sank upon a chair.

At the sight of her tears and confusion, the resolution which had been so long and faithfully kept gave way; he threw himself at her feet, and clasping her unresisting hand in his, avowed his love.

"From the moment I beheld you," he exclaimed, "I felt that you were my destiny—that my heart could know no other idol! I cannot paint to you," he added, "how I have struggled with my passion, conscious that I was unworthy of you—hopeless to obtain you! All I dare ask is your pity—pity and forgiveness!"

Poor Caroline, although unable to raise her eyes to his, felt an inexpressible delight at the assurance she was so truly and devotedly beloved; it restored her to her self-respect—saved her from the bitter humiliation of having bestowed her affection where it had been unsought and unreturned.

"I am fully aware of my offence," continued Frederick, "its folly—madness! but pardon is not refused to the worst of criminals! Like the presumptuous wretch who stole the ethereal spark from heaven to animate a form of clay, my crime will carry its punishment with it!"

"Frederick," said the heiress, in accents broken by emotion, yet soft and sweet as the murmuring ringdove's note, "we have nothing to forgive, *when the offence is shared!* Do not think lightly of me from this confession—the heart is not the less pure because the lips are frank!"

Those who have loved—and deeply do we pity those who have never known the generous passion, the chain which links humanity with heaven—can imagine far better than the pen describe the transport of our hero on hearing from her lips the avowal that their love was mutual. He thanked her more by looks than words; and as he pressed her fondly to his manly breast, vowed that a life of unchanging tenderness should repay her wondrous goodness.

"Would," he added, "that you were poor as I am, that I might toil and struggle for you!"

"A regret as vain as useless!" replied the heiress, with a smile. "What are fortune's gifts compared with those of the mind or the heart's qualities? I thought you knew me better!"

Before our hero could reply Lucy came bounding into the room, laughing, and calling to her that Augustus was pursuing her. The quick-witted girl guessed at a glance what had occurred; and, whilst the lovers were blushing and looking very much embarrassed, with admirable presence of mind turned the key in the door just in time to prevent the entrance of Augustus Pophly, who shouted impatiently to his friend to let him in.

"Frederick shall do nothing of the kind, sir!" answered Julia Rushton. "I am quite out of breath! You have torn my frock! I am angry, very angry with you!"

"You will forgive me, coz?" said the young man.

"Dear me," continued the young lady, "if I have not dropped my lace scarf!"

Wishing to adhere as strictly as possible under the circumstances to truth, the speaker let it fall from her hand upon the carpet.

"Where!" inquired Augustus; "on the lawn?"

"Where else, you tiresome creature, should I have dropped it?"

"Be friends with me, and I'll go and seek it!" said Augustus.

They heard his step as it receded from the door, which Julia cautiously opened; and, after ascertaining that the coast was clear, held out her hand to Caroline, who gladly quitted the room with her.

Augustus Pophly, on his return from the unsuccessful search, complained—and not without reason—of the time the fair cousins kept them waiting; observing that his mother would return from her visit before they left Charlton for their walk.

CHAPTER XIV.

Compare her eyes

Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Not to the moon, for they are changing never;
Not to the stars, for they have purer light;
Not to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Silen to the Maker's self they likeliest be,
Whose light doth lighten all things here we see.

SPENSER.

MARY ROURKE, the daughter of the drunken, dissipated overseer at the mill, was at that dangerous age when girlhood and womanhood contend which shall obtain or lose her. Like most of the children of the Sister Isle, she possessed a warm and grateful heart, keen susceptibilities and feelings, which might be directed to good or ill, as they were gently trained or treated with coldness and indifference.

Nature had endowed her with perhaps the most fatal of its gifts—beauty—and she was not unconscious of the possession of it: her hair was dark, luxuriant, and glossy as the wing of the raven; long silken lashes of a similar color shaded her clear blue eyes, which, when animated by mirth, or subdued to seriousness, imparted an indescribable charm to her delicate features.

All who knew her agreed that she was beautiful; even Mrs. Pophly admitted that—although she charitably added, it would bring her to no good—and frequently blamed her niece for the interest she took in the girl's education.

According to her theory, it was much better to leave such persons in the condition to which it had pleased Providence to call them.

The heiress, however, thought differently; and as her aunt did not think it advisable to interfere with her wishes on so unimportant a point, poor Mary Rourke was permitted to attend the school long after the pupils of her own age had quitted it.

The gratitude of the girl to the young mistress—as she generally designated Caroline Sidney—was warm and sincere; and happy would it have been for her if no less tranquil a feeling had found entrance to her heart.

In the absence of the schoolmistress, she frequently superintended the instruction of the children—which circumstance necessarily brought her in contact with Frederick and Augustus Pophly. To all appearance nothing could be more reserved than the conduct of both the young men towards her; and yet the world—that is to say, the little world at Brook—began to talk, hint, and surmise.

The Misses Mendal were the first to mention the subject to the rector's wife—which they did in the presence of her niece and Julia Rushton, who listened with ill-suppressed feelings of indignation to their uncharitable insinuations.

"It is imprudent," observed Mrs. Pophly, who was secretly delighted at the opportunity; "and, as you say, the girl does look very pale and unhappy; but Caroline will hear of no remonstrance on the subject!"

"Because I am convinced that I am right!" replied the young lady. "Mary is a good and virtuous girl—it is the conduct of her father which preys upon her mind!"

"Perhaps she has heard the good-natured reports circulated respecting her by those who might take a lesson from her in kindness of disposition and charity," added her more lively cousin, "or who are envious of her beauty!"

At this indirect attack the visitors tossed their heads, and Euphemia meekly thanked heaven that her affections were fixed on something more precious than a clear skin or a sparkling eye—she knew the value of such perishable advantages.

"By their loss," whispered Julia to her cousin, who could scarcely repress her inclination to smile.

Since the disappointment of her matrimonial schemes, the eldest of the late rector's daughters had taken to scandal and prayer-meetings. At the lat-

ter, she was in the habit of meeting Shanks, the waiter, who had never, with all his pretensions to Christianity, conquered the aversion—to use the mildest term—which he entertained towards our hero. Matthew Price had long since been compelled to give him an assistant—an arrangement which the hypocritical old rascal bitterly resented.

As a matter of course, he found very little to say in praise either of his master or his adopted son.

Mrs. Mendal ascribed the increased wickedness of the world to the lower classes being no longer kept in their proper place. Educating them beyond a certain point she pronounced to be a benevolent error, and adduced, in corroboration of her views, the interesting fact that her footman, who was always reading, had given her notice to quit—not that the place was too hard for him, but from his decided objection to cold meat for dinner more than three times a week.

Two of our auditors considered the objection a very reasonable one.

"And the new housemaid, Jane," added Euphemia, "when I mildly hinted to her that ringlets were out of place for a servant, answered me pertly, 'that she was a human being as well as myself.'"

"And is she not?" innocently inquired Caroline.

The mamma admitted rather reluctantly that she was. As the widow of a clergyman, she considered herself an authority both in divinity and morals. She even carried her magnanimity so far as to add, that all creatures were but clay.

"Crockery and china," whispered Julia.

"Education," observed Mrs. Pophly—who, when her interests and prejudices were not concerned, was really a very sensible person—"when unwisely directed, becomes a disadvantage instead of a source of happiness. My fear is, that this Mary Rourke may have imbibed notions unsuited to her state."

"Not so, my dear aunt," replied the heiress; "she is one of the most grateful, humble creatures in the world; and as for the reports to her prejudice," she added, "I don't believe one word of them."

"Nor I," added her cousin, emphatically; "we all know what a scandal-loving place Brook is."

"Pretty much like the rest of the world," said Mrs. Mendal, "in that respect, I suspect. To be sure, the Misses Trench—but there—I must not fall into the error I condemn; but we all know how they are addicted to gossiping. I trust, Miss Sidney," she added, with stately politeness, "that you may not be deceived in the good opinion you have formed of your *protégé*; that Mary Rourke's evening walks with a certain gentleman who shall be nameless may not bring disgrace upon the village and herself."

"Gentleman?" repeated the rector's wife.

"Not your son," my dear Mrs. Pophly," replied her visitor; "you need be under no apprehension on his account."

Satisfied with having done all the mischief in their power, the speaker and her three daughters took their leave. They had noticed the sudden paleness which overspread the countenance of Caroline, and it afforded them abundant food for conjecture and comment during their ride home.

Our heroine had noticed the meaning smile and the exchange of glances between her visitors when Mrs. Mendal assured her aunt that she need be under no apprehension that her son was in any way the cause of Mary Rourke being talked about so lightly, and her heart experienced for the first time the pangs of rising jealousy.

It has been said that perfect love cannot exist without the accompaniment of that destroying passion. We dissent from the doctrine, although we feel bound to admit that they are too frequently found together—like the fresh and withered bud of the rose—on the same plant. Caroline felt restless and uneasy. Imagination tortured her by a thousand wild and improbable conjectures. She longed to ascertain the truth, even though the certitude destroyed the sweetest hope of her young life.

Her aunt was too keen-sighted not to perceive the nature of the venom she had imbibed—but took no notice, merely leaving the poison to do its work.

During the rest of the day her niece kept her room.

Frederick had been in the habit of meeting the cousins every evening by the wood which skirted the downs, and that evening repaired as usual to the place of rendezvous. He had not seen Caroline during the day, and naturally experienced a painful feeling of surprise at her absence.

"Was she ill?" he asked himself; "or had her aunt discovered their interviews, and taken steps to prevent them?" He longed to proceed to the house and invent some excuse for seeing her; but, after

revolving a hundred projects in his mind, felt that it was most prudent to abandon them.

After waiting an hour beyond the usual time, he reluctantly decided upon returning home, and took the path which led through the wood, pondering, as he proceeded, on the cause of his disappointment, and chewing—to use the word of Shakespeare—"the cud of sweet and bitter fancies."

He had not proceeded far before he noticed a female figure seated at the foot of an elm tree, whose branches shaded the stream which traversed the valley and gave its name to the village; his heart began to beat. He regarded her long and earnestly.

"It is not Caroline!" he murmured, with a sigh of disappointment. "I am the fool of my imagination! She would not be waiting in this lone spot for any one, at such an hour!"

Wondering who the stranger could be, he purposely deviated from his path so as to pass her closely, and recognised to his astonishment that it was Mary Rourke. The poor girl started in confusion when she saw him, and a name but half pronounced expired on her lips.

"You here, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Has—has any one sent you to seek me?"

"No—no, Mr. Frederick!" she replied, blushing deeply.

Our hero experienced a feeling of disappointment. He was in hopes that she had been sent by Caroline to explain the cause of her absence.

"You appear ill," he said.

"I have not been well of late, sir!" she continued, passing her hand through the masses of her dark, glossy hair.

"You are indeed sadly changed!" observed the young man, in a tone of compassion; "it was only this very morning that I was observing to my friend Augustus how we missed your merry laugh and cheerful smile."

"And what said he?" eagerly demanded Mary.

"That they would doubtless soon return!"

"Perhaps they may; but it must be soon—very soon!"

"I know the cause of your trouble!"

The girl started and turned very pale, as she fixed her eyes inquiringly upon his countenance.

"It is the ungrateful conduct of your father that is vexing you!" added the speaker. "Mr. Purday appears resolved this time to dismiss him; but you have a warm friend in Caroline—Miss Sidney I mean to say! She is too just to blame you for your parent's fault! She feels a warm interest in your favor, and I doubt not her active benevolence will find some way to protect you against the consequences of his imprudence."

"The young mistress!" exclaimed the girl, energetically. "Oh, God bless her! When I am too hopeless, too sad to breathe any other prayer, I find heart to speak that—and sure I feel better for it!"

"And why should you feel hopeless and sad?" asked our hero. "When the heart is free from reproach we can wrestle with despondency! You had better consult with your young lady!" he added; "she will advise and reason with you much better than I can!"

Mary faintly promised him that she would do so.

"And now, take my advice and return home!" he said; "the hour is getting late, and it will not do for a young and pretty girl like you to be seen sitting disconsolate in the wood, as if you were waiting for a lover! There are plenty of evil tongues in the village," he added, "to make their comments! Good night!"

Little did the speaker imagine that the tongues he alluded to had already been busy with the poor girl's good name—still less that his own had been coupled with it, or that the rumor had inflicted so keen a pang upon the heart of Caroline.

"As if I were waiting for some one!" repeated Mary to herself, as she turned once more into the path, and resumed his walk; "waiting!"

It is impossible to describe the bitterness with which she dwelt upon the word, or the blush of womanly shame which accompanied it.

"What a fool I have been," she continued, "to listen to his promises—and yet he looked so truthful—spoke so fairly! God!" she added, "should he break his vows—cast me off—leave me to shame—abandon me! How shall I ever look my kind young mistress in the face—endure the reproaches of my own heart, which are destroying me!"

"I will speak to him!" she continued, after a pause; "speak to him firmly—appeal to his feelings—his generosity—his solemn oath to make me his wife! Should he refuse, heaven forgive us both!"

The last words were pronounced with an energy which few who gazed upon her pale, delicate features would have deemed her capable of; and her

blue eyes, as she impatiently dashed aside the tears which hung upon their silken lashes flashed with resolution—the resolution of despair.

In a few minutes he for whom she had been waiting was seen walking leisurely towards the place of rendezvous. As the poor girl watched his approach, she contrasted his former ardor with his present indifference. She divined the cause. He no longer loved her.

Conceal it as they may, women have an intuitive perception of every change and phase of feeling towards them in those they love.

"You are come at last, Augustus!" she said, as the immaculate son of the rector and Mrs. Pophly hastened his steps, when within a few paces of the spot where she was standing; "the time was when you were the first! If only half-promised, or held out a hope that I would meet you—. But you loved me then," she added, fixing her eyes sadly and earnestly upon his countenance.

"Not more than I do now!" replied the young man, taking her hand; "but you are unreasonable with me! There have been visitors at the house, and I could not get away sooner without creating suspicion!"

"Say rather you could not tear yourself from your cousin, Julia Rushton!" exclaimed Mary, bitterly.

"Jealous—jealous—of her, too!" exclaimed the hypocrite, with a smile; "how often have I told you that I dislike her?"

His victim looked at him doubtfully. She felt but half convinced.

"Had it been my cousin Caroline, now," he added, in a bantering tone, "there might have been some reason—for half the good people of Brook have settled in their wise heads that we are to be married; but you and I know better!"

"I have no fear of the young mistress ever becoming your wife, Augustus!" answered Mary Rourke; "were there not another man in the world, you would never be her choice. I have watched her closely. There is no heart-love between you. But I did not come to speak of her," she added; "it is almost a sinful thing to pollute her pure and innocent name by pronouncing it with lips like mine."

"You dwell upon these things too seriously," said the young man; "surely you can trust to my honor."

"I can trust to nothing," exclaimed the poor girl, bursting into a flood of tears, "but the blessed words which will make me your wife—remove the brand of shame from the brow of my unborn child—enable me to look in its innocent face without a blush. If you would save me from destruction," she added, falling on her knees, "perform your promise. Think on the oaths you have sworn, and how often you have called on heaven to witness them. Restore to me my self-esteem, and I will bind myself by all that woman holds most sacred never to claim the name of wife without your permission. I will be humble, meek, your slave—your willing slave."

"You know, Mary," said the heartless libertine, "how gladly I would comply with your request—that I desire no greater happiness than to call you mine for ever; but as I am at present situated, it is impossible."

"The victim of his treachery rose slowly to her feet.

"Wait till I am of age," he added, "and then by every hope of heaven I vow to make you my wife. Another year or two, and—"

"Year or two!" repeated Mary; "a few days perchance will see me in my grave. I cannot brave the contempt of the world, and know that I deserve it."

"With prudence," said the hypocrite, all may be concealed. Your father, there is little doubt, will lose his situation in the mill—for his conduct becomes worse and worse. I question if even my cousin's influence with Mr. Purday could induce him to retain him."

The girl regarded him with a look of surprise, as if she divined the cruel words which were about to follow.

"For money," he continued, "Patrick Rourke will consent to anything. You shall leave Brook for Canterbury, or go further, if you wish it; but not so far as to prevent our meeting, Mary."

Mistaking the rooted surprise with which she listened to this infamous proposal, which revealed at last in its true light the character of the man who had won her heart and trampled on it for consent, he attempted to steal his arm gently around her waist.

She started as if a serpent had coiled itself around her.

"Hypocrite!" she exclaimed, "at last I know

you—know the abyss into which I have been lured, and the cold, calculating, fiend-like acts by which I have been drawn there. Oh, it was bravely done to measure your strength against the weakness of a poor motherless girl—to compass her ruin, and then abandon her to all the horrors of an awakened conscience. But I shall disappoint your expectations—your hopes," she added, bitterly, "and live for vengeance."

Deeply as Augustus Pophly felt he should be annoyed by the exposure, he was far from feeling the least uneasiness from any dread of the retribution his victim spoke of.

"You had better consult with your father," he said, "he will advise you differently."

Mary Rourke fixed one glance of withering scorn upon the countenance of her seducer, and slowly left the spot.

"Thank heaven the explanation is over at last!" muttered the young man; she bears up against it better than I expected. She little imagines the hold that I have obtained upon her father—a worthless fellow, who might be troublesome. She will not dare to utter a word when she learns that I can *hang* him. A clever idea that, of dropping the key of the iron safe in the counting-house in his way, and then to detect him in the very act of robbing it. I must see the fellow to-night—for, as I hear, the Mendals have been to the house, blabbing, as usual, about matters that do not concern them."

Patrick Rourke, whom the speaker imagined that he had completely in his power, was a man of strong passions, yet not without one redeeming quality—love for the good and once virtuous child who had been so cruelly betrayed. In his short-lived fits of remorse he had promised her a hundred times to reform—give over the intoxicating draught which sometimes maddened him to crime, and lead a better life.

"Consider, father," she used to say, "the example to the poor children."

Latterly he had observed that her remonstrances upon the subject ceased. In falling from innocence, the poor girl felt, most probably, that she had lost the right of admonishing others. He noticed, too, that her cheek had grown pale, and a settled melancholy replaced her former happy smile. In his sober moments he pondered over these things and resolved to discover the cause.

With this intention he caused the footsteps of Mary to be watched by her younger sister, who soon ascertained that she was in the frequent habit of meeting some one on the road near Charlton. The exact spot was well known to him—for scarcely a child in the neighborhood but could have pointed out the "Witch Elm," as the tree was generally called, under whose branches the interview we have just narrated had taken place.

On the evening in question he had concealed himself in the coppice near, and overheard every word that had been uttered between Mary and the destroyer of her happiness.

As Augustus Pophly turned to quit the place he sprang from his concealment, and, with a face pale with rage and passion, confronted him.

"You wish to speak with me," he said; "be it so—no time like the present, with no witness but the heavens above us and the voice of our own consciences."

The courage of the hypocrite failed him. He saw that he had to do with a resolute, desperate man, and mentally accused Mary with having lured him into his hands.

"So," continued the indignant father, "you have seduced my innocent child, and would desert her! You think you have me in your power since the affair of the counting-house, when, with your hand upon the alarm-bell, you forced me to write a confession of my guilt. *This is my alarm-bell,*" he added, grasping the heavy bludgeon he carried in his hand; "restore me that paper."

"I have it not with me," exclaimed the young man, who, despite his terror, felt most anxious to preserve it.

"Liar!"

"By heavens, Patrick, I—"

The impious asseveration was cut short by a scornful laugh before he could complete it.

"I am no child," said the strong man, "to be gulled by your oaths—I know the value of them. If you have it not, say your last prayer—for by the heavens above us, you never quit this spot alive! I give you two minutes to decide."

"You dare not," exclaimed Augustus, turning very pale.

Rourke's only reply was to seize him by the collar and force him on his knees upon the very spot where his unhappy child had so lately knelt and appealed to him in vain. The eyes of the infuriated

man flashed fire as he slowly raised his knotted stick to give impetus to the blow.

"Stop, for mercy's sake!" shrieked the seducer, half dead with fear. "You shall have the paper—I have it with me. I'll marry Mary—do anything you wish; but for heaven's sake, spare my life."

"Humph! One promise at a time," was the reply.

He relaxed his grasp sufficiently to allow Augustus, who was half strangled, to breathe more freely. The terrified hypocrite drew forth his pocket-book and offered it.

"Open it," said Rourke.

He was obeyed.

"Now the paper."

With a trembling hand the prisoner gave it to him.

"So we are once more on equal terms," observed the father of his victim, as he tore the confession so cleverly extorted from him into a thousand fragments. "You may call me a drunkard—a lazy, worthless hound—anything you please except a thief—you have no longer any proof. You have performed your first promise," he added, "now for your second."

"Patrick," said the youth, if I marry your daughter—and mind, I have not yet refused to do so—I am a beggar. My mother would never forgive me—you know it as well as I do. Act wisely, and you may pass the rest of your days in competence, without work of any kind—indeed it would be difficult for you to procure employment in this neighborhood, since Mr. Purday has discharged you from the mill. Be reasonable," he added; "choose between a rich friend or a pauper son-in-law."

The temptation was artfully put, and the resolution of the drunken parent was evidently staggered by it.

"What say you?"

"I must have a pledge that you will not play me false."

"Any pledge you please—I'll swear it," replied the young man.

"Pooh! Mary knows the value of your oaths."

The speaker approached and whispered a few words in the ear of Augustus Pophly, who turned exceedingly pale and hesitated.

The bludgeon was raised over his head again.

"Are there no other means to satisfy you?" he said.

"None," replied Patrick Rourke, sternly.

"I'll do it, let the risk be what it will."

A long and whispered conversation ensued between them: at the termination of it they separated—Augustus to his home, his late assailant to the public-house in the village.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The meaner tribe the coming storm foresees;
In the still calm the bird divines the breeze:
The ox that grazes shuns the poisonous weed:
The unseen tiger frights afar the steed.
To man alone no kind forbidding shows
The latent horror or the ambush foes:
O'er each blind moment hangs the funeral pall:
Heaven smiles, earth shines, and night descends on all.

THE MODERN TIMON.

ALTHOUGH our hero naturally felt a certain degree of uneasiness at the silence of Caroline during the last two days, it was without the slightest suspicion that her love towards him had changed: so perfect was his own faith that he entertained no doubt of hers. Where he had given his heart it was given irrevocably.

It is the nature of a true and constant passion to trust the object of its choice. Knowing no change itself, it is slow to believe in the possibility of a change in others—its confidence is as unbounded as the tenderness which inspired it.

Still Frederick experienced a certain aching of the heart—a void which required to be filled. He pined to hear again the voice whose tones made music to his soul—to dwell enamoured on the smiles which hitherto had cheered him.

For the first time in his life he regretted having given vent to the impulse of his generous nature and quarrelled with Augustus on account of his unmanly conduct towards poor Mary Rourke. It deprived him of the only means he could command of learning what had passed at Charlton. Several times he longed to ask if Caroline were ill or absent from home. The question more than once was on his lips, but the sullen regard of the heartless seducer restrained them.

John Purday could not comprehend what was the matter with his young favorite, whose wits, he decided in his own mind, were woolgathering; if he asked for an account, Frederick was sure to give him the wrong one; and on being directed to fill up a blank cheque for his employer to sign, he wrote—"Pay to

Caroline, or bearer," and handed it to the old gentleman, who, with his usual methodical, business-like habits, very fortunately read it before affixing his signature. This last circumstance gave him the key to what was passing in the breast of the disconsolate lover.

"Are you certain," he said, with one of his quiet smiles, "that you have written the name of the firm correctly?"

"Yes—quite certain—that is, I believe so!"

Mr. Purday gave him back the cheque, and the countenance of the clerk became dreadfully confused when he saw the error he had made.

"You had better write another!" continued the speaker, who did not choose to make any further observation, Augustus being present.

Frederick tore up the first into a hundred minute fragments, and did as he was directed. This time there was no mistake.

"You appear unwell!" said the old gentleman kindly.

"Our hero muttered something about the closeness of the day—a headache—and added that it would soon pass.

He should have said headache—but his employer understood him.

"Never had the office hours appeared so long and tedious. Time, generally so swift in his flight, appeared to rest on his leaden pinions. Our hero longed to be at liberty, to commune with his thoughts—his fears—to be alone with them; not with his suspicions—as yet they had not found entrance into his generous heart.

Just as he was about to quit the office, a note was placed in his hand by one of the servants of the house. He eagerly tore it open, and found to his surprise that it was from the rector's lady, and contained a cold but polite request that he would see her at his earliest convenience.

Strange, as it may appear, the communication proved a relief to him.

"She has discovered our correspondence?" he thought: "well, there is nothing dishonorable in it—no man, however humble his station, need blush at having avowed his love for a pure and noble-minded girl, provided his intentions are honorable! Poor Caroline!" he added, "she must be terribly annoyed; but her aunt's rhetoric will not shake her—I would pledge my life on her fidelity and firmness!"

Had Mrs. Pophly's hostility to their passion been the only difficulty, he might have done so; but wounded pride and jealousy had been called in to aid her machination. The heart of the heiress was wrung by the conviction of his worthlessness, and though it burst with the effort, she had determined to break with him for ever.

Even Julia Rushton, who had so warmly defended him, commended her resolution, which the aunt, with many well-feigned expressions of surprise and regret at her niece's thoughtlessness, in having contracted such an attachment, gladly undertook to announce to him.

"Perhaps he will entreat to see you!" observed the artful woman, who wished to know exactly how far she might rely upon the firmness of her niece.

"Not for worlds!" replied the agitated girl; "were he to perceive a tear upon my cheek, shame would kill me!"

"You are right—quite right, my love!" observed Mrs. Pophly, at the same time printing a Judas kiss upon the pale brow of her niece; "it is far the most dignified proceeding! Neither would I explain the cause of the rupture—his conscience will tell him why—for after all," she cleverly added, "there is something ridiculous as well as humiliating in having been rivalled by a creature like Mary Rourke—a factory girl—the object of your charity! I always told you it was misplaced, my love!"

"Inform him of my resolution, madam," murmured the heiress, "in any manner you please, provided he is made to understand that it is unalterable!"

The lady mentally decided that the young man—as she disdainfully designated our hero—should be perfectly satisfied on that point—for in truth, she felt a malicious pleasure in the task.

It was in consequence of the foregoing conversation that the note requesting Frederick to call upon her on his way home from the mill was written.

It is highly necessary that those who speculate on or play with the weakness of their fellow-creatures, should study that master-key of the human heart—and the rector's wife had long since ascertained that an extreme sensitiveness and tendency to jealousy were the great failings of her niece—a morbid pride, the consequence of his position, the curse of our hero. She determined, therefore, to act cautiously—to make it appear that the resolution of Caroline to break off the attachment arose from the inequality

of their birth and fortune. Had she been aware of the interview between him and Mary Rourke, and that the unhappy girl had been a concealed spectator of it, the probability is she would have taken a bolder course.

She was far too clear-sighted to place much faith in the reports so industriously circulated by the Mendals respecting Mary Rourke, well knowing how slight grounds would serve those scandal-loving ladies to build their superstructure on.

The lady was seated in the library at Charlton when Frederick was announced. She received him courteously but coldly—a packet of his own letters to the heiress were placed on the table beside her. The lover recognised them at a glance, and mentally prepared himself for the conflict which he saw was about to ensue. One thing gave him courage—he knew that he should have the good wishes of John Purday on his side.

"Be seated!" said the artful woman, pointing to a chair, which her visitor silently accepted; "I see by the glance you gave this—what shall I term it? childish correspondence—that you guess why I requested the favor of this interview!"

"It is not the first time, madam," answered the young man, respectfully, "that I have had occasion to admire the tact and penetration of Mrs. Pophly!"

This was not exactly the kind of reply the lady wished or expected—she would much rather have seen him embarrassed and confused.

"You must feel perfectly assured," she continued, "that the guardians of Miss Sidney will perform their duty, and if I have undertaken the task, it is that the pain which I have no doubt the disappointment of your ambitious designs will occasion you will be less galling, less humiliating to your pride from the lips of her aunt, than those of my husband or Mr. Purday!"

"Is Mr. Purday aware of your intention?" demanded our hero, in a tone of surprise.

"Not yet!"

A slight smile curled on the lips of the lover. He felt that his confidence in the old man's goodness of heart had not deceived him.

"Neither Caroline nor myself," continued the speaker, "consider it necessary! Her mind is fully made up as well as my own! She requests that you will take back the letters she so weakly received, and return those she was equally weak enough to write!"

"And Miss Sidney requests this?"

"Did I not say so?" observed the rector's wife, in a tone of calm surprise; "you cannot suppose that I should use her name in such an affair without her full sanction—although the nearness of our relationship—to say nothing of my rights as guardian—might justify such a proceeding! Perhaps, sir," she added, with a sarcastic smile, "when you have recovered your self-possession you will favor me with a reply?"

"It is readily given, madam!" exclaimed our hero; "and if I hesitated, it was from the desire to word it in terms as little offensive to Miss Sidney's aunt as would convey my conviction that the statement she has made is a falsehood! Yes," he added, "a falsehood! Caroline is too true, too pure, and, let me add, too deeply attached to me, to be guilty of such heartlessness—even under the inspiration of her nearest female relative and guardian! What motive can she have for such a change?"

"The world might suggest many!" replied Mrs. Pophly, who began to suspect that she should not find the lover so tractable as she anticipated.

"Caroline is not guided by the world!" was the reply; "if she really desires the letters, they shall be returned to her—to her own hand! But through no other medium!"

"Impossible!"

"I thought so!" ejaculated Frederick; "you have discovered our mutual attachment—obtained possession of my letters—surreptitiously, perhaps—and have descended to these unworthy means to mar our happiness! The scheme will fail, though worthy the tact and experience of its clever author!"

"This is insolence, sir!" exclaimed the lady, rising from her chair—for the cool, determined manner, and, still more, the words of the speaker, had deeply stung her; "I would have spared your pride the humiliation of a lesson which I find it well deserves! My niece has recovered her senses—seen, thank heaven, before it was too late, the degradation of allying herself with one of doubtful birth, without name or fortune! It was a bold game—the richest heiress in the county—and artfully played! I can perfectly understand the bitterness of your disappointment! Miss Sidney, I repeat, refuses to see you—demands the restoration of her correspondence. If you set any pecuniary value on the letters," she added, "name your price!"

"Price!" repeated the lover, astounded at the firmness of her tone and the steadiness with which she repeated her assertion; "if this be true, the withered leaves scattered by autumn's breath are not more worthless!"

"You would be convinced?" said the evil-minded woman.

"I must be!"

"Although my niece very properly declines to see you," she continued, "there is no reason why she should not reply to you! You will find paper and pens upon the table, sir! I presume you are sufficiently acquainted with her handwriting," she added, "not to be deceived—unless you think me capable of forgery as well as falsehood!"

The unhappy lover, whose heart and brain were both on fire, seated himself at the table and wrote a few passionate words to Caroline, imploring to see her but for an instant. Only from her lips could he believe the change which her aunt announced to him was true, or that she really wished to receive back her letters.

As soon as he had concluded and sealed it, Mrs. Pophy rang the bell.

"Take that letter to Miss Sidney," she said to the servant who answered it, "and wait for a reply!"

The man left the room, and the speaker not choosing to continue a conversation in which she had been compelled to listen to certain exceedingly unpleasant truths, took a volume from one of the book-cases and affected to read. We say affected—for in reality she was watching her victim all the while.

Perfectly unconscious of her presence, Frederick began to pace the apartment. The quick pulsations of his heart marked each moment of time till the servant should return with the answer to his note. To him they were moments of agony.

"Was it possible," he asked himself, "that Caroline could so have misjudged him—could suspect him of one mercenary feeling or thought towards her?"

The supposition was agony, and when he gazed on the calm, the dreadfully calm features of her aunt, he dreaded to reply.

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the answer was brought to him. With trembling eagerness he broke the seal—it was as follows:

"I can understand your regrets—but they are useless. My aunt has informed you truly. I have listened to the voice of reason, and have determined to obey its dictates. The disclosure of our correspondence was perfectly voluntary on my part, and if I decline seeing you, it is to spare you the humiliation of useless entreaties, or still more useless explanations. All I request is the return of my letters."

This cold and apparently unfeeling reply was signed "Caroline." It dropped from his hands as he read the concluding words.

Mrs. Pophy still pretended to read.

"Heartless!" he murmured; "heartless!"

He raised the letter—not to peruse it again—for every word was stamped upon his memory—but to assure himself that it was really in the handwriting of the girl upon whose faith he would have staked his life—more, his happiness. There was no deception. True, the letters were uneven, as though her hand had trembled whilst she penned it—but every character was hers.

A mist seemed to rise before his eyes. With sudden resolution he crushed it convulsively in his grasp, and cast it from him.

The rector's wife marked the action, the agony and despair in his eloquent features, and secretly smiled. His insolence, as she termed it, was sufficiently punished.

"Well, sir," she exclaimed, in a sarcastic tone, "I trust you are satisfied!"

"I am satisfied!" he replied; "my error was a pardonable one. I had not yet lost all confidence in human faith—learned the bitter truth that words are but an empty sound—vows breathed on love's pure altar things to be sported with! I shall not err again!"

There was more of sadness than bitterness in the tone in which the words were uttered—they were wrung from the deep agony of his soul—from confidence and love betrayed by prudent calculation, as he believed, and selfishness.

Had he known the agony of the writer as she penned those cruel lines—the tears they cost her—how quickly would he have been undeceived.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "am I to receive back the letters, or will you state the conditions on which—"

"Spare me, madam," interrupted Frederick, with an effort to control himself, "the humiliation of listening to words which dishonor the speaker more

than him to whom they are addressed. Give them back!" he added, proudly; "I would not retain a line, though each letter which it contains were worth a million—millions, had she been true, would not have purchased them of me! They shall be returned to Miss Sidney, according to her wish!"

"So far at least you will act honorably!" observed Mrs. Pophy.

"In the morning," continued the youth, "Caroline—Miss Sidney, I mean," he added, correcting himself—for he felt he had no longer the right of using that once-familiar name—"shall receive them!"

The aunt bowed to conceal the smile of satisfaction which, even with her self-command, she found it impossible to repress.

"It seems," continued the speaker, "that—I—I have to some extent misjudged you, madam! That your lessons have influenced your niece I cannot doubt; but it is clear—very clear—you have not enforced them!"

He glanced at the crumpled letter still lying on the floor.

"I have simply performed my duty to my dead brother's heiress, sir!" replied the manœuvre, laying a marked emphasis on the word "heiress."

Our hero colored to the temples.

"I understand you!" he replied; "but after the fangs of the serpent we scarcely feel the sting of the wasp—the greater pain renders us insensible to the lesser one! As far as my accusation was unjust, I retract and apologise!"

The lady inclined her head slightly, as though it were a matter of profound indifference to her what opinion he thought proper to form of her, and rang the bell twice for the footman to open the door to her visitor.

Pride restrained the insulted, outraged youth till he had quitted the house, and found himself in the wood lying between Charlton and Brook—the spot where he had met Caroline and her cousin a hundred times, and exchanged with her vows of love which he fondly deemed eternal. Then his firmness gave way, and tears—the bitter, burning tears of outraged confidence and affliction—broke from him.

The blow must have reached the heart ere it causes man to weep.

"God!" he murmured, "is this the end of my dream of happiness? Are life's promises come to this? Cast off with as much indifference as though the words that bind the soul had never passed between us! Suspected of that I most abhor—calculation—mercenary calculation! I shall go mad! Oh, Claridge," he added, "there was a bitter wisdom in your words—the wisdom of experience—when you said there was a worm at the root of every flower—an adder coiled under its leaves!"

Like the stricken deer which flies its fellows, Frederick felt impatient to be alone—far from the risk of encountering any human being—and plunged yet deeper into the wood to avoid them—to meditate on the future—that future which once appeared so joyous.

The conversation which he had held so lately with Mr. Claridge, and the promise the latter had made him, returned constantly to his mind.

"When you require a refuge from yourself—from the despair which corrodes, the feelings which prey upon and consume the heart—seek me out, and I will provide you one," he repeated to himself. "It has arrived—and I will seek him! Action, change of scene can alone preserve me from madness, or worse—apathy—the grave of the soul! But first," he added, "I will return her letters—write to her to bid her farewell—at once! But no reproaches—memory will one day avenge me!"

The correspondence of Caroline was contained in his private desk in the counting-house. It had been his happiness, when alone, to peruse and re-peruse them, as the miser gloats over his treasures. As he had resolved to start that very night for Dover, it was necessary to procure the key from Mr. Purday. The old man placed unbounded confidence in him, and he knew he could obtain it without a moment's hesitation. Unfortunately, when he reached his house he was from home; but his servant gave it to him, simply observing that it was rather late, but that her master, she supposed, had forgotten something.

Frederick muttered some indistinct reply, which the woman mistook for an affirmative, and directed his steps towards the mill, carefully avoiding the house in his way.

As he entered the great yard by the workmen's gate, two persons carefully muffled in great coats passed him; but although he scarcely noticed them, they turned round to watch his proceedings with a degree of curiosity difficult to account for—since

there was nothing either remarkable or suspicious about them.

They were Augustus Pophy and Patrick Rourke.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I envy not the heart that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfettered by a sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

TENNISON.

It is the custom in most paper-mills for the workmen to be employed day and night, Saturday being the only exception. Then the fires are extinguished at an early hour, and the men dismissed till the following Monday; of course it is perfectly understood that they work in relays.

It was on the last night of the week, when the hero of our tale sought the counting-house, in order to possess himself of Caroline Sidney's letters and write his last farewell. Had the circumstance struck him, in all probability he would have ascertained who were the persons he had passed on his way, at a time when the watchman—a humble but faithful friend of Mr. Purday—was supposed to be the only person on the premises.

The name of this man was James Brice. He was punctual to his duties as clockwork, and as incorruptible as his employer himself, who reposed unbounded confidence in his honesty and vigilance. The respectable portion of the workmen esteemed him highly; but to the dishonest he was a terror. No plundering could be carried on whilst he was at his post—no smuggling of rags or brass-fittings: he had an eye for everything.

Augustus and his companion, who certainly had not sought the mill for any good purpose, concealed themselves in the salle—a long, low room, where the paper, when manufactured, passed through the hands of the sorters—in order to watch the proceedings of Frederick. They could not have chosen a more favorable spot—since it was situated directly opposite the windows of the counting-house.

"Humph!" ejaculated Rourke; "I think we are forestalled in our visit! Your friend is beforehand with us!"

"Friend!" repeated the hypocrite; "I detest him!"

"And why, may I ask?"

The reasons of the young man were such as he did not think it prudent to explain—for although he had succeeded, by the promise of enabling the father of his victim to pass the rest of his days in sordid ease, at times there broke forth a spark of vindictive feeling, which proved to him that all sense of shame and natural affection for his outraged child were not entirely extinct within his heart.

"Does he know of the money being in the safe?" asked the speaker.

"Of course he does!" replied Augustus, impatiently.

"And where the keys are kept?"

"Undoubtedly—Mr. Purday has no secrets from him! So great is the old fool's infatuation, that it's my opinion he would willingly see him master of the mill instead of a simple clerk!"

"And your cousin's husband into the bargain?" observed his companion, who had heard something of the attachment between our hero and the heiress from Mary; "now I can understand why you hate him!"

By this time Frederick had succeeded in lighting the lamp, and the two speakers could distinctly see him open his desk, and commence sorting and reading some papers.

"What think you of his honesty now?" demanded Rourke, whispering the words in the ear of his companion.

"Hush!" said the youth; "Brice is in the yard!"

Attracted by the light which streamed through the counting-house window, the faithful watchman advanced to ascertain the cause, and sturdily inquired who was there.

The reply satisfied him at once—for the young man was no less a favorite with the servant than the master.

"I shall be occupied for half an hour or so!" said our hero. "When I have finished, perhaps you will take charge of the key till morning!"

"Willingly!" said the old man; "but bless us, Mr. Frederick, what is the matter with you? You look as pale as if you had seen the ghost which fools say haunt the mill! Are you unwell?"

"No, Brice—no!" answered the unhappy lover. "I am tired, vexed with myself for my carelessness! I have forgotten something which—Return to me in half an hour—I shall be better then!"

James Brice promised to do as he was directed,

adding, that it would take him that time to make his rounds and see everything secure.

The two spies—in their intentions they were perhaps something worse than spies—continued to watch the proceedings of our hero. They saw him read several letters, more than one of which he pressed to his lips; and then, as if ashamed of his weakness, cast it from him. When he had concluded, he began to write; but it appeared difficult to satisfy himself. Sheet after sheet of paper was torn up, or consumed in the flame of the lamp.

By the time the watchman returned, he had concluded and carefully sealed a small packet, which he thrust in the pocket of his coat.

"Have you finished, Master Fred?" inquired the old man, in a familiar tone. "Had it been any other than Saturday night, I should have felt uneasy at the counting-house being open so late! There are bad characters in the mill, though, since Rourke left, the worst is gone!"

"Is he?" muttered the ruffian, in a tone of suppressed anger; "that remains to be seen!"

His companion motioned him to keep silence.

The door was carefully locked, and the shutters, which had purposely been left open by Augustus, closed by our hero, who gave the key to Brice, and after shaking hands with him, cordially wished him "good night."

A whispered consultation ensued as to the best means of effecting their object—which was nothing less than to plunder the iron safe—between Augustus and Rourke. This was the pledge which the latter had demanded that he would keep faith with him—a bond of mutual guilt.

The visit of Frederick suggested the possibility in the minds of both the plotters of turning suspicion from themselves and directing it towards him. It is true the father of Mary had no cause of dislike—but the hypocritical seducer hated him bitterly.

"Curse him!" muttered the former; "he has closed the shutters!"

"Then our object is defeated for this night, at least!" observed his companion, in a tone of suppressed satisfaction—for the only qualification he lacked to make him an accomplished villain was courage.

"Not so!" said the tempter, with a sneer; "you forget Brice has the key—we must obtain it!"

"How?"

The ruffian shrugged his shoulders.

"He would die," added Augustus, "rather than resign it! You know his obstinacy and honesty!"

"I know that he is a fool," replied the man, "and that you are little better than a cur! What Mary could have seen in you to listen to your lying promises I can't imagine; but you will not deceive me!" he added. "I know you—know you thoroughly—and am not to be played with!"

This was reverting to a subject which Augustus always felt most anxious to avoid—for it seemed to rouse the worst passions in the breast of the speaker. He therefore dexterously contrived to change the conversation, by asking him again in what manner he proposed to obtain entrance—adding that the shutters and doors were plated with iron.

"As I said before!" replied the fellow, impatiently; "by the key!"

"Would you murder the old man?"

"Not unnecessarily! A smart blow would only stun him, and a duck in the mill-pond recover him afterwards!"

"Monster! do you think that I —"

"Fair and softly, master!" interrupted his companion; "just ask yourself this question? Is it worse to knock a prying old rascal who stands in our way on the head, or to rob a poor girl of her innocence—murder her peace of mind? The law, you tell me, makes a wide distinction—that money will compensate for one crime, whilst justice lays its paws upon you for the other! I am of a different way of thinking—I make my own laws, and am prepared to carry them out!"

So saying, he began to handle his bludgeon in a very threatening manner. Augustus understood the hint, and expressed himself satisfied that his reasoning was just.

"I thought you would be convinced at last!" observed the fellow, with a grin. "Let us conceal ourselves behind the trees by the side of the counting-house! Brice is in the grounds now—we shall have plenty of time to cross the yard before he returns; and here," he added, "take this!"

He placed the heavy knotted stick in the hands of the young man, who eyed it with a look of vacant wonder.

"And what am I to do with this?" he said.

"Knock him on the head!" was the cool reply. "Ah! you may stare, but it must be done! If you attempt to play me false I shall make short work of

it! I told you there must be a bond between us, and yet you hesitate to sign it!"

Rourke drew from his pocket a long clasp-knife, which he deliberately opened, and tried the sharpness of the blade by drawing it across his thumb-nail, keeping his eyes fixed all the while on his dupe, whose blood began to run cold—not with remorse—for that was a stranger to his heart—but terror; and for the first time in his life he bitterly lamented his lapse from the path of honor.

"Put up your knife!" he exclaimed; "it shall be as you advise!"

"Time enough when it is done!" quietly observed Patrick, who secretly despised the chicken-hearted craven whom he was luring to his ruin. "Here, drink!" he added, thrusting a pocket-flask filled with brandy to his lips; "it will give you what you never had yet—pluck!"

Augustus did as he was directed—obeyed him like a terrified child.

"Finish it!" said the ruffian; "you want it!"

It was drained to the last drop, and then returned.

In a few minutes the intoxicating draught produced the effect so artfully designed; the blood began to course madly through his veins.

The horrible species of fascination under which the wretched seducer suffered rendered him pliant as a reed in the hands of the designing villain, whose object was to secure a hold upon his fears, and then mould him to his purpose. He followed him to the clump of trees which he had designated, and awaited the coming of his victim.

In about ten minutes the watchman made his appearance.

"Now!" said Rourke, in a whisper; "now is your time!"

Augustus hesitated

"He or you?" muttered the tempter, drawing his knife.

He hesitated no longer, but, springing from his concealment, struck Brice a blow upon the head. Had the bludgeon fallen fairly, it must have deprived him of his senses; but it glanced by the side of his hat, and its chief force was expended on the shoulder of his victim, who turned and grappled with him.

"Release your grasp!" shouted Augustus.

The old man recognised his voice, and pronounced his name in accents of astonishment—for he could not conceive what he had done to incur his enmity. The idea of the son of the rector—the cousin of his young mistress—robbing the place never once entered his imagination; but he still held his grasp upon his assailant.

"Not so!" he said; "this must be explained!"

They continued to struggle for some time, Rourke looking on the while with the cold, critical eye of an experienced gladiator.

Terror and shame so far overcame the excitement of the youth, that he must have yielded. In his agony he called to his companion for help.

"Help yourself!" replied the ruffian, at the same time placing the knife within his hand.

A second blow was struck, but this time it was destined to prove fatal to the courageous, faithful fellow, who, despite his age, had so well performed his duty. He fell with a deep groan upon the ground, and never spoke again. The weapon of the murderer reached his honest heart.

"Well," observed the tempter, "there is some pluck in you, I find, at last! He is done for!"

"Dead! No—no—not dead!" groaned Augustus.

"As an ox felled in the shambles!" said Rourke, at the same time giving the body a kick; "we have no time to lose? Search for the key!"

"Impossible!"

"In that case I shall leave you to give the best account you can of the affair; but I question if all your father's preaching or your mother's money will save you from being hanged! Good night!"

"Don't leave me!" exclaimed the terrified youth; "for heaven's sake do not leave me! I will do as you bid me—follow your advice in every thing! God!" he added. "I shall go mad if I remain here alone!"

"Oh, as you please!" coolly replied the man who had so lately urged—nay, forced him to the commission of the crime; "only we have no time to lose!"

Their first step, after finding the key, was to drag the corpse of the old man into the clump of trees where they had stood concealed, waiting his approach; that done, they proceeded to the counting-house, and forcing open Mr. Purday's desk, proceeded to rifle the safe.

It contained nearly two thousand pounds: with this they quitted the mill, and hastened to the wood to divide the spoil, of which Rourke took care to have his share.

He might have had it all, for anything Augustus cared. His brain reeled with terror, and he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to have recalled the last hour of his life.

"Poor Brice!" he murmured; "this is a dream—a horrible dream! I never can be the degraded wretch—the assassin—the monster that you would make me!"

"I make you!" said his companion in crime, with a sneer; "that you have made yourself, you mean! It was not my hand that struck the blow! I only advised—came to your assistance when you called for help!"

"I shall go mad!" murmured his dupe wildly. "I feel that my senses are deserting me—there is blood upon my hands—upon my soul!" he added, with a groan; "the air I breathe is thick with it!"

The tempter began to feel seriously alarmed at the incoherent words of the young man; and more than once the thought presented itself that it would be better to put him out of the way at once—one only feeling restrained him—the recollection of his daughter—her honor was to be repaired—then he cared not what became of him.

"Pooh!" he said; "you will forget all this nonsense by to-morrow—a pretty bridegroom else you will make!"

"Bridegroom!"

"Ay, bridegroom!" repeated Rourke; "I believe I pronounced the word plainly enough! Vile drunkard as I am, I have still a father's feelings for my innocent child—a father's pride! Think you I would save her seducer from the gallows—run the risk of my own life to conceal his crime? No—I am not such an idiot as that, whatever I might do for a son-in-law!"

Augustus struck his forehead and muttered the word "Fool—fool."

"Ah, you may well call yourself that!" continued the speaker, "though it's my opinion rogue would have been a better word; but I am not going to quarrel with you—especially as we are about to be so nearly related! In three days Mary must be your wife, or—"

He left the threat unfinished—but his hearer knew what it implied.

"Why did I not consent before?" said the seducer.

"Much better if you had, for all our sakes!" observed the father of his victim; "but you were not to be persuaded! Now go," he said; "sleep will put you to rights! In the morning we will speak of this again. Show a bold front, and you may pass unsuspected by the world!"

"Heaven will know it!" murmured the assassin.

"Pray that it keeps its knowledge to itself!" exclaimed Patrick Rourke, impatiently; "if it blabs, it is all over with you! Why, what a pitiful, spiritless cur you are!" he added; "it is not the crime which troubles you—but the consequence! Had poor Mary drowned herself in the mill-pond in despair and shame, you would have slept quietly enough! It is the fear of the gibbet—not the remorse of your conscience—which haunts you!"

There was a terrible truth in the brief, stern words of the speaker—but Augustus felt he deserved and that it was too late to resent them. Bitterly did he curse the cowardice which had yielded to the menaces of the ruffian—better a hundred times that he had braved them.

"I will see you to-morrow," he said; "but be careful how you let it be known in the village that you have money; every eye will be upon the watch to detect us!"

"Ho! you you mean! I never touched the old man's life; and as for the cash, you gave it me!"

"Ruffian!" answered Augustus roused to temporary firmness by the cool insolence of this speech; "another such a word, and I proceed to the nearest magistrate and denounce myself and you: even life itself may be purchased at too dear a price! You think that I am in your power—not more than you are in mine! The law makes no difference between the accomplice and the actual murderer!"

Rourke perceived that he had gone too far.

"All right!" he said; "I only did it to rouse you! Nothing crushes a fellow like despondency! Come," he added, "give me your hand—let us part friends!"

It was sullenly extended towards him.

"What am I to say to Mary?" he added.

"That I will see her myself in the morning if possible—if not, in the evening. At present I can decide on nothing!"

With these words he disappeared, and his companion in crime cast a withering scowl after him.

(To be continued.)

The Paris Exhibition—The Machinery Hall.

Our illustration gives a view of the machinery hall, adorned with the flags of all nations. The most remarkable features of this part of the exhibition are the locomotive engines, chiefly supplied by British manufacturers, and an enormous array of what is called mill-work, upon which important subject we beg to lay before our readers a few remarks, and we do this without making any apology for their briefness, for everything connected with machinery is of the utmost interest to all classes of mechanics.

As we have stated, the Paris Exhibition is exceedingly rich in mill-wrought work, especially in tools; but on the present occasion we will confine our attention to the beautiful assortment of geared wheels, the mutual contribution of England, France, and America—the latter in large proportion, as if to compensate for her partial neglect of the great triumph in Hyde Park in the year 1851.

We will commence by observing that what were the uncouth and almost ludicrous shaped wheels of the past race of millwrights may be conceived on inspecting the mechanical works of the last century; while the beautiful symmetry of their construction as at present made, is well known to all who are in any way employed about machinery. Not that the machinists of past times were less ingenious than their successors, but they worked mostly at random, unaided by the light of science, whose followers, at that period, spurned for the most part, the researches of any knowledge that could not, strictly, be classed under pure mathematics. A more liberal and enlightened spirit, however, has at length prevailed, and many of the most illustrious disciples of Newton have since, like him, been practical philosophers. More especially with regard to geared wheels, have their studies been found of inestimable advantage to mechanics. But, as the study of theories is often neglected, and the theory itself sometimes too intricate for the hasty seeker of information, we will here mention, that the practical application of the above is to be found in a scale termed the "Odontograph," and which is extensively employed by machinists.

Before entering upon the shape of the teeth, it is worth while to inquire what are the mechanical laws affecting systems of geared wheels, which, if traced to their simple origin, are found in reality to be only a form of the compound lever, and that the conditions of equilibrium are the same; from the fact that the arms of wheels are as levers fixed at one end, and loaded at the other, and that, consequently, the greatest strain is upon that part of the arm next the axle and tapering towards the rim.

In order that the power applied through the intervention of gearing may be used with the greatest effect, it is necessary that the wheel-work be properly designed and executed, otherwise power is expended to no purpose, and it should be especially noted that the primary object aimed at in the construction of toothed gear is the uniform transmission of the power, supposing that to be constant and equal. This implies that the one wheel ought to conduct the other, as if they simply touched in the plane passing through both their centres,—these considerations will show the importance of a right form of tooth for the wheels. Of the various methods which have been employed to determine the forms of teeth, that which is termed the epicycloidal curve, has been an especial favorite. This shape is produced by rolling a circle equal in diameter to the radius of the pinion upon another circle equal in diameter to the radius of the wheel, the diameters being taken at the pitch lines, which are the circles described by the wheel and pinion at their point of contact; the curves so struck, commencing at the pitch lines, form the points of the teeth. They are struck in opposite directions, the space between their starting points being the thickness of the tooth; and from these two points radial lines are drawn to the centres of the wheel and pinion, which forms the sides of the teeth included between them, within the pitch line. This form, it will be observed, made the tooth smallest at the root by the convergence of the radial lines, and consequently tended to weaken it; this was remedied in the pinion by casting a plate upon the teeth, which forming part of them, served not only to bind, as it were, all the teeth together, but to strengthen the body of the pinion, perforated and weakened by the axle passing through it. "The roots of the teeth" upon the wheel were strengthened by small angle pieces, for which space was found without the curve line described by the teeth of the pinion. Such teeth worked freely and equably together. But it will be observed that the side of each tooth of the wheel consisted partly of

a radial line, partly of an epicycloidal curve, and partly of such a concave angle piece as might be found to clear the pinion: and it will also be observed that the wheel and pinion were adapted to each other; consequently another pinion differing much in diameter from the first, would not act well with the same wheel. A mode of forming the teeth of wheels, by which this inconvenience is obviated, has been proposed by Professor Willis, and the form of tooth thus proposed is much superior to the old-fashioned plan. If for a set of wheels of the same pitch a constant-describing circle be taken to trace those parts of the teeth which project beyond each pitch line, by rolling on the exterior circumference, and those parts which be within it, by rolling on the interior circumferences, then any two wheels of the set will work correctly together. The describing or "Pitch Circle" should be equal in diameter to the radius of the smallest pinion, which, in this case should not have less than twelve teeth. When rolled upon the interior circumference of a circle equal in diameter to the pinion, a point upon the periphery of the pitch circle will describe radial lines through the centre of the larger circle representing the pinion, which is twice the diameter, so that the form of the pinion teeth within the pitch line may be at once drawn in straight lines from the

centre. When rolled on the exterior circumference, epicycloidal curves, forming the teeth of the pinion beyond the pitch line are described by the tracing point. But when these operations are performed by rolling the pitch circle upon another of much larger diameter, representing the wheel, the interior and exterior epicycloids form a tooth of very different shape; it is no longer contained within radial lines, but spreads out at the root, giving great strength and firmness at the point, where they are most needed. The exterior epicycloid forms the point of the tooth in a manner similar to that already described; but any wheel or pinion having teeth described by a common pitch circle will work together; even the teeth of a rack, which, being placed upon a straight line, may be regarded as the segment of a wheel of infinite radius can be formed in the same manner, and will work equally well with the wheels. This branch of mechanics is admirably developed in the Paris Industrial temple, and we commend it to the careful study of the thousands of our countrymen who intend to visit that gay capital of France during the next two months.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.



THE MACHINERY HALL.



THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD, NEAR PARIS

St. Cloud.

THIS royal residence, so great a favorite with both the first and second Napoleon, is built upon a site replete with historical interest. Little do those who walk through the palace and delight in the beautiful park, imagine that this locality has been the scene of so many deeds of blood; that battles, murders, and sudden deaths have left a horrible remembrance around it.

Its fortress, on a height defended by a river, and its nearness to the capital, caused it to be on many different occasions a very important military position. Exposed to the brutality of a rude soldiery, under the Carolingian kings and the early Capets, its relics were often removed for safety to Paris. When calm returned, the relics came back. Great was the joy of the faithful in St. Cloud; they went out in their best to meet the treasure. We have a record of one of these festivals:—"In 809," we are told, "a numerous procession left St. Cloud; the priests of the monastery, accompanied by the inhabitants of the place, men, women, and children, advanced towards Paris, singing pious canticles, and celebrated the prayer of him whose precious relics they were in search of." Thus speak the Annals of Paris. We in our time are able to testify that the people of St. Cloud have not lost their taste for processions.

During the wars of religion, St. Cloud was often taken and retaken. Conde, Coligny, Montmorency, and the Guises rivalled one another here in exploits. Every civil war added to its importance. Under Henry III. it was surrounded by walls and ditches.

St. Cloud now changed. The house of Gondi, where Henry III. died, was soon embellished. In 1650 it belonged to a comptroller-general of finances, who spent more than a million on it. Cardinal Mazarin wished to give a palace to the young Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis the XIV. He cast his eyes on St. Cloud. The French memoirs of the day thus describe the consequence. The cardinal, master of the kingdom, paid a visit to the financier, who, while loudly thanking the cardinal for the honor he did him, could not help feeling alarmed at the effect that would be produced upon the minister by the sight of his splendor and luxury acquired by robbing both crown and people. The cardinal, who was very cunning, guessed the secret thoughts of his host, and took a wicked pleasure in adding to his uneasiness, by examining his house in every detail, gardens, dependencies and all. Every instant he came out about what it might have cost. "This is really magnificent," he said at last, "it must have cost you at least 1,200,000 francs." The financier denied this. "Your eminence is wrong—

I am not so rich—where could I find such a sum!" "Then, suppose it cost you 200,000 *ecu's*, (five shillings)." "I assure you it cost nothing of the kind." Still it must have cost you 300,000 francs. The financier allowed this. Then Mazarin told him the king wanted the house for Monsieur, and he would accordingly send him the 300,000 francs the next day. He then departed, leaving the financier wild with rage. Thus was he obliged to repay to the king a part of what he had robbed him of.

The Duke of Orleans rebuilt the palace, it was erected under the auspices of Lepant and Mansard, while Le Notre laid out the gardens. We see it pretty well as it was then, except that an arid slope is now a lovely park or magnificent garden.

At the revolution it became public property, and was used for festivals. It was here that on the 18 Brumaire, of the year VIII. (1799) the republic was overthrown by the partisans of an audacious general. Napoleon himself failed to sustain his personal energy. He entered the legislative assembly and tried to overrule them as he would a regiment of dragoons. The people's representatives sternly cried down the ambitious dictator. Napoleon turned pale and retired. The empire was a failure. The parliament voted him an outlaw. Outside, however, Napoleon regained courage, and, exciting some grenadiers against the representatives of the nation, they rushed in with fixed bayonets, and drums beating, to drown all opposition. The representatives were obliged to fly. The French republic was dead.

Napoleon took up his residence at St. Cloud, out of the orangery of which his soldiers had driven the last defenders of the people's liberty. Here it was that he married Maria Louise; that he celebrated, with wondrous magnificence, the birth of a son; and here, strange retribution, Blucher in 1814-15 kept a pack of hounds in the splendid rooms of the imperial palace. Here, too, was signed the surrender of Paris to Wellington.

Both Louis XVIII. and Charles X. resided here. It was at this palace that Charles signed the decrees which caused a revolution, and the abdication which followed. Louis Philippe added much to the beauty of the place; but Louis Napoleon has, perhaps, added most to its appearances.

St. Cloud has a church commenced by Marie Antoinette, but which remains unfinished.

There is no place near Paris more worthy of a visit. Site, palace, garden, and park are all beautiful, while the interior is magnificent. Its fountains are celebrated over the whole world, while its reserved park is a fairy-like dwelling-place. It is the habitual residence of the Emperor and Empress, but can be visited during their frequent absences.

THE PRESIDENT'S SEALS.—The seals which the Emperor of Siam delivers to his magistrates are the greatest marks of their dignity. Those given to princes who discharge magisterial duties are of gold, the viceroys (mandarins) have silver seals, and those held by the ordinary magistrates are of copper or lead. None of these officers, great or low, can exercise their functions legally and publicly, unless the seals are in their possession. The president of a Siamese tribunal having made the commander of the troops his enemy, the latter in revenge stole the president's seal. The poor magistrate, forced under the misfortune to suspend the exercise of his functions, had no means of avoiding the punishment he was liable to receive for neglect of duty than by counterfeiting illness. Every one was deceived by this stratagem during some time; at last the people suspected a trick, and complained to the mandarin who was viceroy of the province. The president being called upon to explain the cause of his inactivity, confessed the strange difficulty under which he was placed by the robbery and loss of his seals. He communicated at the same time his suspicion with respect to the commandant of the troops, his most deadly enemy. The viceroy, who had great respect for the president, gave him the following advice:—"Go," said he, "set fire to your house, and when the commander of the troops attends to perform his duty in putting out the conflagration, appear, and deliver to him the box in which you kept the seals. He will be answerable for it. After the danger the box will be restored to you. Open it in the presence of witnesses, and it is highly probable you will get back your seals. If he return the box empty, you may proceed against him for a criminal act. He will understand the difficulty of his situation, and never run the risk." The event turned out as the ingenious viceroy had foreseen, and the magistrate recovered his seals.

INSECT LIFE.—When we consider that butterflies, moths, beetles, weevils, bugs, cuckoo-spit-insects, gall-insects—in short, the greater portion of all insects—deposit their eggs on the leaves of plants, and that each different tribe chooses its favorite sort of fruit or fruit-tree, plant or vegetable, we must admit that the economy of Nature is wonderful, and although we may not be able to comprehend the wise ordinations of Providence, we should nevertheless believe that they were created for useful purposes. Strange it were, if in so vast and complicated a system as Nature presents objects which to us seem useless or hurtful should not occasionally present themselves as difficulties not easily understood by beings whose views are so narrow and limited as ours.

Nature in Motion.

MIGRATIONS OF ANIMALS.—INSECTS.—INFUSORIA.—FISHES.—AERONAUTS.

The general law of movement includes all animals, from the smallest living thing to the head of the creation—man. Their modes of movement are various. Some travel by means of the agents whom nature herself places at their disposal. The giant rivers of the earth, the Ganges, Congo, Amazon, Orinoco, and Mississippi, annually float islands toward the ocean, covered with living inhabitants. Nothing is more common than to meet out at sea, thousands of miles from all land, masses of fucus floating on the surface of the water, and serving as a resting-place for small shell-fish, unable to transport themselves by swimming, far from their native shore. Off the Moluccas and Philippines, sailors often meet, after a typhoon, with floating islands of matted wood, full of life, and covered with large trees, so as to deceive their eyes, and endanger the safety of their vessels. Trunks of trees, also, are found drifting in the great currents of the ocean, perforated from end to end by the larvæ of insects, and filled with the eggs of molluscs and fishes. At other times they have been known to convey lizards and birds from land to land, and on the island of San Vincent there appeared once a huge boa-constrictor, twisted around a large healthy cedar-tree, with which it had been torn from its home in the primeval forests of Brazil, and swallowed several sheep before it could be killed by the astonished natives. The gulf-stream, it is well-known, carried, more than once, dead bodies of an unknown race, with unusually broad faces, to the Azores, and thus contributed to the discovery of America by confirming Columbus in his faith in the existence of a New World. Greenlanders and Esquimaux have even been carried alive across the Atlantic, and found themselves, to their great amazement, on the coast of England.

Nor are these always individual journeys. Currents of air carry myriads of vegetable seeds, and with them countless eggs of insects and infusoria, all over the world. To settle this formerly disputed question, a German philosopher, Unger, placed several plates of glass, carefully cleaned, between the almost air-tight double sashes with which he protected his study against the rigors of a fierce northern climate. Six months later, he took them out and examined the dust that had fallen on them through imperceptible cracks and crevices, with the microscope. The result was, that he discovered in the apparently inorganic dust the pollen of eight distinct plants, the seeds of eleven varieties of fungus, the eggs of four higher infusoria and living individuals of at least one genus!

But also larger animals are thus carried about by as yet little known modes of conveyance. There exist, among others, countless examples, from the oldest times to our own, of mice, and rats, insects, fishes and reptiles being carried off by storms and whirlwinds far from home. Only a few years ago, a long and violent rain in the heart of France, brought with it millions of well-sized fishes, which were eagerly devoured by hosts of storks and crows, and other birds, that came suddenly from the four quarters of the wind to share in the rich and unexpected repast. Rains of frogs are even more frequent, and have, since the days of Moses, occurred in almost every country.

Far more remarkable, however, are the spontaneous, though casual, journeys, of certain animals; as, for instance, those of the almost invisible gossamer of Europe, floating in the air on a silvery thread. They were a marvel to former days, and Chaucer even says—

"As sore some wonder at the cause of thunder,
On ebb and flood, on gossamer, and mist,
And on all thing till the cause is wist."

The tiny aeronauts may be seen, on almost any fine day in autumn, spinning a wondrously fine thread without fastening it, and then letting it waft about, until it is strong enough to carry them. All of a sudden they shoot out their web, and mount aloft, even when no air is stirring. And on these slender threads they travel, we know not how far, for Darwin found, 300 miles from shore, thousands of these little red sailors of the air, each on its own line, fall down upon his vessel. Various and curious have been the surmises as to the precise nature of their mysterious power to float in the air. As they are mostly observed on misty days, when a heavy dew falls, it has been thought that their filmy thread might get entangled in the rising dew, and by its brisk evaporation be enabled to rise even with the additional weight of the spider. Others have discovered that the little creatures are quite familiar with the laws of electricity, and avail themselves of

it for their airy voyages. Their threads are said to be negative electric, and consequently repelled by the lower atmosphere, but attracted by the higher layers, which are positive. This remains to be proved, and in the meantime, we can but repeat: "Hearken unto this; stand still and consider the wondrous works of God!"

Among the well-known causes of such spontaneous and irregular migrations, none is so frequent and so all-powerful as hunger. The wild ass of the steppes of Asia, of whom it was said that the wilderness and barren lands are his dwelling, leaves the deserts of Great Tartary, and feeds in summer to the north and east of Lake Aral; in autumn they migrate by the thousand to the north of India, and even to Persia. The hare of Siberia and the rat of Norway, the reindeer, and the musk-ox, all leave at their season the Arctic regions, and travel, impelled by hunger, to southern latitudes. More regular are the lemmings, a kind of Lapland marmot. Scarcity of food, or over-population, drives them once or twice every twenty-five years, in prodigious bands, from the Kolai and Lapland Alps, one species to the east, another to the west. A terrible scourge, they devastate field and garden, ruin the harvest and hardly spare the contents of houses. Turning neither to the right or the left, they march on in a direct, straight line, undeterred by mountain, river, or lake, passing boldly through village and town, until their ranks, thinned by numerous enemies, are lost in dense forests, or they reach the Western Ocean, and there end both their journey and their life. Other bands go through Sweden and perish in the Gulf of Bothnia, so that but rarely, and often after an interval of long years, small armies re-unite again and turn their steps once more towards home.

Of the lower animals, molluscs and infusoria travel probably in largest numbers; their hosts are literally countless, and it is well known how they give a peculiar color to large tracts of the ocean.

The most curious circumstance in the life of insects is their migration. They appear in large flights from unknown regions, in places where they have never been seen before, and continue their course, which nothing can check for a moment. They fly, they jump, they even crawl, for hosts of slow, clumsy caterpillars have been met with in the attempt to cross broad rivers. The more disgusting they are, the more persevering their labors to fill the earth. The bed-bug, that most hated, and yet most faithful companion of man in all parts of the globe, was not even known in Europe before the eleventh century, when it first appeared in Strasburg, and then with the beds of exiled Huguenots, was brought to London. The far more useful silk-worm, on the other hand, defies all our care and attention, and will not travel beyond the reach of his beloved friend and only food, the mulberry-tree, whose leaf has to be destroyed by a vile caterpillar to be changed into bright, beautiful silk. A native of Asia, this worm also was used in China long before any other nation knew of its existence; in the sixth century, a monk brought the first eggs in his bosom to Constantinople, and the Emperor Justinian at once spread the new branch of industry zealously through Greece. When king Roger of Sicily conquered that land, he carried the silk-worm home with him, as his most precious booty, and introduced it into Sicily. From thence it was with equal care carried further north, and finally also to this country.

The bee loves the West so dearly, that it is not found beyond the Ural mountains, and at the beginning of this century great pains had to be taken to carry it into Siberia, especially the Tobolsk. Unknown to America, it had no sooner reached its shores, in 1675, than it spread with amazing rapidity all over the continent. "The fly of the English" soon became an abomination of the Indian, because their appearance in the wood was to them a sure sign of the coming of the white man.

Ants also have their well-known migrations, and aimless as they seem to be to human eye, blindly as the little insects seem to wander in the dust, still they go as little astray as the countless stars in heaven. The black ant of the East Indies, especially, becomes even useful to man. They travel in countless hordes; the fields are black as far as the eye can reach, and field and forest are left bare behind them. Boldly they enter human dwellings; they sweep over roof and garret, cellar and kitchen; no corner, no crevice, ever so small, remains unexplored, and no rat or mouse, no cockroach or insect can be found after their instinct has moved these not unwelcome guests to continue their march.

Very different are the migrations of the fearful locust, that ancient symbol of mighty conquerors,

laying bare country after country, as an overshadowing and dark cloud, pregnant with the wrath of heaven. Their home is in the far East, in places near the desert. There they deposit their eggs in the sand; when hatched by the heat of the sun, their young emerge without wings from the ground; but when mature, they rise on the first faint breeze that stirs, and fly, under the guidance of a leader, in masses so huge and so dense, that the air is darkened and the sound of their wings heard like the murmur of the distant ocean. In immense flights they travel from the East to the West, penetrating far into the interior of Africa, crossing apparently without difficulty the wide waters between Africa and Madagascar and from Barbary to Italy. They have been seen in the heart of Germany, and a few have even been met with in Scotland. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, for they destroy all vegetable life with unfailing certainty, and thus often cause famine, whilst the myriads of corpses which they leave behind poison the air, and not unfrequently produce disease and pestilence. Well did the Jews of old know this fierce plague, and well can we understand how the angel of the bottomless pit could appear to the inspired seer in the form of a fearfully-armed locust.

On the easiest routes and in the most favorable element for locomotion, travel fishes, in incessant movement; even swift birds, in their rapid and unwearied flight, must yield the palm to them, the eagle to the shark, the swallow to the herring. Their form, also, is so particularly well adapted to swift and easy motion, that the unavoidable resistance of the fluid in which they travel never seems to impede their progress. While birds, when they undertake long flights, are often obliged to alight, and even try to rest on the yards of vessels; fishes never seem to be exhausted by fatigue and to require respite or repose. Sharks are known to have kept pace with fast-sailing ships during whole long voyages, and to have sported around them as in mockery.

For known and for unknown purposes, in the tiny mountain brooks and in the wide ocean, fishes are seen in unceasing motion, darting in all directions, travelling now single, and now in shoals. Their regular journeys are mostly undertaken for the purpose of spawning; the delicate mackerel moves southward when its time comes, and the beautiful sardine of the Mediterranean goes, in spring, westward, and returns in autumn to the east. The sturgeon of Northern Europe is seen singly to ascend the great rivers of the Continent, and the ornul, or migratory salmon of the Polar seas, travels, we know not how, through river and lake, up into the Baikal, and there swims, in whimsical alternations, but always in immense crowds, first on the southern and then on the northern bank. The travels of the salmon are probably best known, because the fish was a favorite already in the days of Pliny; and yet, strange enough, is found in every sea in the Arctic, near the equator, and off New Holland, only not in the Mediterranean. They press in large, triangular masses up all the great northern rivers of Europe, Asia, and America. They enter Bohemia by sea, sailing up the river Elbe; they approach Switzerland in the green waters of the Rhine, and even the foot of the Cordilleras by a journey of 3,000 miles up the Amazon! Their crowds are not unfrequently so dense that they actually stem for awhile the current of mighty rivers; still, these bands are formed with great regularity. The strongest and largest females lead, followed by others of the same sex, travelling two and two at regular intervals; after them come the males in like order. With a noise like the distant roaring of a storm, they rush up the stream, now sporting in easy, graceful motion, and now darting ahead with lightning speed that the eye cannot follow. Do they come to some rock or wall that impedes their way, they leap with incredible force, and repeat the effort until they have overcome the difficulty; it is even said that, at the foot of cataracts, they will take their tail in their mouth and then, suddenly letting it go, like an elastic spring, rise twelve or fifteen feet in the air. Thus they travel on, undismayed and untired, until they have found a suitable place for depositing their eggs, and with the same marvellous instinct return, year after year, to the distant ocean.

It is in their connection with the wants of men, however, that these migrations of fishes become most important and interesting. It is well-known that they furnish the sole food of some nations, and contribute in others a vast and cheap supply that covers the table of the poor man with plenty. Migrating fishes are thus one of the greatest and most invaluable gifts of the Creator, by which thousands

support themselves and their families, and which, at certain times, form the exclusive food of whole races; as the sturgeon, upon which all Greek Christians subsist during their long and rigorous fasts. Hence, also, the importance of the herring, a small, insignificant fish, which yet gives food to millions, and employment to not less than 3000 decked vessels, not to speak of all the open boats employed in the same fishery. Where their home is, man does not know; it is only certain that they are not met with beyond a certain degree of northern latitude, and that the genuine herring never enters the Mediterranean, and hence remained unknown to the ancients. In April and June, all of a sudden, innumerable masses appear in the northern seas, forming vast banks, often thirty miles long and ten miles wide. Their depth has never been satisfactorily ascertained, and their denseness may be judged by the fact, that lances and harpoons thrust in between them, sink not and move not, but remain standing upright! Divided into bands, herrings also move in a certain order. Long before their arrival, already their coming is noticed by the flocks of sea-birds that watch them from on high, whilst sharks are seen to sport around them, and a thick oily or slimy substance is spread over their columns, coloring the sea in day-time, and shining with a mild, mysterious light in a dark, still night. The sea-ape, the "monstrous chimera" of the learned, precedes them, and is, hence, by fishermen called the king of the herrings. Then are first seen single males, often three or four days in advance of the great army; next follow the strongest and largest, and after them enormous shoals, countless like the sand on the sea-shore and the stars in heavens. They seek places that abound in stones and marine plants, where to spawn, and like other animals they frequent the localities to which they have been accustomed, at a regular time, so that they may be expected as surely as the sun rises and sets.

Other fishes have strange peculiarities connected with their travels. Thus, we are told that the mackerels spend their winter in, what would appear to others, a most uncomfortable position. In the Arctic as well as in the Mediterranean, as soon as winter comes, they deliberately plunge their head and the anterior part of their body into deep mud, keeping their tails erected, standing straight up. This position they do not change until spring, when they emerge, in incredible numbers, from their hiding-places and go southward for the purpose of depositing their eggs in more genial waters. Still they are so firmly wedded to this element that they die the instant they are taken out of the water, and then shine with phosphorescent light.

The eel is the strangest of travelling fishes; he even performs journeys on land. In hot, dry summers, when ponds and pools are exhausted, he boldly leaves his home, and winding through thick grass, makes his way, by night, to the nearest water. He is a great gourmand, moreover, and loves young tender peas so dearly that he will leave the river itself and climb up steep banks to satisfy his desire, and, alas! to fall into the snares of wicked men. Other fishes travel in large crowds all night long, and a perch in Tranquebar not only creeps on shore, but actually climbs up tall fan-palms, in pursuit of certain shell-fish, which form its favorite food. Covered with viscid slime, he glides smoothly over the rough bark; spines, which he may sheathe and unfold at will, serve him like hands to hang by, and with the aid of side fins and a powerful tail, he pushes himself upward, thus completing the strange picture of fish and shell-fish dwelling high on lofty trees.

In remarkable contrast with this amazing mobility of fishes stands the comparative quiet of Amphibia, which, double-dealing creatures as they are, now claim the dry land as their home, and now the deep waters. The cunning lizard, the creeping snake, the venomous toad, or the voracious crocodile, in fine, all the disgusting animals of this class, whom man looks upon with awe or horror, are fortunately bound to the globe on which they are born, and of them, as of reptiles, few, if any, love to travel. The violet crab of the West Indies and South America is almost the only one among them all that undertakes long journeys. They live on firm land only, far from the ocean, hid in dark caves or caverns of the mountains. But once in the year, in April or May, the sun, the heat, and love, penetrate the thick armor of these cold-blooded beings. All of a sudden they burst forth from cleft and crevice, and move in crowds of hundreds and thousand, so that the ground, the roads and woods are covered with their uncouth shapes. The vast army travels in strict battle array; first come strong men, then the females in closely-packed columns, fifty to sixty yards wide, and often half an hour long. They

prefer moving at night, and the loud rattling of their armor, which sounds like the falling of fierce hail, wakes old and young. During the day they rest at least twice, and hide from the hot sun; with the cool of the evening they set out once more. Instinct shows them the shortest way to the ocean; nothing arrests their march, and they never break their ranks. If rocks or walls impede their way, they scale them with untiring perseverance; if a house blocks up their roads, they coolly enter at the open window, frighten for a moment the astonished inmates, but move peaceably out at the other side, and pursue their march. If men try to arrest them, they rise with great indignation, stretch out their huge claw, and open and shut it with a loud noise. Only when they are violently frightened they show real alarm, and hurry, in wild, reckless flight, in all directions; they recover, however, very soon, form again at a short distance, and march bravely onward. The injury they do arises much less from what they eat than from the destruction of fields and gardens, in which they trample down and break with their claws, everything that is in their way. It is another strange provision of nature, that only few, the strongest, return to their mountain home, by far the larger number are so lean and weak, that they cannot perform the long journey back, and serve to feed the hungry on the sterile beach of the Antilles.

DISCOURAGING CHILDHOOD.—It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write to father," he replied, "and tell him of it, for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children such; and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain! A grown-up person tells a child he is brainless or foolish, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and nine cases out of ten the statement is believed, or if not fully believed, the thought that it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look back to childhood's days, and he can, doubtless, recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him as to tell upon his whole future course of life. We knew an ambitious boy, who, at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no abilities to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had so often been told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys—and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say that "that word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would—and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations. Sometimes encourage your children without an if. Do not always tell them they can be good or can do well if they will do thus or so well, and that there is nothing to hinder them.

THE TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU OF THE ATLANTIC.—The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand; that there the waters which he called seas might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose to view the great sea-gash, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us, at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl and inestimable stones, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death." The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is, at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race, in New-

foundland, and Cape Clear, in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. A company is now engaged with the project of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wires along the plateau from the eastern shores of Newfoundland to the western shores of Ireland. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1600 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.—*Professor Maury.*

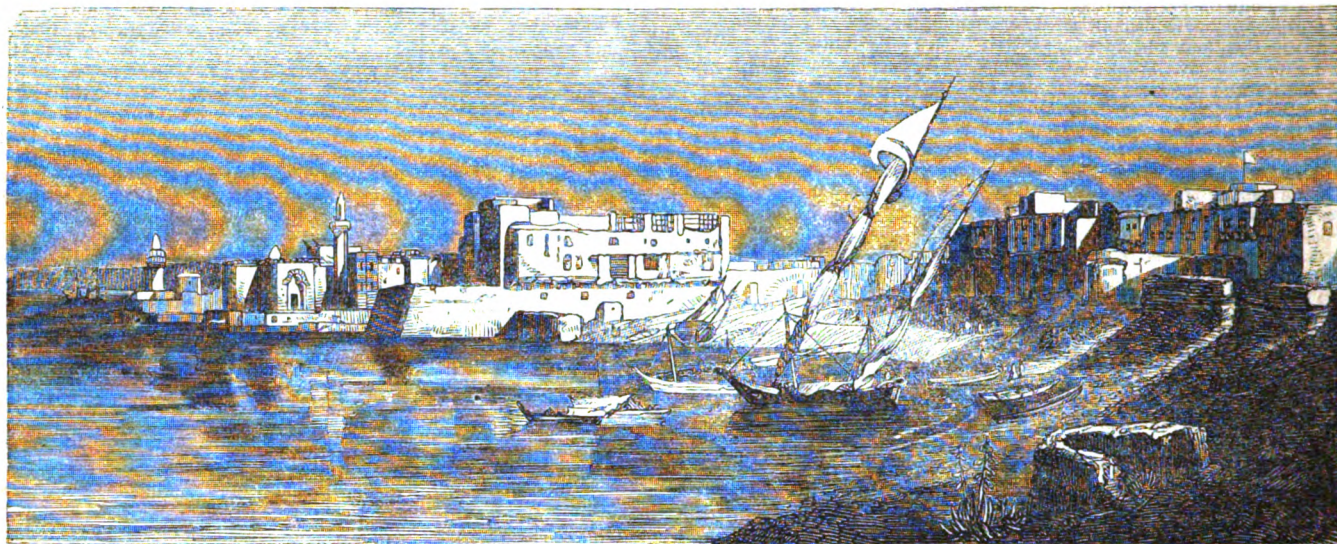
ROGER SHERMAN, one of the members of the American Congress for Connecticut, who signed the Declaration of Independence, had originally been a shoemaker. When earning his livelihood in this humble occupation, he happened to have a lawsuit with one of his neighbors; and, on going to consult a lawyer on the subject, he presented him with a written statement of the case, which he had drawn up himself. The lawyer was a shrewd man, and at once discovered, on reading the statement, the shoemaker's *forte*, which, he told him, was not to make shoes, but to deal with matters of law. Mr. Sherman took the hint, and, having studied law, became in time not only one of the first lawyers, but one of the most eminent patriots and statesmen of his country. During the war of independence, he happened to be the chairman of a committee of Congress, appointed to investigate certain charges of peculation in the commissariat department; and, in presenting the report of the committee, he stated that it would be observed, in perusing it, that he had dwelt particularly on the article of shoes; the reason of this was simply, that, having been bred a shoemaker himself, it was the subject with which he might be supposed to be best acquainted. He had no idea of being ashamed of the *gentle craft*.

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it can be lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. We love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

DISCOVERY OF MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING.—Prince Rupert, nephew to Charles I, who devoted himself much to the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments, as well as the practice of mechanical arts, for which he was famous, was the inventor of mezzotinto, of which he is said to have taken the hint from a soldier scraping his rusty fusil.

The Prince going out early one morning, observed a sentinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The Prince was one of those men who go through the world with their eyes open, and though not at all disposed to interfere with others' business, was naturally and properly enough inquisitive. Accordingly he approached him, and without preliminaries inquired what he was about. He replied, that the dew had fallen in the night and made his fusil rusty, and therefore he was scraping and cleaning it. The Prince looking at it was struck with something like a figure eaten upon the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like frieze work on gold and silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away. From this trifling incident Prince Rupert conceived the idea of mezzotinto. He concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, as would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his ideas to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds, these being scraped away and diminished at pleasure left the gradations of light. It is said that the first mezzotinto print ever published was engraved by the Prince himself. It may be seen in the first edition of Evelyn's *Sculptura*; and there is a copy of it in the second edition, printed in 1755.

EVERY sorrow we meet is a billow on this world's troublesome sea, which we must cross to bear us nearer home.



SUEZ.

Route of the Overland Mail to India.

SEVERAL places, highly worthy of the notice of the passengers on board the steamer, are to be observed during the journey down the Red Sea. They can see the supposed spot where the Israelites came up from the bed of the sea just preceding the destruction of the Egyptian army. A distant view of Mount Sinai is also obtained. Then there are the towns of Jiddah, the port of Mecca; Mocha, the greatest coffee-shop, as it has been called, in the world; Aden, the great coal-depot, &c., &c.

In endeavoring to ascertain the spot where the Israelites, after walking over the dry bed of the Red Sea, stopped to behold the divided waters at the command of Moses rush together and overwhelm Pharaoh and all the host of Egypt, travellers discover that all the inhabitants of the coast claim the place for their own neighborhood, and that their traditions respecting the event extend over a space of 140 miles from Suez to Tor. Dr. Kitto, the learned editor of the "Pictorial Bible," and the author of "Palestine, the Bible History of the Holy Land," has, with very considerable industry and judgment, sifted the various evidences for each particular place, and has decided that no other spot agrees so well with the scriptural account as Ain Mousa (the Fountain of Moses). His decision coincides entirely with our own.

A number of green shrubs, springing from numerous hillocks, mark the landward approach to Ain Mousa. Here are also a number of palm trees. The springs which rise out of the ground in various places, and give name to the spot, are soon lost in the sands. The water is of a brackish quality, in consequence, probably, of the springs being so near the sea; but it is, nevertheless, cool and refreshing, and in these waterless deserts affords a desirable resting-place. The view from Ain Mousa, looking westward, is beautiful, and most interesting, from its association with the wonderful events connected with the exodus of the Israelites from their "land of bondage."

The Israelites, relieved from all fear of the Egyptians by their terrible fate, probably made some considerable stay at Ain Mousa. The district was then regarded as "the wilderness of Shur." When they departed, their road lay over a desert region, sandy, gravelly, and stony, alternately. On their right hand their eyes rested on the deep blue waters of the gulf so lately sundered for their sake, and on their left hand the mountain-chain of El Ruhah, stretching away to a greater distance from the shore as the pilgrims advanced. In about nine miles they entered a boundless desert-plain—El Ati—white and painfully glaring to the eye. Proceeding beyond this, the ground became hilly, with sand-hills near the coast. In all this way, which it took them three days to traverse, they found no water; but then at last they came to a well, the waters of which were so bitter that it bore the name of Marah (Bitterness). That name—in the form of Amarah—is now borne by the barren bed of a winter torrent, a little beyond which is still found a well, bearing the name of Howara, whose bitter waters answer the simple description given by the inspired historian:—

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah; for they were bitter."

Camels will drink it; but the Arabs, even when overcome with thirst, can scarcely drink of it. It is

remarkable that this is the only water on the shore of the Red Sea which they do not drink. This well rises within an elevated mound surrounded by sand-hills, and two small date trees grow near it.

The use of certain plants and vegetable juices in correcting the bad qualities of water admits of ample illustration. It is understood that the original inducement of the Chinese to the use of tea was for the purpose of correcting the bad qualities of their water; and our early colonists in America infused in the water, for the same purpose, the branches of sassafras. Niebuhr also, speaking of the Nile, observes: "The water is always somewhat muddy; but by rubbing with bitter almonds, prepared in a particular manner, the earthen jars in which it is kept, this water is rendered clear, light, and salutary." Mr. Roberts, in his "Oriental Illustrations," has some interesting observations concerning the practices of the Hindoos with reference to this subject. He informs us that the brackish water in the neighborhood of the salt pans or of the sea is often corrected by the natives throwing into it the wood called *Peru Nelli*; and should the water be very bad, the well is lined with planks cut out of this tree. He adds: "In swampy grounds, or where there has not been rain for a long time, the water is often muddy, and very unwholesome. But Providence has again been bountiful, by giving to the people the *Teatta Naram*. All who live in the neighborhood of such water, or who have to travel where it is, always carry a supply of the nuts of this tree. They grind one or two of them on the side of an earthen vessel; the water is then poured in, and the impurities soon subside."

With particular reference to Marah, Burckhardt observes that he had frequently inquired among the Bedouins in different parts of Arabia, whether they possessed any means of effecting such a change by throwing wood into it, or by any other process; but he could never learn that such an art was known. This is worthy of notice, because such a tree and process of rectification being totally unknown, the necessity for the divine indication of such a tree becomes apparent.

Not far from this place the modern traveller sees a hill of stones, which Burckhardt calls the tomb of a saint; but, according to the Arab's account, it is the tomb of an entirely different personage, namely, a woman who was surprised by her kindred with a paramour, and killed and buried on the spot. On a little eminence above, a few stones mark the place where a slave had been stationed to give the guilty pair timely notice of approaching danger, but had neglected his important trust.

Mount Sinai (now called Mount Moses) is one of the most elevated and conspicuous summits of the whole group of mountains. To assist pilgrims in their ascent regular steps have been cut all the way up, said to be one thousand four hundred in number; but they have been so much damaged by time and the winter torrents as to be of little use. The ascent, which is very steep, occupies nearly two hours, exclusive of pauses for rest. The second of these pauses is about two-thirds the way up, on a small plain, where a tall cypress tree grows beside a fountain. Here is a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and a little below a large forsaken convent, bearing the name of Elias, who fled from the wrath of Jezebel. Local traditions state that Moses communicated with God in this part of the mountain.

From hence a very steep ascent leads to the summit, the plain of which is about sixty paces in circumference, and is occupied by a church, which forms the principal object of pilgrimage to the Christians, as does to the Moslems a poor mosque, standing about thirty paces distant on a somewhat lower peak. This mosque is much frequented by the Arabs of the peninsula, as well as by Mahometan pilgrims from distant parts. The Arabs believe that the tables of the ten commandments are hidden under the floor of the church on the summit, and they have made excavations in every direction in the hope of finding them.

The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet ascended the holy mountain on the back of his favorite camel, and from its lofty summit took his departure to the seventh heaven, and that the prints of the beast's footsteps are still to be seen by all true believers on the surface of the rock. The monks of the convent, however, denounce this as a wicked invention of the Arabs, and aver that every body knows that when Mahomet was half way up, the camel stumbled, fell, and broke the neck of the prophet.

The convent is a very large building, with high stone walls surrounding it, and turrets at the corners. There is no entrance except by a subterraneous passage under the garden, or by a small door in one of the walls, about thirty feet from the ground. The walls form an irregular quadrangle of about one hundred and thirty paces on each side, and it has the appearance of a small city. The building was erected by the Empress Helena, the mother of the first Christian emperor, and we might almost call her the mother of the holy Land. Her pious heart sent her, with the same spirit which afterwards animated the best of the Crusaders, to search out the holy places referred to in the Bible; and when she found one, she erected a monument to mark it, for the guidance of future Christians; and the pilgrim may see the fruits of her pious labors from the mountain where God spoke in thunder, down to the place where the cock crew when Peter denied his Master. The convent is capable of containing several hundred people. It was originally built as a place of defence; but the necessity of keeping it fortified has passed away; a parcel of rusty guns are lying in a sort of armory, and a few small cannon are frowning from the walls.

Mr Stephens thus describes his visit to this convent:—

"My Bedouins had stopped under the door, and here we commenced—it was a fine moonlight night—shouting for admittance, first singly, and then all together, in French, English, and Arabic; but no one came to admit us. I did not know how many monks were in it, or what was the sanctity of their lives, but I wish some of them had slept with more troubled consciences; for we made almost noise enough to wake the dead, and it was not until we had discharged two volleys of fire-arms that we succeeded in rousing any of the slumbering inmates. On one side were two or three little slits or port-holes, and a monk with a long white beard, and a lighted taper in his hand, cautiously thrust out his head at one of them, and demanded our business. This was soon told. We were strangers and Christians, and wanted admission; and had a letter from the Greek patriarch at Cairo. The head disappeared from the loophole, and soon after I saw its

owner slowly open the little door, and let down a rope for the patriarch's letter. He read it by the feeble glimmer of his lamp, and then again appeared at the windows, and bade us welcome. The rope was again let down; I tied it round my arms; and, after dangling in the air for a brief space, swinging to and fro against the walls, found myself clasped in the arms of a burly, long-bearded monk, who hauled me in, kissed me on both cheeks, our long beards rubbing together in friendly union, and, untwisting the rope, set me upon my feet, and passed me over to his associates. By this time nearly all the monks had assembled, and all pressed forward to welcome me. They shook my hand, took me in their arms, and kissed my face; and if I had been their dearest friend, just escaped from the jaws of death, they could not have received me with a more cordial greeting. But I could have spared the kissing. The custom is one of the most detestable things of the East. It would not be so bad if it were universal, and the traveller might sometimes receive his welcome from rosy lips; but, unhappily, the women hide their faces and run from a stranger, while the men rub him with their bristly beards."

The peak supposed to be the Horeb of Scripture—now known by the name of Mount St. Catherine—is much higher than its neighbor, Sinai. Its difficult ascent was formerly facilitated by steps, as in the other. Vegetation reaches up the side of this mountain to the large mass of granite which forms its summit, the top of which is occupied by a small chapel. From both Mount Moses and Mount St. Catherine—especially the latter—there are very extensive views.

The Three Peets—But, If, and Can't.

BUT, IF, and CAN'T are three arrant knaves in our language—double-faced varlets, whose true character should be held up to public detestation. This we now propose to attempt. And first of all we notice

"BUT."

All persons who speak the English language should, in certain cases, entirely ignore the word *but*. But is a low, mean, evasive scamp, mostly in the way of one's duty, or at the bottom of some subterfuge. Were we to ask, point blank, concerning neglected duties, we should almost invariably find that it would have been done, *but*—There it is, *but*. How sadly that monosyllable interferes between truth and falsehood! It can neither be reckoned in the category of truths nor of falsehoods. It has a sort of slinking look, with its head hanging down, as if conscious of its own despicableness, and seems as if it would, if it could, crawl away behind, or into the shade, or anywhere except into the broad daylight. What a miserable shuttlecock life it leads; banded from king to beggar, used by minister and people, man and woman; the only wonder is, that its existence has not been long since cut short, torn to shreds, or trampled under foot. It is not like the blunt open *no*! which at once tells the truth or utters a lie: *But* has no such quality; it seeks by underhand means to establish itself in the light of a *no* or a *yes*! All its efforts are, however, generally unavailing. Persons of good sense would not endure its slipping away kind of character; they would rather make the rascal hold up his head, and at once, without evasion, without going about the bush, state the matter on hand distinctly. It would fain, if wrong, endeavor, in the face of truth, to make itself right. "You didn't do that work yesterday?" "No, *but*—" There is that execrable *but*. Will no one take it, neck and crop, throw it into Lethe, and rid humanity of such a bore? Will nobody put it in irons, hang, draw, and quarter it? Will no lexicographer take his knife and erase it from column B? If not, what are we to do? Honest folks ought not to have such an abandoned character following at their heels, sounding in their ears, and meeting them full in the face at every turn. No, decidedly not! There might be means taken by which it could be put down. I think, were every one who has contracted an acquaintance with it to avoid it steadily for the future, we might have expectations of leading a life free from doubt. My advice is, whenever you see its approach turn your back, look right to the other side of the way, give it the "cut direct." No fear of hurting its feelings; it is quite accustomed to rebuffs of the sort. By thus treating it, you will give it no alternative than to slink away into darkness to join its eldest son *falsehood* in the public pillory, there to be bespattered with the rotten eggs of reproach and contempt.

"IF."

What wonders people would have done, would do, or intend doing, if—*If* is very nearly allied to

but, and ought to be treated, in many cases, much in the manner we have recommended. In truth *if* is a sad miscreant. It has been the cause of so many broils, contentions, mishaps, mistakes, and I may add, misdeeds, that it is a wonder it is not discarded from society, and that people are not afraid of coming into contact with it.

My very first meeting with this frightful *if* inspired me with great fear. I recollect, on the occasion of my breaking a willow-pattern plate, my mother exclaiming, "If I were at you—" Then followed something else to which my infantile legs did not detain me to listen. The monstrous *if* was quite enough, for I fled. At evening my mother and the *if* together wreaked their united vengeance on me, the one on my outer man in the shape of sundry slaps on my trousers, and the other on my mind in the shape of—"If I had taken care, etc." "If my father knew, etc." "If I ever did, etc." "If I were to do so again, etc. etc." This incident so terrified me that I became suspicious of any one who said, "If you please!" On looking back I find I have been a perfect martyr to *if*. After breaking the plate, like other juveniles I fell into so many mishaps, and so many *ifs* fell in their turn upon me, that it was decided I should be sent to school, and see *if* I could do any good there. The teacher received me with a pat on the head, and an "if I was a good boy I should learn nicely." There already was an *if*. My third or fourth alphabet lesson brought another terrible *if* along with it. The master asked me to name a letter indicated on a large black board, with a cane. I said, p. He then pointed to q, and again I answered p. Then came the shocking *if*. "If," said the pedagogue, "p is p, how can q be p?" which logical question he followed up with a practical application of the subject with his cane on my shoulders. Then, when I had got a slate, and had been working with great zeal and energy, beginning to think that *if* had forgotten me, I was startled on turning another leaf in my progress to find a whole column of *ifs* staring me in the face. I was perfectly appalled, and at once thought that the rule which required so many *ifs* as its accessories must needs be a most hard-hearted, tough, cane-compelling one indeed. I looked at the first *if*. "If 6 yards cost £4 10s., what will 30 yards cost?" How could I tell?—here was a difficulty which was not overcome without some more *ifs* on the teacher's parts, accompanied by several of his striking, practical observations. Thus were my school-days haunted by that palpable ghost, *if*. I commenced studying mathematics; all went on well till I conquered Propositions 1st, 2nd and 3rd, when an awful *if*, with a confusion of words behind it, brought me to a sudden pull-up, and fairly stunned me. Here again was I to be pestered with that ever-recurring *if*. I grew desperate; I was not to suffer such an insignificant word to deter me from pushing onwards in the path said to lead to Learning's Temple. With this laudable resolution to back me, I immediately set foot upon the *pons asinorum*, and crossed triumphantly with colors flying. And, not to speak further of my own personal experiences of *if*, I observe that it has, in all ages, produced a vast amount of uncertainty, disappointments and distress. With crook-backed Richard, therefore, I say,—"*If* me no *ifs*!"

"CAN'T."

Bah! 'tis perfectly absurd to say you can't, for you know well that "where there's a will there's a way." The Irishman who was asked to play the fiddle didn't say "I can't;" no, he had more spirit; he said, "I don't know till I try." *Can't* never helped one through life; it neither discovered Georgium Sidus, nor peeled an orange. *Can't* is first cousin to Despair. It has pushed many a man down the hill, but never help him up one inch. It is a beggarly companion, who will stick to you till you haven't a single stiver of resolution left. Failure is no reason why you should say you *can't*; for didn't you read in your primer a nice moral story telling you to "*try again*?" Don't think that what your primer said was nonsense; you just follow its many instructions and advices, and *can't* will never cross your mind. Take courage; it is a cheerless thing to say or think you *can't* do anything. Set yourself resolutely to work, and, unless the thing be altogether superhuman, you will undoubtedly succeed. Many in the last stage of despair have plucked up a spirit and frightened away the doubts and difficulties besetting them. You may do so also, knowing that "WHAT MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO."

ONE foolish act may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.

MILITARY DEGRADATION IN FRANCE.—While in the large court-yard we unexpectedly witnessed a very interesting although humiliating scene. There were numerous detachments of many of the different regiments of the garrison assembled, and the scene presented was very grand and imposing. They had assembled to be present at the reading of judgments of courts-martial, by which seven soldiers were condemned to what are called "peines afflictives et infamantes," and some others to hard labor, or the *peine du boulet*, which are simply correctional punishments. The former sentences carry with them military degradation, and accordingly the seven men were degraded and excluded from the army in the usual form. Those condemned to hard labor were put apart in an ostensible place, and those sentenced to the *peine du boulet* were paraded with their eyes bandaged before the troops, dragging after them a cannon-ball attached to their waists. After these formalities were gone through all the condemned were drawn up in a line, and the troops marched off past them. A curious circumstance occurred in the course of the proceedings:—One of the condemned, an ex-corporal of the 38th Regiment, named Aurich, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in irons, for having, when in confinement in the Penitentiary of St. Germain, insulted and threatened the officers, relieved the tedium of captivity by taming a sparrow, which he had happened to catch. The poor bird became so attached to him that it never left him—and on being brought up to Paris in a prison van, it accompanied him. It was resting on his finger when his turn came to undergo degradation. The gendarme who proceeded to the operation tried to frighten the bird away, but it flew about until the corporal was released from his hands, and then went and perched on his shoulder. It was still perching there when the man re-entered the prison van to be conveyed back to prison.—*Leveson*.

DEER SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.—As the wind at this season of the year (September) blows with little variation from the same point, my ground was almost always of the same nature, the river being in my rear, and the mountains before me. Stalking was out of the question; for, from the peculiar formation of the country, which consisted of a series of undulations, no extended view could be procured of a herd, and the long grass which afforded them cover abounded with rattle-snakes. The only plan in such a country is to keep your eyes about you, not forgetting the ground, and walk the deer up, against the wind of course, taking advantage of any cover that may be in your path, in the shape of a rock, and using great caution in showing yourself over the rising ground. The herd will probably then start up with a bound from the long oat-straw at your feet, but seldom afford a fine shot, as they plunge away half concealed by it. Now you throw yourself down, and see, the herd has stopped within a hundred yards of you; and here a buck advances chivalrously in defence of his harem—five paces—ten—now he is troubled; for, although there is pride in his nostrils, and anger in his stamping hoof, there is indecision in those working ears, and by his eye you may read that if anything very ugly appears, he will run away. But a doe advances; this nerves her lord to a few paces more—now you may fire—full at the shoulders;—crash—poor buck! Now load again, and then rush up and cut his throat;—he is stone dead;—rattle, tattle, tattle—mind the snake! Now flay him, if you want the skin, or quarter him if you don't. This done, you can carry home a haunch, the skin, the antlers, the tongue, and the brains; and these, with your accoutrements and the hot sun, will probably tire you before you get home. In the evening the poor does, with their soft hearts still palpitating from the nasty noise your rifle made, and the very ugly appearance of yourself generally, will stand in a group, and turn their wistful eyes in the direction where last they saw their master, and wonder—poor innocents!—why he is not there as usual to lead them proudly down to the stream, and take his station on the bank to ward off any danger whilst they drink. Night comes, but he does not appear; then they wander about, and cry, and pass a miserable night, whilst you are making a good supper off the buck, and are speaking jocularly of him as a "fat old rascal."

If we are good, example is the best lustre of virtue; if we are bad, shame is the best step to amendment.

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third; without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the third, the two former would be often rendered useless.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 243, Vol. II.

CHAPTER LXXV.

A slavish cur feeding on adulation.

OLD PLAY.

PHILIP OF SPAIN had long brooded over the injuries, real or fancied, which he had received from the maiden queen, whose energy had thwarted him not only in the Netherlands, but in France; he longed, too, to avenge the disgrace which had fallen upon his arms from the defeat of the Armada, and strike at the same time a blow against the Reformed Church, which he persecuted and detested.

Intent upon this hostile design, he employed the vast treasures which he drew from his dominions in the New World in building a second fleet, the destination of which was to invade England. Elizabeth was not long kept in ignorance of his design; but her habitual parsimony for a long time struggled with her pride before she could bring herself to part with the necessary supplies. The representations, however, of the Lord High Admiral at last prevailed, and she gave the requisite orders for the expedition, the aim of which was to attack, and if possible, destroy the Spanish fleet whilst yet in harbor—and so forestall all attempts of a hostile force to land in England.

Essex, who, with all his faults, was brave almost to rashness, had long been weary of the degrading part he had been acting—pandering to the ridiculous passion of an aged queen, who was old enough to be his grandmother—and eagerly embraced the occasion of the war to release himself from his cruel thralldom. It was long, very long, ere Elizabeth would consent to his petition. So great was her infatuation, that she could not bear to part with him: she did, however, at last consent, and the favorite was appointed to the command of the land forces, which were to be directed against Cadiz; Howard of Effingham commanded the fleet.

So anxious was the queen for the safety of the earl, that she attempted to impose restrictions which his impatient ardor soon broke through; she even composed a prayer for the success of the expedition. This gave rise to one of the most fearful pieces of blasphemy that ever disgraced the name of courtier. Sir Robert Cecil, who inherited all the subtle meanness and vile arts of his father's character, without the talents which revealed it, sent the prayer of her majesty to Essex, and made the following allusion:

"No prayer," he observed, "is so fruitful as that which proceedeth from those who nearest in nature and power approach the Almighty. None so near approach his place as a celestial mind in a princely body. Put forth, therefore, my lord, with full confidence, having your sails filled with her heavenly breath for a forewind."

All that the most abject flattery ever invented, before or since, never equalled this. We blush to think that the cur who impiously compared a frail and aged woman to the Creator of the universe, was an Englishman.

The first exploit of Essex was the taking of Cadiz, which was won through the instrumentality of his courage and skill. This success, however, far from securing him the favor of the naval commanders, excited their jealousy. Even Raleigh conducted himself on the occasion with a bitterness and envy which leaves an indelible stain upon his otherwise brilliant character.

Their disputes led to a quarrel with Essex, on the best mode of attacking the richly-laden Spanish vessels which were on their way from the New World. The Duke de Medina, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the English, set fire to the fleet. The loss amounted to upwards of twenty millions of ducats—an enormous sum in those days, or indeed in any other.

The capture of the town of Cadiz had greatly enriched the commanders of the expedition, who divided the spoils of the churches and the great wealth of the merchants amongst themselves; and, eager to enjoy their newly-acquired wealth, decided, despite the indignant remonstrances of Essex, to return to England, where anything but a favorable reception awaited them from their angry sovereign.

Elizabeth bitterly resented the division of the spoil without her sanction, and the reservation of her rights, which appear to have been grossly neglected. For once her avarice got the better of her passion, and she refused Essex the audience which he repeatedly demanded, to explain his conduct,

haughtily sending him word that she would listen to his explanations in the presence of her council, before which the victorious general was summoned to appear.

At his first examination, for such it must be considered, Essex so clearly proved that the commissioners whom Burleigh had appointed to look after her interests had neglected them, that his royal mistress felt satisfied with his conduct, and felt proportionably indignant at that of his enemies; but when the intelligence arrived that a second fleet of merchantmen, having an equal amount of treasure on board to the first, had safely arrived in Spain, her wrath became fearful. Bitterly did she reproach those who, by their jealousy and envy of her favorite, had prevented the capture of such an immense booty, by their precipitate return. She refused to pay the marines and soldiers engaged in the enterprise, declaring that, as their commanders had taken all the booty, they must look to them for their arrears of pay.

The party in the council of which Burleigh was the head were completely chapfallen, and secretly met to consider how to avert the storm which threatened them. His son, Sir Robert Cecil, was for pushing matters to the extreme, and even hinted that the council should insist on the removal of the favorite. Several of the young members were of the same opinion.

"Boys," exclaimed the minister, who had grown gray in villany and the intrigues of office, "what do you suppose would be the value of their heads who ventured to promise such a step? The queen will not be controlled."

"She has been, father," observed his son, significantly, alluding most probably to the project of her marriage with the Duc d'Anjou, which the clique had defeated.

"Times are altered," answered Lord Burleigh, with a sigh; "the axe which struck at the life of the Queen of Scots made her majesty independent of her council, for it removed the only real rival to her throne. As for her son James, no party would be mad enough to ally itself with him. At the first symptom of anger from his royal godmother, he would betray his dearest friends to appease her wrath."

"True," observed one of the lords who was present; "the crowned cur of Scotland merely whined and barked when the blood of his mother was shed upon the scaffold, when he should have made his teeth felt. There is no heart in him."

"Essex must be conciliated," observed one.

"How?" demanded another.

"By confessing his right to the ransom paid by the inhabitants of Cadiz for their lives," replied Lord Burleigh. "Elizabeth knows her power, and feels a secret pride in humbling those who were once necessary to her. 'Wisely,' he continued, 'hath it been said, 'put not your trust in princes.'"

It was not without certain misgivings that the council met upon the day appointed by Elizabeth for hearing their decision touching the money which had been paid by the inhabitants as a ransom for their lives, when the town was taken by the English forces. The disappointment caused by the escape of the Spanish fleet, with its vast treasures, which had been lost entirely by the jealousy and rivalry of the naval commanders, had ill prepared the mind of the queen for an adverse decision of her claims.

"Well, my lords," she exclaimed, as the members were ushered into her presence, "you have taken a long time to consider a right which was as clear as the noonday—the ransom due to me."

There was a silence. None liked to be the first to speak, and brave the storm which they saw was gathering; and several of the members secretly wished they had time to reconsider their decision.

"God's death, my lords," continued her majesty, "but you were not wont to be so mealy-mouthed. You could speak boldly and insolently once, when it was to dispute the wishes of your sovereign. What new change is this?"

"Madam," replied the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, "the council have taken into consideration the claim urged by your majesty, touching the ransom for the inhabitants of Cadiz; and, confident that it is your royal wish and pleasure that it should be judged impartially and without respect to the difference between the sovereign and subject, the council have come to a unanimous decision."

"Well, this decision," exclaimed Elizabeth, with difficulty restraining her passion, for she began to suspect that the preamble was to be followed by the conclusion disappointing her avarice; "in God's name, man, speak out, and do not trifle with our patience, which, truth to say, has been sorely tried in this as well as other matters lately."

"And they find," continued the minister, "by the law of war, and also by usage, that the moneys paid by a town taken by storm, pertain to the general commanding the victorious troops. Deeply as your faithful councillors regret to be called upon to pronounce an adverse decision, honor and justice render it imperative. Their judgment therefore is, that the money belongs to the Earl of Essex, as commander of your majesty's forces in Spain."

The blood rushed to the countenance of Elizabeth, and her eyes flashed with unrestrained fury.

"Traitor!" she exclaimed, striking her clenched fist upon the council-table. "Miscreant and coward! Do you think that I am to be blinded by this parade of honesty and principle? When did either honor or principle stand in the way of your own profit or advancement? Fool as well as knave," she added, "for once your cunning has overleaped itself. You fear Essex more than your too indulgent mistress; but the subject is not yet greater than the sovereign."

"Gracious madam," exclaimed the terror-stricken Burleigh.

"Out of my sight, old villain," continued the royal virago, "and you who have followed in his wake, knaves and traitors as you are; and ye shall find that I know how to deal with such. See," she added, with a bitter smile, "if by your arts and intrigues you can raise disaffection in the city, as in the affair of Anjou and my marriage. Try it, lords, and my reply shall be the Tower and the axe."

With these words, which, in her then absolute rule, were no idle threat, the queen swept out of the council-chamber: and it was not until after the most abject entreaties on the part of Burleigh and the offending members of her council, that she again admitted them to her presence.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

New honors come upon us
Like our strange garments, cleave not to us
But by the aid of use.—SHAKESPEARE.

PHILIP II, of Spain, was what Dr. Johnson called a "good hater."

Neither the defeat of the Armada, nor the severe lesson he had lately received by the taking of his town of Cadiz, had in any degree cooled his hostile intentions towards Elizabeth, whose legitimacy he would never acknowledge.

He now put forth an absurd claim to the crown of England for his daughter, as the heir of the royal house of Plantagenet, and commanded great preparations for the invasion of Ireland, where in all probability his forces would have been well received, for that unhappy country groaned under the misrule of the government which England inflicted on it.

The approach of this new danger caused a species of reconciliation between the favorite and his enemies. A fleet was prepared to attack the Spanish ships before leaving harbor, and the command given to Essex, both by sea and land.

The jealousy of Raleigh defeated the plans of the earl. He ventured to attack the town of Fayal before the arrival of the entire fleet. Many of his friends urged Essex to bring him to trial, which, as commander-in-chief of the expedition, he might have done, and his reply shows a trait of magnanimity which redeems many of the errors of his chequered life.

"I would do so," he said, "were he not my enemy."

How basely Raleigh requited the generous conduct of the earl will be seen when we come to speak of the death of the latter; it destroyed all sympathy which would otherwise be felt in the adventurer's own fate.

Elizabeth, highly incensed at the failure of the expedition, laid all the blame on the unlucky favorite.

The maiden Queen was not more parsimonious of her money than in the honors she bestowed; but when she did confer any high hereditary dignity upon those who had served her, it was done in a manner worthy of herself and the recipient. The only exceptions to the rule were the favors she lavished upon her favorites, the infamous Earl of Leicester, and her time-serving treacherous, deceitful minister, Lord Burleigh, whose soul was stained with the blood of Mary Stuart.

Elizabeth, anxious to mortify Essex, as much, perhaps, as to mark her sense of the services of the Lord Admiral, Lord Howard, resolved upon creating the latter a peer, by the title of the Earl of Nottingham, and commanded his patent to be noted out accordingly.

On the day appointed, the queen attended chapel in great state, and on her return to the presence-chamber, being seated on the throne, and surrounded by the chief nobility of the realm and the great

officers of state, announced her intention in a highly complimentary speech.

The patent having been read, reciting his services, the new peer was led to the foot of the throne by two earls, and kissed the hand of her majesty, who placed the coronet, which Essex carried, upon his head; after which all present congratulated him on his advancement.

Whilst the patent was being read, it was observed both by Elizabeth, Lord Burleigh, and his crook-backed son, Sir Robert Cecil, that the favorite changed color, and appeared ill at ease. Amongst the services rendered to the crown by the new Earl, was mentioned the taking of Cadiz, the merits of which clearly pertained to Essex. Immediately after the ceremony he retired from the palace to his own house, and it was soon after given out that he was ill.

It is a difficult thing, even for the most experienced in the human heart, to read the secret motives of a woman. No sooner had the royal coquette succeeded in wounding the feelings of her favorite, than she reproached herself for her harshness, and resolved upon making him a brilliant reparation.

Although, like most favorites, the Earl of Essex had many enemies, he had also, by his generous and noble qualities, made himself many friends, the most persevering of whom was Sir Francis Vere, who resolved to risk his own favor at court by boldly vindicating his friend: for which purpose he repaired daily to the royal gardens at Whitehall, in the hope of meeting with her majesty, who very wisely, despite the remonstrance of her physicians, would take daily exercise, without regard to the state of the weather, sometimes at Hampton or Greenwich—there was seldom any certainty where; but walk she would, and the habit doubtless contributed to her longevity.

At last the knight beheld, to his great satisfaction, the queen and her ladies, as well as Lord Burleigh, his son, Raleigh, and a crowd of courtiers, enter the royal gardens.

"Well, Sir Knight," exclaimed Elizabeth, as soon as she beheld him, has the plague visited our good city of London that you appear before us with so rueful a countenance?"

"I am indeed sad, please your majesty!" replied Sir Francis; "but it is by sympathy."

"Sympathy!" repeated the queen.

"For a friend, gracious madam, who pines beneath your unkindness in listening to his enemies, rather than trusting to your own clear judgment."

Burleigh looked indignantly at the speaker, and Raleigh tried to frown him into silence; but their mute threats only provoked the gallant friend of Essex to speak more boldly, especially as he fancied that her majesty did not appear altogether dissatisfied at his boldness.

"And of what does he complain?" demanded Elizabeth.

"First, that your majesty, in the honors lately conferred upon the Earl of Nottingham, overlooked the merits of Essex in the taking of Cadiz; and, secondly, that he has been blamed for the failure before Fayal."

"He is to blame," answered the queen, sharply.

"Madam," replied Sir Francis, "would that the duty and respect I owe you permitted me to say that he is not."

"Insolent!" exclaimed Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Who spoke?" demanded the queen, in an angry tone. "I need no interpreter of my will or pleasure here. Go on," she added, addressing Sir Francis, who still knelt before her; "we permit you to speak freely, even though it be to contradict our proper judgment."

Thus authorized the gallant Vere entered into an animated defence of his friend, and proved to the confusion of Raleigh and his partisans, that the failure of the expedition was entirely the fault of the former.

Many who had accused Essex, in the hope of contributing to his overthrow, were present. These Elizabeth questioned in a tone which so clearly evinced her determination to arrive at the truth, that they were compelled to acknowledge they had borne false witness against the absent favorite.

"So," exclaimed the queen with a countenance flushed with anger, "this is the way you serve your sovereign. Fill her ears with slanderous accusations against her loyal servant, who has faithfully done his duty."

"Madam," said Burleigh.

"Silence," interrupted her majesty, "I am in no humor to listen to more deceit and falsehood. But what else could I expect from your known jealousy of all who stand in my favor? Your intrigues it

was which caused this slight to be put upon Essex. Fie, fie, my lord," she added; "at your years you should respect the truth."

For a few moments Elizabeth conversed apart with Sir Francis Vere, whom she thanked for the service he had rendered her, in opening her eyes to the treachery of her court and ministers.

"We are satisfied," she exclaimed aloud, "with the conduct and services of my lord Essex; and will make our satisfaction known in a way that shall confound his enemies."

A short time afterwards she kept her word, since she not only sent for him to court, but created him Earl Marshall, one of the highest dignities in her power to bestow. This promotion so offended the earl of Nottingham, in whose family the office had long been hereditary, that it caused the greatest hostility between him and Essex. To mark his dissatisfaction, he retired from the court, but his wife remained behind.

CHAPTER LXXVII

Oh, our lives' sweetness,
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH all her supposed strength of mind, Elizabeth had an inordinate fear of death, and neither liked to be reminded of her age nor the infirmities consequent upon it. She still wished to be thought young, and no flattery seemed to be too gross for the appetite of the maiden monarch. Even in her sixty-third year, her courtiers were in the habit of comparing her to Venus and Diana. The probabilities are, that her resemblance to the beauty of the first goddess was about on a par with her claim to the chastity of the second.

On one occasion the bishop of St. David's, preaching before her at Richmond, chose for his text, the following verse from the nineteenth Psalm.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

In his sermon the learned prelate indulged in much of the mystical lore of the age, spoke of the number three as the most perfect number, not only from its allusion to the Trinity, but as containing in itself the singular and dual: three for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and sixty-three, the exact age of the queen, as the grand climacteric.

But the point which gave the deepest offence was when, in allusion to the infirmities of age, he quoted from Ecclesiastes:

"When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark, that look out of the windows."

All present were astonished at the good prelate's uncourtier-like boldness. Many no doubt secretly enjoyed the ill-concealed anger and mortification of Elizabeth, who at the end of the sermon, opened the window of the royal closet, which was situated directly opposite the pulpit.

At that period it was the custom for the sovereigns, when any one preached before them, to express their thanks, and also give some commendation of the style and handling of the subject.

"My lord," said her majesty, sharply, "the church is not a school. You have shown but little wit, methinks, in mistaking it for one, and might just as well have kept your arithmetic to yourself, for I neither require nor thank you for it."

"With these angry words she departed, leaving the abashed preacher overwhelmed with confusion and dismay; he even kept his house for some time, from fear of her displeasure."

If the vanity of Elizabeth did not decrease with age, it is but just to add, neither did that spirit and true English courage which had so endeared her to her people. Of this she gave an amusing instance in her reception of the ambassador of the newly-elected King of Poland, in 1597, at her favorite residence at Greenwich.

The reception of foreign envoys had always been a matter of solemn state with the maiden queen, who listened with pleasure to the flatteries of her wisdom, power, and beauty, which such personages seldom failed to address to her. The new minister, Paulus Jaline, had the reputation of being one of the most learned as well as the handsomest men in Europe; and the last of the haughty line of the Plantagenets and Tudors felt gratified at the selection of such a person to represent his master at her court.

Her majesty appeared with more than her usual cumbersome magnificence in the presence-chamber at Greenwich, surrounded by her ladies and the great nobles of the realm, when the audacious stranger was admitted to present his credentials. After kissing her hand, as she sat under the canopy throne, he retreated to a respectful distance, and, as usual, commenced an harangue in the Latin tongue, which,

instead of a long string of compliments upon her beauty and power, to her great indignation but the secret amusement of her court, turned out to be nothing less than an insolent remonstrance, in the name of the petty potentate his master, against Elizabeth's assumption of maritime superiority over the other states of Europe.

He reproached her with having injured the commerce of Poland by her needless wars, and added, that the King of Poland would no longer endure such wrongs to his subjects, but would take the means of redress into his own hands, unless his sister of England rendered such proceedings unnecessary, by altering her aggressive policy.

It must have been delightful to have witnessed the rage and astonishment of the royal spinster as she listened to this unexpected harangue; but she did listen to it silently to the end, her eyes flashing fire, and her cheeks flushed with indignation.

No sooner had the handsome envoy concluded, than Elizabeth started from her throne, and motioned to the Chancellor—whose duty it was to reply to him—to remain silent: she chose to take that office upon herself, and certain it is, that she nobly accomplished the task of speaking in the Latin tongue.

Her speech is given at length in the "Chronicles" of Speed:

"Is this the business that your king has sent you about? Surely," she exclaimed, in a haughty tone, "I can hardly believe that if the king himself were present, he would have used such language. For if he should, he must have thought that he, being a king, not of many years, and that not by right of blood, but by right of election, they, haply, have not informed him of that course which his father and ancestors have taken with us, and which, peradventure, shall be observed by those that live to come after him. And as for you, although I perceive you have read many books to fortify your arguments in this case, yet I am apt to believe that you have not lighted upon that chapter which describes the forms to be observed between kings and princes; but were it not for the place you hold, to have so public an imputation thrown upon our justice, which has yet never failed, we would answer this audacity of yours in another style. And for the particulars of your negotiations, we will appoint some of our council to confer with you, to see upon what grounds this clamor of yours has its foundation, who have shown yourself rather a herald than an ambassador."

The envoy, abashed at the energy displayed in this impromptu reply, would have altered out some excuse; but the angry Elizabeth would not hear him.

"You have had your answer," she said, rising from her throne; "and we are in no humor to listen to further insolence. God's death, my lords," she added, turning with a glowing countenance, to the peers who were present; "but I have been enforced this day to scour up my old Latin, that has so long been rusting, to answer this malapert ambassador, who speaks as if his master were an hereditary sovereign like ourselves, instead of being one of the pettiest princes in Europe."

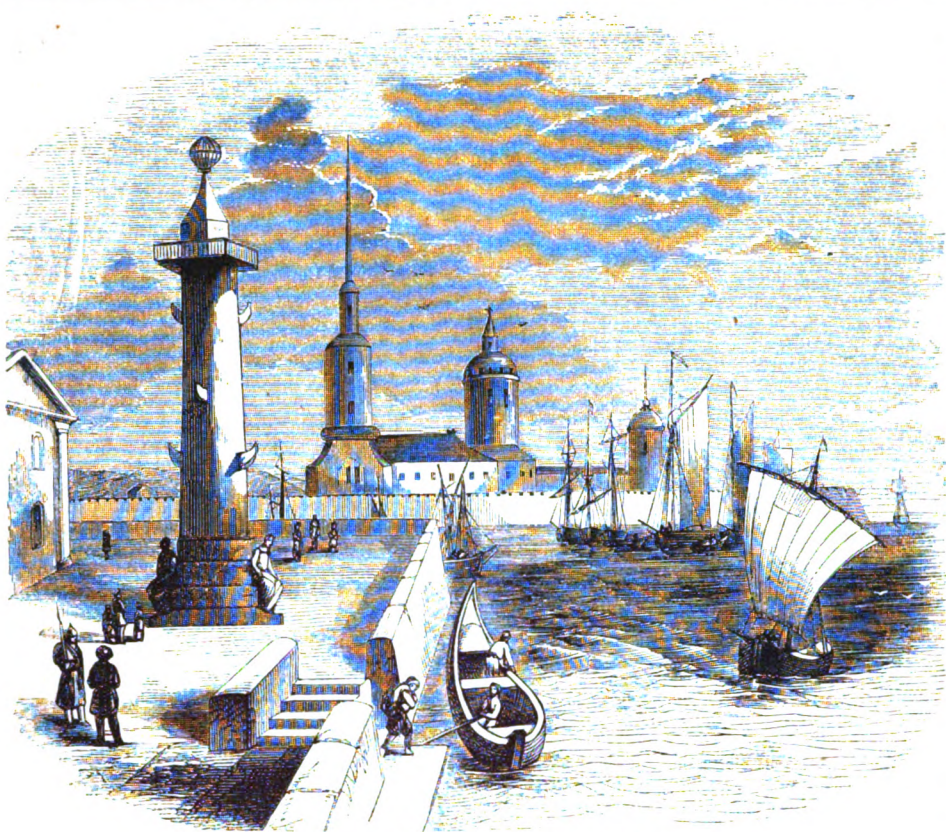
Without condescending to take any further notice of the crest-fallen Paulus Jaline, she swept from the presence-chamber, followed by the ladies and ministers, leaving him to digest his reception as he might.

It was not to be expected that Elizabeth, who was not only one of the most powerful, but probably the proudest potentate in Europe, would tamely accept such an affront from the king of Poland.

For a time after his return to England, Essex appeared more firmly seated in the favor of his aged mistress than ever; and had he used common prudence, might have maintained himself in that dangerous but enviable position; but the usual ill-fortune of most favorites attended him.

The aged Burleigh, who, even on the brink of the grave, could not forego his ferocious thirst for the blood of the man he hated, discovered, by means of his spies, that Lady Rich, the sister of the earl, corresponded secretly with James of Scotland. One of her letters, in which she ridiculed Elizabeth as an "antiquated Venus," and spoke of her brother as "the weary knight," implying that he was weary of her thrall, fell into his hands; and he only waited a fitting occasion to make use of it.

SPINNING THREADS OF INDIA-RUBBER.—The proprietor of a factory at Grenelle discovered that threads of this material, if heated while on the stretch, did not shrink back to their former dimensions; and that, by repeated stretchings and reheatings, any degree of fineness could be produced. The superiority of threads produced by this means over those cut, is, that they are perfectly round.



THE CHURCH OF PETER AND PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG.

The Tombs of the Czars.

THOUSANDS in the northern capital of the czar, who rose on the morning of the 1st of March, without more than an ordinary measure of care, became anxious, restless, moody, and apprehensive, as the day wore on, and the dark night returned to their streets, squares, quays, and dwellings. Thoughts of the war were banished. One concern, more immediately domestic, absorbed every mind. The fact oozed out, and spread in whispers low and swift through the city, that the emperor was sorely stricken. Was it a severe but transient illness merely? Or had the angel of death really crossed the threshold of the Winter Palace, to wrestle with its master, and take him for a spoil and for a prey? These were questions with which all St. Petersburg was agitated, while the rest of Europe was profoundly ignorant of the imperilled circumstances of the imperial potentate, and only referred to him as a still stalwart man, driving along in his drosky, reviewing his battalions, inspecting his arsenals, reading the despatches of Menschikoff, or in eager council with Nesselrode and Dolgorouki.

The heave of public feeling in the capital, from the hopeful to the opposite solution of the problem and back again, was over when the next morning dawned. That very night his thoughts perished—thoughts of arms and armies, fleets and cannon, batteries and battles, camps and sieges, diplomacy and protocols; and the mighty lord of a territory stretching from the shores of the Arctic ocean to the southern slopes of the Caucasus, from the barren rocks of Kamschatka to the sandy coasts of the Baltic, lay upon a couch, as indifferent to empire as the thick-ribbed ice which then mantled the surface of the Neva. With storm-like rapidity, the sentence addressed to the great ones of the earth, "Ye shall die like men," was executed in the case of Nicholas, for he was a helpless corpse when the cabinets of the west were engrossed with him as an active enemy, the vigilant and unwearied ruler of all the Russias.

The czars, where are they? Previous to the foundation of St. Petersburg, their bones were laid in the Arkangelski Sabor, the church of the archangel Michael at Moscow. This is a rude barbaric building on the height of the Kremlin, remarkable only for its dark interior, the small windows scarcely admitting sufficient light to reveal its sepulchral monuments and bedizened shrines. Men of furious passions and evil deeds lie beneath its pavement, to some of whom the blackness of darkness is appropriate. Portraits of the czars, large as life, are painted in fresco on the walls. Each appears wrapped in a white mantle, placed by his own tomb, as if watching it. They are wholly without artistic merit, and are not likenesses, having been apparently

copied from a common pattern. The tombs are mere heaps of whitened brick-work, with inscriptions in the following style:—"In the year of the world 7092, and in the year after Christ 1584, in the month of March, on the 19th day, departed the orthodox and Christ-loving lord, the lord czar and grand duke Feodore, the son of John, ruler and general of all the Russians." In a small chapel near the altar, Ivan the terrible and his son, the murderer and the murdered, are side by side, as if nothing in life but love had passed between them. Ivan's iron-pointed staff, with which he struck the fatal blow, and once pinned to the ground the foot of an unhappy messenger who brought him evil tidings, leaning upon it while he read the despatch, is in the armory of the Kremlin. The great attraction of the place to the Russians is the body of the last Demetrius, regarded as the last offshoot of the old dynasty of Rurik. This is the mummy of a boy of five or six years of age, for two centuries canonised and worshipped as a saint. The firmly-believed story goes, that after a vain search for the body of the stripling, in the place where he was murdered by the usurper, it arose out of the earth, to gratify the longing of the people. On festival days and great occasions, this relic of humanity, magnificently clad, is exposed in an open coffin; and infatuated crowds struggle and jostle to kiss the forehead of the young St. Demetrius.

From the last royal interment in the Archangel's church at Moscow, the line of deceased czars is continued to the present period in the church of Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg. The graceful and lofty spire of this edifice, rising to the total height of three hundred and fifty feet, and so slender for the last hundred and fifty feet, that it must be climbed like a pine-tree, is its only peculiar external feature. Gilt with gold, and glittering in the sun, it marks, to the distant observer, nearly the centre of the capital, the locality of the fortress in which it is situated, and the mausoleum of the sovereigns since the assumption of the imperial dignity. The fortress is on the opposite side of the Neva to the Winter palace, almost in a direct line; and the church occupies an open space in the centre of it. Nothing can be more simple than the tombs, ranged on each side of the altar. The coffins are in the vaults, and over them in the church are plain stone sarcophagi. Each is covered with a red velvet pall, on which the names of the deceased, or merely the initials, are embroidered in gold, with the Russian arms, as "His imperial majesty the Emperor Alexander I.," "His imperial highness the grand duke Constantine." Military ensigns, chiefly taken in the Persian and Turkish wars, are suspended as trophies about the tombs, and in various parts of the building. They consist of flags bearing the Persian

sun and the Turkish crescent—the brass or silver batons of commanders and grand viziers—the triple horse-tails of pashas—the keys of fortresses—and insignia of the defunct janizaries. Some of the flags have bullet-holes; and on one, five bloody finger-marks may be seen, traces of the hand of the standard-bearer, who defended it to the last. As in life, so in death, the czars appear as men of the sword, surrounded with the symbols of military power, entombed in the church of a citadel. Granite walls, five regularly fortified bastions, one hundred cannon, and a garrison of five thousand soldiers, defend their bones.

The bodies in the vaults are those of Peter I., who founded the state as a European empire, with a hatchet for his sceptre, and got rid of his only son by poison—Catherine I., his wife, who could neither read nor write—Peter II., a boy—Anne—Elizabeth Catherine II., a murderess—Peter III., her husband and victim—Paul I., assassinated, strangled by his nobles with his own scarf—Alexander I.—and by this time, we may add, Nicholas, with numerous princes and princesses of the imperial family.

One member of the royal line is wanting, the baby czar Ivan VI., who had a twelvemonth's unconscious reign, under a regency. On the 24th of November 1741 (o. s.) hard snow lay upon the ground in the capital, sledges were driving to and fro, and a regiment of guards before the Winter palace saluted the emperor, who appeared in his nurse's arms at one of the windows. Dr. Cook, a Scotch medical practitioner was in the crowd of spectators. The next day, the streets were deserted. A revolution had taken place. The child and his parents, Anthony Ulric, duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, and Anne, niece of Peter I., were prisoners of state; and Elizabeth ascended the throne, for which she was indebted to intrigues of Lestocq, a French barber. After being confined in various places, the deposed family was separated. The parents were sent to Cholanogory, on the northern Dwina, where they endured a miserable exile, from which death only released them, while Ivan, now a boy eight years old, was immured in a casement of the fortress of Schlusselburg, on the Ladoga, the very loop-hole of which was immediately bricked up. As no ray of heaven ever visited his eyes, a lamp was kept constantly burning. He knew, therefore, no difference between day and night; and as no clock was either seen or heard, he could take no note of time. For a period his attendants were forbidden to ask him a question, or return an answer. Subsequently his condition was somewhat mitigated, but still severe. He lived to the age of twenty-four, his mind being a complete blank, more than half idiotic. At last, two of his guards despatched him, in consequence, as was alleged, of a conspiracy in his favor in the garrison, having orders to do so, under the circumstances, from Catherine II. Many believed the conspiracy to be a sham, contrived on purpose to have the deed accomplished. The two assassins retired into Denmark, where they were taken under the protection of the Russian minister; but both returned to be advanced in the service of the state. Habited in the garb of a sailor, the body of the unfortunate prince, once a czar, was exposed for some days to public inspection, according to custom, in an old decayed and abandoned wooden church of the fortress. It was then wrapped in a sheep-skin, and interred without ceremony. But numbers coming from the capital, insisting upon still seeing the corpse, and popular tumults being apprehended, it was secretly conveyed by night to the monastery of Tichsina, at a greater distance from St. Petersburg. Thus ended the tragedy of Ivan VI., one of the saddest and most fearful on the page of history. With him terminated the legitimate line of the Romanoffs, the succeeding czars having German, not Muscovite blood in their veins.

As in the church of Michael the archangel, so in that of Peter and Paul, the slayer and the slain, the second Catherine and the third Peter, are side by side in the grave. This was the arrangement of another party. The empress, having dethroned the emperor within seven months of his accession, made sharp work of it in the execution of her plans, issuing a manifesto seven days afterwards, in which she informed her loving subjects of his death. It mentioned "a violent griping colic" as the cause of the event, instead of a dose of poisoned brandy, followed up by a napkin with a running knot round his neck, which Orlov and Baratinsky held firm till he expired. "We have, therefore," says the manifesto, "ordered his body to be conveyed to the monastery of Nevsky, in order to its interment in that place." Catherine had plainly no intention to be near him in the sepulchre. "At the same time," the document blasphemously adds, "we exhort our faithful subjects to pray to God sincerely for the

repose of his soul, wishing them, however, to consider this unexpected and sudden death as an especial effect of the providence of God, whose impendable decrees are working for us, for our throne, and for our country, things known only to his holy will! Done at St. Petersburg, July 7, 1762." For three days the corpse lay in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, habited in uniform, and exposed in an open coffin, in order that those who wished might kiss the hands or mouth of the deceased. Those who ventured to do the latter had swelled lips, in consequence of the potent poison. It was then buried somewhere near the altar, without monument or inscription, and only one person, an archbishop, is said to have retained a knowledge of the exact spot.

Thirty-four years rolled away, and Catherine was summoned to her judgment. Paul, her son and successor, then performed an act of retributive justice. He ordered the body of his father to be exhumed, and laid in state by the coffin of his mother in the Winter palace. Both were from thence conveyed to the church of the citadel. More than this, Orlof, the main agent in the murder, being then alive at Moscow, was summoned by the emperor to attend the funeral. With faltering steps, hands folded, eyes fixed upon the ground, and face pale as death, the assassin walked behind the coffin of the victim he had helped to poison and strangle.

Nicholas has now been added to the number of deceased czars. His struggle with death lasted through Thursday, the 1st of March, 1855, and ended soon after the succeeding day commenced. The event, an epoch in itself in the politics of Europe, is of not less note in the annals of scientific skill. For the first time in the history of the world, intelligence of the decease of an imperial potentate has travelled by land without horse or chariot, and has crossed the sea without the aid of ship, sail, wind, or steam. For the first time also, death's doings on the banks of the Neva have been known on the day of their occurrence, on the banks of the Seine and the Thames. Along telegraphic wires, tidings that the czar was no more were transmitted to his brother-in-law at Berlin, his daughter at Stuttgart, his sisters at Weimar and the Hague, while widely separated courts and cabinets simultaneously received information of it. Close upon the same hour, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Paris, and London, were stirred by news of the incident. Swifter than the wind's wildest breath, it flew by the forests, marshes, and moors of Livonia and Courland, across the sands and swamps of Prussia, over the heaths of western Germany, through busy Belgium, and thence, with unabated speed, beneath the waters of the Channel, to the shores of England. The czar expired at ten minutes after midnight; and on the same day, at half-past five in the afternoon, the fact was made known to both houses of parliament by the representatives of the British government. Brief, startling, and inexpressibly significant was the announcement of the telegraph. It vividly called to our remembrance passages of holy writ relating to parallel changes—pithy, yet full, invested with large meaning to contemporaries:—"And Omri died, and Jehu reigned in his stead"—"In that night was Belshazzar king of the Chaldeans slain; and Darius the Median took the kingdom."

Sketches of the Crimea.

ITS FORMER RULERS—THE TATAR KHANATE AND KHANS.

ENGLAND has had a shepherd-lord, and the Crimea a shepherd-khan. While the wars of the roses were in process, the last scion of a noble Lancastrian house was placed by a widowed mother in a rustic cabin, to screen him from the vengeance of the Yorkists. The child became a man in that humble estate, dressed as a peasant, toiled like a menial, was out on the northern moors in the pattering rain and driving snow, foddering cattle and folding sheep, profoundly ignorant of his ancestral station, till a political revolution rendered it prudent to reveal his quality to himself, and his preservation to the world.

"And ages after he was laid in earth,
The 'good lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

The Crimean incident occurred in the same century, but at an earlier period. In one of the many revolutions from internal strife and foreign violence to which the empire of western Tătary was subject, a prince of the house of Tamerlane gained the throne, and endeavored to secure it by destroying all the branches of the old stock of Ghengis Khan. The bloody deed was done, but not completely. A boy of very tender years, named Devlet, escaped the ruin of his family, and was reserved to restore its fallen fortunes. Saved by a shepherd, and kindly nurtured in his humble home, he adopted

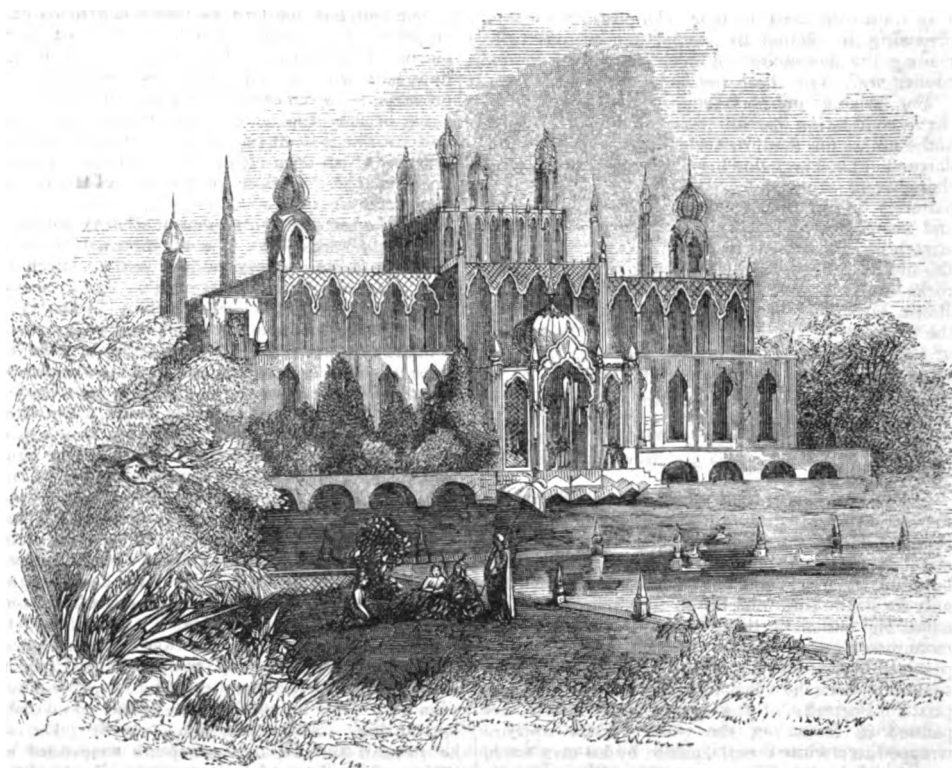
his garb, habits, and occupation, and in the obscure condition of a herdsmen, tended the cattle, sheep and goats of his foster-father. The child became a youth, and the youth a man, wholly unacquainted with his high lineage, and the vast inheritance legitimately his own. But a day came when the nation violently threw off the yoke of the new dynasty, exasperated by its oppressions, and bitterly regretted the extinction of the ancient line. In this conjuncture the preserved prince was produced; and, upon his identity being established, he was restored to his rights, and unanimously placed by his countrymen at their head. Devlet proved himself equal to the task of ruling a somewhat headstrong and intractable people. He made the Crimea for a short period the seat of an independent monarchy, which extended over a vast sweep of the adjoining continent; and Bagtche-Seraï became the capital of the Khanate of Crim Tătary. This was about the year 1440. The khan did not forget his benefactor. He asked what recompense he wished for having saved his life, and befriended him in adversity. "Adopt my name," was the reply, "in connection with your own, and let the name of Gherai be transmitted to your descendants, in memory of the poor shepherd by whom you were rescued." This distinction was not withheld from one who showed himself so disinterested; and to the last hour of the khanate, through nearly three centuries and a half, the name of the peasant was invariably joined with their other names by the khans of the Crimea.

Meanwhile, the Genoese retained their settlements, but being purse-proud and domineering, while the Tatars had hot blood in their veins, they were not calculated to be amicable next-door neighbors. There were endless squabbles, petty fights in abundance, wars and rumors of wars not a few. Devlet Gherai left eight sons. The merchant rulers of Kaffa managed to pounce upon seven of the number, and locked them up in a fortress, as hostages for the other brother whom they supported, ruling in accommodation to their will. But a change was at hand for both parties. In 1453, the Turks took Constantinople; and their terrible sultan, Mohammed II., the "Father of Conquest," owed the Genoese a grudge. During the siege, one of their countrymen, captain of a merchant vessel, left his ship in the Golden Horn, upon the invitation of the Greek emperor, and took the command of the garrison, to the no small detriment of the beleaguering host. Thenceforth, the very name of Genoa was as gall and wormwood to the conquering Moslem. In little more than twenty years his fleet appeared off Kaffa, while the Tatars, as the co-religionists of the Turks, exasperated by the political intrigues of the commercial republic operated by land in the reduction of the place. It fell in June, 1475, after a desperate resistance of six days; and the minor settlements soon shared the fate of the mother city.

The massive ruins of fortifications and watch-towers, and a street with an arcade before the houses, are the chief memorials of Italian enterprise remaining in the present town. A Genoese epitaph in the museum, a fragment from one of the churches, dating in the year 1523, proves that after the Turkish conquest some of the people remained in their ancient home, where they were allowed to grow old and die not unhonored.

The Ottoman, whose very name was the common terror of Europe, and whose simple menace frightened Pope Sixtus into packing up his goods and chattels in order to fly across the Alps, readily induced Mengli Gherai, son of Devlet, to acknowledge his supreme authority, and hold the khanate as an appanage of his empire. The subjects of the latter were not indisposed to this arrangement, owing to the renown of the potentate, community of creed, and the nature of the relationship. The Turks regarded the Tatars more as allies than vassals, supplying their armies with splendid cavalry; while the Tatars revered the sultans as the most powerful chiefs of their religion, and the legitimate heads of Islam, when the phantom representative of the ancient caliphs surrendered to them his rank. For more than a century afterwards the masters of Constantinople were not the dolts, idiots, and mere debauchees they subsequently became, when cramped and effeminated by the completed discipline of the seraglio; but men of vigorous capacity, occasionally adopting enlarged views. A great industrial operation in the khanate of the Crimea, commenced about the year 1570, is an evidence of this. Since the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape, the trade between eastern Asia and western Europe had been diverted from the overland route to the maritime channel. But Sultan Selim II., in conjunction with the Crimean khan, endeavored to restore it to the ancient course, by uniting with a canal the great streams of the Don and the Volga, thus opening a navigable passage from the Black sea to the Caspian, and establishing easy commercial communication between Europe and Asia. Some traces of this canal are still visible. Its progress was interrupted in a remarkable manner. While the navies, as we may call them, were proceeding with the work, a body of men, with uncouth figures, strange features, and barbarous language, sallied out from a neighboring town, surprised the expedition, and cut workmen and soldiers to pieces. They were the Muscovite subjects of Ivan the Terrible; and this was the first encounter between the *Turks* and the *Russians*. A few years later, in 1854, a Turkish general, Osman Pasha, serving in Georgia, crossed the Caucasus to help the khan of the Crimea, assailed by the Russians, and from thence proceeded through Bessarabia across the Dauube to Constantinople, when the crescent for the first time made the circuit of the Black Sea.

At the height of their power the khans ruled



PALACE OF THE KHANS.

over a vast dominion. It stretched from the Danube on the one hand to the Caucasus on the other; while its northern frontier extended as far as Poland and Lesser Russia. This territory included various tribes, among whom the Crim Tatars were the most advanced in polity. Some led a wandering life; but others skillfully cultivated the soil, engaged in commerce, had elementary schools, and were distributed in paternally governed communal settlements. The people of the towns and villages, headed by notables, presented the sovereign, on the occasion of a visit, with bread and salt, the emblems of peace and good-will, and with sugar, that of a mild and happy reign. The land was divided into fiefs, held by the myrzas or nobles, and farmed by the peasantry. It paid no tax to the state, except that each *radalik*, or district of the Crimea Proper, had to furnish a wagon drawn by two horses and a load of corn, when the princes went to war. Their revenue was derived from the salt works, the customs, the annual tributes, and the booty obtained in military expeditions. It was sufficient to enable them to build palaces and kiosks, live in splendor, and indulge in luxury. They were royally lavish in its expenditure, and would reply to economical advisers—"What good is it to hoard up wealth? Who ever knew a Gherai to die of poverty?" Calculations upon the profit of some future foray stimulated this spendthrift spirit. The khans governed by the aid of a divan, and when absent from the territory, a regent was appointed. Besides ordinary ministers, they retained professional astrologers in their service—the universal practice of potentates in the middle ages, whether Mohammedan or Christian, wearing the Turban, the tiara, or the crown. The fiat of these men decided the day and hour of giving battle, while their office made them acquainted with all state secrets. Hence the safety of the master depended entirely upon the fidelity of the official. When Kaplan Gherai lay encamped upon the Pruth, and might have won an easy victory over the Russians, his astrologer pronounced the day unfavorable for the attack. Hence he suffered the opportunity to escape him; and the enemy having time to bring up reinforcements, the khan was routed. It afterwards oozed out that an agent from Marshal Romanzow had got access to the astrologer, and bribed him to accommodate his reading of celestial signs to Russian interests. Innumerable tricks of this kind led to a clause being added to a proverb of long standing in the east, that "a Greek can cheat a Turk, a Jew will cozen a Greek, and an Armenian deceive a Jew;" whereas "a Russian," the supplement referred to, "will trick them all, and *Schaitan* (the evil one) himself." An army of a hundred thousand men followed some of the khans into the field. The Tatar horsemen, with sabre, lance, and buckler, were long the dread of Poles, Hungarians, and Germans. The foot soldiers, in early times, employed the sling, bows, and arrows, besides the sword. Both cavalry and infantry used the lasso. Horns of cattle served as substitutes for the bugle. In peace, the military spirit was fostered by martial games and warlike songs. Sham fights and mock sieges were common pastimes. On these occasions, to guard against feuds arising from inadvertent injury being inflicted, the contending parties were previously sworn on the koran not to allow accident to give birth to resentment. The following are stanzas of a popular war-song:—

"Fling high! oh fling high!
To the bright blue sky,
The banner that led
Our forefathers dead,
To battle! to battle! to battle!"

Hope, like a bright star,
Shines forth from afar;
And leads on the brave,
Their country to save,
To battle! to battle! to battle!"

May each glittering tear
On our heroes bier
Gem the deathless crown
Of their bright renown.
To battle! to battle! to battle!"

The Turks have their sacred national flag, said to have come down from the founder of Islam, and only brought out on great occasions. So had the Tatars. This was an ancient moth-eaten standard, preserved with care, and specially venerated; for, according to tradition, it had once been borne before the padishahs, the king of kings, Ghengis Khan. In the Russian war, the banner was conveyed to the frontier under a guard of Imans; and from the lines of Perekop it floated to the breeze.

The capital of the khans, Bagtche-Serai, a still existing town, occupied almost exclusively by Tatars, contained nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants in the days of its prosperity. Its site is

a narrow romantic dale between high mountains, not unlike the valley of Matlock. The sides bristle with large cube-shaped rocks, which seem ready to fall and crush the houses. A small river, the Djourouk-Sou, flows at the bottom of the dell, from which the houses rise in terraces along the side of the hills, interspersed with gardens, vineyards and clumps of trees, chiefly Lombardy poplars. Mosques appear in the midst of the trees and raise their minarets above the dwellings. The place breaks suddenly upon the visitor, and is extremely imposing, while distance gives enchantment to the view. The Khan-Serai, or palace, at the eastern extremity of the town, still carefully preserved, is an immense collection of coquettish, unequal, and contrasting edifices, overshadowed by large red roofs and surmounted with turrets answering the purpose of chimneys. The buildings include the private apartments of the khan, the harem, the hall of justice, the stables, a splendid mosque, and a cemetery, with offices, courts, gardens, fountains, baths, corridors, and halls, forming a perfect labyrinth, adorned with devices and inscriptions. There is scarcely a door but what has its sentence or talismanic cipher, mingled with paintings of flowers, fruits, birds, stars, and scrolls. The paintings have no artistic merit. Glaring tints of red and green are the prevailing colors. The inscriptions are verses from the koran in Arabic, and commemorative records of the old lords of the abode in the Tatar language, rife with the peculiar spirit of orientalisms. One over the principal entrance states—"the master of this door is the conqueror of the surrounding soil, the mighty lord Hadgi Gherai Khan, son of Mengli Gherai Khan. May Allah vouchsafe unto the Khan Mengli Gherai, and to his father and mother, the gift of felicity in this world and in that which is to come." The double-headed imperial eagle of Russia now soars above it, in place of the Mohammedan crescent, as the symbol of proprietorship.

The harem is a quiet-looking house of five rooms, to which a moderate-sized garden is attached. Here dwelt the four wives of the khan, generally in the utmost retirement. The rulers of Crim Tatars usually followed the precept of the koran, which limited them to four wives, with greater exactness than the Ottoman sultans and pashas. The hall of justice is a lofty circular apartment, with a gilt ceiling, and a sombre aspect, owing to the paucity of windows. Even these were closed when the judge had to decide on an important case, to give solemnity to the proceedings; and the chamber was feebly illuminated with artificial lights. Upon an accused person being found guilty, he was led out on the left hand to undergo summary punishment. If acquitted, he departed on the right. Sometimes the khans were present to satisfy themselves that justice was duly administered. They occupied a kind of side-gallery, inclosed by lattice-work, so that neither judge nor criminal was aware of their presence.

The palace of gardens, as Bagtche-Serai signifies, might with equal propriety have been called the palace of fountains. Beautiful springs bubble, flow, and wind in all directions, in the planted grounds, the cemetery, and the vestibules. One of these, bearing the name of the fountain of Marie, and also the fountain of Tears, has a tale connected with it, which Poushkin, the unfortunate Russian poet has told. During an expedition into Poland, one of the khans brought away with him, as a prisoner, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy noble, and wished to make her his wife. She was presented with the finest dresses, had the best apartments in the palace, and every pleasure that could be commanded was placed at her feet. But the Polish girl rejected his advances, thought only of the home and friends she had left, and abandoned herself to sorrow. It is even said that a Christian chapel was prepared, and priests procured to say mass, in order that nothing might be wanting to meet her views. But all was fruitless, and the mighty lord of Crim Tatars became a moody and dejected man. Marie would not ally herself with an alien to her religion and an enemy to her fatherland, though kind treatment at last conciliated her regard. At this point of the story, a Georgian girl, who had been long jealous of the Pole, resolved to rid herself of a rival, and stabbed with a dagger the innocent stranger, who immediately expired upon the spot. The khan, after causing the murderess to be executed, and plunging into the turmoil of war to banish the recollection of the tragedy, returned home to commemorate his grief by erecting the fountain of Tears in the vestibule of the palace. It is composed of several basins, one above the other, the lowest overflowing in the form of drops, meant to represent the tears of the mourner. It has also an

inscription, but wholly unconnected with the incident, as follows:—

"Rejoice! rejoice! Bagtche-Serai! For the enlightened Khan Krim Gherai, ever benevolent, ever solicitous for the welfare of his children, discovered this excellent spring of the purest water, and through his own munificence erected this beautiful fountain. Glory to the most omnipotent!"

"If there exists such another fountain in the universe, let it be found!"

"Damascus and Bagdad have many glorious things, but so beautiful a fountain they have not beheld."

Another inscription on a second fountain thus closes:—

"He that is tormented with thirst will raise his eyes across the stream that flows through pipes thin as his finger, and read these lines. But what is the invitation they bear? Come; drink ye of this limpid fount which flows from the purest of sources. It brings you health."

The palace-mosque, identified by slender minarets, has over the chief entrance the following record:—

"Who was Hadgi Selim? The most illustrious of all the khans of Crim Tatars. The hero by God's divine power. May the Almighty God, in his supreme kindness, recompense Hadgi Selim, for it was he that commenced the erection of this beautiful mosque. Who completed the work? Schamet Gherai Khan, the son of his love, the rose now in full bearing, who has become the padishah and lion of the Crimea!"

Behind the mosque is the cemetery, planted with nut, mulberry, and poplar trees, a spring crickling through the plants and shrubs. Here, chiefly in two domed rotundas, from twenty to thirty khans—restless spirits in their day—sleep the sleep of death. Their wives and kindred lie near them. The tombs are in the form of a bier, the upper side of which is of an angular shape. Each has at the head a stone, the top of which is sculptured in the form of a turban. But in some instances, the veritable turban of the deceased, now dingy and tattered, crowns the funeral monument. The tombs of the women are distinguished by the peculiarly-shaped cap sculptured at the head. A separate mausoleum, consisting of a gilded cupola, supported by marble columns, was erected by Krim Gherai, mentioned in a preceding inscription, who here laid the remains of his beautiful wife, a Georgian princess. This celebrated khan, a great favorite with his subjects, took the field against the Russians with 50,000 men in the year 1764; but soon died at Bender, poisoned by a Greek physician, a supposed tool of the enemy.

CHARITY.—As regards charity, a man might extend to others the ineffable tenderness which he has for some of his own sins and errors, because he knows the whole history of them; and, though taken at a particular point, they appear very large and very black, he knew them in their early days when they were playfellows, instead of tyrant demons. There are others which he cannot so well smooth over, because he knows that in their case inward proclivity coincided with outward temptation; and, if he is a just man, he is well aware that, if he had not erred here, he would have erred there; that experience, even at famine price, was necessary for them in those matters. But, in considering the misdoings and misfortunes of others, he may as well begin, at least, by thinking that they are of the class which he has found, from his own experience, to contain a larger amount of what we call ill-fortune than of anything like evil disposition. For time and chance, says the preacher, happen to all men.

A PUZZLED TURK.—The combined fleets at Balta-chik, in the Black Sea, occupy spare time in inter-changing civilities, pic-nic entertainments, cricket, and quoits. It is recorded in one communication, that a party was recently given in the summer-house of a deserted Turkish villa. Among the Turks assembled there, one staid and important-looking person directed his attention to the provision-basket, and, seeing among its contents a pewter-pot with a glass bottom, took it out, and, under the impression that it was a new kind of telescope, put the glass bottom to his eye, and viewed the ships through it so long and so intently, that the chibouque resting on his knee went out; and, finally, with a puzzled air, he returned it into the basket, saying: "Mashallah—Mashallah!" (God be praised!)

DISCRETION.—The greatest parts without discretion may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed on account of his enormous strength and stature.

BY H. J. VERNON.

On the other side stood the accused, who answered, "I have deserted without any reason, without any motive: I do not repent. If it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve death—pass sentence."

I thank God for it; but the duty of the citizen is to obey the law. Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls thee—obey!

your own words of last night. God gives thee his
a second time; devote it not to me, but to France!
she, too, is a kind mother! Love her as thou didst

A Summer Ramble through Belgium and Holland.

To Holland we resolved to go. But why not go by way of Belgium, and so pass through an intensely papal into an intensely protestant country? There were cathedrals and paintings in Belgium; Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, had their respective attractions; and except in small engravings, what did we know of the masterpieces of the brothers Oost, Van Eyck, Hemling, Van der Velde, and Rubens?

Thus things combined to look pleasant in the distance, and, putting ourselves *en route*, we found, at this time last year, that we (*i. e.* the writer and three friends) were doing considerable justice to a very nice breakfast at the Ship Hotel, Ostend. We do not advise travellers to be guided always by Murray, most valuable as his handbooks are. There is no compulsory detention here, as he suggests, and the custom-house officers are civil; your passport is very soon returned to you, and a few hours are not misspent in the Brighton of Belgium.

The town has a considerable appearance of activity; and a walk beyond the ramparts is well repaid by a fine view of the extensive sands, admirably adapted for bathing purposes, dotted with hundreds of machines to facilitate the process; and by the *dunes* or sandhills, here seen for the first time, that stretch all along this coast, constituting a great natural embankment by which the inundation of the country is effectually prevented. These remarkable hills of sand, that have been blown up from the sea-shore, stretch along the northern coast of Holland and Belgium, and are sometimes a mile or even two miles in width, and forty or fifty feet high. By patient perseverance these *dunes* are in many places cultivated, bearing first a coarse reed grass that luxuriates in the silver sand; this, decaying, forms a mould, in which at first potatoes are grown, and in the course of a few years small plantations of firs may be seen on the once barren *dune*.

By one of the many trains that run daily, and to all but one of which third class carriages are attached, we reached Bruges in half an hour. This decayed, deserted old city of palaces was once the Liverpool of the Low Countries, and now, in its decadence and melancholy forlornness, contains much material for pencil, note-book, and memory. What strange yet imposing-looking houses are these, with their quaint gables turned to the street, running off into nothing, by a series of steps on each side, and yet how silent and deserted the place looks!

"The season of her splendor has gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain."

This painfully quiet place was once the chief city of the Hanseatic League; the then rising English wool trade found here its chief mart; Venice and Lombardy brought here the gorgeous productions of

the east in exchange for the timbers, and hides, and tallows of the north; and now all that remains is a deserted city of palaces.

Pushing aside the beggars and *touters*, for which Bruges is notorious—fellows dogging every step with, "Vous avez want a commissionaire, sare?" or begging money, are great trials to peace principles—let us go first to the cathedral. Its exterior of brick is anything but imposing: it has a heavy, squat, and clumsy look, but within it is elegantly ornate and graceful. This is the first we have seen of those fourteenth century Gothic edifices which render that period so memorable, and which constitute so large a part of the beauty of the continental cities. There is a fine picture in the cathedral, by Van Hemling—an artist scarcely known even by name in America, painted in 1430, and presented by him to this church—representing the Martyrdom of Hyppolytus, who was, according to ecclesiastical tradition, torn to pieces by horses. Of course it is marked by much stiffness and want of correct perspective—these early masters had to find out what we have since learned from books—they labored, and we have reaped the benefit of their labors; but the picture is very wonderful. Go close, and look at that distorted and agonised body; at the arms, which seem as if they must start from their sockets with another move of the horses; at the cold-blooded malignity of the executioners, and the resigned, benignant face of the martyr; and you will not be surprised that the Bruges people plume themselves on account of this old treasure.

There are two other pictures well worth looking at in the cathedral; they are both by the brothers Van Oost, and painted in 1636. One is "Christ on the Cross," which is a noble composition; but the other, "The Flight into Egypt," impressed us the most. We are no connoisseurs, only lovers of the fine arts; but the haste and bustle thrown into this picture—Mary directing her exclusive attention to the young child; the angel giving his instructions to Joseph, who looks surprised and alarmed at the sudden turn of events; the finger of the angel on Joseph's lips, which says, "Be silent, go to Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word"—these ideas embodied on the canvass have an impressive influence on the mind.

The church of Notre Dame, called here, in Flemish, "Ouze Orouw," contains nothing remarkable; so let us pass on to the Hospital of St. John, where we know a treat awaits us. A small fee admits you to the chapter-house; and here are two or three treasures of art worth an earnest notice. The walls are hung with portraits of the principal directors of the establishment. Very quiet and demure do those old heads of houses look now; but what passions have they not felt, and what dark

deeds have they not counselled, in the days gone by never to return! At the end of the room is a famous picture by Van Hemling, painted in 1479: it is said to be this artist's masterpiece.

Another picture, or rather series of *tableaux* making one picture, by the same old master, is here. It represents the legend of the martyrdom of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins, some of whose bones, we dare say, our readers have had shown them at Cologne. There are six paintings, quite small, let into a kind of cabinet, before which you take your seat, and move it round to bring each scene before the eye. It is really a marvel of beauty. Although painted in oil and on wood, every figure is executed with the finish of a fine miniature, and there is a richness of color as well as minuteness of detail that is very surprising. Hemling's picture is valued at a million of francs; that is to say, the authorities of the place would not sell it at any price. Four hundred years have passed away since Hemling put the last stroke of his brush on these marvellous pictures, and, up to this time, they have never needed nor received any cleaning; and though we have heard that some of Turner's pictures are already beginning to fade, the works of these artists remain bright and vivid as at the first. Is it because they made and mixed all their own colors?

The Hôtel de Ville of Bruges is small, and though once every niche was occupied by statues of the Flemish counts, these were all destroyed by the mad insurrectionists of the Reign of Terror, who would not suffer these stone tyrants to remain longer in their elevation. The chimneys from the tower of Les Halles are pretty, and to an American ear, novel, though nothing to be compared with the shower of sprinkling music that comes dropping down from the airy tower of Antwerp cathedral, every few minutes, day and night.

Let us leave Bruges: it has had its day, and is now a memory of the past; but no tourist ought to pass through it without giving it at least a day. The train carries you to Ghent in an hour; and here we must spend a day. Ghent, Gand, or Gent, is a matter of indifference to us, but not so the fact, unnoticed by every guide-book we have seen, that this town was honored to give birth and name to that Edward's son, who was one of Wycliffe's friends,

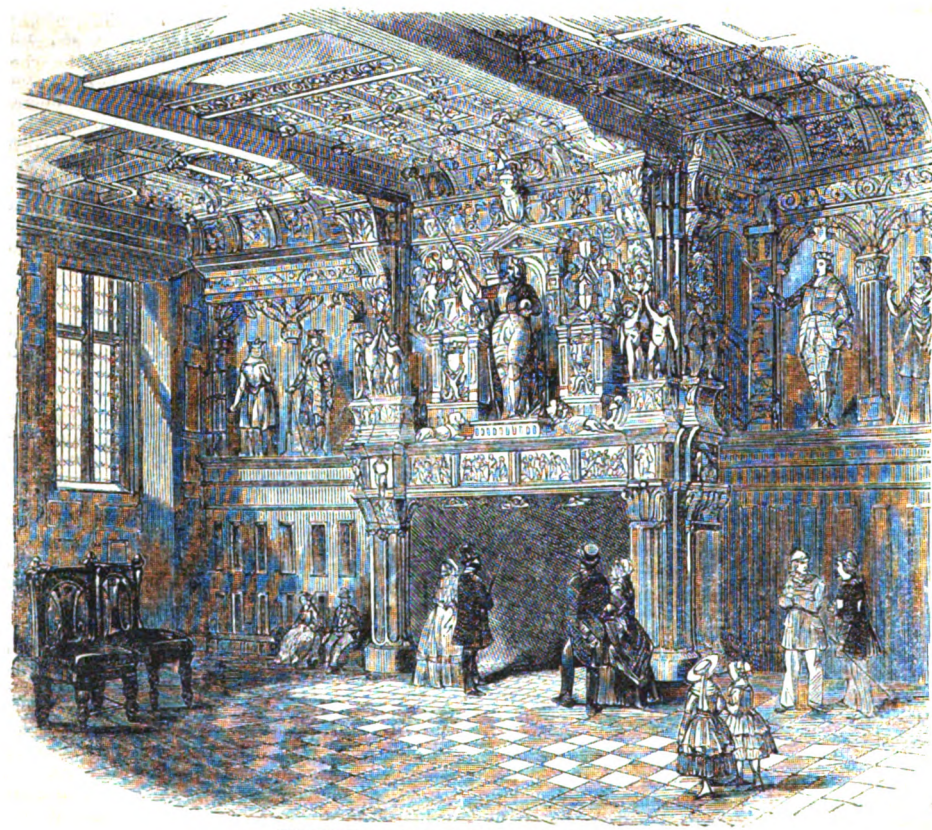
"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

We have much to see here, and must economise both time and money. Perhaps the reader will pardon a hint on the above subject. Spending money at hotels is a very painful process. Phlebotomy is nothing to it. The only thing we can compare it to is being driven helplessly on a lee shore. We will tell you our plan. When we arrived at Ghent, we persisted in carrying our luggage, notwithstanding the most polite offers to be relieved by gentlemen of the trot, and made our way indiscriminately, anywhere, until fortune and fate should direct us to a tolerable-looking *café restaurant*, or *estaminet*. Happily for man and his wants, the *estaminet* is an institution in Belgium, and no one need go far in search of one. We strolled into one, had a glass of Bavarian beer, honestly recommendable as containing an infinitesimal amount of alcohol and a most appreciable amount of refreshment, asked permission to leave our luggage, which was cheerfully granted; and thus, relieved of our *impedimenta*, we sallied forth. Surely this was greatly better than going to an hotel and being treated as "*milor Anglais*," and having a pretty little *billet-doux* afterwards to remind you that dignity, like other things, must be paid for.

Most persons, we suppose, at Ghent would do as we did; namely, after going to the old gateway where Lancaster was born, proceed to the cathedral.

This cathedral was begun so early as the 10th century, but was not finished until the 13th. Gothic, of course, its internal decorations, though very splendid, are Grecian, and thus destroy to a great extent the unity such buildings so impressively sustain. Nevertheless, the black, white, and variegated marble columns that line the transept and the choir are very fine. In front of the high altar are four brass candlesticks about nine feet high, of memorable history. They formerly belonged to Charles I, and adorned his royal chapel at Whitehall; Cromwell sold them to some Flemish merchants, who presented them to the church at St. Bavon. The arms of England are richly emblazoned on them, which the guide pointed out with evident satisfaction.

And now for some pictures, and afterwards a climb to the top of the cathedral. We shall only speak of one or two of the most notable pictures preserved, and that with great care, in this cathe-



INTERIOR OF THE TOWN HALL, AT BRUGES.

dral. There are twenty-four chapels here, the walls of each of which are hung with prodigious profusion of pictures. In the 10th chapel is a wonder of the early Flemish school, celebrated all over Europe, painted by the brothers Hubert and John Van Eyck in 1432. It is impossible to give a correct idea of this work of genius; and we shall content ourselves with a few historical particulars gathered from Duchesne and Reveil's Museum of Painting and Sculpture. The picture is divided into three parts, each covered with folding shutter and painted on both sides. To the brothers named, the discovery of painting in oil is attributed; and if this be correct, they have shown in the infancy of the art the high purposes to which it may be applied. The pictures themselves have had a strange history. Towards the close of the last century, four of the paintings were taken to Paris, and were only restored at the peace of 1815; no sooner were they restored, than a trustee of the church of St. Bavon imagined that a good round sum of money was better than painted shutters, and sold six shutters, that is, six paintings, for \$1200! From the Brussels collector who bought them they were purchased by Mr. Solly, an English amateur, for \$20,000, and by him they were sold some years after to the king of Prussia for \$80,000! They are now in the museum of Berlin. The remainder are in the cathedral at Ghent.

Our admiration of these subjects, however, must be limited to their pictorial skill. They deal with scriptural subjects in a manner offensive to correct protestant taste, and singularly illustrative of Romish superstition. Nothing is more striking to us protestants than the amazing wealth of these continental churches in paintings. Some have been given by private individuals, some by the artists themselves; but the greater part have been purchased by the churches out of the ample funds always at their disposal.

Not to weary our readers with anything more about pictures, although there are several others worth seeing, from this inspection of the inside we determined to ascend the tower, and have a panoramic view of the country from the top. The excessive purity of the air, the bright coloring of the windows and the doors, the jaunty gable ends of all shapes, standing out in such clear outline, and the utter absence of all smoke, make a *coup d'œil* that cannot be obtained in England. Our hot walk up the circular tower was well repaid with the glorious views of Ghent and the country around: and no one should leave Ghent without going up to the top of the church of St. Bavon.

Having descended, we visited the Beguinage. This is one of the largest charitable institutions in Belgium. It has escaped the accidents and reverses that, in this "bank and shoal of time," even in Roman Catholic countries, have overtaken these establishments. Joseph of Austria, that radical church reformer, when he ravaged Belgium, spared it; and, more marvellous still, it was spared by the democratic tyrants of the French revolution. The Beguins are so called from their head-dress, (*beguin* in French meaning a linen cap); it is not, we confess, very beautiful; but it is rather striking, and we saw some very pretty faces under this novel *couronne*, and most heartily wished they could become *wives* and *mothers*, instead of sisters of mercy.

Ghent is fast becoming the Manchester of Belgium. There are several cotton mills in the city, employing from twelve to fourteen hundred hands; and at noon, when they turn out for dinner, the *sabots*, or wooden shoes, on the paved roads, and the crowd of operatives all wending their way homeward, remind one forcibly of the same scene at Manchester, Stockton, and other cotton manufacturing towns in England.

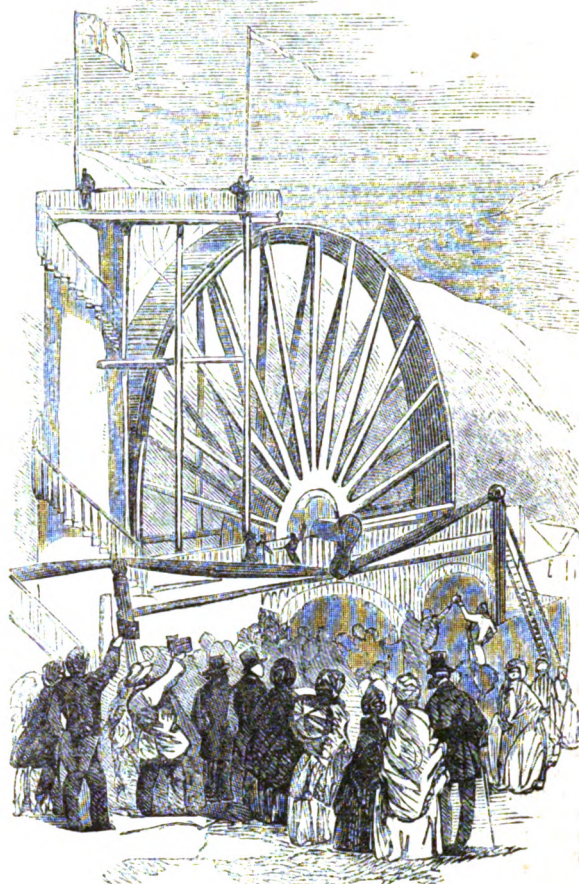
Gigantic Water-Wheel.

The starting of a stupendous Water-wheel, recently added to the works of the Laxey Glen Mines, in the Isle of Man, was attended with an interesting ceremony, on the 27th ult. The mines, we understand, are held under lease from the Crown of England, at 1-12th Royalty. They produce about 90 tons of silver-lead ore per month, yielding 50 ounces of silver to the ton; and also about 260 tons of zinc ores monthly. The works include eight large water-wheels, and one steam-engine; and the company are about to erect three additional water-wheels; one 16 feet in diameter, and two 50 feet. The starting of the gigantic wheel recently added was commemorated by an industrial fête by between 3000 and 4000 persons, from all parts of the island, to witness so great an achievement as (according to the *Manx Sun*) the completion of the "largest wheel in Europe."

The new wheel forms a conspicuous object in the picturesque glen of Laxey. Its vast dimensions are first noticed by the visitor, when descending the new road from Douglas. A host of little white cottages now stud the slopes on each side of the glen, many encircled by a clump of trees; at the bottom of the glen is a neat little church recently erected, and the new washings, where some hundred men and boys are busily employed attending to the machinery which crushes and washes the ore; further up, the mine is entered by a level, where all the ore passes out; towering above is the large wheel sitting on its handsome case, on the end of which the *Manx Arms* figure in gigantic proportions; several other wheels and engine houses are seen still higher up the glen, and forming a background to all stands Snafield, the monarch of the *Manx* mountains. On coming to a closer inspection of the wheel, next to surprise at its great dimensions and majestic motion, an apparent want strikes the eye of the unscientific visitor, viz., the absence of any aqueduct to the top, or even in a line with the centre of the wheel; a long row of white arches are certainly seen approaching it, but they are found merely to bear the long connecting rod which moves backwards and forwards applying the power of the wheel to work the pump at the mine shaft, which is distant some two hundred yards from the wheel. It, however, the visitor will go to the top of a neighboring elevation, a large reservoir will be found, filled by a small stream of water; from the reservoir an iron tube about two feet in diameter passes under the surface to the foot of the wheel, whence it rises perpendicularly in the centre of a slender white tower to the level of the reservoir, then passes under the platform over the wheel, and pouring on to it, returns in the opposite direction; for the wheel is what is termed a "breast-shot," and the water does not pass right over the top as an "over-shot." The axle of the wheel rests on the top of a substantial oblong erection in which the lower half revolves; this casing is not merely an enormous stone building, but shows great taste of design, the lower part being pierced by arched openings, which give it a light appearance, and allow the wheel to be seen.

The wheel is 72 feet 6 inches in diameter, and 6 feet broad clear in the water way. The burthen is moved from the centre, giving 10 feet stroke at the crank, and 8 feet in the engine shaft. The axle of the wheel, from the Mersey Iron Works, is made of malleable or hammered iron 17 feet long and 21 inches diameter, and weighing 10 tons. The arms are of wood with cast-iron rim, supplied by Gelling's Foundry, Douglas. The line of rods extending from the wheel to the top of the pit is 600 feet in length. They are made of solid oak, strapped with plates of wrought iron. The mine is 200 fathoms deep, which depth is being constantly increased. It was this that rendered so large a wheel necessary to keep the mines clear of water. The wheel, if required, would pump 250 gallons of water per minute from a depth of 200 fathoms.

EVIL OF RAILROADS.—An Eastern paper gives the following comical argument used by a steady-goer of the old school in opposition to railways—when railways were newly introduced:—"He saw what would be the effect of it; that it would set the whole world a-gadding. Twenty miles an hour, sir! Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice-boy at his work; every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Vicious people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance. 'Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan!' 'Pray, sir, will you dine with me to-day at my little box in Alleghany?' 'Why, indeed, I don't know—I shall be in town until twelve. Well, I shall be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre.' And then, sir,



GIGANTIC WATER-WHEEL.

there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour, and chaldrons of coals, and even lead and whisky, and such like sober things, that have always been used to sober travelling, whisking away like a set of sky-sockets. It will upset the gravity of the nation. If two gentlemen have an affair of honor, they have only to steal off to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying for debt. A set of bailiffs, mounted on bombshells, would not overtake an absconded debtor—only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirligig. Give me the old, solemn, straightforward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog and trot journeys—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden: it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop-skip-and-jump whimsies for me."

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.—Who shall pretend to calculate the value of the inheritance of a good name? Its benefit is often great when dependent on no stronger ties than those which accident or relationships have created, but when it flows from friendships which have been consecrated by piety and learning, when it is the willing offering of kindred minds to departed worth or genius, it takes a higher character, and is not less honorable to those who receive than to those who confer it. It comes generally from the best sources, and is directed to the best ends; and it carries with it an influence which powerfully disposes all worthy persons to co-operate in its views. Nor is this all. The consciousness of the source from which it springs is wont to stimulate the exertions and to elevate the views of those who are the objects of it; and many instances might be enumerated of persons who have laid the foundation of the very highest fortunes upon no other ground than that which this goodly inheritance has supplied.

THE VICTORIES OF THE PRESS.—Much has been accomplished; more than people are aware—so gradual has been the advance. How noiseless is the growth of corn? Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion are the victories of the press.

THERE are men whom we call penetrating, and yet, if we mean to be exact, would not even there the true word be ingenious?

A Trip to the Moon.

THOUSANDS of years ago, the nations of the earth revered the moon as a godlike being, who lighted up the nights with her sweet silvery light, and in chaste beauty wove spells over the hearts of men. Temples were built in honor of the moon; priests sang her praises in lofty anthems; and sacrifices were offered to win her favor and to disarm her wrath. This faith, however, is no longer to be found amongst men—save the superstitious. With us the telescope has stripped the moon of her divine attributes, and dry, sober calculations have torn all strange fancies and gay charms from the humble satellite of the earth.

Now the moon is simply a little globe, not much larger than America, so that the longest journey that could be undertaken there, would explore Asia from end to end. We can easily get there, for she is only about 240,000 miles from us, a mere trifle in comparison with the distance of the nearest star. We ask you to accompany us. Let us away together to the moon.

Once on the moon, we are immediately struck with awe and wonder at the strange landscapes that we suspected from below, even with unarm'd eyes, in the dark and light spots on the moon's disc. Now the gray portions become plains, the light ones mountains. That these brilliant spots are mountains we know from their shadows, which always fall on the side opposite the sun, and which lengthen in precise proportion as the sun sinks lower. The most dazzling points, however, are not mountains, but towering precipices, whose steep, smooth sides reflect the light with greatest force.

But how entirely different is this mountain scenery from that of the Alps or the Andes! Here we see no lofty, snow-covered peaks, no long, pleasing ridges and lovely valleys; not even the proud domes of the Cordilleras, with their steep terraces, are here represented. The whole surface of the moon is covered with circular walls, inclosing deep, dark caverns, into which whole territories have sunk, with their hills and mountains. Some of these huge abysses are more than fifty miles in diameter, others spread still wider, but all are engirt at the top by great walls of rock, which are serrated and often crowned by lofty peaks. The smallest and most regular are called craters, from their resemblance to the craters of the earth, but the form is all they have in common. Volcanoes the moon does not know, and the shining points on her night side, which Herschel loved so much to observe, are only the highest points of lofty mountains, resplendent in brilliant sunshine.

On the south-western part of the disc we see one of those gigantic elevated tablelands, with which the moon abounds. They are evidently the oldest formations, fearfully torn and tarnished in every direction, full of craters, fissures, and fractures, and traversed by long furrow-like valleys; but in their midst we see, invariably, a most beautiful variety of landscapes, such as our earth boasts of: groups of mountains, broad, vast plains, gently swelling ridges, and fair valleys, dotted with numerous, well-rounded hills.

By their side we notice one of those regular, and therefore probably more recent circular mountains, of which more than 1,500 are already known, and which, in some parts of the moon, stand so closely packed together, as to give to these regions the appearance of a honey-comb. Their walls are nearly all around of the same height; within, their straight steep sides sink suddenly into the abyss; without they fall off more gradually in terraces, and send occasional spurs into the surrounding country. In the centre there rises commonly an isolated peak, sometimes merely a humble hill, at other times a lofty mountain, or even a small cluster of conical eminences. These central heights never rise to a level with the circular ranges; some are nearly 5,000 feet high, but then the impassable wall, that surrounds them without breach or pass, and shuts them off from the rest of the universe, towers aloft to the amazing height of 17,000 feet!

If the number of these circular mountains is so great, that of small burnt out craters is still more astounding; even a moderately powerful telescope shows us some 20,000. Inside they often sink to an incredible depth, into which their walls cast a deep everlasting shadow, or where there reigns entire gloom, which the light of the sun, even at its highest, never reaches. Their tops, however, when fully lighted up at the time of full moon, shine in glorious splendor, reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. Others show only their margin illuminated, like a delicate ring of life, forming a magic circle around the dark, yawning crater. Now and then we see two or more strung together like rows of pearls, connected with each other by canals,

or even two at a time surrounded by a common wall and combining their desolate horrors.

Long chains of mountains, like the Alps and Andes of our mother earth, are rare in the moon, and even when met with, only short, and without spurs or valleys. The longest ridge extends about 450 miles, but its peaks rise to the prodigious height of 17,000 feet. On the other hand, the moon abounds in countless, isolated cones, which in the northern half, group themselves into long, broad belts. Like the thorns of a chestnut, thousands of these mountains rise suddenly from the plain, and are seen to stretch their long, gaunt arms from the outline of the moon's disc into the dark sky. Even the vast plains of our little neighbor are covered with long, curiously formed ranges of low hills, which, though often a mile wide, never rise beyond a thousand feet, and therefore show us their shadow only when the sun is extremely low.

Much as these strange forms differ from all we see on earth, we are still more struck with the quaint, mysterious fissures, narrow but deep, which pass in almost straight lines, like railways, right through plain and mountain, cut even craters in two, and often end themselves in craters. At full moon they appear to us as lines of brilliant light, at other times, as black threads, and must, therefore, have a width of at least a thousand feet. We have, on earth, nothing to compare to them; for even the terrible gullies which cross the prairies of Texas, dwindle into utter nothingness by the side of these gigantic rents. As long as men saw every day new surprising analogies between the moon and the earth, and the grey spots were oceans, and the light ones continents, these inexplicable lines also appeared now as rivers and now as canals, or even as beautifully Macadamised turnpikes! The citizens of the moon can, however, hardly yet afford building roads, by water or by land, of such gigantic width; nor will the fact, that these deep furrows cut through craters and lofty mountains, and invariably preserve the same level, admit of such an interpretation. At all events, those only can see canals and roads on the moon, who have already found their cities and fortified places.

What gigantic and astounding revolutions must have passed over the moon, to produce these colossal mountains, rising not unfrequently to a height of 26,000 feet; these peculiar massive rings, these enormous cliffs and furrows! How insignificant appear, in comparison, the greatest events of that kind on our earth, where even proud *Etna* hardly rivals the smallest of the moon's craters! Their universal tendency to round forms has led to the idea that all these elevations and indentations are the effect of one and the same mysterious power. Everything favors the presumption that the moon was originally a liquid mass, and that, whilst it became solid, new forces were unloosed in the interior, causing gigantic eruptions, as when the pent-up air bubbles up from a mass of molten metal. Some of these bubbles would, upon bursting, naturally leave behind a circular ridge and a slight rise in the centre of the cavity. These forces seem to have been most active near the poles, whose desolate regions are dotted over with countless hills and mountains; near the equator vast plains stretch out, broken only here and there by a lofty peak or solitary crater. Thus man, pigmy man, ventures already to read the riddles of mysterious events that happened in the earliest times of its history in a great world, which his foot has never yet trodden! He has, however, not only measured the mountains of the moon, and laid out maps and charts of her surface, but he has given names to mountains and islands. Formerly the most renowned philosophers were thus immortalised, we trust without any invidious comparison between philosophy and moonshine. Of late, however, dead or living astronomers, who often enjoyed little enough of this world's goods, have been presented with large estates in the moon. Thus Kepler, whom the great emperor and the empire of Germany suffered to starve, obtained one of the most brilliant mountains for his share; and Tycho, Copernicus, Hipparchus, and Albategnius are his neighbors in those regions, though tolerably far apart on earth, in point of time, country, and religion. Even Humboldt has already his possessions in the moon.

Nothing strikes the general observer so much, when his eye rambles inquiringly over the surface of the moon, as the incredible variety of light in different parts. Some have sought the cause of this striking phenomenon in the diversity of the soil, ascribing to the darker portions a looser earth, and perceiving in the greenish sheen of some plains, even traces of vegetation. Doubtful as it needs be, whether color could be seen at such a distance, this is certain, that the lighter portions represent rigid

masses and reflecting elevations. A most strange sensation is produced by the long beams of dazzling light, resembling liquid silver, which, now isolated and now united together into broad bands of rays, pass in countless hosts over whole large regions. They often centre in some peculiarly brilliant, circular mountain, and the gigantic Tycho sends his rays of surpassing splendor over more than one-fourth of the whole orb, over hill and dale, valley and mountain. At other places they form broad masses of mystic light, often twenty miles square. Mountain ridges or lava streams they are not, though formerly the world believed them such, because they pass over the very tops of mountains. Can they be glassy or crystallised masses of volcanic material, which suddenly cooled, now stand in rigid pallor, and reflect lights with an intensity unknown to our earth.

As yet we have met with no trace of life on the moon. Are there no inhabitants on our strange satellite? In our day, when the plurality of worlds threatens to become the war-cry of sects and schools, the question is but natural, and many an eager inquirer has no doubt asked himself: what may life be on the moon? Have they built cities and founded empires there like the men of the earth? Does a blue sky smile upon them, and do merry springs leap down the green slopes of their mountains?

Nor is the question altogether of recent date. While Sir John Herschel explored the wonders of the southern heaven on the Cape of Good Hope, there appeared unexpectedly a little pamphlet, which created no small sensation even among the learned. It purported to be his first account of new discoveries in the moon, and contained marvellous reports of sheep of strange shape, of men with the wings of bats, of cities and fortified towns. The world, however, soon found that this was an ingenious hoax. Distinguished astronomers insist upon having seen large buildings in the moon; Gruithuisen tells us of an edifice near the equator, in its most fertile regions, of twenty-five miles diameter, and surrounded with large walls, which face, with astounding accuracy, the four quarters of the compass.

One point, above all, is apparently altogether lost sight of by those who cherish such sanguine hopes. If we could see a man, or any other object at the distance of five miles, it would still require an instrument which would magnify objects 50,000 times, to see anything of that size on the moon. But if the far-distant future should ever produce such improvement in telescopes, that would only increase, and in alarming proportion, the difficulties arising from the density of our atmosphere, and the daily movement of the earth.

The eye, then, is utterly incapable of discovering life-endowed beings in the moon. This would, of course, in itself, not preclude the existence of inhabitants in that globe. Every argument, on the contrary, leads rather to the conclusion that the life of other worlds is, on the whole, governed by the same laws as that of our earth. The same infinite variety which astounds the eye and mind of man when he studies our animal creation here below, and the exquisite adaptation of these countless forms to their precise purpose, must needs continue throughout creation. God is not only great, but also consistent in his greatness, and the eternal laws of nature, which are, after all, but an expression of His will, must apply to other worlds also. The inquiring mind will, therefore, not without benefit, try to derive additional knowledge ever from the scanty facts with which we are acquainted.

We know tolerably well the soil, the climate, and the surface of the moon. What, then, do they teach us as to life on that globe? The first circumstance that strikes the traveller on the moon, is the wonderful facility of motion. Gravity is in the moon six times less than on the earth, so that the same power with which we here lift eighteen pounds, would there raise a hundred weight. The arm that can throw a stone on earth ten feet high, would on the moon throw it up to sixty feet. The inequalities of the soil there, would, to an earth-born man, be no difficulties; he would glide over hills and mountains, which here below require gigantic structures, like the winged birds of heaven. This must at once produce a radical difference between life on earth and life on the moon.

If we look next for the two great elements of earthly life, air and water, we find that the moon is but ill provided for in that respect. With all sympathy for great discoverers and sanguine optimists, we are compelled to deny the existence of either water and air, as we have it on earth, in our satellite. We know the presence of air by the fact that all air breaks and weakens rays of light which pass through it. The atmosphere of the moon shows no

such effects. Her landscapes appear as clear and distinct on the margin, as in the centre of the orb, and when stars pass over the latter, they show no diminution of light at the time of their entrance into the luminous circle, no increase of light when they leave it again. The evaporation of water also would be betrayed by the same breaking of rays, if that element were mixed up with the air, as it is in our own atmosphere, or if it covered any part of the moon's surface. Unwilling as we are to banish her inhabitants exclusively to that side of the moon, which human eye has never yet beheld, because it is constantly turned away from the earth, and there at fancy's bid to revel in a paradise with purling brooks and balmy zephyrs, nothing is left but to assume that the air is too thin and the water too ethereal to be perceived by the instruments now at our command. The careful calculations of the great astronomer, Bessel, resulted in the bare possibility of an atmosphere a thousand times thinner than our own, showing conclusively how little we can expect to find life on the moon, resembling in any way life on earth. The inhabitants of that world, if there be any, must have other bodies than ours, other blood must run through their veins, and other lungs breathe their air—we could never live in such a world.

And what a curious almanac these good people in the moon would have! There, days are as long as years, and day and year are equal to our months, 29 days, 12 hours, and 45 minutes. The seasons differ but very little from each other. On the equator there reigns eternal summer, for the sun is ever in the zenith; the poles are buried in eternal winter. The days are of equal length throughout the year; all days equally light, all nights equally dark. The absence of an atmosphere deprives the moon of the sweet charms of a twilight, and glaring day would follow gloomy night with the rapidity of lightning if the slow rising and setting of the sun did not slightly break the suddenness of the transition. Human eyes, however, could not bear the fierce contrasts of light and shadow; they would long in vain for the soft intervals between the two extremes, the other colors, which beautify our world with their joyous variety and soft harmony. The sky is there not blue, but even in daytime black, and by the side of the dazzling sun the stars claim their place and light in the heavens. Near the poles the mountain tops shine in unbroken splendor year after year, but the valleys know neither day nor night, scantily lighted as they ever are by the faint glimmer reflected from the surrounding walls.

That side of the moon which is turned from us, has a night of nearly fifteen days; the stars only, and planets, shine on its ever dark sky. The side we see, on the contrary, knows no night; the earth lights it up with never ceasing earth-shine, a light fourteen times stronger than that which we receive from the moon. We recognise our own light, lent to our friend, in the faint, greyish glimmer of that portion of the moon which before and after the new moon receives no light from the sun, but only from the earth, and reflects it back again upon us. Mornings in fall show it more brilliant than evenings in spring, because in autumn the continents of the earth with their stronger light illumine the moon, while in spring she only receives a fainter light from our oceans. Our orb appears to the man in the moon as changeable as his home to us, and he might speak of the first or last quarter of the earth of new earth and full earth. The whole heaven moves before him once in twenty-nine days around its axis; the sun and stars rise and set regularly once in the long day; but the vast orb of our earth is nearly immovable. All around is in slow, unceasing motion; the mild face of the earth alone, a gorgeous moon of immense magnitude, never sets nor rises, but remains ever fixed in the zenith. It there appears sixteen times larger than the moon to us, and daily exhibits its vast panorama of oceans, continents, and islands. Bright lights and dark shadows are seen in ever-varied change, as land or water, clearings or forests appear, new with every cloud or fog, and different at different seasons. The man in the moon has thus not only his watch and his almanac daily before him in the ever-changing face of the earth, but he may, for all we know, have maps of our globe which many a geographer would envy on account of their fulness and accuracy. Long before Columbus discovered America, and Cook New Holland, our lunar neighbor knew most correctly the form and the outlines of the new continents. There was no new world for him, and there is none left. He could tell us the secrets of the interior of Africa, and reveal to us the fearful mysteries of the Polar Seas. But how he on his side must marvel at our vast fields of

snow, our volcanoes and tropical storms and tempests—he who knows neither fire, nor snow, nor clouds! What strange fables he may have invented to explain the shadows of our clouds as they chase each other over sea and land, and hide from him in an instant the sun-lit landscape! And stranger still, on the side of the moon which is turned from the earth, he knows nothing at all about us, unless news reach him from the happier side. Or he may undertake—the great event in his life—a long and painful journey to the bright half of his globe, to stare at the wondrously brilliant earth-star, with its unread mysteries and marvellous changes of flitting lights and shadows. Who knows what earnest prayers may arise from the moon, full of thanks for the floods of light and heat we pour upon them, or of ardent wishes that their souls might hereafter be allowed to dwell in the bright homes of the beautiful earth-star.

Only in one point has the dark side of the moon a rare advantage. With its dark, unbroken night, a true and literal "fortnight," it is the observatory of the moon, the best of the whole planetary system. There, no light from the earth, no twilight hinders the most delicate observations, and neither clouds nor fogs ever step between the telescope and the heavenly bodies.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CURIOUS TRIAL.—A soldier named Coulon, of the 63rd Regiment, in garrison at Auxerre, was some time ago tried by court-martial, for stealing some bits of cloth, the property of the State. The circumstances of the case were singular. The man was employed as tailor in his regiment, and was remarkable for ability in his art. It appeared that it is the custom in the army for the master tailors of regiments to distribute, ready cut out, the pieces of cloth necessary for making a coat or great-coat; they also give a strip of cloth, which serves to make the cuffs, collar, and other small parts. The remains of this slip are thrown aside as worthless. The prisoner, however, took care of the bits, and had the extraordinary patience to occupy his leisure time in sewing them neatly together. He then made use of them for the cuffs, &c., and was thus able to economize parts of the strips of cloth, thinking, that under the circumstances, he might fairly consider them as his property. In the course of two years he had got together a sufficient number of pieces to make himself a pair of trousers and part of another pair. What he had done was then discovered, and he was arrested on a charge of theft. In his defence the man represented that it was very unjust to accuse him of robbery, since what he had taken was only an equivalent for his extraordinary economy and labor; and he added, that if his work in sewing bits together were paid for, it would cost ten times more than a pair of trousers made in the ordinary way. The Court, however, declared him guilty, and sentenced him to a year's imprisonment. He appealed to the superior Military Tribunal, presided over by General Ripert, and the condemnation was quashed. A new trial was ordered before another court-martial, and it took place on Saturday. The man, after making his defence, produced a number of little bits of paper, showing the size of the pieces of cloth which he had so industriously sewed together. The Court acquitted him of the charge of robbery, but declared him guilty, though with extenuating circumstances, of abuse of confidence, and it sentenced him to a month's imprisonment.

FIRE, AND SUBSTITUTES FOR IT.—Essential to man as a cosmopolite, his earthly pre-eminence rests on the exclusive use of fire. Withholding it from brutes was essential to his rule over them. Did they possess the power to elicit it, enraged by his tyranny, they would set and keep the world in flames. His superiority would wane, and his tenure on earth be uncertain and insecure. To prevent this, special provision has been made. Animals fly from fire—a dread of it is implanted in their natures. Those that prey in the night are impelled by a law of their organization to avoid it; for when dazzled by the blaze of a torch, the contraction of their pupils amounts in some species to blindness, and in all, the sight is affected. Hence, though many of the lower tribes surpass man in physical energies, speed, flight, duration of life, minuteness and magnitude of their works, happily none can strike fire, nor fan it into flame. Still, lights in the night were not withheld wholly from the lower tribes. For those that required them, a special illuminating element was provided. There are some that surpass in numbers the human species, of which every individual carries a torch that rivals in brilliance the best of our candles, the materials for which they have the power to secrete. Glow-worms and fire-flies are familiar ex-

amples. In tropical climes, various luminous insects are attached to female head-dresses. They are used also as lamps. Fine print has been read in a dark room by the light of two small Long-Island fire-flies in a tumbler. But man was not the first to rob these living gems of their liberty and radiance. There are birds that seize and suspend them as chandeliers for their dwellings. The bottle-nested sparrow, or baya, is one of the kidnappers. Its nest is closely woven like cloth in the figure of a large inverted bottle, with the entrance at the orifice of the neck. The interior is divided by partitions into two or three chambers, one over the other. These are profoundly dark until lit up with fire-flies caught alive, and mercilessly fixed to the walls or ceiling with pieces of wet clay or cow-dung for sconces.

A BLUE ROSE.—"The horticulturists of Paris have succeeded by artificial crossings in obtaining a natural rose of blue color, which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means; that, and the yellow or tea rose, the black or purple rose, and the striped rose, being all inventions, and the result of skilful and scientific gardening." So says an American newspaper. Mr. Page, a well-known horticulturist in the United States, under the above heading, thus continues:—"Some years ago nearly the identical paragraph now copied throughout the country, about this blue rose, was circulated in all the papers of the day, and has re-appeared nearly every year since. It must be that some editor occasionally inserts the pile of marvels, and others copy, oblivious of a thing so unimportant as a blue rose. In a pecuniary point of view, however, a blue rose is not a trifle. Independent of a handsome standing premium offered by the horticultural society of Paris, a blue rose would make its possessor a princely fortune. I have been told by an old rose-grower that the recent speculation in the Augusta rose yielded its propagators 20,000 dollars profit. Surely the commercial value of the rose has not depreciated since the days of Cleopatra and Nero. On the fourth day of her festival, Cleopatra treated Marc Antony to a carpet of 600 dollars' worth of rose leaves, and Nero, at a single festival, expended \$100,000 for roses alone. Such sums, in those days, must have stripped the empire of every rose in existence; but now, when there are over 12,000 varieties of roses, and the culture so wide spread, that in the city of Washington the nurserymen have altogether this winter about 50,000 cuttings in process of rearing; 20,000 dollars for one rose, forces us to exclaim, 'O tempora, O roses!' But so it is. The rose is immortalised, and that blue rose man, if he manage well, can become a millionaire; but he has not yet made his appearance."

THE CANADA LYNX is a fierce and subtle creature, exceedingly destructive to the smaller quadrupeds, such as rabbits, hares, and lemmings. It sometimes drops from the branch of a tree on the neck of a deer, and, clinging with its sharp claws, tears the throat and drinks the blood of the animal, until it sinks exhausted and expires. It attacks sheep and calves in the same manner, and preys upon wild turkeys and other birds, which it is capable of surprising even on the tops of the highest trees. It is found in the northern regions of America, and immense numbers of the skins are annually sent to Europe by the Hudson's Bay Company. Its fur is highly esteemed by dealers in peltry. The Canada lynx has a large body and strong legs. It measures about three feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, which is about six inches long. The head is thick and round, and the ears are sharp and tipped with a tuft of black hair. Its general color is deep reddish, marked on the flanks with spots of reddish brown. In summer the hair is short, brown at the base, and red at the point. In winter the hairs are longer, and all their points are whitish; the silky hairs, which are most numerous and long in winter, render the color of the animal ash or whitish, which in summer gives place to the more decided red, marked with brown spots.

CURIOUS PEN.—A recent invention of a somewhat novel character is said to be attracting attention in Paris. It is an electro-galvanic pen, called the medicinal pen. By the union of two metals, capable of producing a voltaic current, which is excited by the moisture of the hand, it diffuses a healthful and curative influence over the whole body of the person using it, acting chiefly on the nervous system. If all the benefits anticipated by the inventor of this article are realized, it will be a very valuable and unique discovery.

A SARCOPHAGUS has been found near Sidon. It is covered with inscriptions in the old Phœnician tongue, and promises, if deciphered, to furnish ethnologists with a key to another branch of the Semitic languages. If authentic, a more important discovery has not been made in the present century.

The Sea of Azof.

This sea, geographically considered, is often described as a part of the Black Sea. Properly it is a separate water, independent of the other, different in character, and with many peculiar features. The late operations of the fleets have given the locality an interest of a peculiar kind. This sea stretches from the eastern shores of the peninsula of the Crimea, in an easterly direction, to the mouth of the Don. Taking the embouchure of the Don and the westernmost creek formed by the Putrid Sea, near Perekop, on the two extremities, this sea extends from west to east over 5 deg. 20 min. longitude—from 33 deg. 40 min. to 39 deg. east. Its length is about 200 miles. From north to south it extends over two degrees of latitude—from 45 deg. 20 min. to 47 deg. 20 min. The Bay of Taganrog forms its north-eastern portion. This water occupies about 14,000 square miles, or more than half the surface of Ireland.

This sea is the Palus Mæotis of the ancients. The Russian name is More Asowskoe. The Greeks called it Lake Mæotis. This latter name is far more proper than that of sea, it being far more like a lake—and a shallow lake, too—than a sea. Where the depth is greatest, the lead finds bottom at seven fathoms, while it is much commoner to find four. This accounts for the great caution used by vessels. Near Taganrog it is only two fathoms deep. No merchant vessels drawing more than twelve feet of water can with safety navigate this sea: M'Culloch says:

"During the prevalence of easterly winds, the waters at Taganrog and other places in the gulf recede sometimes to a considerable distance from the shore, rushing back with great violence when the wind changes to an opposite direction. Inasmuch, however, as its bottom consists chiefly of mud, vessels take the ground without being injured, and in consequence, it is less dangerous than might have been supposed."

The waters are drinkable, though brackish, and on the question of the fish we are told—"the most important fisheries are along the southern coast, between Cape Dolgava and the Straits of Yenikale,

where great numbers of sturgeon and sterlet are taken, and great quantities of caviare and isinglass are prepared. The belugas also abound here as well as in the straits of Yenikale, but they are generally not so large, nor in such numbers as in the Caspian Sea near Astracan. Near the mouth of the Don, a small kind of *Cyprinus ballerus* is caught. It is called Singa by the natives. Seventy thousand are sometimes taken in one net.

The extreme western portion of the sea—the Putrid Sea of the ancients, the Siwash of the Russians—is separated from the main body by a narrow, sandy stripe of low land. Strabo gives a horrible description of this swamp, which holds good to this day. The Sea of Azof itself is joined to the Black Sea by the Straits of Yenikale, called by the Greeks the Cimmerian Bosphorus. The passage is about ten miles long, and at the narrowest part about four broad. It is a shallow and dangerous strait. Probably the English and French expeditions may make it less so. Their science and experience may open up a better state of things.

The country round the sea is monotonous and desolate. The only two towns of any importance are Kertch and Taganrog. A recent French writer, who conceals his erudition under the initials "V. M."—really the son of the celebrated Malte Brun—says:

"Crossing the Steppe of Mariopol, we reach Taganrog, on the side of a peninsula in the Sea of Azof. This town, built on a promontory, in a healthy position, is visited annually by 1,300 or 1,400 small vessels, and is the seat of the fur-trade of Eastern Russia. Celebrated by a caprice of Peter the Great, who desired to make it one of his capitals, it is still more so as the locality where Alexander I. died. His tomb is one of the most remarkable monuments in the place. It is defended by a fortress. The population is 14,000. Taganrog is absolutely necessary to Russia."

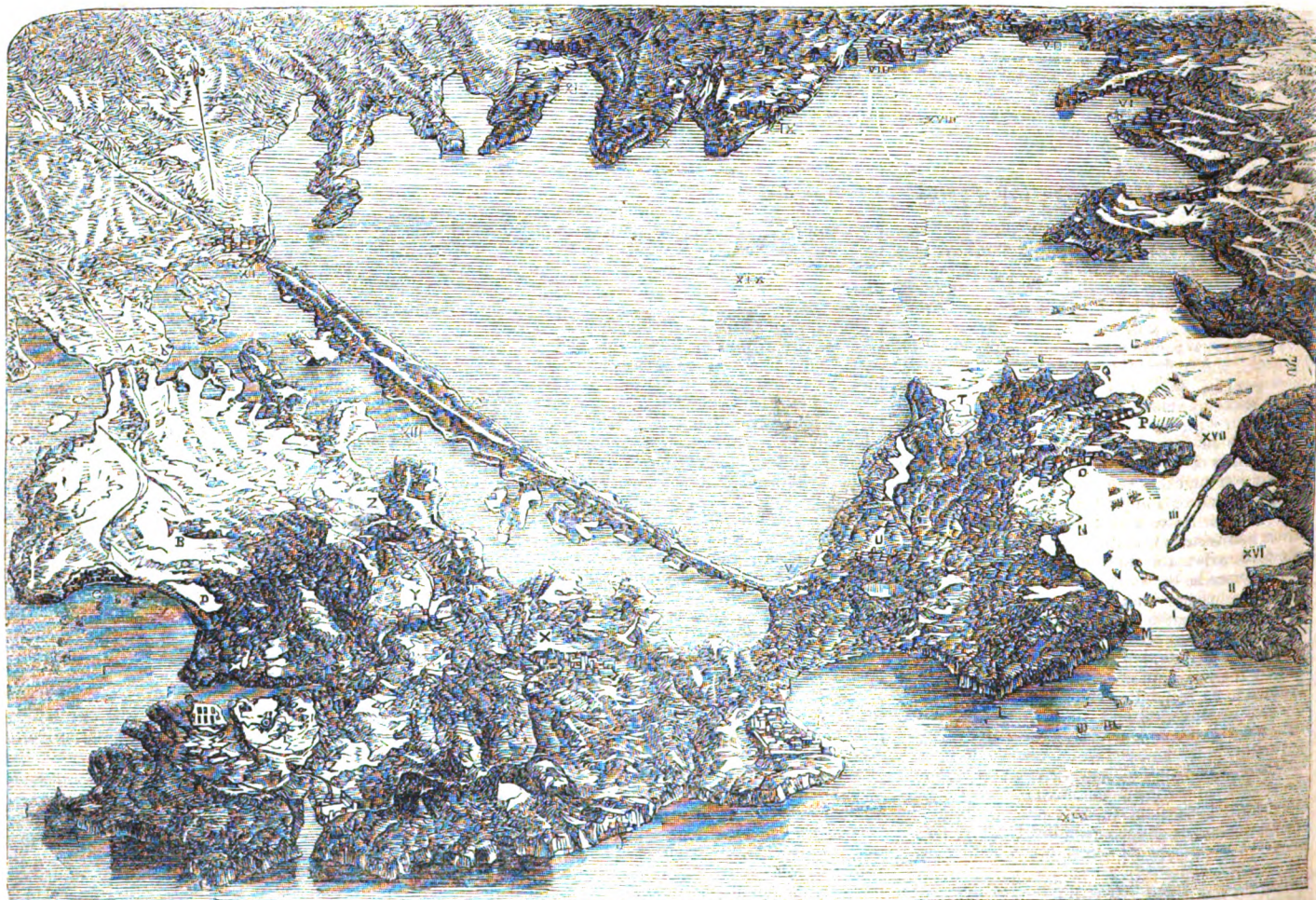
It is the only place where masts, iron, and other necessities for the fleet can be procured. This is a hint for the allied admirals.

They send out Siberian iron, wool, and other things to Kherson, Nicolaieff, Odessa, and Sebasto-

pol. They also export coal. This town is on a cliff, commanding an extensive view across the sea; it has three fairs—an immense amount of business is done at this time. They receive fruit from Turkey—such as figs, raisins, and oranges—Greek wines from the Archipelago, with incense, coffee, silks, shawls, tobacco, and precious stores. They have copper from Trebizond, which is all sent to Moscow. Their principal exports are caviare, butter, leather, tallow, corn, furs, canvas, rigging, linens, wool, hemp, and iron, as we have before remarked.

EFFECTS OF NOT UNDERSTANDING FRENCH.—Not long after the general peace, when all classes of English travellers, learned and unlearned, polished and unpolished, flocked to the Continent, in search of the classical and the picturesque, one of these pilgrims met a companion, sitting in a state of most woeful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. With great anxiety he inquired the cause of his suffering. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide-book. To my astonishment, I found there that the water of this lake is poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man! I feel it running all over me. I have but a short time to live. Remember me to ——" "Let me see the guide-book," said the friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "*L'eau du lac est bien poissoneuse* (the water of the lake abounds in fish)." "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." "I never was better," said the dying man, leaping up, with a countenance radiant as the sun on a fine May morning. Then, extending his arm in the true long bow style—"There's muscle!"—he cut a series of capers over the grass that would have done honor to a professor. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

The best defence of lying that we ever read, is the remark of Charles Lamb, related by Leigh Hunt, that "truth was precious, and not to be wasted on everybody."



THE SEA OF AZOF.

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|---------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| A—Perekop. | B—Karatch. | C—Eupatoria. | D—J. Sakik. | E—Kalamita Bay. | F—Harbor of Sebastopol. | G—Cape Chersonese. | H—Cape St. George. | I—Baleklava. |
| Harbor. | J—Kamara. | K—Kaffa. | L—Gulf of Kaffa. | M—Cape Takli. | N—Bay of Kertch. | O—Kertch. | P—Yenikale. | Q—Lighthouse. |
| R—Headland. | S—Gulf of Kazandib. | T—Peninsula of Kertch. | U—Port of Arabat. | V—Tongue of Arabat. | W—Tongue of Arabat. | X—Bakischiserai. | Y—Simpheropol. | Z—Kara En. |
| Bazar. | I—Anapa. | II—Taman. | III—Tongue of Land. | IV—Land of Taman. | V—Okhatarsk. | VI—Azof. | VII—Rostov. | VIII—Taganrog. |
| IX—Mariopol. | X—Alexandriovisk. | XI—Rediansk. | XII—Yenitchi. | XIII—The Putrid Sea. | XIV—The Black Sea. | XV—Straits of Kertch. | | |
| XVI—R. Kuban. | XVII—Straits of Yenikale. | XVIII—The Gulf of Azof. | XIX—The Sea of Azof. | | | | | |



LELIA MULLAH IMPLORES SCHAMYL TO PROTECT HER NEPHEW, IVAN TICHOFF.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. II., page 207.

CHAPTER XL.

O sacred sorrow by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he hath had his share),
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide and not my punishment.

CRABBE.

CHARLES and Henri were about to start in company with the Pole to examine the traps which had been set over night, when Alexis, pale and haggard with grief, made his appearance at the Cossack station. His friends saw at a glance that something terrible had occurred, and the first impression naturally produced upon their minds, was some fresh act of oppression or wanton cruelty had been perpetrated on his unhappy family by command of the imperial despot at St. Petersburg.

"What has happened, dear Alexis?" said our hero, taking his unresisting hand; "your parents—surely the government have imposed no fresh indignities."

"No, no," murmured the bereaved brother. "The hand which hath struck them is not the hand you deem."

"My grandfather!" exclaimed Henri de la Tour. "Mourns with us, for he loved Oscar as a son."

As clearly as his emotion would permit him, the speaker proceeded to relate the death of the unfortunate youth, who had quitted the Cossack station the preceding night full of life and energy. He described the spot where the murderer evidently must have lain in ambush for his victim.

"I cannot imagine," he added, "the motive of this cruel deed, for he was too good to have an enemy."

Julian uttered a deep groan; he recognized at once the hand and the motive.

"The blow was intended for another," he ejaculated.

"For whom?" demanded Charles.

"For me. Have you forgotten that it was my cloak poor Oscar wore? It is the work of the spy, Ishmael; why did I spare him," he added, "to bring fresh desolation where so much has been endured; but the hour of mercy is past. The mother, the poor bereaved mother! What her torn heart must feel!"

At the name of his parent, whom he so loved and venerated young Troubetskoi burst into a passionate flood of tears: his friend could only regard him in mournful silence. There are sorrows too deep for consolation.

"Do not despise me for my weakness," he sobbed; "I know it must appear unmanly; but he was the companion of my lonely childhood. Born like myself in the dark mines, to which our tyrant even before our existence, had condemned us, we never had a thought, a feeling, or a wish we did not share; we were two brothers with one heart—and to lose him thus!"

"It is natural to weep for those we love," observed the Pole mournfully. "The lesson of life, from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of sorrows. Blush not for your tears," he added, "such weakness is more beautiful than strength. But tears are not the only tribute due to your brother's memory—we will avenge his death, and mourn it afterwards; the murderer must not escape."

Charles and Henri silently began to prepare their arms; neither of them spoke, but there was that air of quiet determined resolution which is sometimes far more eloquent than words.

"I'll hunt the villain through the world," exclaimed Alexis, starting to his feet and wringing the hand of the speaker convulsively. "I dare not sleep whilst the polluted earth echoes with the tread of the vile homicide, lest my brother's spirit should haunt me. The faithful hound who accompanied

us, started on the assassin's track, and has not yet returned. Oscar shall be avenged!"

"He shall," said Julian, solemnly. "The bullet was intended for my heart, unhappily it reached a more precious victim—for I have none to mourn me. I claim the task as the inheritance of friendship, and here devote my life to its fulfilment. By Him whose name the stars pronounce," he added, in a tone of almost religious enthusiasm, "whose might the roaring sea or tempest's breath alike make manifest, I pledge myself no hope of freedom shall find entrance in my heart till it is accomplished; no menace of our tyrants shall deter me from doing justice on Ishmael."

"When do we start?" demanded our hero, as he finished loading his rifle.

"Right!" said the Pole, regarding him with a smile of satisfaction; "words are for children, actions speak the man. And you, Henri?"

"Par dieu!" exclaimed the young Frenchman, in a tone which indicated that he felt both surprised and hurt at the question; "do you think my heart is as cold as the snows of Siberia? that I have no more blood than a statue? If I am unfit to lead the chase, I can follow it. And I'll do so," he added, energetically, "till the last drop freezes in my veins."

"I was thinking of Colonel de la Tour," observed Julian, who saw that he had unintentionally wounded the susceptibility of his friend. "None that know you could doubt either your courage or the generous impulses which prompt it. It was for his sake," he added, "that I could almost wish you—"

"You heard the words of Alexis," interrupted Henri; "my grandfather loved Oscar like a son; he must not despise me."

After a brief consultation, it was decided that before starting in pursuit of the Jew, the four friends should present themselves at the station as usual. It was absolutely necessary that Alexis should appear there to explain the circumstances attending his brother's murder.

When Jack Curlin was informed of the death

of Oscar he pleaded so hard to accompany them on their expedition that Charles found it impossible to refuse him, and the whole party set out at once from the cabin; on their way they stopped at the home which the crime of Ishmael had made desolate.

They found the body laid out upon a table in the inner room, with a sheet spread over it and a plain wooden cross placed upon the breast; the princess with her two daughters were kneeling and praying beside it. All but Jack knelt and joined in the supplication; he, with a delicacy which could scarcely have been expected from his rough uncultivated nature, advanced no further than the threshold of the apartment; the poor fellow felt that the presence of a stranger at such a moment would appear like a mockery of their grief.

Had the heir of the Troubetskoi died in the palace of his ancestors in the days of his father's prosperity, how different would have been his obsequies; day and night a hundred priests would have chanted the service of the dead around his remains, which would have been borne to their final resting place in the escutcheon vault of his race in all the pomp of heraldry and splendor which too frequently mocks the ashes it is intended to honor.

As it was, no priest watched near him—but holier far than choral chaunt or streaming incense arose the bereaved mother's prayer of supplication and submission to the will of Heaven; the angels who unseen surrounded the sorrowing group bore it a grateful offering to that throne where such prayers never rise in vain.

"You have come to a house of sorrow," said the princess, rising; "the hand of affliction has been heavy on us."

"He shall be avenged," said Henri de la Tour, emphatically.

The mother sighed; vengeance could not give her back the son she mourned, but she uttered no word either to approve or restrain their purpose; as a woman her only arms were tears and prayers, to man belong the sterner duties which the ties of blood and friendship imposed.

"Be careful," she said, placing her hand upon the arm of Alexis; "you are now our only stay, let me not have to mourn another loss."

Charles and Julian both assured her that they would watch over his safety with a brother's care.

In the outward apartment the young men found Colonel de la Tour in the act of arming himself; although his hands trembled from age and debility as he attempted to charge the rifle of his deceased pupil, there was a stern resolution in his eye which proved how keenly he felt the loss and deplored the misery of his friends.

"Grandfather," said Henri, gently removing the weapon from his grasp, "you must leave the task to younger men. I cannot consent that your gray hairs should be risked in a struggle with a common felon; it were too much honor for the murderer to fall by your hands."

There was something so respectful, yet at the same time so determined in the tone and manner of the speaker, that the old man could not feel offended, though he persisted in his intention of joining in the pursuit.

"Let me go with you," he urged. "Oscar was as a son to me, it is my duty, and when did one of the Old Guard shrink from its fulfillment? I feel as if I could die happy," he added, "if the poor boy's blood were but avenged."

"Pray for him, sir," said Julian, earnestly; "the soldier's and the martyr's prayer will not be breathed in vain."

"As a compromise to what the veteran considered his duty they consented that he should accompany them to the house of Reuben Bight in search of the assassin, and afterwards to the station to report what had taken place to Marlovitch.

Before quitting the cabin of Troubetskoi, the Pole inquired anxiously if the hound had returned.

No one of the family had seen him.

"He is on the track of the Jew," observed Alexis; "the faithful brute was attached to Oscar, and would follow him in preference either to my father or myself—wherever Ishmael is there will the dog be found."

"By this time the sledge was ready, and accompanied by the Prince and Colonel de la Tour, they once more started on their way.

On reaching the hut of Reuben Bight, they found only the old man and his granddaughter. The countenance of the former turned very pale when he recognized Julian at the head of the party—he started as though a spectre had suddenly risen from the grave to confront him.

"Ishmael has been here," observed the Pole, who perfectly comprehended the cause of his terror and confusion.

"At the sound of his voice, Sarah, who was seated with her head bent almost to her knees, after the manner of her people, when in sorrow, uttered a cry of joy, and sprang to her feet; her eyes were red with weeping. "Praise to the God of Israel!" she exclaimed; "his hand hath preserved him in the hour of peril!"

Reuben looked at her significantly and frowned.

"Where is the murderer of my brother?" demanded Alexis.

"Of my son?" said the exiled prince.

"Of my friend?" added Julian.

"Alas, gentlemen," answered the crafty Israelite, "you speak in parables; I know not of whom you speak."

With one accord all the accusers pronounced the name of Ishmael.

The old man declared that for the last three days he had not seen him, nay, offered to swear it by the law and the prophets.

"You appear incredulous," he said; "but not for the wealth I once possessed, or the freedom I have lost, would I break that oath."

Sarah rapidly made a sign unseen by all but Julian.

"But you might equivocate with it," observed the Pole. "Will you swear that you have not seen him for the last three nights? that you did not see him last night? that he came not to you, his hand red with the life-blood of a noble victim whom he mistook for me, triumphing in his crime?"

Reuben Bight made no reply.

"Why else," added the speaker, "did you start when you beheld me?"

"Shall I swear?"

"Father," interrupted Sarah, "do not stain your soul by a useless lie, which will not be believed, or prevaricate with the truth. Ishmael was here last night."

"Ingrate," muttered the Jew, "would you bring ruin on our heads? see me dragged in my old age to labor in the mines? You hear them, they speak of murder, vengeance; will accuse me, and yet my hands are free from crime."

"From actual participation in the deed, certainly," said Alexis, "but not from hiding or assisting the assassin."

"You must prove that," answered the old man, sullenly; "it is true Ishmael was here last night: if I denied it, it was that the hour was later than our exiles are permitted to be absent from their homes, and I feared the anger of the superintendent; but since you assert that blood has been shed, and accused him of the act, I at once avow his visit."

"Speak, Sarah," said Julian; "know you aught?"

"I know nothing," replied the maiden, "but my heart foreboded much. The man you seek came to our door last night, pursued by a hound, whose savage yells, and desperate attempts to force an entrance into the cottage, filled my heart with terror. Much whispering passed, I listened—my heart listened," she added, fixing her eyes upon the Pole, "but I could not catch a word—a clue to guide me. After remaining an hour, Ishmael departed."

"In what direction?" demanded the avengers.

"Alas, I know not."

"Alone?"

"No; my uncle Issachar accompanied him, so fearful were they of the infuriated brute, which like an evil spirit, seemed to follow him, that they quitted the place by the window."

She pointed as she spoke to the aperture in the wall at the back of the hut; which at night was closed by a heavy wooden shutter drawn up by a cord.

"And the dog," said Alexis.

"Was soon upon their track," continued the girl; "I heard his deep growl as he started."

"He will follow him to the death," observed Charles Vasseur, who had noticed and admired the animal—a cross between the bloodhound and the mastiff; "it is the instinct of his race."

Without a word of adieu to Reuben Bight, who evidently felt disposed to go any lengths to screen the guilty Ishmael, they quitted his cabin to repair to the superintendent, who had already heard of the death of Oscar from the serf who resided with the Troubetskoi.

After the departure of their visitors, Sarah and her grandfather remained for some time regarding each other in silence. The old man felt both amazed and alarmed at the frankness with which she had spoken. The terror he experienced was on her own account as much or more than on his own, for he knew the desperate character of the man whom henceforth she must consider her bitterest enemy.

"Rash girl," he said, "what have you done?"

"An act of duty," replied the Jewess, calmly.

"Betrayed your affianced husband."

"He would never have been my husband," said the maiden, "though his hands had been free from blood. You knew it—felt it—read it in my silence—which expressed more than words could have done the scorn and loathing in which I hold him. He cannot claim me now," she added, with a mournful smile, "for the ban of the homicide is upon him."

"He would claim you, even in the grave," observed Reuben Bight.

"It was there he would have found me," answered his granddaughter, calmly; "his ruffian hand had never clasped a living victim."

The old man shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and muttered to himself something about folly, and the madness of resisting one's destiny. Of this Sarah took no heed, but began to busy herself in her household work. Neither spoke again till the return of Issachar and his brother, the former of whom had accompanied Ishmael in his flight.

An animated conversation ensued between the three Jews, carried on in so low a tone that Sarah could not catch a word; at the end of which the ominous silence was renewed.

The murder of Oscar Troubetskoi was considered an event of sufficient importance by Marlovitch to induce him to send off a messenger to the governor of Cheritz with the intelligence. He feared to compromise himself by showing either too much or too little zeal on the occasion.

"Justice," he repeated, in answer to the passionate demand of Alexis and the prince, "of course you shall have justice; but it will be for his Excellency to decide in what way. You forget that the deceased was absent from his home at a forbidden hour—not that I wish," he added, "to be too severe on that point. He has paid the penalty of his disobedience to the regulations of government already."

At the earnest entreaty of the prince, he promised to add, in this despatch to the governor, a request that a priest might be sent from Cheritz Khan to perform the last offices to the dead.

As the Troubetskoi were of the Russian Greek Church, the superintendent saw no difficulty in the indulgence being granted, provided it was paid for, a *sine qua non* with every functionary in the dominions of the Czar.

It was arranged that the obsequies of Oscar should take place in three days.

"By that time," said Julian, "I trust that the debt to human justice will have been paid. The rest we must leave to heaven."

On quitting the station, he bade adieu to his grandfather, whom, with some difficulty, he persuaded to return to the now desolate home of his friends. The presence of the enfeebled old man might mar, but could not advance their pursuit.

"And whither are we to direct our steps?" inquired Charles Vasseur.

"To the woods," replied the Pole, under whose direction the party had placed themselves. "The wolf when satiated with blood seeks its lair; and Ishmael has all the instincts of the less ignoble brute. We must track him as we would any other beast of prey."

Shouldering their guns they started at once upon their expedition.

The first place at which they halted was the hut in which the Jews had carried on their illicit trade. It was evident from the confusion which reigned in the place, that it had been visited; the large earthen vessel which served as the chamber of the still, was scattered, broken in a hundred fragments on the floor, and the wash spilt beside it.

"They have been here," observed Alexis, for the first time breaking silence since they quitted the superintendent's, for the young men had not exchanged a word during their march.

He pointed to the footmarks of the hound upon the snow, and the scratches on the door of the cabin made by the claws of the faithful animal in his desperate attempt to force an entrance.

A little further they discovered traces of blood, and signs of a struggle having taken place, and a trail as if a body had been dragged from the spot. Following the clue, they came to the verge of one of those deep clefts in the earth, which the intense frosts frequently produce in Siberia, presenting a perpendicular descent of twenty or thirty feet.

Nothing can be more dangerous than to approach too near one of these openings or cavities, which frequently extend a considerable distance under the brittle arch of snow which partially conceals them. To guard against accident, the hunters generally provide themselves with coils of rope, in order to draw up any of their companions who may have the misfortune to fall in.

Julian, who was perfectly aware of the practice, called a halt, and proposed that one of the party should descend.

Each eagerly offered to undertake the task; but Alexis insisted upon it as his right, and none could dispute the claim. It was due to the pre-eminence of his sorrow and bereavement.

With the life-line—as they designate the cord used on such occasions—attached to his waist, he advanced cautiously till within a few yards of the edge of the abyss, when he stretched himself at full length upon the snow, which began to tremble beneath his weight, and crept to the very verge of the descent, down which he gradually disappeared.

"He has reached the bottom," observed Charles Vavasseur, who felt the rope, which he and his companions held in their hands, suddenly slacken, "and I trust in safety; not that there can be much danger."

"You are in error," replied the Pole; "the attempt is one of the greatest perils which the hunter has to encounter: first the risk of being overwhelmed by the fall of a mass of snow, next the cutting of the cord by the edge of some sharp fragments of ice. I have known it severed as completely as with a knife."

A loud shout from the depth of the abyss, warned them that Alexis desired to ascend, and they commenced drawing the rope, which, to their surprise, they found required their united strength to move.

"It can never be his single weight," observed Henri.

His friends were of the same opinion, and a few minutes' violent exertion proved that they were correct. First the head, and eventually the body of Alexis appeared, rising like a spectre from the yawning earth, and holding in his arms the body of the hound: which, although severely wounded by the rifle of the assassin, and bruised by its fall, still lived, and uttered from time to time a plaintive moan.

"The monster has destroyed him," said the youth, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his breath to speak. "Poor Urick," he added, patting the animal on the head; "but I could not leave him to linger out his agony in the snowdrift alone."

The dog gave a low whine.

Julian stooped down and examined his hurts. The fore leg was broken just below the shoulder by a rifle ball; a second had struck him in the throat, but fortunately the frost had concealed the blood, or he must have bled to death.

"It would be humanity to end his sufferings," said the Pole. "Bruised and wounded as he is, it is impossible to recover."

"Poor Urick," repeated his young master, gazing on him with tears in his eyes; "he has paid his debt of fidelity and love."

Charles looked at Jack Curlin as if to ask his opinion, for he knew that where horses and dogs were concerned, the poor fellow's skill was only exceeded by his humanity.

"What be they a-going to do wi' un?" demanded the lad, at the same time pointing to the animal: he do seem mortal bad."

"Shoot him, to put him out of his sufferings," replied our hero.

"Shoot him!" repeated Jack; "umph! maybe its the best thing, and maybe it beant."

"Do you think you could save him?"

"Can't say, Master Charles," was the reply.

"They be ugly hurts. It beant the broken limb I am afraid of, but the shot-wound in the neck,—stop till I look at un."

So saying he knelt down and began to handle Urick as tenderly as if he had been a child. Although the suffering of the faithful animal must have been great, it never uttered a single growl; once or twice it winced slightly, as the fingers of the groom passed over the fractured bone.

"It be clean broken," said Jack; "but I've knowed a wus fracter healed. I should like to try," he added, hesitatingly. "I think I could do it."

Charles explained to his friends the offer of the speaker, and it was at once decided that Urick should be placed under the lad's care. As no time was to be lost, they formed a sort of litter with their rifles, and wrapping the animal up in one of the sheep-skin cloaks, bore him towards the Cossack hut in the wood. It was nearly evening when they arrived there.

Jack's first care, after lighting a fire, the warmth of which seemed to rouse their half-frozen charge, was to prepare a number of splints which he fitted to the broken leg. It was extraordinary with what patience Urick submitted to the operation; during the straightening of the limb and the setting of the bone, he scarcely uttered a single moan, but appeared

to comprehend that all the torture he was put to was for his good. The wound in the neck proved a far more dangerous affair, for the blood began to flow freely; the lad looked puzzled, as he observed to his young master that he had no gumption in shot wounds.

It was now that Julian's skill was called into question: he first sounded the wound with a piece of iron, which he beat into the form of a probe, and distinctly felt the ball; but all his efforts to extract it proved unavailing. Although the arteries had escaped, it had lodged so near the vertebra, that there was every reason to fear one of the joints had been severely injured—the hemorrhage was excessive.

As a last resource they decided, after washing the wound, to plug it, which they accomplished by inserting a lock of the patient's own fleecy coat steeped in oil.

"It is all we can do," observed the Pole, regarding the animal doubtfully; "time and nature may do the rest."

Independent of the attachment which Alexis felt for his dog, they were doubly anxious to preserve the faithful brute as a means of tracking the murderer, for, with the instinct peculiar to his breed, Urick was sure not to forget the person who had injured him and destroyed his master.

It was decided that Jack Curlin should remain at the cabin to watch and attend on him, and the four avengers started on their expedition. Each was well armed, his heart beating with courage and resolution.

It was morning before they returned from the unsuccessful chase; all trace of Ishmael had disappeared. The next night they watched the hut of Rueben Bight, under the impression that hunger might drive the ruffian from his place of concealment, or that one of his confederates might start to convey him food, in which case they resolved to follow him.

Again they were doomed to disappointment; not a footstep approached the cabin; neither did one of its inmates quit it. All but Julian began to despair. He, with the deep religious enthusiasm of his nature, felt assured that Heaven would not permit so foul a deed to pass unpunished.

"I know not for whose hand vengeance is reserved," he said, "but am certain that it will be accomplished. Eternal justice, to human understanding, sometimes appears slow, but it is not the less certain; even when we murmur and wonder at the delay, the bolt is frequently already launched, and when the guilty man deems himself most secure, falls and crushes him. Wait in patience and in silence—enough to know the hour, marked by the Judge of all in the calendar of time, will strike at last."

The third day was the one arranged for the funeral of the murdered Oscar. A priest had been sent from Cheritz Khan by order of the governor, who announced, at the same time, his intention of visiting the station in a few days, and the last rites of the Greek Church were performed over the body.

The grave had been dug with considerable labor at the foot of a small granite rock, close to the residence of the Troubetskoi. All the family attended—the sorrowing mother and her remaining children, Colonel de la Tour, Henri, and our hero.

There was something inexpressibly solemn in the group of exiles standing round the grave, the women weeping, the men, with stern brows and resolute hearts, leaning on their guns, whilst the deep-toned voice of the Pope, a name common to all Russian priests, chanted the service for the dead.

At the conclusion of the service the princess rose slowly from her knees, and, casting a last look on the remains of her first-born, took the arm of her husband and returned to the cabin, followed by her daughters and Colonel de la Tour.

"Remember your promise," whispered the latter to his grandson, as he wrung his hand. "No rest till Oscar is avenged."

"We have sworn it," replied the young man, energetically, "and fear not but we shall keep the oath we have taken."

That same night they started again in pursuit of the assassin, but with no better success than on the preceding one. Ishmael was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER XLI.

Ah, freedom is a noble thing,
And can to life a relish bring;
Freedom a solace to man gives,
He lives at ease, who freely lives:
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor ought beside that may it ease,
If freedom fail. BARBOUR (modernised.)

It is now time that we followed the wanderings of Lelia, and introduced our readers to the land of

romance and beauty, generally called Circassia, a country but little known to Europeans, till late events attracted their attention towards the war of aggression carried on against its liberties by Russia, whose grasping ambition has long aimed at the subjugation of the warlike mountain races who inhabit it.

The Caucasus, a chain of mountains which extend from the Black to the Caspian Sea, is the name by which the land of Schamyl is more properly designated, and its history is so interwoven with that of the human race that it is almost impossible to separate them.

That portion of the earth which, according to the tradition of the ancients, was the cradle of humanity, through which the Tigris and Euphrates pour their living streams, has not yet fallen beneath the iron yoke of the Czar; although he exercises sovereignty over the spots where the most important events connected with the deluge occurred; for before the ark reached mount Ararat, it is said to have rested for some time on the Elborus, which was was cleft in two by its enormous weight.

Herodotus, who has given the best account of this picturesque country, assigns the Caucasus as the abode of the Amazons; and the Sauromats were the fruit of their union with the Scythians, who in vain attempted to overcome them.

If tradition be correct, and for once we are inclined to think that it is so, the descendants of the nation of female warriors have proved themselves worthy of the race from which they sprung; for at the siege of Achulko, upwards of four hundred women, after fighting valiantly by the side of their husbands and brothers, dashed themselves headlong from their rocky hold into the abyss beneath; and gloriously perished rather than submit to the horrors of Russian slavery.

Circassia—we shall continue to designate it by the name most familiar to our readers—was also the country of Prometheus, who is said to be still enduring his punishment, chained to the summit of one of its snow-capped peaks; of Medea; and the scene of the adventures of the Argonauts, who, under Jason, succeeded in carrying off the Golden Fleece.

Never has a land been more celebrated for the beauty and bravery of its race. Who has not heard of the proverbial loveliness of the women of Circassia? Their graceful forms, matchless complexions, and eyes melting with love and tenderness. This fatal gift has been from time immemorial a curse rather than a blessing to its possessors. It has caused them to be dragged from their homes, and sold, like things of merchandise, in the slave-markets of the East.

As the poet Sedley says, who probably was thinking on his daughter, the worthless mistress of James the Second, when he wrote the lines,

"Beauty, thou art a fair but fading flower,
The tender prey of every coming hour;
In youth thou, comet-like, art gazed upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone;
Unpunished thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heaven."

The renowned Mamelukes of Egypt, who so long ruled that misused country, were chiefly natives of Circassia, and doubtless constituted the best cavalry in the East till Mahomet Ali so artfully destroyed them.

The inhabitants of Circassia are divided into a variety of tribes and sects, and generally governed by their Imams prophets. Mohamedanism is the religion they principally profess; but the most powerful chief is undoubtedly Schamyl, who has succeeded in establishing an authority over his countrymen greater than any of his predecessors for centuries have possessed.

If only a tithe of all that is related of this remarkable man is true, fiction must resign its pen in despair, for no adventures could be imagined half so wondrous and romantic.

A legend has long been current amongst his followers, that he was actually slain at the storming of Himri, but that God restored him to life.

A second time he escaped from a burning mosque; and on a third occasion from the fortress of Achulko, where so many women voluntarily perished.

Schamyl never divulged the manner of his preservation to his followers, upon whose superstition he thought it necessary to act, perhaps by affecting a certain degree of mystery. It is perfectly known however to the Russians.

After the fall of the fortress, guards were posted in every direction by the general of the Czar. About midnight, a man in a white mantle, the color generally worn by the Circassian chief, descended by a rope from the precipitous rock. He was instantly arrested and dragged off to head-quarters by his captors. Meanwhile the real Schamyl escaped.

From that day the belief in his superhuman powers became confirmed, not only amongst his own tribe, but the majority of his countrymen.

The stronghold of Schamyl, called the Dargy Wedenno, is situated about four miles distance from the town which bears the same name. It stands in the midst of an almost inaccessible gorge, and is flanked on the right by lofty hills covered with thick wood, and on the left by a tremendous precipice, at the foot of which flows the river Chilo.

The fortress is a low, square building of considerable strength, built entirely of enormous blocks of unhewn stone; and is defended by a tower which rises over the only entrance. Vast store-houses for provisions, a powder magazine, and a group of buildings set apart for the Murids, a set of fanatics who are devoted to death for the advancement of their religion—are erected near the residence of the chief, so as to be under the protection of the guns mounted on the tower.

Groups of Circassians in the picturesque dress, and bearing the arms of their country, were watching the approach of a party of travellers who were slowly ascending the winding road, the only one which led to the fortress.

Most of them were speculating as to who the strangers might be, and the object of their visit; some suggested that it was an embassy from the Russian governor of Teflis, Prince Woronzoff; others that they were fugitives from some distant village, plundered and sacked by their enemies.

Arad Archi, and Kolah, two aged Murids, the intimate friends and counsellors of Schamyl, were of the latter opinion; they were both venerable-looking men, with a severe cast of countenance, and armed to the teeth.

"Wrong, Kolah, wrong," said the former in reply to an observation of his companion's; "they are neither the sons of deceit" (meaning Russians) "nor of our nation. I can discern the dark cap of the Armenian trader, Marisov, and a female and child. Let us advance and meet them, lest the prophet should accuse us of lack of vigilance in permitting them to approach thus far—Dargy Wedenno," he added, "is a refuge to her people, but must not be profaned by the footstep of the unbeliever or the spy."

"Who guards the mountain pass of Tshikgurt?" demanded Kolah.

"Tagir," answered Arad.

"Be assured that they have not penetrated the gorge without due token," observed the former. "The vigilance of Tagir never slumbers—his eye is like the eagle's, and his zeal as a flaming brand; nevertheless, we will meet and question them."

By this time the travellers had reached the level plain on which Dargy Wedenno and the surrounding buildings stood. At the approach of the two chiefs, Marisov, the Armenian agent and relative of Issoff, the banker, and the captain of the vessel in which Lelia had escaped, halted, and permitted the fair Circassian to advance, leading Ivan by the hand to meet them.

In reply to the questions which were put to her she extended her hand, on which glittered the emerald ring which had served as a token between herself and her protectors in St. Petersburg.

At the sight of the gem, the two Murids inclined almost to the earth before her. It was a signet of Schamyl's, which invested the bearer with unlimited authority in those secret missions which he only employed his most devoted adherents to execute.

"Whom shall we announce to the warrior Prophet of Circassia?" they demanded.

The maiden raised her veil sufficiently for them to recognise her features, and instantly let it fall again. Surprise, mingled with a slight shade of dissatisfaction, rested on the countenances of the two fanatics, who, with all their zeal for religion, were not pleased to find they had been wrong in their prediction that the daughter of the Iman of Dargo would not return.

Schamyl alone had never varied in the faith he expressed that she would observe her promise.

"Am I not welcome amongst my people?" said Lelia, "if not, where shall the foot of the persecuted find a resting-place?"

"The daughter of Hassim Mullah is most welcome," replied Arad. "It is Lelia the Christian, whom we love not."

She to whom the reproach was addressed, demanded to be at once conducted to the presence of Schamyl. To have argued with them would have been to increase the hostility they entertained towards her.

"I attend you," said Kolah, at the same time making a sign with his hand, which brought a number of armed mountaineers to his side. "Those who are with you shall be cared for till the will of

the prophet be made known. No stranger's foot must penetrate within the precincts of the fortress."

Ivan, who during the above conversation had stood with his hand clasped in Lelia's, boldly refused to be separated from her. It was in vain that she assured him that it would be but for a few hours.

"No, no," replied the boy, passionately; "where you go, I will go. You promised me. My mother told me to love you, and I will love you, if you speak truth to me."

This was uttered in Russian.

On hearing the language of their enemy, the features of the two Murids became suddenly inflamed with anger, and each grasped his weapon. This, so far from terrifying the child, increased his anger; and he called loudly to the Armenian and the captain to kill them.

"What!" exclaimed Lelia, who began to feel alarmed for the safety of her charge, "would you have the heart to injure a child?"

"It is wisdom to crush the serpent's egg," observed Arad, "lest in time it becomes a serpent and sting you."

"Back!" said the maiden in a tone of authority, at the same time extending her hand with the signet; "the blood you would shed is that of your prince's. I will not separate from the boy. Remember," she added, "that until Schamyl reclaims his gift, you are bound by oath to obey me."

There was a murmur amongst the mountaineers that the speaker was in the right; and the two old men silently sheathed their weapons, satisfied that if Lelia had exceeded her authority, her punishment would be most signal.

Without further delay, Arad and his companion conducted her to the castle, leaving her companions to the care of the soldiers, with strict orders not to permit them to escape.

Both the Armenian and the captain began to imagine that they had acted imprudently in relying on the pledge of Lelia for their safety and venturing so near the lion's den.

Several hours elapsed before the fair Circassian was admitted into the presence of Schamyl, who received her in the chamber in which he generally gave audience to his followers.

It was a large apartment, without any other furniture than a species of divan, on which the prophet chief rested, and one or two cushions reserved for distinguished visitors.

In personal appearance the hero of the Caucasus is far less distinguished than the generality of his race: his hair and beard being both red: but what nature has denied him in manly beauty she has amply atoned for in dignity of manner and nobleness of mind. His large grey eyes are exceedingly penetrating, and his voice deep and musical. His dress consisted of loose trousers bound round the waist by a dark shawl, an embroidered jacket, and a flowing mantle of purple silk; instead of a turban he wore a fez cap. He was totally unarmed,—but his sword, an antique weapon of great value, richly mounted with jewels, rested on one of the cushions near him.

When Lelia and Ivan had advanced within a few feet of his divan, he motioned them with his hand to be seated, and remained gazing upon them both for some minutes in silence.

"Returned at last," he said.

"Was not my promise given to the friend of my father? to the liberator of my country?" replied the maiden, endeavoring to appear calm. "Death only could have absolved me from it: had it been pledged to the meanest of God's creatures, it would have been sacrilege as well as falsehood to have broken it to him."

"And your father?"

"Sleeps the sleep of the just," said Lelia, bursting into tears, "I succeeded in penetrating to the dungeon in which his enemies had confined him; I received his last sigh—his last request."

"Name it," added the chief.

As briefly as possible the agitated girl proceeded to relate every circumstance attending her perilous journey to St. Petersburg: the will of the Iman of Dargo, that the treasures and rule of his tribe should descend to Schamyl at his death; and the use she had been compelled to make of the promise to liberate the son of the Armenian banker Issoff; her concealment in his house; the visit of her cousin, the Baroness Tichoff, and the flight of Ivan.

"Is that her son?" demanded her hearer, who on this as on every other occasion affected an extraordinary brevity of speech.

"It is."

Schamyl beckoned him to approach.

The boy, not in the slightest degree awed by the stern manner and sententious tone of the dreaded chief, advanced boldly to the divan and stood gazing

on him. A half smile rested for an instant on the features of the warrior, who felt pleased with the fearless courage displayed by one so young, and bade him seat himself near him, an invitation which Ivan accepted without the least hesitation. He even ventured to take the hand of the prophet and press it to his lips.

"You will protect him?" said Lelia, anxiously.

"For his dead mother's sake," he replied; "who nobly redeemed the error of her life. Such a death was worthy of her race; but have you told me all?" he added, fixing his eyes upon her, as if he would read her very soul.

A deep blush suffused her countenance, and she informed him of the promise the Iman had wrsted from her of becoming his wife if he thought fit to claim her hand.

"And you made it?"

"Yes."

"Are you prepared to fulfil it?"

"I made it," exclaimed the maiden, "in the conviction that you are too generous, too noble, to accept an unwilling sacrifice; for, at the instant the pledge passed my lips, my heart was no longer mine to give. I loved, and still love another."

"A Russian?" demanded Schamyl, calmly.

Lelia, trembling, explained to him that it was her protector, Henri de la Tour.

"He is of the same land that gave my mother birth. Of the same faith in which I have been reared, and which I would rather die a thousand deaths than abandon."

Schamyl rose from his divan, and clapping his hands, the usual mode of summoning his attendants, commanded them to conduct his guest to the apartments of his mother, adding, that he would see her again the following day.

"And Ivan?"

"Shall remain with me," added the prophet chief; "his mother's will has devoted him to the service of his country; it shall be obeyed."

"One word," faltered Lelia; "has the hope which sustained me in my father's dungeon, in the perils I have undergone, been a fallacious one; must I despair or live?" she added, sinking on her knees, "for life hangs on your decision."

The soldier of the Caucasus regarded her for an instant in silence.

"Is this your confidence?" he said, at last; "your reliance on my generosity and justice?"

"Right!" replied the suppliant, rising from her abject position. "I have placed my faith in them, and will trust them still."

Letting fall her veil, she quitted the apartment, and the same faint smile rested again on the countenance of Schamyl, as she disappeared.

CHAPTER XLII.

BUT be not long, for in the tedious minutes,
Exquisite interval, I am on the rack;
For sure the greatest evil we can know,
Bears no proportion to this dread suspense.—*FAWDE.*

ANXIOUSLY did Lelia count the intervening hours till her next interview with Schamyl; not that her confidence in the generosity of the mountain chief was shaken, provided he acted from the inspirations of his own clear judgment and noble heart. What she feared was the influence which would be brought to bear on his decision by the murids, or fanatics of his party, who if they sanction his power by acts of desperate self-devotion and sacrifice, expected in requital, that a certain weight should be given to their opinions and wishes in the counsels of the prophet chief.

The maiden well knew that it required no ordinary amount of abnegation to refuse her hand, not from the graces either of person or mind which nature had so bountifully lavished upon her—she thought not of them; like the flower in its robe of beauty, she was unconscious of her loveliness—but from the advantages which such a union presented. Lelia was the last descendant of the Imans of Dargo, and many of the tribe might dispute the right of their imprisoned chief to transfer their allegiance to Schamyl, or demand the marriage as the price of their assent.

So painful were her doubts and agitation, that there were moments in which the unhappy Lelia regretted her frankness with which she had related all that had passed in her father's dungeon, to the man who was now the master of her fate; for the right of a parent to dispose of his children is absolute in Circassia, and in the present instance would be considered more sacred from the circumstances under which it was exercised.

Then again she consoled herself with the reflection that she had performed her duty, and that her being a Christian was a bar to her marriage.

"They may try to convert me, terrify me," she murmured, "but the grave ends alike the power of man to tyrannise or woman to endure."

With this reflection, she addressed herself to prayer, and waited with some degree of calmness the decision which was to seal her destiny.

Directly after the morning prayer, the mountain chief summoned to the great chamber of the fortress the principal Murids, Imans, and members of his council; as a mere picture, nothing could be more striking than the assembly—stern warriors, and venerable men in the picturesque costume of their country. There was also a moral beauty and lesson in the scene. They illustrated what courage and the indomitable love of freedom can achieve against the countless hordes of despotism and oppression.

The apartment which they were met in, was a vast hall, occupying the greater part of the ground floor of the fortress. Like the rest of the building, the walls were of unhewn stone; the only attempt at ornament being the capitals of the double row of massive granite columns which extended from the principal entrance to a sort of circular alcove at the opposite end, as there the only window which gave light to the place was situated.

The more aged of the chiefs were seated near Schamyl, whose divan was directly under the window we have described. Groups of Murids and soldiers, some in their suits of mail, others wearing the garb of peace, were leaning against the columns, conversing in low whispers, or listening to the words, which, from time to time, were spoken at the upper end of the apartment.

Such was the appearance of the hall when Lelia was led to a seat within a few feet of the elder members of the council. According to the custom of her country, she wore her veil, to the great disappointment of many, whom the fame of her beauty had reached.

Impatiently did they await the command of the prophet that she should raise it; they were doomed to disappointment. As he did not think it fit to direct it to be removed, no one else presumed to do so.

At the request of Schamyl, she once more related the circumstances of her father's death, the promise she had made, and every particular of her escape from St. Petersburg. When she had concluded, the maiden drew from her finger the emerald signet, and gave it to an aged Murid to return to his chief, observing that her mission was accomplished.

Despite the prejudice which existed against her on account of her being a Christian, there was a murmur of admiration, especially amongst the younger members of the assembly; but the instant the deep calm voice of the prophet was heard, it was respectfully suppressed.

"Let the son of the Armenian Issoff and the companion of Lelia stand before our face."

There was a slight bustle at the lower end of the hall, and in a few minutes the captain of the vessel, Mansor, the banker's agent, and his son, who still wore the soiled and ragged fragments of his uniform as a Russian officer, were brought in by three guards; all three had the air of men who were very much in doubt whether the axe or liberty awaited them; suspense and anxiety were depicted on the countenance of each.

"Son of a money race," said Schamyl, "the days of thy captivity are ended; thou art at liberty to return to thy Muscovite master, again to lie, fawn, and serve him; but beware," he added, "how thou faltest a second time into the hands of the children of the prophet; not all thy father's gold will purchase thy release a second time."

The young officer was about to reply, but an imploring glance from his companion restrained him.

"For you," continued the speaker, addressing the captain and the agent of Issoff, "depart in peace: your faces are whitened from having stood in our presence."

Inclining with reverence amounting almost to awe, the three Armenians quitted the hall, each secretly congratulating himself that his head still held its natural position upon his shoulders; a result which did not always follow an interview with the prophet chief of the Caucasus.

No sooner had they withdrawn than the hero again addressed himself to Lelia.

"The heritage which the late Iman of Dargo bequeathed to us," he said, "we accept, not for the gratification of any personal ambition, or the desire of adding to the possessions which Allah has set us the task to govern, but for the general interest of Circassia. It is only by uniting the strength of the country, directing its energies to one end, that liberty can be won. You are acquainted," he added, "with the spot where the ring which confers the investiture, the ring of the holy prophet Cassim

Mullah, and the treasures of the tribe he reigned over are concealed?"

"I am," answered the maiden, meekly.

"Are they in the city?"

"No; beyond its walls."

This was an important point, for Dargo being still in the hands of the Russians it might have been an enterprise of danger as well as difficulty to attempt the removal of them.

"They rest," continued the maiden, "in the mosque of Ali Hassim, in the same vault where the predecessors of my dear father sleep their last sleep. Let my lord name the hour," she added, "and I am ready to set forth."

"There was a whispered consultation, which lasted several minutes, between Schamyl and the elder Murids; several of whom doubted the prudence of entrusting Lelia amongst her own people, as, once demanded by the warlike members of the late Iman's tribe, she would, to a certain extent, be independent of the authority of their chief.

"Are you not aware," observed the prophet, "that she is betrothed to me?"

"She is a Christian," exclaimed Arad.

"First let her abjure the errors of the Nazarenes," added Kolah.

A more generous policy, however, prevailed; the leader of Circassia was no mean judge of the human heart; he knew that there are ties which fetter it stronger even than chains, and he resolved to trust to them.

"In three days," he said, "you will depart."

The maiden bowed her head in token of acquiescence with his will.

"And promise," continued the speaker, "whatever be the result of your enterprise, to return to Wedenno."

"Death or captivity shall alone prevent me," exclaimed the fair Circassian; "my lord knows that he can trust to the word of his handmaiden. Her hope is in his generosity, not in acting treacherously towards him. Young as I am," she added, "I have learnt one truth, that broken faith never yet brought happiness to the perjurer."

Schamyl gazed upon her with his calm, piercing glance, as if he would read all that was passing in her mind beneath the screen of her veil, which had not once been raised. There was approval, and, perhaps, something like admiration in his look; but no love, and the heart of Lelia began to beat more freely.

"In three days," he repeated, "all things shall be prepared for your departure; meanwhile, the boy Ivan shall be permitted to remain with you; it will render the solitude of your retreat less lonely."

There was a degree of consideration in the permission which gratified his prisoner—one might almost have said his slave—for a woman once affianced by her father, loses, in Circassia, the little freedom of action which she once possessed: her munchee, or intended husband, has the entire disposal of her, in the event of her parent's death.

At the appointed time, Lelia set forth from Wedenno upon her journey, attended by a party of Murids, several of whom were disguised as Armenian merchants, the rest as peasants.

Although they treated her with profound respect, it was evident from the vigilance with which they watched her every moment that they had received strict instructions respecting her. Arad and Kolah, who commanded the escort, kept watch continually upon her; they did not share in the confidence of their chief, and as they drew near to Dargo their vigilance and suspicion increased.

Although Dargo, as we before observed, was in the possession of the Russians, they had hitherto exercised but slight authority over that portion of the tribe which inhabited the mountain fastnesses—a hardy, warlike race who disdained submission to the yoke of the invaders, although, from policy, Woronzoff endeavored to make that yoke as light as possible.

As a means of reconciling the people to his rule, their religion was respected; the time had not arrived when he could venture to interfere with that. The molahs, or poets, were treated with great consideration, and the soldiers forbidden under any pretext whatever to penetrate within the precincts of the mosques, where their presence would have been looked upon both as an insult and a sacrilege.

As it would draw too much upon the patience of our readers to ask them to follow us step by step through the mountain passes and romantic tracts of country lying between Dargo and Wedenno, we shall pass over the details of the journey, and proceed at once to describe the city of the late Iman and the birthplace of Lelia.

The town of Dargo is situated in one of the most picturesque gorges of the Caucasus, just where the

great chain of Illusas—a succession of undulating hills, intersected with rugged, lofty rocks of granite—commences. Formerly the place had been strongly fortified; the walls still remain, but so shattered by time and neglect as to be of little use against artillery; the only buildings it contains of any note are the fortress, now converted into the residence of the Russian governor, and one or two mosques. The religious edifice held by the inhabitants in most reverence is situated upon an eminence without the gates, erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, by one of their most celebrated saints and prophets—Ali Hassim—and named after him; it contains his tomb, in which the Molahs keep a number of lamps continually burning.

At the hour of midnight, several of the wealthiest and most influential inhabitants of the town might be seen wending their way up the steep, narrow foot-path, which led to the mosque; so careful were they not to attract attention to their progress, that not a word was exchanged even by the most intimate friends. A certain degree of mystery shrouded their proceedings. On reaching the building, instead of entering by the principal gate, which was closed, they disappeared like so many shadows through a small portal situated at the foot of the minaret.

The only light in the interior of the place proceeded from the lamps around the tomb, near which about fifty venerable looking men were seated, each upon one of those small carpets used by the followers of Mahomet in their devotions.

The chief Molah had not yet quitted the sanctuary, where it was understood that he was praying.

When all the elders were assembled, and the doors carefully secured, he made his appearance, leading a female by the hand, deeply veiled—it was Lelia; Arad and Kola, with her guard of Murids, followed.

When the chief priest reached the midst of the citizens, he rent the hem of his robe, and exclaimed, in a loud voice—

"Mourn, inhabitants of Dargo! mourn for the father of his people—the last male descendant of our prophet is no more!—the Iman Hassim Mullah died for his faith and for his people."

The announcement was followed by a low wailing sound, such as the traveller will frequently hear at the hour of sunset when passing by the cemeteries of the East. There is something so peculiar and solemn in the cry that those who have once heard it can never forget it.

"Who now shall arise to defend the faith," said an aged Circassian, "since the chief of his race hath fallen?"

"And only a girl, a Nazarene," exclaimed several, "remains to us."

Then once more arose the general wail of regret for their fallen prince, and muttered curses on the tyrants who oppressed them.

"Men of Dargo," said Lelia, raising her veil, and advancing into the midst of the assembly, "my father, even in the dungeon of his enemy and yours, was not unmindful of your future welfare, or the interests of his country. I was with him when he rendered his spirit to the hands of him who gave it. I received his last sigh, his last commands to his people."

"Name them," demanded the assembly.

"He bequeathed the sovereignty of the tribe to Schamyl."

This announcement was received in solemn silence by the Molahs and elders; many of whom feared the prophet chief almost as much as they hated the Russians. The ascetic severity of his life, the ruthlessness with which he sacrificed his subjects in their encounters with the enemy, the pitiless rigor with which he punished the least disobedience of his commands, caused them to reflect and hesitate—they felt that it was equally dangerous to accept or reject the choice of their late Iman.

"It is for the head Molah," at last observed one of the eldest citizens, "the guardian of the tomb of our great prophet, to pronounce the law of our tribe."

"None may rule us," said the aged priest, pausing between each word he uttered, as if to weigh its import, "who has not been invested with the ring of the prophet."

This announcement was followed by a murmur of approbation.

"Speak, Nazarene," whispered Arad, sternly, "or hast thou lied unto our master? If thou attemptest to play us falsely we will conduct thee back to Wedenno in chains, to answer it."

Low as was the tone in which the words were uttered they were overheard by one of the assembly, who, rising from his carpet, commanded him to retire, observing that the people of Dargo had not

yet accepted the sovereignty of the master he spoke of, and that the daughter of their late prince should not be insulted in the midst of her people.

The aged Murid scowled upon him angrily, but feeling that resistance would be useless, at once drew back.

"Heed him not," said Lelia; "neither his hostility nor insolence can affect me for one instant; my fate is in the hands of a greater than he. Men of Dargo," she continued, "my father was not ignorant of the law which the chief of our religion has declared unto you. With his dying breath he imparted to me the secret of the tomb."

The aged Molah trembled, and betrayed evident marks of dissatisfaction.

"Open the gates," she added, "that I may descend."

"There is a form to be observed," exclaimed one of the citizens, who felt much opposed to the election of Schamyl.

"Right," said a second; "the three guardians must be named."

It was the last hope of the disaffected; they trusted that their late Iman, in his dying moments, might have forgotten the precaution.

"It is just," replied the maiden, "that all should be fulfilled."

With a loud voice she pronounced the names Ali Alassa, the chief Molah, Ecril Ben Didi, and Ebon Hassim.

The three persons thus designated, rose from their seats, and each drawing a silver key from beneath his girdle, approached the massive iron gates, which opened into the tomb; as they rolled back upon their hinges, they emitted a harsh grating sound.

Lelia took one of the lamps in her hand and descended.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the maiden reappeared; when she at last issued from the vault, her features were death-like pale; she bore in her hand a small casket—every eye was fixed upon her countenance, to read, if possible, the secret of what had passed.

"Speak," exclaimed the assembly, with one voice; have you the ring?"

"No."

A murmur of satisfaction arose from amongst them.

"Where is it?"

"On the hand of him who is now your sovereign and mine," answered the fair Circassian, "the newly invested prince of Dargo."

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when a second figure, enveloped in a white mantle, glided from the tomb. To the terror and astonishment of all present, they recognised the prophet chief, Schamyl.

He slowly extended his hand, and displayed the well-known signet. At the sight of the venerated relic, all present bowed the head, in acknowledgement of his authority. Every idea of opposition ceased.

"In accepting the inheritance which your Iman bequeathed me," he said, "I have but one aim, one desire, the liberty of my country; woe to him who resists; honor to the brave who die in the struggle for independence."

"Prince!" said the chief Molah, "how came you present in the vault—the doors of which have not been opened since the accession of our late ruler?"

"Ask the secret of Heaven," replied Schamyl, sternly, "whose hand for years has visibly protected me. My lips are bound in silence."

From that moment the conviction became if possible still more strongly rooted in the minds of his followers, that the prophet chief was invested with supernatural powers; even the priests, who imagined that they possessed a knowledge of all the secrets of the tomb, were silenced if not convinced.

It is not to be imagined for one instant that we wish to impress upon the minds of our readers an opinion so opposed to reason; there is little doubt but the late Iman, knowing that he had no son to succeed him, had imparted a partial knowledge of the mysterious shrine to the man whom he designed for his successor.

When Lelia penetrated to the entrance of the vaulted chamber, in which the treasures of the tribe and the signet were concealed, to her terror and surprise she recognised Schamyl, who knew where the sanctuary was situated, but not the means of entering it—that secret he had to learn from her.

Amongst other objects contained in the recess was a small casket, on which was written "Lelia's dower." At the conclusion of his reply to the priests, she bent the knee and placed it at his feet.

"What does it contain!" he demanded.

Lelia pointed to the inscription.

Schamyl raised it, and after glancing at it for an

instant, gave it into the hands of Arad, observing, that when she was a wife it would be time to break the seal.

Even those who most regretted his accession, to what after all was but a nominal sovereignty over them, were struck with admiration at the clear and prompt manner in which he issued his commands to regulate their proceedings for the future.

Having given his instructions, he dismissed them from the mosque, in which only himself, the Molahs, Lelia, and the Murids who had escorted her, remained.

Taking the maiden by the hand, he led her towards the tomb, followed by his immediate friends.

The priests looked on in astonishment, and one of them demanded if they should close the entrance.

"They require not the aid of human hands," replied the hero of the Caucasus; "Heaven will protect the chief it has sent to reign over you."

To their astonishment and terror, the massive gates, as if impelled by some invisible power, grated on their hinges and closed after him.

If the Prophet of the Caucasus intended to guard against surprise or treachery, or to impress his new subjects with an idea of his supernatural powers, never were means more effectual; even the Molahs began to think him under the immediate protection of Heaven.

Long before dawn had broken, attended by his faithful Murids, he had quitted the neighborhood of Dargo, and advanced on his return to his mountain fastness.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SORROW comes not alone, e'en as the hour
Succeeds the hour, so does grief follow grief;
Such is the day of life—time's constant lesson.
OLD PLAY.

MORE than a month elapsed after the return of Lelia to Wedcenno, without her once beholding Schamyl, and but for the profound respect with which she was treated by all within the castle, she would have deemed herself forgotten by the extraordinary man who held in his hands her destiny; whose decision was to bring happiness or misery to her young heart.

There were moments when her confidence in his generosity remained unshaken, when she felt assured that he would never exact the sacrifice which her promise to her dead father bound her to accomplish, and she felt happy in the conviction, till the recollection that their marriage would consolidate his newly acquired authority over the inhabitants of Dargo, shook it, and she yielded to the inspiration of her fears.

This state of suspense began to prey upon the health of the fair Circassian, her eye lost its brightness, her step its elasticity—the pangs of hope deferred made her heart sick. She was seated one evening on the terrace at the back of the fortress, which, as our readers will doubtless recollect, we described as facing the steep precipice which formed one side of the ravine—dreamily pondering on the past, or speculating on the future, when Schamyl suddenly stood before her; she started, and with difficulty suppressed a slight scream, for she had not heard his footsteps.

The instant she recognized him, she let fall her veil, and would have risen in token of respect, had not the deep toned voice of the prophet commanded her to remain seated.

Lelia felt that the crisis of her destiny was at hand, and trembled violently. Several minutes elapsed before the mountain chief spoke again, and when he did, the words he uttered sounded musical and sad, as those of destiny.

"Doubtless, in thy heart, maiden," he said, "thou hast accused me of cruelty, of wantonly trifling with feelings which man too often violates, of having indulged in a childish exercise of my power over thee, by keeping thee in suspense. Answer me, is it not so?"

"He who hath studied the heart," answered Lelia, "can seldom be deceived by the lips. I have doubted, but not despaired; with me hope and life must end together, and both are in the will of Schamyl."

"Say rather of a greater than Schamyl," observed the chief; "in the hands of one before whom he is but as dust, or the vilest thing that crawls. I had intended," he continued, "to answer thy prayer as such prayers should be answered, by bestowing thy hand on the young stranger whose arm defended thee in many perils, but Allah rules all things, and the designs of man fade like the mountain mist before his breath."

"You will adhere to the generous resolution which your heart first framed!" exclaimed Lelia, sinking on her knees and grasping the hem of his

long mantle. "What can justify a promise broken to thyself?"

"The inhabitants of Dargo demand our marriage" he said.

"They are your subjects," answered the maiden, "and have no right to dictate to their prince. You have not yielded to such influence—you will not yield to it," she added, "it would belie a life of glory and of honor."

"I have not," replied Schamyl, in the same passionless tone; "but the Murids demand it also."

"It is yours to command, theirs to obey."

"Right!" said the chief, "I drove them from my presence. Lelia," he added, "the hand which afflicts you is not mine, but destiny's. No sooner had I learnt from you the name of the young Frank to whom your heart was given, than I resolved to invite him to Circassia; from my hand he should have received that of his bride, and from a hundred hills the beacon should have blazed to welcome him; read and be convinced."

He placed a packet, the seal of which was broken in her trembling hand; she carried her eyes for the first time to his countenance, and gazed upon him earnestly.

"It is the report of my agent in St. Petersburg," he added.

"And may be trusted!"

"Implicitly," said the chief. "It is written by one who would unhesitatingly devote himself to death at my command, but not to dishonor," he added; "his words are truth. In the solitude of your chamber peruse the letter. I will pray for you."

Without a word of adieu, the speaker retreated from the battlements, leaving the maiden overwhelmed by doubt and apprehension.

What could be the intelligence so fatal to her hopes, she asked herself; was it possible that Henri had forgotten, or proved himself unworthy of her? Memory answered, no. Fortunately the moonlight was not sufficiently clear to enable her to read the report of her lover's death, which the agent of Schamyl, in perfect faith as to its authenticity had forwarded to his master. In the first impulse of despair, she might have cast herself from the walls into the ravine beneath.

With faltering steps she hastened to her apartment, and there learnt the fatal intelligence which shook reason from its throne, and drew for awhile a sable veil between life and its brightest hopes.

Meanwhile her persecutor, Constantine, enraged at the escape of his victim, who he doubted not had fled to her own country, wrote a letter to Prince Woronzoff, the commander of the Russian forces in Circassia, urging him, by brilliant promises, threats, and entreaties, to use every means to obtain possession of Lelia. The consequence was that the general determined upon sending a messenger to Schamyl, offering him in exchange, Keulah, one of his most distinguished lieutenants, whom he held prisoner in Feflis, for the daughter of the late Iman of Dargo, whom he had the insolence to claim as a Russian subject.

Colonel Leizerman, whom he selected for his envoy, was a man in every way qualified for such an errand. Long intercourse with the Circassians had made him perfectly acquainted, not only with their dissensions, but their superstitions and weaknesses. He knew the great esteem in which Keulah was held, not only by Murids—he was one of their sect—but by the tribes in general; and he determined to play off their influence against the well-known generosity of their chief.

Before obtaining his audience, he took care that the object of his mission should be known to Arad, Kolah, and those most likely to assist him.

The prophet chief received him in the same hall of audience as the one in which Lelia had related her adventures in St. Petersburg to the assembly of her countrymen. Schamyl received him with his usual grave courtesy, and read the letter. A slight flush of anger darkened his countenance as he perused it.

"Tell your general," he said, "that the exchange he proposes cannot be; it would bring shame to both of us. The maiden is not my prisoner but my guest."

A slight murmur rose from the group of warriors, in the midst of which Arad and Kolah were standing. The quick ear of the speaker caught the sound, he smiled bitterly, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Who spake?" he demanded, solemnly.

There was a general silence.

Again he repeated the words, when the name of Kolah was pronounced by Arad.

"Stand forth," said the prophet.

The fanatic obeyed, though not without a certain misgiving, for few had ever braved the authority of Schamyl with impunity.

"Chief," said the old man, "although the voice which addresses you is but of one man, it expresses the wish of his tribe. The Murids ask that their brother Keulah should be restored to them."

"At the price of an act of treachery," observed the hero.

"She is a Christian."

"She is a woman," exclaimed the chief; "and all who are born of woman are bound to protect her. If this iniquity must be accomplished, on the heads of those who advise it rest the dishonor and the crime."

The eyes of the fanatic sparkled with triumph, for, as he conceived, he had carried his point and gratified his hatred of the Christian Lelia. Others, whom passion and evil feelings had not blinded, paused in their judgment,—they anticipated that something terrible was about to follow. They were not kept long in suspense.

"We will be more generous with Woronzoff," continued the speaker, "than he has been with us. It were an insult," he added, in a slightly ironical tone, "to accept the liberty of so valiant a soldier as Keulah in exchange for a small girl. *Arad, the destroyer of his son, shall conduct her to Teflis, to render her presence more acceptable.*"

The eyes of the Russian envoy flashed with delight. He knew that the Prince had offered enormous sums to obtain possession of the Murid, whose weapon had treacherously drank the heart's blood of his heir; that once within the walls of Teflis, no treaty, or law of honor or of nations, would save him from a fearful death.

This announcement was followed by a cry of consternation amongst the assembled Circassians; and the countenance of Arad became fearfully pale. If commanded to accompany Lelia to Teflis, he could not refuse: by the oath of his sect he was bound to sacrifice his life when called upon for the advancement of his faith or at the bidding of his chief. He felt like the deceiver when caught in his own snare.

"By the prophet, and by Allah!" exclaimed Schamyl, "if Lelia departs, Arad shall accompany her; no hand but his shall deliver her to the Governor of Teflis."

"I am old," faltered the fanatic.

"Life has the fewer charms," coldly observed the hero of Circassia; who felt a secret pleasure, not only in humbling him, but in exposing his hypocrisy and cowardice before those who had hitherto been under his influence.

"Spare me!"

"He asks for life," murmured the Murids, in a tone of indignation.

"I should die in tortures," he added.

"And to what death wouldst thou have condemned Lelia?" demanded the prophet. "To one of shame, or worse, to a life of pollution. Live; and as thou valuest life, learn mercy."

The baffled fanatic retreated amid the group of those whose opinions he had lately swayed by the affectation of superior devotion—superior courage; but who now looked upon him with contempt: he had disgraced the sect, not only in the eyes of their leader, but in the presence of an enemy.

"Return to him who sent you," said Schamyl, "and say that the meanest slave who has broken my bread, will not be given up, even if such an act of infamy could purchase the independence of my country. Tamper not again," he added, "with the weakness of those who are unpractised in Russian wiles—in Russian treachery, lest I forget the envoy in the spy, and treat you as you merit. I have warned you; I never warn and pardon."

Colonel Leizermann bowed, and was conducted from the presence of the man whose rugged virtue was a reproof to his own baseness. The caution he received, however, was not thrown away, for during the rest of the stay he made at Wedenno, he never once renewed his artful attempt to sow dissension amongst the followers of the mountain chief.

No sooner had he withdrawn from the hall than the warrior prophet rose from his seat and sternly eyed the assembly. Not a glance met his; all felt abashed and reproved by the nobleness he had shown.

"Good cannot come of evil," he slowly repeated. "Allah works not his will by the children of Eblis, but by his chosen servants."

With one voice all present repeated the confession of Mahomedan faith.

"How long," demanded Schamyl, addressing one of the Mollahs who stood nearest to his divan, "is it to the festival of Cassim Mullah?"

This was the name of the saint held in greatest veneration by the tribe.

"One month and one day," was the reply.

"In one month and one day, Keulah the Murid

shall offer his prayers in the mosque of Wedenno," added the chief, "nor shall his freedom bring dishonor on the name of Circassia."

Astounding as the announcement undoubtedly was, when it is considered that the man whose liberty was thus solemnly promised was a prisoner in Teflis, the stronghold of Russian power, it was received with implicit credence by all who heard it; the speaker had already performed such extraordinary achievements, that his followers believed all things possible to him.

"Pray for him," said Schamyl, "and for me."

With these words he quitted the divan, feeling that his power over the minds of his people was more consolidated than ever by the exposure of the hypocrisy of Arad, and directed his steps to the apartment of Lelia. The task he had undertaken was one which required all his energies to succeed in, for it was one of danger.

Although he could guard his guest against the machinations of Woronzoff whilst living, he could not answer for her safety in the event of his death, so he generously resolved to place her beyond the reach of danger.

The maiden rose on his entrance; there was something in his look and manner which told her the crisis of her fate was at hand.

"Lelia," he said, "Woronzoff has sent to demand you should be delivered up to him in exchange for one of the leaders of our people."

"In exchange for the honor of Circassia," answered the poor girl, calmly, for she felt assured that, whatever dangers might threaten her, she had little to apprehend from such an offer.

"Right," exclaimed her visitor, pleased with the confidence which her words implied; "spoken as becomes the daughter of the Iman of Dargo. Hadst thou been of thy father's faith," he added,—"but it is an idle wish. I am about to undertake an expedition which the wavering allegiance of those I govern has rendered necessary; it may end fatally; the result is in the hands of Allah. Should I fall your position would become perilous."

"Heaven will protect its chosen one," observed the fair Circassian, who firmly believed that the speaker had been selected as the liberator of his country.

"It is time," said Schamyl, "to open the casket which your father left in the secret vault of the tomb."

"It is my dower."

"And is not the bridegroom chosen?" he replied; "are you not wedded to the memory of the dead? A heart like yours loves not twice. I free you from your promise. I reject the hand which, precious as it is, unless it were willingly bestowed, would bring misery to both of us."

"Lelia uttered a cry of joy. She felt like the prisoned bird who finds the door of the cage in which it has long pined suddenly opened."

"Generous being," she exclaimed, "the trust I reposed in you has not been in vain."

The chief replied by asking once more for the casket, which the maiden instantly brought and placed at his feet.

"Open it."

She broke the seal. It contained a number of gems of considerable value, and a packet of papers, written in French, relating to the family of her mother.

"These," said the chief, "guide you to those who both can and will protect you. You must seek your relatives in France; the arm of the oppressor cannot reach you there. At the worst," he added, "the jewels, in whatever land you may seek a home, will guard you against want."

"My future home," answered the maiden, with a sigh, "is the cloister, my only wish is to devote myself to the service of religion and my fellow creatures. The Order of Mercy will receive me."

"So young, and so devoted," observed Schamyl; "let me advise you to do nothing rashly. In the world you may yet find one who—"

"Man! man!" interrupted Lelia, firmly. "He was my first love and last. You said truly, when you asserted that my bridegroom was already chosen—memory, yes, the memory of the dead. I shall not waver in my fidelity."

The rough mountain soldier regarded her with feelings in which admiration and regret were strangely mingled. Despite the resolution he had taken, he felt strangely tempted to revoke the freedom he had given her, to claim her promised hand, to devote himself to her and her alone; the impulse, however, lasted but for a moment; the nobler sentiment prevailed over the less worthy one.

"In three days," said Schamyl, "you must depart. I will myself conduct you to the port of Altez, where the ships of the English traders who supply us with

ammunition are to be met with. In one of these you must embark for Stamboul, or Constantinople, as the Christians call it; once there, place yourself under the protection of the Ambassador of France."

"And you?" said Lelia.

"After seeing you in safety, I must proceed upon my task alone."

It was in vain that the grateful girl entreated him to accept at least a portion of the jewels which the casket contained, urging him in the name of his country. Schamyl was not to be moved.

"Let me have the satisfaction of feeling, she said, 'that I have contributed to the freedom of the land that gave me birth, to my beloved Circassia. To me they are superfluous—the Sister of Mercy requires not wealth.'"

"You have served your native country," observed the chief, "in the example which your fortitude and virtue has given to its daughters. I cannot rob you of your dower," he added, "even on the plea you name; in the world they may procure you friends; you will not find it," he added, "the garden of flowers you imagine. Remember that in three days we depart."

He left the room without waiting for a reply, for the resolution of the strong hearted man was shaken. Hitherto, he had regarded those of Lelia's sex as the companions only of his pleasures. For the first time in his life, he had met with a woman whose mind could sympathise with his—met with her but to feel that she never could be his.

Lelia saw the struggle he endured; but it gratified no vanity in her scared heart. She witnessed it with regret and increased admiration for one who could so nobly sacrifice passion to the stern principle of duty.

It is not to be supposed that a person of Schamyl's importance could make his preparations for a long and dangerous journey, without some of his followers having a shrewd guess as to the place of his destination. The very next day after his decision was announced to Lelia, it became whispered in the fortress that he was about to proceed with her to the little port of Altez, where the daughter of the Iman of Dargo was to embark for Stamboul. Arad was one of the first to glean this intelligence, which filled his heart with a ferocious joy, for it presented him, as he imagined, with an opportunity of securely wreaking his revenge on the innocent object of his hate.

He secretly prepared a letter to inform Woronzoff that the fugitive, whose person he was so anxious to secure was about to take refuge in the city of the Sultan. He well knew that the agents of Russia were all powerful there.

This letter he determined to deliver himself into the hands of Colonel Leizermann, the envoy of the prince, who had not proceeded more than one day's journey on his way to Teflis. He knew that he could easily overtake him—for Schamyl had commanded that he should be conducted by short stages, in order to delay his arrival as long as possible, it being necessary, for the success of the blow he meditated, that it should be struck before the rejection of the offers he had brought was known to the agent of the tyrant Constantine.

It was midnight when the traitor quitted Wedenno, armed to the teeth, and mounted on one of the swiftest steeds of the tribe. In order to avoid the outposts, he swam the noble animal over the Solutin, and darted across the valley on his journey, unsuspected by all, as he imagined.

But an eye he little suspected was upon him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The snare he set for others, you shall find
Will prove his grave—it is his destiny
To fall by over cunning; he is one
Who never learnt the use of honesty;
His virtues are but counterfeit—OLD PLAY.

The fortress of Eli Kerim is situated on the summit of a precipitous rock, in the midst of the wildest mountain scenery, about thirty versts from Wedenno. The only path which leads to it is a narrow winding track accessible to horsemen and foot travellers, but impassable for vehicles of every description.

It had once been considered a place of great strength, and long regarded as the chief hold of the rulers of the country, until Schamyl thought fit, for political as well as military reasons, to remove the seat of government to his present abode.

As the scene we are about to describe actually passed within the precincts of the fortress, it may be as well to describe it more particularly to our readers.

Eli Kerim is a large quadrangular building, flanked on the eastern side by towers, whose guns command the only approach to the place. In every other direction it is protected by the nature of the site, which

is so precipitous, that the foot of the most skilful alpine hunter would fail to scale its summit.

There is little of splendor either in the interior or exterior of the edifice. Solidity appears to have been the only consideration which presided over its construction, consequently the walls were rude and massive, pierced with loopholes for musketry; which also served to admit light and air into the long galleries, where the defenders of the place were lodged, or provision kept constantly stored in case of a siege.

The only apartments worthy of the name, were situated to the west; they had formerly been inhabited by Schamyl, and being inaccessible to the *mitraille* of an enemy, were lit by windows which commanded a view over the valley of Coilatryn.

These rooms communicated with the more general portion of the building by means of narrow arched passages, running on either side of the quadrangle, and terminating in the lodge of the governor in the centre tower; so that the prince or chief might communicate if necessary with his subordinate without passing through the more public parts of the fortress, or being seen by the soldiery.

Colonel Leizerman, the envoy of Woronzoff, had reached Eli Kerim on his return to Teflis, and was lodged in the long deserted apartments of Schamyl in the fortress; where after supping with Nador, the commander of the place, and one of the most devoted followers of the prophet chief, he retired to rest.

Just as morning was beginning to dawn, a horseman rode up to the gate. From the appearance of the steed it was evident that he must have travelled all night; the sides of the panting animal were covered with foam and blood, for neither the whip nor spur had been spared by Arad, who being personally well known to those on guard, was at once admitted within the walls.

Instead of the warmth with which he was generally received by the soldiers of the prophet, he found that they cast cold glances on him as he alighted; and he overheard one of the men whisper that "few who were expected came so punctually."

"Expected!" repeated the traitor to himself; "who can expect me? I must be cautious."

So deeply had the words impressed him that he would willingly have remounted and returned had it been possible, but the gates were already closed.

His suspicions were dissipated when Nador, the governor of Eli Kerim, made his appearance. The stern old soldier welcomed the murid cordially, and invited him to follow him to his chamber.

As soon as they were seated, coffee and pipes were brought, the usual custom in Circassia, where, doubtless, it was imported from the East.

"You have ridden hard," observed his host, glancing at his dust-covered garments of his guest.

"Zeal knoweth not delay," was the reply.

"On a mission?"

"A self-imposed one. The envoy of Woronzoff brought offers to the prophet of liberty to Keulah, the stoutest warrior of our tribe, who languishes in the dungeons of Teflis, but Schamyl rejected them."

"Has he changed his purpose?" inquired the chief.

"No," replied Arad, bitterly; "he is under the influence of a woman's smile. The Christian Lelia, the daughter of the Iman of Dargo, has cooled his zeal in the cause of his people. Woe to the hour in which he first beheld her. In exchange for an enemy to our faith we might have received one of its bravest defenders."

The chief eyed him for an instant through the cloud of perfumed smoke which enveloped him like a fleecy veil, and a frown rested on his brow.

"It is not for the children of Allah," he exclaimed, "to judge the motives of the prophet."

Arad saw that he had gone too far, and cleverly changed his tactics.

"Right, Nador," he said, "it is his to command, ours to obey in silence; but Keulah is my friend, and I would willingly send him a token that he is not forgotten by all who have witnessed his valor against the sons of deceit. For this purpose I have ridden from Wodenno. Has the envoy departed?"

"Not yet."

"Conduct me to his presence."

The lieutenant of Schamyl rose from his seat with so much evident reluctance, that the Murid asked him if any orders had been given to prevent communication with the Russian.

"Had there been, I should have obeyed them," answered the old soldier; "for Nador tampers not with the oath he has sworn."

Taking a key from his girdle, he unlocked an iron-studded portal which communicated with the vaulted

passage which we described, and bade his guest follow him. In silence they passed round two sides of the quadrangle till they came to a similar portal opening to a vast apartment, at one end of which hung a heavy curtain, screening an arch at the upper end of the room.

The Murid looked around him with surprise. Although familiar with the place from childhood, he had never seen the chamber in which they stood before.

"It is the ancient hall of judgment," replied the governor; "woe to the traitor who enters it, for his doom is nigh."

The Murid started, and would have grasped his weapon, but it was suddenly taken from him by two soldiers of the guard, who issued from recesses on either side of the door; at the same instant the curtain was drawn aside, and discovered Schamyl seated on his divan, surrounded by a number of his chiefs and elders of his tribe. The traitor felt that he was lost.

For several moments there was a dead silence, which was broken at last by the voice of the prophet chief.

"Behold, men of Circassia," he said, "the criminal whom I summoned you to judge."

With a look of sorrow and indignation they all pronounced the name of Arad.

"Speak," continued the hero of the Caucasus, addressing himself to the governor of Eli Kerim, "relate what hath passed."

The old man repeated word for word the conversation which had taken place between him and his guest.

"He hath spoken the truth," said the Murid, resuming confidence; "why should I deny it? All present know the friendship which for years has existed between Keulah and myself—he has been as a child to me. I would have sent him a token that at least one son of the mountains remembered him and mourned his captivity amongst the infidels."

"And where is the token you speak of?" demanded Schamyl, sternly.

"It is yet unspoken," was the reply.

"But not unwritten," retorted the chief, at the same instant making a sign to the soldiers who stood on either side of Arad, and who instantly removed the shawl from about his waist, from which they drew the letter to Woronzoff, and presented it to their leader.

It was read aloud by the oldest of the chiefs.

As we before explained to our readers, the Murids are a sect of Circassians who are not only bound by a voluntary vow to die if called upon in defence of their religion, but to act in such perfect obedience to the laws which regulate the order, that death is the punishment inflicted for the slightest breach of them.

"You have heard," said Schamyl, "the written words of treachery—the evidence of the hand against the assertion of the lips; what does the traitor merit?"

The chiefs and Murids with one voice pronounced the word—"Death."

It remained only for the prince to repeat it to render it a sentence.

Rising from his seat he twice tore his garments.

"I have prayed," he said, "that this trial might be spared me, but the perverseness of the evil doer hath proved stronger than the supplications of the just. Arad," he added, "repeat the confession of faith, and prepare thy neck for the scimeter, for by the name of Allah, the sands of thy existence are all but run."

"Mercy!" shrieked the guilty wretch, sinking on his knees; "if I have sinned I will atone."

"What mercy wouldst thou have shown to thy unhappy countrywoman?" demanded the prophet; "delivered her into the hands of a brutal tyrant, a victim to his lusts. Thou hast sinned against thy people and thy faith, and yet thou askest for mercy."

"But time—an hour, to repent me of my sin."

As he uttered these words, the Murid stretched his clasped hands imploringly towards Schamyl, and fixed his eyes with a look of agony on his cold, impassible features.

"Death," said the warrior, sternly, at the same time making a scarcely perceptible sign to one of the guard who stood within two paces of the prisoner.

As swift as lightning the keen blade the soldier held in his hand descended, and the head of Arad fell upon the floor of the apartment.

"So perish the enemies of the prophet of Circassia," exclaimed all present.

"So perish the enemy of his country," said the chief, rising from his divan; "let the body be taken

to the court-yard of the fortress, and exposed with the head beneath the right arm, till sunset, then cast to the wolf and the vulture."

An hour afterwards, the speaker and the chiefs who had attended him to Eli Kerim, mounted their horses, and quitted the fortress which they had reached only an hour before the traitor. With his intuitive knowledge of the human heart, Schamyl had foreseen that the infuriated and humbled hypocrite would not quietly endure the exposure and disgrace which had attended his endeavors to injure Lelia. He had caused him to be carefully watched, and every step he took, and each word he uttered reported to him.

Probably some of our readers may wonder why he had not at once caused his arrest; but when they reflect on the importance of the sect of which the old man was a leader, the influence which it exercises over the superstitious people whom the prophet governs, they will at once perceive the reason for his conduct. To execute a Murid, it was necessary that he should be taken in the very act of treason, and that the witnesses of his crime should be of the same order as himself.

The manner, too, in which he was detected, the punishment following the crime so rapidly, were calculated to strike terror as well as awe, and add to the superstitious reverence with which the followers of Schamyl already regarded him.

On the return of the party to Wodenno, the death of Arad was proclaimed by the Molahs. Some of the tribe approved the severity of their chief, whilst many attributed it to the influence of Lelia, who, being a Christian, was regarded with aversion and distrust.

Had she remained much longer amongst them, not only her safety but the authority of the prophet might have been compromised.

Faithful to his promise, the hero of Circassia conducted her to the little port on the Sea of Azoff, whence the English merchant vessel was to convey her to the city of the Sultan. The journey had been performed with the utmost rapidity, for celerity was not only essential to the safety of their movements, but to the fulfilment of the promise which Schamyl had somewhat rashly made to his people, that on the festival of the saint Cassim Mulla, Keula, the Murid, should be free from the dungeon of Teflis, and stand in the mosque amongst them.

A long journey was to be taken, the adventure accomplished, and all in the remaining space of twenty days.

"I will pray for you," said Lelia, as she raised the hand of the man who had acted so generously toward her to her lips, "and for my country. Would," she added, "that the pledge for Keulah's liberty had not been made. I tremble at the danger you have drawn upon yourself."

The prophet smiled sadly.

"Remember," she added, "that one failure, and the fickle people will fall from you like snow from the mountain's crests at the first breath of summer."

"I shall not fail," he answered firmly; "it is not the first time that in my faith in Allah's protection I have undertaken what to sober reason appeared an impossibility; resolution commands success, defeat is a word I can never know!"

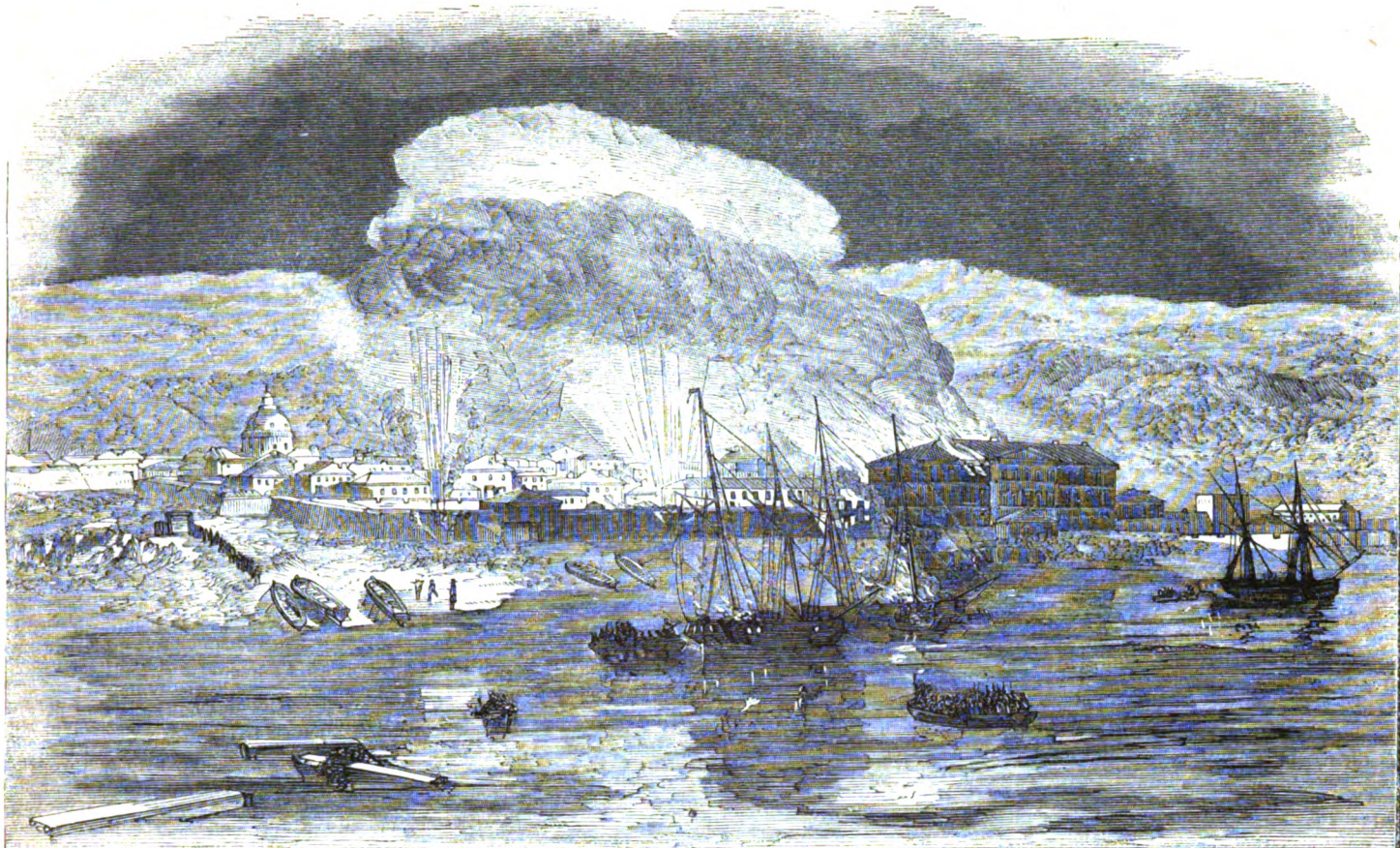
The maiden regarded him with surprise—she had no belief in the supernatural powers which the superstition of his followers attributed to him; Christianity had taught her better.

There is little doubt but the speaker was one of those enthusiasts who are deceived by the high and holy cause to which they devote themselves. In a moment of difficulty he had announced to his countrymen the deliverance of the Murid by a certain day, and trusted to his own energies to accomplish it.

"Farewell," he resumed, pressing her hand to his lips; "in this world we shall never meet again; you have trusted in the generosity of Schamyl, and it has not deceived you. I do not ask you to forget me—to a grateful mind the task would prove impossible; in the land to which you are going, in the happiness which awaits you, I shall be remembered."

"Happiness!" repeated Lelia, her eyes filling with tears, for her thoughts reverted to her lover, "must henceforth be a stranger to my heart."

"Not so," said the mountain chief, musingly; "it will dawn bright and unclouded yet, Lelia; there are moments when my spirit seems to quit its veil of flesh, and the future unfolds itself to my gaze; voices, no other ear may hear, whisper events which yet lie cradled on the wings of time. Let none envy me this pre-science—it is a fearful gift, wrung from fate by the soul's agony; it is at hand," he added, wildly; "speak not, stir not, the spirit of the future is upon me."



THE EASTERN WAR—SOUDJUK KALE.

The appearance of the prophet suddenly changed: his limbs became rigid as those of a person in a state of catalepsy, and his hand, which still retained that of Lelia in its grasp, suddenly closed. She started as if it had been a vice of marble, so cold and death-like was the contact.

"You suffer," she observed.

The sound of her voice seemed to disturb him—a frown rested for an instant on his brow, but gradually disappeared as his eyes became fixed and their pupils singularly dilated. Remembering his caution neither to speak or stir, the maiden, during the rest of the extraordinary scene which followed, remained silent and motionless as a statue.

"The thunder cloud is gathering in the North," he murmured; "dark! dark! and threatening as that which preceded the march of Attila, the scourge of God; how the forked lightnings lie like crouching tigers in its sable folds; vultures scenting the coming carnage from afar, whirl on their iron pinions through the air. Earth trembles," he added, "as the shadow of that cloud passes over its fields and valleys, and the tall mountain pines fall like withered reeds before it; woe! woe! to Europe."

As Schamyl uttered this strange prediction, large drops of perspiration trickled down his features, and his lips were convulsed as if the words escaped them against his will, or were wrung from him by extreme mental agony.

After a few minutes of intense agitation, during which the convulsions of the speaker resembled those of the priest Jupiter when pronouncing the oracles of his idol, a calm succeeded, and a smile rested like a fleeting sunbeam on his expressive countenance.

"Light, bright as the flash of an angel's wing," he exclaimed, "breaks gloriously in the West at last: civilisation rears its banner against the despot of the world. What seas of blood and carnage; earth shakes beneath the tramp of armed legions; the heavens are rent asunder, but the cloud, the dark hideous cloud, is dispersed, dispersed for the present, to gather again," he added, mournfully, "whilst nations sleep; woe! woe! to the dreamers who awake too late."

Schamyl stood for some time enwrapped, as if in the contemplation of the visions which an overwrought imagination had conjured in his brain. The rigidity of his muscles gradually relaxed, and when he again addressed his companion, it was in his usual calm, unimpassioned tone.

"Maiden," he said, "even for thee there is hope."

"Can the grave give up its dead," demanded Lelia, incredulously.

"Even so, were it the will of Allah," replied the prophet. "The enemies of the man you love are cradled in treachery and deceit—lies, as the Koran says, are their daily bread, they fatten on them. How often has the Czar caused my death to be announced to Europe, to the governments which looked supinely on whilst their battles were being fought, yet never stretched a hand to aid their champions. Circassia and Poland might have been their bulwarks against the Muscovite, yet both were left to struggle in the folds of the serpent that coiled itself around them. But no more of this—such wrongs are sure to avenge themselves."

It is far from being our wish to impress upon our readers a belief in the gift of prophecy assumed by Schamyl, although it is universally credited amongst his own people; still less would we accuse him of imposture. Doubtless, he had eagerly watched and weighed in his mind the changes which were taking place in the political world, and mistook the deductions of reason for inspiration.

We, at least, can see no other means of reconciling the discrepancy. As for the physical phenomena which so terrified Lelia, it was simply a species of mesmeric trance, into which persons of highly nervous temperament frequently fall after long fasts or over excitement. The ecstasies of St. Therese and St. Francis, which so astounded the scientific and edified a portion of the Christian world, were doubtless of the same character.

By this time everything was ready for the departure of the bark, and the prophet chief, after bestowing his benediction on the crew, and commending the maiden to their care, took his leave. As he disappeared over the side of the vessel, Lelia pronounced the name of Ivan.

"He shall be to me as a son," replied the enthusiast. "But I cannot part with him—he belongs to his country, his life is not mine to give." The fair Circassian remained on deck till the mountains of her native land sank beneath the horizon.

As long as one peak was visible she retained her fortitude, but when it finally disappeared, resolution gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears. She felt that the last ties between her and the home of her infancy; the friends who had loved her, and the recollections of childhood, were broken—the world was before her, but the path appeared desolate and sad. Even when strewn with flowers, it is hard to trace our steps alone.

Frequently during her voyage to the city of the Sultan, Lelia reflected on the words of Schamyl, in which he alluded to the possibility of Henri being still alive. Vague as the hope appeared, still it was

one, and she clung to it, despite the cold conviction of reason, which bade her despair.

Well may hope be called immortal, since it can bloom even from the grave.

The setting sun was gilding with its parting rays the lofty dome of St. Sophia and hundred minarets of Constantinople, when the little vessel entered the Bosphorus, whose sparkling waters reflected back the flood of golden light, which played upon their surface. Gay caiques filled by grave looking Turks, or officers of government, glided past them, their inmates lolling on piles of luxurious cushions, and smoking the eternal tchiboque, without which, or his beads, your true oriental seems as much at a loss what to do with himself as a porpoise floundering on shore.

It is difficult, when we gaze on the indolent, apathetic Turks of the present day, to believe that they are the descendants of the race of hardy warriors who at one time threatened to subjugate Europe to their yoke, replace the cross by the crescent—the Bible by the Koran. The truth is, that the climate has enervated them as it did the barbarians who at various periods settled in Italy.

The wanderer's first care on reaching Pera, the European suburb of the city, was to proceed to the residence of the French Ambassador, for whom Schamyl had given her a letter, which at once procured her admission to his presence.

The gallant General Baraguay at once assured her of his protection—which, as the daughter of a countryman, she had an indisputable right to; but his hospitable offer of making the palace of the embassy her home till she could discover if any of her relatives in France were living, she thought proper to decline, and that same night removed to a religious house occupied by the Sisters of Mercy, attached to the French Hospital for Sailors in the city. There we must leave the fugitive for a time to see how Schamyl performed the promise he had so incautiously made of delivering the Murid Keulah from the dungeons of Teflis, where six months past he had been the prisoner of the Governor, Prince Woronzoff.

There is not, probably, in the history of nations, a more astute government to be met with than that of Russia; it is gentle with the strong, and strong only with the weak, attacking the people whom it would conquer much in the same manner as the serpent does its victims; the folds of the hideous monster are scarcely felt at first, gradually they are drawn tighter, till the power of resistance is crushed; when that is accomplished, it swallows its prey at its leisure.

The vanquished provinces of Circassia are treated on this bo-a-constrictor principle. The religious prejudices of the inhabitants are respected, the Molahs treated with great consideration, the mosques kept up, and proselytism—even to the Greek Church—systematically discouraged, for there is still too much life and vigor in the victim to prevent its being bolted at once; the plan is, to strangle it by degrees.

The arrival of a procession of pilgrims to visit the tomb of Ali Hassim in the great mosque, excited neither surprise nor suspicion in the mind of the Governor, it being anything but an unusual circumstance: once past the gates, they were at liberty, not only to visit the various shrines, but to disperse themselves in the streets if they pleased; one spot alone was interdicted—the citadel, whose guns commanded the city. As the stronghold of Muscovite power, no native was permitted to penetrate the jealously guarded precincts.

Schamyl had been twice a prisoner within its walls, and each time escaped to his countrymen, despite the vigilance of his enemies, who have never been able to discover the means by which he eluded them. These circumstances had so enraged Woronzoff, that he had given strict orders to his officers to put him to death in the event of his again falling into their hands, and printed proclamations offering a large reward for his capture, were posted up in various parts of the city.

As the pilgrims advanced towards the mosque, a venerable looking man, whose tall form was bent with age, tottered from the ranks and stood for several moments leaning on his staff reading one of the papers. Having satisfied his curiosity, he resumed his place amongst his countrymen, and the procession walked on.

It was Schamyl who, disguised in the robes of a Molah, his expressive features partly concealed beneath a flowing white beard, had ventured into the midst of his enemies to achieve the liberation of Murid.

For three successive days the same men might be seen proceeding at the same pace through the streets of Teflis, on the fourth day they disappeared. Great search was made in the city, where it was rumored that a prisoner of importance had escaped. Parties of Cossacks were despatched in all directions, apparently without success, for they returned alone.

The Governor felt both enraged and alarmed; he no longer deemed himself safe within the walls of the citadel, which he quitted for a country seat he possessed in the environs, for on the very morning of Keulah's disappearance, the following note was discovered affixed to the curtains of the bed in which he had slept.

It was in the well-known hand-writing of the prophet chief:

"Prince, you have offered a reward for my blood. I disdain to shed yours unless in open fight: every breath you draw is permitted by my mercy. I have baffled you in every way; first the daughter of the Iman of Dargo has escaped your persecution, now Keulah the Murid; be wise in time, there is a limit even to the forbearance of Schamyl."

It was in vain that Woronzoff sent for the chief Molah of the mosque, questioned and threatened him; the only reply he could wring from the old man was, that Allah was great and watched over the faithful. Not caring to excite the people by offering any further outrage on the head of their religion, he dismissed them with muttered curses on what he chose to term his treasonable correspondence with the enemies of the Czar.

The appointed festival arrived at Wendenno without any tidings having reached the inhabitants of their ruler; the Murids, who secretly resented the death of Arad, began to murmur at the non-fulfilment of his promise.

"He hath sinned," observed one, "and Allah hath abandoned him to the infidels."

Others cursed the day that Lelia had appeared amongst them, for to her influence they attributed the fall of Arad.

Suddenly Schamyl, calm and unruffled as if nothing unusual had occurred, walked into the mosque accompanied by Keulah, and seating himself upon the carpet reserved for his especial use, commenced his prayers by repeating the Mohammedan confession of faith.

A cry of mingled admiration and enthusiasm broke from his countrymen; all idea of opposition to his authority ceased, they crowded around him, cast themselves at his feet, and exclaimed—

"There is no God but Allah, and Schamyl is the successor of the prophet."

"Silence!" said the object of their superstitious reverence, in a stern voice; "respect the house of prayer."

The cries of the people became suddenly hushed, and they remained kneeling humbly and subdued before him.

(To be continued.)

The Eastern War.—Soudjuk Kale.

EVERYTHING in connection with the movements of the armies in the East is becoming daily more interesting as events assume daily a more terrible aspect. Each act in the great drama appears more solemn than the preceding one, and yet we are compelled to go forward and stop not by the way. Every phase and "event of the non-sparing war" is looked to with eager interest. Places become known and familiar that we otherwise should never have heard of. It will be the fault of the reading public if they do not largely extend their geographical knowledge during the progress of the contest.

The regions which are bathed by the Caspian Sea to the south-east, which are watered by the River Kour, form an isthmus which connects Europe with Western Asia. This part of the Caucasus was, until recently, wholly in the hands of Russia. The Caucasian isthmus contains several tribes of people, some of the remnants of the Asiatic hordes which, during the great migrations, passed and repassed these mountains. The greater part, however, belong to indigenous and familiar races. All these tribes preserve their native idioms—probably the earliest language of man. All tradition is favorable to the belief that here we have the cradle of the human race. The writings of Moses, the allegory of Prometheus, the expedition of the Argonauts, all take us to the Caucasus.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus are Georgians, Imerethians, Gourians, Mingrelians, Sonans, Abasians, Circassians, Ossets, Kiets, Lesghiz, and others. The Russians call Georgia, Groussia. Georgia is a temperate country, with fine scenery, mountains, plains, and forests. The inhabitants are few, handsome, but avaricious and fond of drink. They do little in the way of business, leaving that to the Armenians. Their women are as beautiful as the Circassians, and were sold regularly for the harems of the Turks. The Russians have checked this practice. Teflis is the capital. Before the royal family—descended, some say, from a Jew named Bagrat, or according to others from Phernavoy, a Persian houri—had given up their rights in favor of Russia, Georgia was a feudal monarchy. It was never consolidated. The people were slaves. The nobles paid no taxes. The Imerethians occupy themselves much with silk worms, rearing cattle, and bees. One vine will here supply wine for a whole family. The indolence of the inhabitants is great, and the country presents now a marked contrast to when the chief river, the ancient Phasis, was crossed by a hundred and twenty bridges.

Abasia is a portion of land extending over the southern slope of the Caucasus, from Mingrelia to the frontier of Western Circassia. It is a fertile country, with endless watercourses. It is covered by forests as rich in their vegetation as the virgin forests of America. The Abasians are a set of handsome barbarians. They were known to the Greeks as terrible and cunning pirates. The Circassians once invited the Abasian princes to a banquet, and after winning their confidence, murdered them all. Since that day the Abasians have lost what little civilization they once possessed. Their observance of the Sabbath alone reminds us they once were Christians. They are, some of them, wanderers, others have fixed habitations; all are thieves, and sell one another without scruple as slaves. They deal in furs. Their country is rich in silver mines, which are of no use to them.

Soudjuk Kale, the most western and northern town in Abasia, is twenty miles from Anapa. It is a place of considerable trade, with a good port, defended by a fort.

On passing the mouth of the Kouban, the lesser chain of the Caucasian Mountains, called by the Russians Black Mountains, rise before the traveller in all their varied and picturesque beauty. Spencer says:

"A more brilliant pageant than they exhibit, with the glorious sun of Asia lighting up every separate pinnacle, cannot be conceived."

The first port is Anapa. It was built by the Turks, in 1784. It was only finally conquered by Russia, after a murderous siege of three months, in 1828.

The magnificent scenery on the Circassian coast increases as you advance. Soudjuk Kale, the well-known destination of the Vixen, and the scene of her capture, is beautifully situated. It is an admirable commercial and military fortress. The

Turks—those fatal friends of the Circassians—had a commercial station here, by permission of Gherai Koehmil. Under pretence that the Sultan was the sovereign, the Russians attacked it in 1809 without success. They were more successful in 1811, when it was taken by the Duke de Richelieu, until the treaty of Bucharest, when it was restored to the Turks. The Circassians, however, destroyed the Turkish fort and settlements, and kept the place until 1836, when General Willemminoff, at the head of 15,000 men, effected a landing. He intended erecting fortifications, but before he had time to do so, or to build huts, or lay in provisions, the rains set in, and storms scattered the protecting fleet. The Zemes River, too, overflowed, swamped his intrenchments, and destroyed nearly all his provisions and powder. He was obliged to turn away and fight his way to Anapa. After gallantly making his way through every obstacle—a succession of deep glens and formidable defiles, where every tree and jutting crag concealed an enemy—he was overtaken within a few miles of Anapa by the united Circassians, Kapsouki, Demirgir, and Nottakhaitzi. A terrible battle ensued. But for the arrival of the garrison of Anapa, and some squadrons of Tcherne-nesky Cossacks, his whole army would have been destroyed. More than half perished.

The bay of Soudjuk Kale is about eight miles in circumference, and from the great depth of water, good anchorage, and security from winds, it makes an excellent harbor.

To the east, a range of bleak hills, furrowed by innumerable watercourses, gradually descends from a height of about a thousand feet, down a long line of rocky shore. From the early record of the Genoese and Venetians, we find that this port was one of great importance. The Genoese had a station here called Porte Suaco, and some say it is the Sindi-ke of the ancients.

The following from Spencer, is a pleasing passage: "The Circassian coast, after leaving Soudjuk Kale, became highly picturesque; still it was not until we had doubled Cape Taouba that we enjoyed in perfection the superb prospect of this Eden-like country, which, we are inclined to think, for beautiful coast scenery is without parallel, exhibiting, as it does, all the combinations which unadorned nature can furnish in its loveliest forms. The mountains were covered with verdure from the water's edge to the highest peak, and whether the eye wandered along the shore, up the blooming hills, or through the fertile valleys, numerous flocks of snow-white sheep were seen quietly grazing with herds of buffaloes, superb oxen, and jet-black goats, with their long, slender limbs. Nor must we forget the beautiful half-wild horses, proudly curving their arched necks and tossing their flowing manes to the breeze, while bounding like deer through the verdant valleys and along the steep sides of the hills. There were also the little wooden huts of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys, and farm-yards surrounded by groves of fruit-trees; shepherds armed with a lance leading their flocks and herds; agricultural fields as far as the eye could reach, filled with men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn; and camels and buffaloes loaded with the produce, winding their homeward way through the deep and dotted valley. It was in truth a lovely picture, an everchanging panorama, which blended the most sublime and picturesque scenery with the romance of real life, and realized all that the imagination of a poet could conceive of Arcadia."

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COBBETT.—In the little town of Farnham, in Surrey, stands a roadside inn, with the sign of the "Jolly Farmer." It is without beauty, it is hardly contrived; nevertheless it possesses great interest for the tourist; for here it was that Cobbett was born in 1762. On the sign-post appear his name and the dates of his birth and death. Doubtless the landlord finds this notice far more attractive than the ordinary "neat wines, good entertainment for man and beast." In the parlor is a cupboard, with this inscription:—"This cupboard was the property of the late William Cobbett, Esq., M.P. for Oldham. He was born 1762. His great light was extinguished 1835." The good people of Farnham are justly proud of their late fellow-townsmen. They are delighted to show his birth-place, and to descant on the great powers of mind which distinguished him. Cobbett lies buried in the church-yard of his native town. Close by the church-door, a plain stone sets forth that William Cobbett, one time a sergeant-major in the king's army, who subsequently obtained a great fame as a political writer, and who sat for Oldham in the first reform parliament, died at his farm called Nutwood, in the adjoining parish of Ash, in 1835.

Benvenuto Cellini.

THE history of genius is pretty much the same in all times and countries, and may be characterized in a single expression—a struggle! And here it may be well to remark, that the struggles of genius are oftentimes, especially in our own day, rather conflicts with *self* than with the *world*. And this result appears inevitable; for, when particular ideas possess the minds of men to the exclusion of all meaner things, it is scarcely surprising that the mere everyday business of life should fall into arrear and be neglected. Besides, how many mistake their vocation: how many a man who fancies himself, in right of a little skill or taste, a poet, or a painter, or a sculptor, would have made an excellent mechanic or tradesman; and, on the contrary, how many who, possessing the divine spark, are tied to business which gall and fret the spirit; and, ever striving to rid themselves of the pressing cares of life, grow weary of their lot, and die discontented, and what are called "disappointed" men. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!" sung the psalmist of old; and how often has the aspiration been re-echoed by genius struggling with adversity!

But not so with the man whose name heads this sketch. Benvenuto Cellini seems to have been a sort of universal genius; nothing came amiss to him: music, painting, sculpture, and a variety of useful and ornamental arts were his commonest employments. At one time a flute-player in the service of Pope Clement III., at another warmly engaged in defending the Castle of St. Angelo, when Rome was besieged by the great Duke of Bourbon, and performing prodigies of valor, even to the taking of strict aim and killing the great duke himself; anon, seeing a doctor about to perform a simple operation with an awkward lancet, running home to his shop, where "he soon made a little instrument of the finest steel, with which the surgeon continued the operation with so gentle a hand that the patient did not feel the least pain;" and again, with the most child-like simplicity and enthusiasm, endeavoring to learn the art of necromancy, and seriously taking part in a farce of magic rings and phantasmagorical spectacles.

Benvenuto Cellini was born of humble parentage, in the city of Florence, in the year 1500. Our knowledge of him is principally derived from the charming autobiography he has left behind; and a very curious and valuable history it is, for in it are contained scraps of intelligence and hints of the domestic life of the time which are nowhere else to be found. "The perusal of Cellini's life," said Horace Walpole, "is more amusing than a novel;" and, certainly, when we come to consider the eminence of the artist himself, the distinguished characters with whom he lived, and by whom he was employed—Michael Angelo, Titian, Romano, and other great Italian painters and sculptors; Francis I. of France, the Emperor Charles V., the Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., the Dukes Alessandro and Cosmo of Florence, besides many of the most celebrated princes, statesmen, and commanders of those stirring times—our admiration of this notable biography may be well excused.

Our author interests us at the very commencement of his history. At his birth a girl was fully expected, in consequence of the mother's prediction; and when the nurse, taking the infant, wrapped in fine swaddling clothes, presented it to the father, he, perceiving it was a boy, exclaimed, "Lord, I thank thee for this present, which is very dear and welcome to me." This exclamation being repeated to the mother, the child was forthwith called Benvenuto (welcome).

It is almost impossible to recapitulate the many incidents of the artist's life, so numerous and various were they, and so intimately connected with his thoughts and feelings; but it is curious, here and there, to catch a glimpse of sciences, then imperfectly understood, though common in our day, which are rather hinted at than explained. For instance, here is the whole philosophy of mnemonics in an anecdote:—

"When I was about five years of age, my father happened to be in a little room in which they had been washing, and where there was a good oak-fire burning: with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold. Looking into the fire, he saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which lived and enjoyed itself in the hottest flames. Instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear; I fell a-crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, said—'My dear child, I don't give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you may remember that the little lizard which you see in the

fire is a salamander; a creature which no one that I have ever heard of beheld before.' So saying, he embraced me, and gave me some money."

Giovanni Cellini, the father of our hero, was in great favor with Pope Leo X., and soon perceiving the talent and adaptability of his little son, resolved, being himself a great lover of music, that he should one day take his place in the Pope's private band, and become "the most famous musician in the world;" but whether, as is often the case, the youth disliked the art in consequence of his father's importunities, or from the wilfulness of his age, certain it is, that he learnt to play only with great pains and labor; and, though subsequently a fine performer, never gave his mind to music with the same ardor and enthusiasm he expended upon anything else. In consequence of this dislike to music, his father consented to let him choose his own employment, provided he promised to continue the practice of the flute; and, soon after, the youthful Benvenuto was placed with Michael Angelo, a goldsmith of Florence; no relation, by the way, to the celebrated painter of the same name.

This choice of a profession was every way fortunate, for it opened the way to the acquisition of painting, designing, sculpture, medalling, seal-engraving, and all their kindred arts, and Benvenuto Cellini became the most skillful worker in metals that the age could boast—as may be seen by the fact of his being employed by Pope Clement in redesigning and setting the jewels in the triple crown, after the plunder and capitulation of the imperial city, consequent upon the wars of the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. of France.

We cannot follow Cellini in all his adventures and gallantries; suffice it that his extraordinary genius quickly introduced him to the notice of the great men of the time, by whom he was employed, either in Rome or Florence, during a long eventful life.

During the sack of Rome, Cellini was occupied in secreting the pontifical jewels, which he disengaged from their gold settings, and concealed about the person of the pope and his adherents; the gold was then melted down, and was used in paying the soldiers of the Imperial army. Our hero then returned to Florence, and found that his father—for whom he had always evinced the greatest affection, never failing to send him a considerable part of his earnings—had died of the plague, which carried off, in the space of seven months, no fewer than forty thousand persons.

As soon as Cellini had recovered the shock of his father's death, he again visited Rome, where he set up in business, and was soon employed by the Pope and great men of the court. Passing through various adventures, our hero falls in love—though he had met with the like accident twice or thrice before—and being thwarted by the damsel's mother, consults a Sicilian priest, a professor of necromancy, who promises that he shall see his innamorata within a month; but happening to quarrel with a brother artist, whom he nearly killed, he was obliged to make the best of his way out of the city; and, after some little difficulty, arrived safely at Naples. Here, as if in verification of the astrologer's prediction, he happened to meet Angelica and her mother, who accidentally took up their quarters at the same inn where Cellini was stopping. Fortunately, however, he soon discovered the mercenary character of his mistress and her mother, who, finding he was rich and had powerful friends, endeavored to entrap him into a speedy marriage. But Benvenuto, with all his simplicity, was not so easily deceived; and hearing from a friend that he need be under no apprehension about the *contretemps* at Rome, he returned to that city, and was soon employed by the Pope, who, in consideration of his great abilities, gave him absolution for all his misdeeds.

Cellini was busily occupied at Rome for several years, during which Clement VII. died, and Cardinal Farnese was elected Pope in his stead, under the title of Paul III. The new pontiff was as liberal to our hero as he could reasonably desire; but, in the midst of his success, he was falsely accused by the Perugian servant of concealing some of the royal treasures at the sack of Rome; and, being quickly taken and examined, was confined in the Castle of St. Angelo. Here he was well treated by the governor, and had plenty of opportunities of escape; but having passed his word that he would not, his sense of honor forbade the attempt. Time passed on, and Cellini seeing no chance of ever being liberated, resolved at last to compass his escape. This coming to the ears of the governor, he ordered him to be more closely confined than ever. This, however, only increased his desire for liberty, and he set about thinking how he might elude the vigilance of his keepers.

It must be explained that the constable of the castle was subject, at certain seasons, to slight aberrations, in which he fancied himself possessed of the characteristics of various animals. This was the case just now, when he believed himself to be a bat, and performed many curious antics. During one of his paroxysms he ordered his prisoner to be more strictly watched, which only rendered him the more determined to escape. With great care and diligence he cut up all his linen, and forming it into ropes, managed to make everything ready for his daring purpose. Having previously withdrawn the nails from the door of his prison, he contrived to get outside. Once there, he thought his toil over: but he shall relate his escape in his own words:—

"I then took the end of one of my bundles of long slips, which I had made out of the sheets of my bed, and fastened it to one of the tiles of the roof that happened to jut out four inches; and the long string of slips was fastened to the tiles in the manner of a stirrup. When I had fixed it firmly, I addressed myself to the Deity in these terms:—Almighty God, favor my cause, for thou knowest it is a just one, and I am not on my part wanting in my utmost efforts to make it succeed." Then letting myself down gently, and the whole weight of my body being sustained by my arm, I at last reached the ground.

"It was not a moonlight night, but the stars shone with resplendent lustre. When I had touched the ground, I first contemplated the great height which I had descended with so much courage; and then walked away in high joy, thinking I had recovered my liberty. But I soon found myself mistaken; for the constable had caused two pretty high walls to be erected on that side, which made an enclosure for a stable and a poultry yard; this place was fastened with great bolts on the outside. When I saw myself immured in this enclosure, I felt the greatest anxiety imaginable. Whilst I was walking backwards and forwards, I stumbled on a long pole covered with straw; this I with much difficulty fixed against the wall, and by the strength of my arms climbed to the top of it; but as the wall was sharp, I could not get a sufficient hold to enable me to descend by the pole to the other side. I therefore resolved to have recourse to my other strings of slips, for I had left one tied to the great tower; so I took the string, and having fastened it properly, I descended down the steep wall. This put me to a great deal of pain and trouble, and likewise tore the skin off the palms of my hands, inasmuch that they were all over bloody; for which reason I rested myself a little, and was induced even to wash them in my own water. When I thought I had sufficiently recruited my strength, I came to the last wall, which looked towards the meadows, and having prepared my string of long slips, fastened it to the niched battlement, and began to let myself down. Whether it was owing to my being near the ground, and preparing to give a leap, or whether my hands were quite tired, I do not know, but being unable to hold out any longer, I fell, and in falling struck my head, and became insensible.

"I continued in that state about an hour and a half, as nearly as I can guess. The day beginning to break, the cold breeze that precedes the rising of the sun brought me to myself, though I had not yet thoroughly recovered my senses."

How he escaped into the house of the Duchess Ottavio—how the court was surprised at his daring and successful attempt—how he became at last reconciled to the Pope—how he was recommitted to prison, and underwent horrible tortures there—how the death of the constable and the interposition of the Cardinal of Ferrara procured his liberty—how he visits France, and was graciously received by the king—how he was employed by his majesty, and was successful in all he undertook—how he was involved in the meshes of love and law, and settled the first with his person and the last with his wealth—how he engages in the art of casting bronze, and renews his friendship with Michael Angelo—how he passes through all these and other phases of his career, must be left for some future occasion.

RATHER TOO MUCH IN A HURRY.—A Carlisle paper has the following anecdote of a damsel rather too eager to secure the first chance in the matrimonial market: "At a rural wedding in the hills of Allendale, a desperate posset-supping struggle took place among the unmarried parties, when a romping young girl, just nineteen, who had the good fortune to fish it out on the point of her spoon, swallowed it instantaneously, leaving the bride minus her wedding-ring, and securing to herself, according to the superstition of the country, the satisfaction of knowing that she was the next of the party to be married."



VIEW OF THE BLOOD-VESSELS AND OTHER PARTS IN A PORTION OF THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE TONGUE OF A FROG, THE REAL MAGNITUDE OF THE SURFACE DELINEATED BEING A CIRCLE THE LENGTH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER.

Microscopic Drawing and Engraving. CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH these, and numerous other objects selected from the minute parts of the animal kingdom, have been proposed, and generally adopted, as microscopic tests; they are subject to the obvious objection, that, when considered as standards, they are wanting in permanence and identity. Not only do the scales taken from different individuals of the same species differ in the fineness and delicacy of their tracery, but striking differences are found between scale and scale, taken from the body of the same individual insect. Thus, for example, the scales shown in fig. 21, and that shown in fig. 20, were taken from the same *Podura*, yet fig. 21 requires a much more efficient instrument to develop its tracery than fig. 20.

In fig. 22 is exhibited a scale of the same *Lepisma* from which that represented in fig. 19 was taken; and which has been drawn with the same magnifying power. The tracings upon this are evidently much more minute than those on fig. 19, and are shown with much less distinctness. These two scales, therefore, taken from the same individual insect, constitute different microscopic standards.

The erroneous estimates of the relative efficiency and power of different microscopic instruments which would result from the use of such test-objects, are obvious. A microscopist in London, observing the tracery of the scale of a *Podura*, and another at New York, observing another scale of the same insect, the former failing to see its striæ, which would be visible to the latter, it cannot at all be safely inferred, that the instrument of the one was inferior in efficiency and power to that of the other; and it might even happen, that the instrument which failed to show the striæ in London, was, nevertheless, superior to that which rendered them distinctly visible in New York. The result of such a comparison would entirely depend upon the structure of the two scales adopted as tests.

Independently of the uncertainty attending the application of such tests, there is another not less serious objection to them; they hold out a temptation to microscope makers who supply them with the instruments they sell, to select such only as are most easily rendered visible; and although it be true that this is an expedient to which the most respectable class of makers would not resort, it is nevertheless true that the inferior makers do so, and thereby do injustice to those who are above such practices.

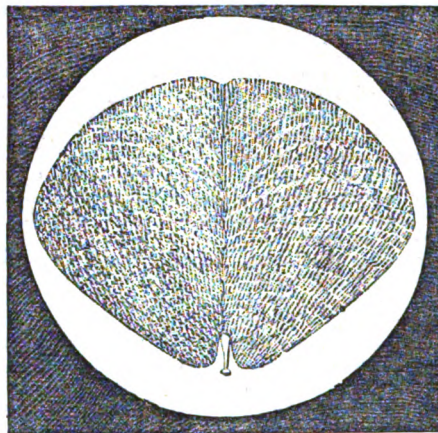
Natural objects, therefore, do not supply such permanent and unaltera-

ble tests for the microscope as the double stars, stellar clusters, and nebulae do for the telescope; and this circumstance has directed the attention of the higher class of artists, to the production of artificial test-objects which shall have determinate and certain qualities, and which, like manufactured articles, may be reproduced with such absolute identity as to supply standards of comparison that can be applied in different places, and at different times, so as to give results which will admit of comparison.

The production of micrometer scales, by Mr. Froment, the divisions of which are separated by intervals so small as the 25,000th of an inch, has been already mentioned.

Now the lines marking such divisions being in closer proximity than those of the tracings upon certain test-objects, it will be evident that artificial test-objects might be made by means similar to those by which such scales have been executed, and there can be little doubt that the great artistic skill which has succeeded in producing traces, separated by the small interval above named, could

Fig. 22.



be pushed further, so as to produce striated surfaces, which would serve all the purposes of test-objects.

Mr. Nobert, of Griefswall, in Prussia, has taken up this problem of test-objects, and without attempting, as it would appear, to engrave micrometric scales, which would require intervals of some exact aliquot part of a standard unit of length, has, nevertheless, produced bands engraved by a diamond point on slips of glass, consisting of a greater or less number of parallel lines, separated by intervals of surprising minuteness.

Some remarkable specimens of the production of this eminent artist were presented at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851. They consisted of ten bands, each composed of a certain number of parallel lines;

those in each band being closer together than those in the preceding one. In the following table, we have given in the second column the number of lines which would fill the breadth of an inch in each succeeding band in one of these specimens:—

I.	- - - - -	11265
II.	- - - - -	13142
III.	- - - - -	15332
IV.	- - - - -	17873
V.	- - - - -	20853
VI.	- - - - -	24309
VII.	- - - - -	28433
VIII.	- - - - -	33153
IX.	- - - - -	38613
X.	- - - - -	49910

Thus it appears that, in this specimen, the closeness of the ruled bands varied from 11,000 to 50,000 to the inch.

These bands are ruled on glass in parallel directions, being separated band from band, by comparatively wide intervals, so that, if sufficiently magnified, they present such an appearance as is shown in fig. 24. The highest band being that in which the lines are most separated, and the lowest that in which they are closest.

It is very difficult to convey a correct idea of the real appearance of this system of engraved bands before it is magnified; let us suppose, however, that fig. 23 represents the real magnitude of the slip of glass upon which the engraving is made, and that the white circle in the centre is the part of the glass across which the series of ten bands, shown in a magnified form in fig. 24, are drawn. The entire space occupied by all the ten bands will then be less in width than the black line which is drawn across the white circle in fig. 23. It must not be imagined that the white circle in fig. 23 represents that shown in fig. 24, the latter corresponds with a minute circular space in the centre of fig. 23, not much greater in diameter than the breadth of the black line.

Various other test-plates have been engraved, and put in circulation by Mr. Nobert; I subjoin the analysis of one consisting of 15 bands, which has been examined and calculated by Mr. De La Rue.

Series.	Number of lines.	Distance in relation to the English Inch.	Number of lines in an English Inch.
1	7	0.00008880	11261
2	8	0.00007548	13248
3	9	0.00006482	15427
4	10	0.00005506	18162
5	11	0.00004684	21375
6	13	0.00004262	23463
7	15	0.00003552	28153
8	17	0.00003108	32175
9	19	0.00002664	37537
10	21	0.00002442	40950
11	23	0.00002220	45015
12	24	0.00002113	47336
13	26	0.00001998	50050
14	27	0.00001891	52882
15	29	0.00001776	56306

Fig. 24.

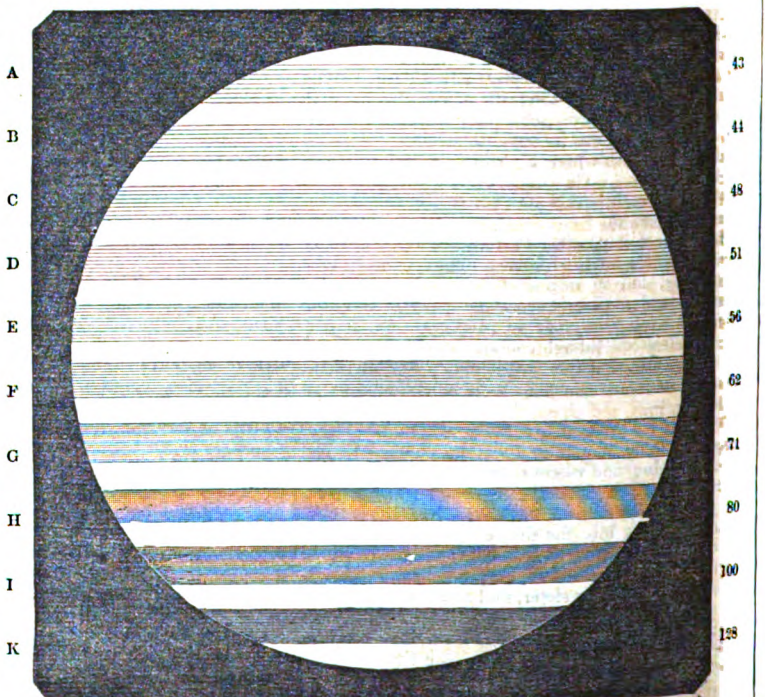


Fig. 21.

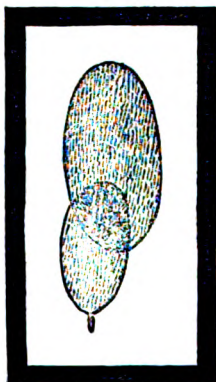
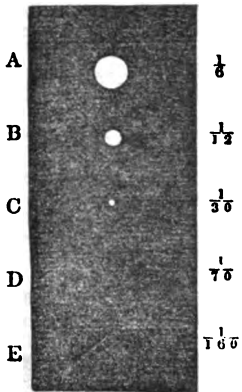


Fig. 25.



I am informed by Mr. De La Rue, that bands engraved upon other plates, were observed and computed by himself, Mr. Lister, and Mr. Nobert, and the results now before me, are in such accordance as to leave no doubt of their general accuracy, the discrepancy being so trifling as to be explained by the small errors inevitable in such observations.

It will be evident that microscopes, having different degrees of power and efficiency, would be necessary to render the lines composing the successive bands of such a series distinctly visible; to determine what power would be required for each band, it is not at all necessary to have recourse to any microscopic observations; the question simply is, what is the degree of closeness of the lines, that the naked eye can barely distinguish as separate; this will, of course, be somewhat different for different eyes.

The use of these test-plates in determining the power and efficiency of microscopes, will be easily understood; instruments of low powers, such, for example, as from 100 to 200, will only make the wider bands, such as A, B, and C, fig. 24, distinctly visible, the closer ones, D, E, and F, will be barely visible as dark bands, but the lines composing them will not be seen, and the closest of the series, F, I, K, will not be seen at all. In proportion as the power and efficiency of the microscope is increased, more and more of the bands will be visible as distinct series of lines.

Mr. Nobert supplies test-plates, engraved with bands of different degrees of closeness, according to the power of the instruments to which they are to be applied.

In the Report of the Juries of the Great Exhibition of 1851, page 268, it is stated, that to see the bands of a test-plate of 10 bands, such as that described above, a linear magnifying power of 100 is necessary for the wider bands, such as A and B, but that to distinguish those of the closest band, such as F, a magnifying power of 2,000 is necessary.

I think it is apparent that this statement is erroneous, being evidently incompatible with the relative closeness of the lines of the several bands. Thus, for example, while there are 11,265 lines of the first band to an inch, there are 49,910 lines of the tenth band to an inch. Those of the latter are, therefore, only $4\frac{1}{2}$ times closer than those of the former; and it is evident, that if these bands be viewed with two microscopes, one having a magnifying power $4\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than that of the other, with proportional defining and illuminating powers, the lines composing them will appear equally separated; and since it is admitted in the report, that a power of 100 will render the lines of the first band visible, as it evidently will do, it will follow that a power of 450 will render the lines of the tenth band equally visible; indeed, it is not necessary at all to have recourse to the microscope to ascertain the effect which a given magnifying power ought to produce upon a band of a given degree of closeness, since it is evident that the effect must be merely to make the lines composing the bands more widely separated than they are in the exact proportion of the magnifying power. Thus, if the lines composing a band, separated by intervals of the 10,000th part of an inch, be viewed with the magnifying power of 100, they will appear as those of a band separated by intervals of the 100th of an inch; and if it be viewed with a magnifying power of 1000, it will appear as if the lines were separated by the 10th of an inch, and so on.

Now, let us apply this obvious principle to the case given in the Report of the Juries; a magnifying

power of 100, directed upon the first band, would make the lines appear as if they were separated by intervals of the 112th part of an inch; those of the second band would appear separated by intervals of the 131st part of an inch, and those of the third by the 153rd part of an inch. Now, all these would, as admitted in the report, be distinctly seen as separate lines, by eyes of average power. But let us see what effect a magnifying power of 2,000 would produce upon the closest of the bands.

Since it would render the apparent intervals between line and line 2,000 times greater than they are, those between the lines of the tenth band, would be the 25th; those of the ninth, the 19th; and those of the eighth, the 17th part of an inch.

Although it be must be quite evident that such intervals are much greater than is necessary to enable any eye whatever that can see at all, to perceive the lines distinctly separated, the reader will be enabled better to appreciate the point, by referring to the numbers which we have placed on the right of fig. 24, which express severally the number of lines to an inch in each of the bands composing that figure; thus, the lines of the bands B and C are separated by intervals of the 48th part of an inch; and it follows, therefore, that a magnifying power directed upon the band X of the test-plate, mentioned in the Report of the Juries, would, if viewed by a power of 2,000, show the lines separated by intervals twice as great, or equal to those of every other line in the bands B and C, fig. 24.

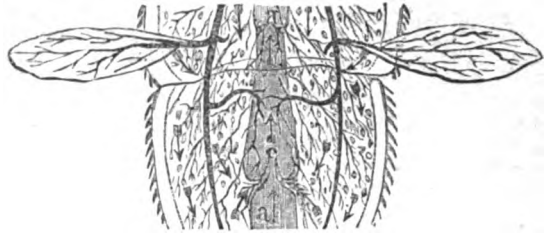
For these reasons, it appears to me that a mistake has been committed in the Report of the Juries in this point, and I have thought it the more desirable to call attention to it, inasmuch as the statement has been reproduced in several recent works upon the microscope.

It is easy to show what would be the degree of closeness of the lines composing a band, which a power of 2,000 would barely render visible to average eyes. Assuming that such eyes could see distinctly without microscopic aid the lines of a band consisting of 150 to an inch, it is evident that a power of 2,000 would render equally visible those of a band, the lines of which would be 300,000 to an inch. I am not aware that Mr. Nobert, or any other artist, has ever produced such lines, and consequently, doubt the existence of any such artificial test for a power of 2,000.

I now come to notice a sort of microscopic engraving, which, though it is at once the most curious and difficult, has not, so far as I am informed, had as yet any directly useful application. Regarded, however, as an example of mechanical ingenuity and skill, and as an artistic *tour de force* of the highest order, it is full of interest.

However much we may admire the production of the micrometric scales and microscopic test-plates described above, there is nothing in them to excite surprise, save the precision which is combined with such extreme minuteness. To draw a series of parallel lines of regulated length and uniform intervals, is a problem, to the solution of which it is easy to conceive that finely constructed mechanism can be

Fig. 28.



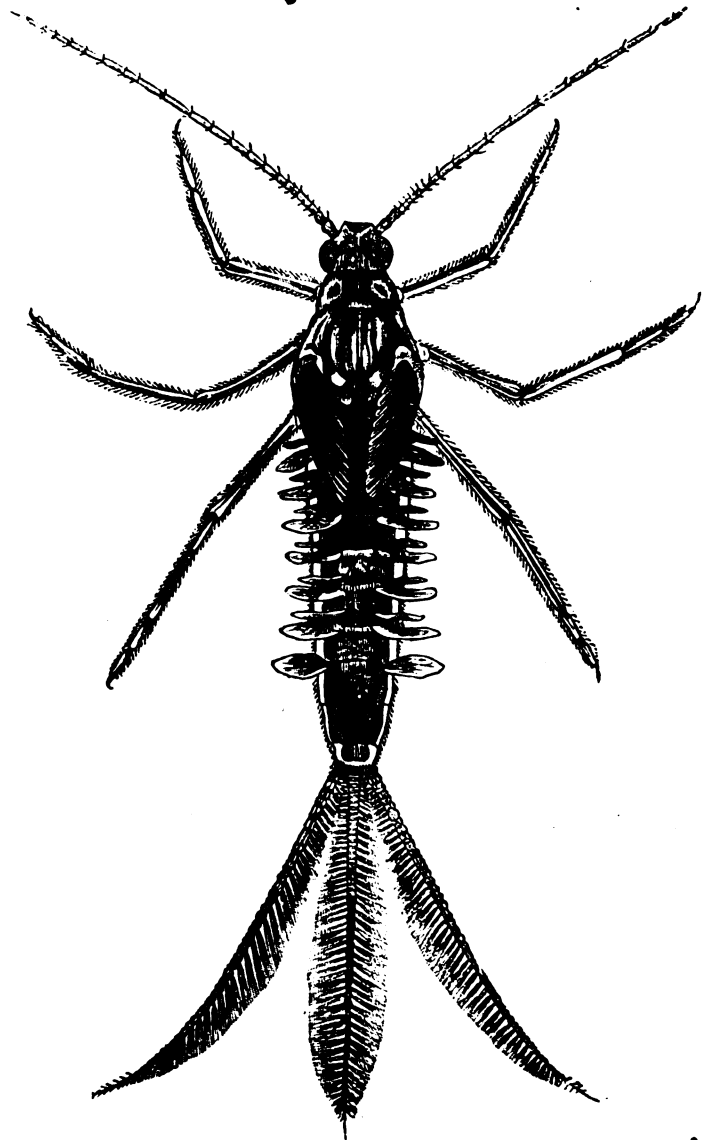
adapted; but when it is proposed to delineate objects and characters, in which no such regularity prevails, and, in tracing which, the point of the graving tool must pursue a course determined by conditions, which obviously cannot be represented by any kind of mechanism, and to accomplish which it must be guided, directly or indirectly, by the hand, a problem of quite another, and far more difficult order, is presented: such, however, is the curious and complicated problem for which Mr. Froment, already named, has found a solution.

This eminent artist has succeeded in producing manuscripts and drawings, engraved upon glass, on a scale of minuteness in no degree less surprising, though far more difficult of execution than the test-plates of Mr. Nobert.

To enable the reader more easily to appreciate these wonderful productions, we have given in fig. 25 the forms and magnitudes of five small circular spaces, A, B, C, D, E, the diameters of which are severally the 6th, 12th, 30th, 70th, and 160th of an inch.

The method by which these marvellous effects are produced is not yet patented or made public, therefore we are not at liberty to explain its details; but it may be stated generally to consist of a mechanism by which the point of the graver or style is guided by

Fig. 29.



MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE LARVA OF THE DAY-FLY.

Fig. 27.



a system of levers, which are capable of imparting to it three motions in right lines which are reciprocally perpendicular, two of them being parallel, and the third at right angles to the surface on which the characters or design are written or engraved. The combination of the motions in the direction of the axis parallel to the surface on which the characters are engraved or written, determines the form of the characters, and the motion in the direction of the axis at right angles to that surface determines the depth of the incision, if it be engraving, or the thickness of the stroke, if it be writing.

Having thus explained the principal results of the art of microscopic engraving, it remains to offer some notice of the not less interesting methods of delineating microscopic objects, or transferring to paper, metals, or wood fac-similes of the appearances presented in the microscope. The methods of accomplishing this have varied with the varying resources presented to art, by the progress of the sciences.

The first attempts at delineation of this kind were made by dividing the field of the microscope into a system of squares, by means of micrometer threads or wires extended transversely to each other across the field of view, as shown in fig. 4. By this means, the field of view was, as it were, mapped out in squares, like lines of latitude and longitude, upon which the magnified images of the objects to be delineated were seen projected. The draftsman having previously prepared on paper a corresponding system of lines, transversely intersecting each other at distances, one from another, determined by the scale of the intended drawing, he proceeded to trace the outlines of the objects, guided by the correspondence between the system of squares upon his paper, and the system of squares seen in the microscope. The outlines being then obtained, which could always be most conveniently done with a low magnifying power, which would include at once within the field the entire object, or objects, to be drawn, the minute details of form and structure were filled up within the outlines by viewing the parts of the object successively with much higher powers.

Neither this method, nor any other, depending on mere mechanical experience, would admit of being applied to the delineation of living objects, which are liable constantly to shift their positions and change their attitudes. To delineate these, the microscopist must also be an artist, and one of rather a high order; happily, the combination of the two qualities was not unfrequently found, and many beautiful representations, on a magnified scale, of the minuter members of the creation, have been supplied by the researches and talents of microscopic observers.

We shall select from these one or two admirable examples supplied by the late Dr. Goring; and it will not be unacceptable to the reader, if we accompany them with a brief account of the objects they represent.

For those who have not devoted attention to the history of the insect world, it may be well here to premise, that these little creatures are generally produced from eggs, and that, unlike all other members of the animal kingdom, they pass during their life through three stages of existence, in which their forms, habits, nourishment, and dwellings, differ one from another, for the same individual insect, as widely as do those of a crocodile and a peacock.

There is a certain little insect of the class of flies, called a day fly, because the duration of its life, from the moment it attains the third and perfect stage of its existence, never exceeds a day.

This insect deposits its eggs in water, well knowing, as it would seem, that its young, when hatched, are destined to be aquatic animals, although it is itself one of the gayest animals of the air. In due time, generally towards the decline of summer, the young, breaking the shell, issues from the egg in the form proper to the first of the three stages of its existence, in which it is called a *larva*; its length, when full-grown, in this state, is about half an inch, and it is represented in its proper magnitude in fig. 26. It is represented magnified in its linear dimensions 64 times; and, therefore, in its superficial dimensions, 42 times, in fig. 27.

As the larva increases in size, the serpentine vessels attached to its sides become more apparent, and the tail assumes that rich feathered appearance which, in conjunction with the paddles projecting from its sides, constitute one of its most beautiful features.

The body of the insect, when young, being very pellucid, its internal organisation may be very clearly seen with the microscope by light transmitted through it. The peristaltic motion of the intestines; the circulation of blood, and the pulsations of the dorsal vessel, which in these creatures sup-

plies the place of a heart, can be observed with the greatest facility. As it grows, it assumes a variety of colors, losing much of its transparency, when it is a few months old; at which time, the period approaches at which it is destined to pass into the second stage of its existence. The eyes, as will be seen in the figure, are large, protuberant, and curiously reticulated; they are of a citron color. The body exhibits a beautiful play of various tints, finally assuming a rich brown color, with various shadings.

It must be here observed, that the important function of respiration is performed in a very different manner, by different animals, the breathing apparatus being always admirably adapted to the element which they inhabit. The higher class of animals respire through the mouth and nose. Fish take air through their gills, and insects through orifices provided for the purpose, either in the hinder extremity of their bodies, or along their sides. From these openings, the air passes through, and inflates vessels called tracheæ, which extend along their sides; in these it encounters the blood, on which it produces effects similar to those produced in the superior animals. These vessels appear in the figure running along each side of the body, and throwing out numerous ramifications which traverse the several leaf-shaped paddles projecting from the body.

The orifices by which air is supplied to the tracheæ for respiration, are situated in the membranous paddles, or swimmers, projecting on either side of the body; they imbibe the air from the circumambient fluid which passes from them into the tracheæ.

Ramifications of the tracheæ extend along the legs, the antennæ, which diverge from the head, and along the three-forked tail; small oblong corpuscles of blood may be seen passing rapidly around the tracheæ with every pulsation of the dorsal vessel. This vessel, says Mr. Bowerbank, extends nearly along the whole length of the body, and is of great comparative magnitude; it is furnished at regular intervals with double valves, one pair for each section of the body.

A portion of this vessel, with its valves, is represented as seen under a higher magnifying power in fig. 28.

The action of these valves is a most interesting and beautiful spectacle. While in the greatest state of collapse the point of the lower valve is seen closely compressed within the upper one. At the commencement of the expansion of the artery, the blood is seen flowing in from the lateral apertures, as shown by the arrows in the figure, and at the same time the stream in the artery commences its ascent; when it has nearly attained its greatest state of expansion, the sides of the lower valve are forced upwards by the increasing flow of the blood from the section below the valve, the lateral openings are closed, and the main current of the blood forces its way through the two valves.

The three-pronged tail is beautifully fringed with bunches of fine hair, as shown in the figure. As the time approaches at which the insect is destined to pass into its next stage of existence, the central prong of the tail becomes more transparent, and assumes the appearance of a jointed tube or sheath; the two external prongs, at the same time, exhibit within them parts which are destined to become the tail of the insect in the third stage of its life.

The rapidity with which this creature moves is truly surprising; besides its six legs, it is furnished with the six double paddles attached diagonally to the serpentine vessels on each side of its body, and with its tail, all of which it employs for rowing, balancing, and guiding itself in the water, the tail playing the part of the rudder.

Such is the mobility of these members, that even when the creature is in repose, all the paddles are in rapid motion; the steering prong of the tail alone being at rest.

Independent of its faculty of locomotion by means of its legs, paddles, and tail, it possesses a power of leaping and springing in the water, by bending its body backwards, and then suddenly straightening it; by this movement it raises itself to the surface with great celerity.

During the second stage of the life of this insect, called the state of chrysalis, it retains the faculty of swimming; its motions are altogether subservient to its will, and it leaps with great alacrity. As the epoch, however, approaches at which it is to pass into the third and most perfect state, in which it receives the name of day-fly, some parts of it assume a metallic lustre, just as if the thin casing in which it is wrapped like a mummy, were partly filled with mercury; this casing is so thin and translucent, that every part of the body of the perfect insect, which is soon about to emerge from it, is plainly

enough visible through it. The metallic appearance, just mentioned, is supposed to arise from the evolution of a small quantity of gas from the body of the insect in the change which it is undergoing; this gas, by insinuating itself between the case of the chrysalis and the body of the insect, helps to detach the former from the latter, and thus facilitates the natural process by which the insect emerges from its prison. The envelope of the chrysalis is adapted to the form and members of the insect, just as a glove is to the hand, so that after the insect has escaped from it, this envelope will exhibit with great precision its shape and proportions.

When the creature has divested itself of its envelope, it remains apparently inert for a few minutes on some neighboring plant, where it carefully cleanses its wings, and divests them of the last pellicle of the sheath in which they had been inserted; it then assumes the beautiful form, and exercises the functions which appertain to it in the perfect state, and becomes the day-fly, shown in fig. 29.

It now rises upon its wings into its new element, the air, where it joins tens of thousands of its fellows, who have almost simultaneously undergone a similar transformation. In the fine afternoons of summer and autumn, swarms of these creatures may be seen hovering in the air, all of them having emerged the same day from the state of chrysalis. Each female in these flights seeks its mate; which having chosen, they retire together to the leaves of some neighboring plants. Immediately after their conjugal union, their proceedings are such as would be prompted by the tenderest parental solicitude for their future offspring, which, however, they are never destined to behold. Conscious, apparently, that their young must inhabit a very different element from that in which their short existence passes, they fly off in quest of water, in which, when found, the provident mother deposits her eggs, collected in a little packet in which they can float; the parents then abandon them to the warmth of the atmosphere, by which they are subsequently hatched, and having thus performed the last and most important duty of their life, that of increasing and multiplying their species, drop dead, the whole period of the existence of this gay insect being limited to a few hours of a summer afternoon.

So imperious is the will of nature in enforcing her laws, that if by artificial interference, the insect, after emerging from the envelope of the chrysalis, be prevented from joining its fellows and kept in solitude, its life will be prolonged far beyond its natural term, as if it lived only for the performance of the duty prescribed to it by its Maker. Dr. Goring ascertained this fact, by catching a day-fly just emerged from the chrysalis, which he imprisoned for several days, during which it continued to live; he observed that in such cases the insect did not seem at all enfeebled, even when thus confined for a week, so that upon being liberated it flew briskly away, found its mate, produced and provided for its eggs, and immediately died.

It is remarkable that these little creatures, during their ephemeral existence, take no food; the only function they exercise being that of propagation.

It appears, that in some localities, these flies prevail in such countless numbers, that their bodies are found after death covering the ground to a considerable depth, and they are collected in cart loads by the agriculturists, who use them for the purpose of manure.

FISH.—There is much nourishment in fish, little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find in fish, in sea fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals—namely, iodine; a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular diseases, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilized society, and the highly educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that in the majority of fish the proportion of solid matter, that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part, is little inferior to that of the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And, if we give our attention to classes of people—classed as to quality of food they principally subsist on—we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy, and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, or more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to.

Austrian Salt Mines.

HAVING enjoyed an excellent opportunity for exploring the curious mineral treasure-house near Salzburg, it is natural to desire that others should be interested in the same scenes, and if possible drawn into a region which Sir Humphrey Davy pronounced unequalled by Switzerland itself for romantic views, sublime mountain-heights, and lakes that Italy might envy. Intelligent travellers, who have tired of the hackneyed route by railroad, and crossed from the Danube by way of Linz and Gmunden to Salzburg, have wanted words to express their admiration of scenery continually changing from sublimity to loveliness—the greenest and best tilled fields, the most picturesque little lakes, the marble crests of snow-clad Alps, the frowning gloom of vast forests, uniting the beauty of various lands in one. That our enjoyment of these less-visited German beauties is not exaggerated, may be considered proved by the preference shown among the cultivated Viennese to Tschl upon this route, the regular summer resort not only of nobles, but of sovereignty itself. At the time at which we write, the salt-baths are filled, or the trout streams thronged, or the summer theatre crowded by the nobles of Germany, and princes from the south or the east, flocking together for their annual holiday.

Salzburg, the nearest city to the principal salt-mines, is really unequalled for beauty of position by any inland town in the world. A romantic castle, once belonging to the archbishops, and built eight hundred years ago, towers over the city—in one of the dungeons of which an archbishop suffered a long confinement for having taken to himself a wife: in other apartments many of the instruments of torture remain by which Protestants were worried out of life not very long ago. A better memorial of their pious lordships is a tunnel cut through the native rocks more than four hundred feet long, bearing the bust of its builder, Archbishop Sigismund, with the inscription, "The rocks tell of thee!" I was still more interested by an ordinary, comfortable-looking house, the birthplace of Mozart, whose bronze statue by Schwanthaler, struck me as one of the noblest in Europe. Nor is this the only master of song whose memorials Salzburg rejoices to treasure; a mean-looking tomb was shown in one of the city churches as that of the great Haydn, but I suspect it is some other personage of his name, as the composer of "The Creation" died at Vienna, and would hardly have remained to this time with so poor a monument. All the walks and gardens of the towns are arranged so as to display the magnificence of surrounding nature, showing how busy the hand of taste has been; while ruder art has carved half a street of dwellings out of the lime rock, erected two imposing castles and a famous old riding-school of solid stone.

Nor is it a mere fancy, that even the humblest citizens through this section of country are remarkable for kindness and courtesy: they have not been "ridden to death" by cockney travellers—have not come, like the Parisian, to depend upon the stranger for their principal support—are not, like the oriental peasant, driven to beggary in order to meet the extortions of an insatiable despotism. Much as a republican has cause to detest Austria, she does not seem so hateful at home: the people are remarkably light-hearted and joyous; upon the surface you detect none of that detestation of oppression, that sense of degradation under a grinding yoke, felt by so many in their secret hearts. More pleasure gardens, more crowded dances, more love of innocent relaxation, more earnestness of devotion, more thorough-going honesty are hardly to be found anywhere,—in proportion, of course, to the population,—than through the district bearing the inodorous name Salzkammergut.

But we must hasten to Hallein, the salt-village, over which towers the salt mountain Durnberg, which we have first to walk up on the outside, and then descend through its hollow heart. Fortunately again for a lonely traveller, the church had availed herself of the constant necessity of ascending this lofty hill, and erected what she calls "a Calvary" along the way, and, being at the right season, when the Catholic heart of Germany pours itself out with a peculiar and refreshing enthusiasm, fair village maidens, and sometimes tottering village sires were my companions up the steep road; and, every little while, a rude shrine stood at my side, with a crucifixion rudely carved, and some scene from the "Last Suffering" painted beneath. And here, this unsophisticated devotion gave free vent to itself in groans, and prayers, and sighs, and tears, then passed on, refreshed and lightened to the next lowly altar, where another picture carried the Saviour still nearer its crucifixion agony. And so I had company enough, and of those who, though differing from me entirely in opinion, I could have fellowship

with at the heart—not questioning their sincerity, and rejoicing, as I did, at the joy which their religion evidently gave their child-souls. And so the four miles were soon finished, and I was in the office asking permission to inspect subterranean works which were six centuries old; and though I was *en solitaire*, and my visit would require just as many attendants and nearly as much artificial light as the usual quota of twelve, I was at once robed in a miner's dress of white duck, my right hand guarded by a thick mitten, and my head protected by a well-wadded cap of coarsest fabric.

The first process was to walk through a long, narrow, dark, cool passage way, gently descending for three thousand feet into the mountain's heart. As the workmen passed me on their way to dinner, we had to make the best of our poor candle light to get by one another in the confined path, and each said "laub," a hasty contraction for the German "with your leave, sir." And now came the curiosity of this underground journey. The gentle sloping path, sustained by boards and beams, and just wide and high enough for one beef-eating Englishman at a time, made a sudden dip, and the guide threw himself down and made me do the same; slipped his right leg over a smooth wooden rail, and grasped with his right hand a cable supported on rollers; and thus we slid down as fast or slow as we pleased, a depth of a hundred and forty feet at an angle of forty-one degrees. It was not very funny to see your only dependence in human shape sinking out of your sight into the bowels of the earth; but I found the exercise delicious, and would recommend it to all good people who have mines to exhibit or sunken caves to explore, as certain to bestow upon them an unprecedented popularity.

This was succeeded by another gallery-walk, then a second descending shaft—again a nearly horizontal footpath, followed by a third "coast" downwards—and so on, the longest walk being the first of about three thousand feet, and the greatest descent at one time falling short of two hundred feet. In no part was the air unpleasant; the greater coolness was compensated by the constant exercise and the thick miner's dress. Several times we came upon large chambers, which showed with no brilliancy as our poor candles made their darkness visible, because the salt-spar is mixed up with large masses of earth, though some fine crystals are shown at a little museum, in the centre of the mountain. After this succession of similar passages had begun to be monotonous, a number of little lights began to spring up all around me, as if in fairy land, and the guide to a flat boat, which an invisible Charon set in motion at once across this lake of salt over three hundred feet in length. Here was the secret of secrets. A chamber is excavated, wooden pipes are led to it and from it—the first of which bring the fresh water from mountain springs which gradually impregnates itself with strong brine; then after a period of months the lower pipes are opened, and the manufactured little ocean runs off to some place where wood is plenty—where I had already seen it a distance of thirty miles, boiling down into a beautiful, pearly white article for commerce. I was not a little perplexed at first, and I find other travellers have come away without ascertaining how the salt was procured, by not seeing the whole process going on at once, and from supposing that this pond was made by nature, and had no special concern with the government manufacture. But, as fast as this lake is formed, and the fresh water dissolving the salt and separating it from the clay, another is prepared where the mineral is thought to be more abundant; and only the worthless earth is seen in process of removal in little carts, while the precious salt carries itself out, silently and away from observation, in hollowed trunks of trees. The great care is to prevent the earth from falling in upon the workmen and crushing them, as has been the case repeatedly; but the most surprising puzzle to an uninitiated observer is, why, in the process of six months or a year, this water does not run off through some natural outlet, by dissolving the salt in its way. These ponds must sometimes lie very near together, and directly above one another; besides, as their roofs are entirely flat, frequently destitute of artificial support, and what rock there is crumbles to the touch, we might expect these wide sheets of water would sometimes break through. Accidents, however, are rare, though there are sometimes forty excavations in a single mountain.

How parties of pleasure feel in crossing over this deathlike lake at such a funeral pace, with not a sound to break the oppressive stillness, and rarely a single crystal reflecting the feeble twinkle of the illumination for which you have paid, I cannot say—to a lone voyager like myself, it was one of the most solemn moments of the darkness seemed to rest

like a tombstone upon me—none but fearful images filled my visions—the repose of my body added to the gloom of my mind, and it was a blessed relief when I could use my own limbs on what seemed solid earth again.

Still other slides came, one at an angle of fifty degrees, and one, the longest in all the works, of four hundred and sixty-eight feet. This brought me as far down as the four miles of winding road had carried me up; but, as there was none of its sudden changes of view, no wild forest, merry mountain stream, knot of cherry-faced peasant-girls, laughter of happy childhood to "cheer the toil and cheer the way," I may be pardoned for wishing myself out.

But now came a new vehicle. I stood alone in the very heart of this mountain of limestone, gypsum, and marl, when two wild boys mounted me between them upon a wooden horse, on a rude enough wooden railway, and, in a moment, my steeds began to show their mettle, and I was run through a passage of a mile tunnelled in the solid stone: once only the ragged colts paused to take breath, and to let me admire the light from the mouth, which seemed nothing else than a bright blue star. Very soon genuine daylight came to our relief, and, but slightly wearied, I bounded from the cavern mouth to take the Eilwagen on its return to Salzburg.

I learnt little more of the salt trade in Austria. It is a government affair, and six thousand men are said to be employed, some in preparing the rock crystal for the market, some in boiling or evaporating the sea-water, and more in connection with mines like the Durnberg. The men did not seem very healthy, and one part of the process must often cause the sacrifice of life. At Abensee, I found them boiling down the water brought from Hallein in thirty miles of pipes, and I learnt that whenever the iron vat leaks, a workman is obliged to wade through the boiling liquid to the injured place upon a kind of stilts—if his feet should slip, he would certainly boil to death, and if not of strong lungs he is likely to stifle—a horrible fate either way. For more than a week these fires are continued day and night, eating sadly into the forest, the salt being removed as fast as it is crystallised, and fresh brine poured in. Then the fire is extinguished, the pan, which is a foot deep and sixty round, thoroughly retinkered, the calcareous crust which adheres to the bottom and sides broken off, and poor plates replaced by new.

So much for the great salt mine of Central Europe, a great source of wealth to its government, and a prime necessary of life of Southern Germany, and the countries to the eastward upon the Mediterranean Sea.

DEATH-BED SUPERSTITION.—I knew an intelligent, well-informed gentleman in Scotland, who among the last injunctions on his death-bed, ordered that as soon as he expired the house clock was to be stopped, which was strictly obeyed. His reason for this I never could fathom, except that it was to impress upon his family the solemnity of the circumstances, and that with him "time was no longer."

HINT ON ETIQUETTE.—The unaccountable dislike which many ladies have that their age should be known, suggests the suspicion that we may not always make ourselves so agreeable as we fancy in wishing a female acquaintance many happy returns of her birthday. It would, perhaps, be more judicious to wish her as many returns of the day as she can desire.

GUANO.—From a parliamentary paper recently published, it appears that, in 1852, 129,880 tons of guano were imported into England; in 1853, 123,166 tons; and in 1854, 235,111 tons. Peru continues to yield the largest supplies.

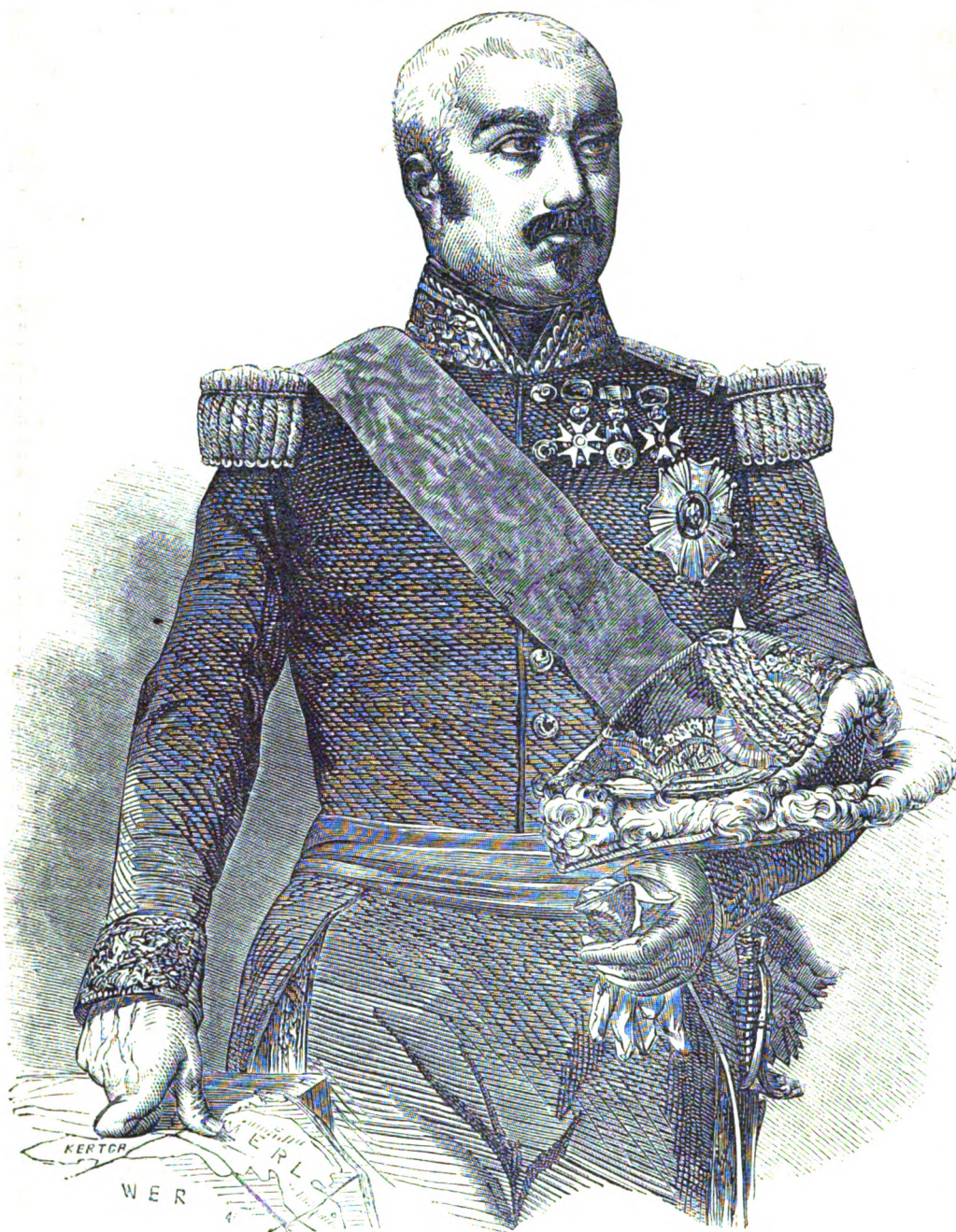
It is found that sulphate of soda has been applied with usefulness, especially to potatoes, and sixty or eighty pounds per acre might well be added to any guano, soot, or other appropriate dressing for that crop.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. states that he never acted on his own will without having reason to be satisfied with the result; nor ever gave way to the persuasion of another without having reason bitterly to repent it.

COMPANY.—It is certain that either wise learning, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.

MODESTY is a handsome dish-cover, which makes us fancy there must be something very good beneath it.

We often judge better of a thing before reasoning upon it than after.



GENERAL PELISSIER.

General Pelissier.

JEAN-JACQUES PELISSIER, the present Commander-in-Chief of the French Army in the Crimea, was born at Maromme, near Rouen, in the year 1796. His father was superintendent of the powder magazines of that city, and had among his acquaintance a great number of military men, who early instilled into his mind a love of their profession. At that time young men of courage and intelligence rose quickly in France: young Pelissier possessed both these qualities in an eminent degree, and on leaving college, at the age of eighteen, was made an officer of the Etat-Major. At the Restoration, he was made a captain, and shortly afterwards a chief of division. In 1842 he was elevated to the post of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Etat-Major; and from that time his career has been one of uninterrupted success. The Government of Louis Philippe recompensed the services of Pelissier in a worthy manner. He was sent to Africa to act under General Bugeaud, commanding the army there, and distinguished himself by his soldierly qualities. The Arabs, led on by Abd-el-Kader allowed their conquerors no repose. From the frontiers of Morocco to those of Tunis, and from the sea-coast to the desert, all the country was in arms. General Bugeaud, in his expedition against them, resolved to avail himself of the talents of Pelissier, and gave him an important post. In the report which he sent home of a successful excursion which had been made against the natives, he spoke of his Lieutenant-Colonel Pelissier, "who is always to be seen in the front of danger, and wherever there is anything important to be done. He is one of the best of our

Chefs d'Etat Major." In a subsequent despatch he made further, and, if possible, still more favorable mention of his Lieutenant.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pelissier was promoted to a full Colonelcy in the year 1843, and made Chief of the Corps Royal of Etat Major in the African army. A short time after his elevation he attacked the Flittas, who were in turbulent revolt, and completely defeated them. A year afterwards the Kabyles, obedient to the call of Sid-el-Djoudi, rose in open revolt. Relying upon the natural strongholds of their country, they braved the authority of France, and refused to pay the impost. General Bugeaud marched against them and defeated them, with little loss. In his despatches dated from the summits of the Flissar mountains he again signalled the courage and intelligence of his Chef d'Etat Major. But the submission of the Kabyles was productive of little good. Abd-el-Kader, always keeping to the mountains, harassed the French troops, and the tribes under their protection. General Bugeaud concentrated his forces in the province of Oran, gained the frontier, and encountered the Moorish army, under the Emperor Muley-Abderrahmann, who was advancing to join the Arabs. The French General gained the most decisive victory, leaving 800 of the enemy dead upon the field, and taking possession of eighteen of their flags and eleven pieces of artillery. In this brilliant engagement, which decided the fate of the Emir, Pelissier commanded the left column, and Colonel Cavaignac the centre. Scarcely a year had elapsed when the Arabs again broke out in open warfare. On this occasion Colonel Pelissier was vested with the command. In order to

do justice to the character of the brave commander, it will be necessary to speak of that terrible drama which took place in the grottoes of Ouled-Riah at that time, and which was the object of so much discussion in all parts of the world. On the 18th of June, 1846, Colonel Pelissier was engaged in a skirmish against the Ouled-Riah—a tribe whose country had never been subdued, owing to the number of inaccessible caverns which it contains. The retreating hordes fled to one of their natural strongholds. The messenger which Colonel Pelissier sent to them to propose a conference was, contrary to the laws of warfare and humanity, massacred in the cruellest manner. Combustible materials were then placed at the entrance of the grotto, and a second envoy was sent to warn them of the danger they incurred if they refused to yield themselves prisoners. The death-cries of this unhappy man, whom they were treating like his predecessor, were the signal for their own destruction. The pile was set on fire, and in a short time the cavern was enveloped in flames. Nine hundred burnt bodies were afterwards found stretched in heaps along the ground; nearly two hundred still breathed, but all perished in the course of the day. The news of this terrible execution made a great sensation in all parts of Europe, and in France especially. The "National" and "Courrier Francais," and other influential papers, pleaded earnestly for the dismissal of the Colonel; even the Chamber of Peers took the matter into consideration, and on the 12th July, 1845, the Prince de la Moskowa called upon the Minister of War publicly to express his disapproval of the proceeding. The Comte de Montalembert seconded the motion of his colleague, and Marshal Soult (the Minister of War) announced "his regret for and disapproval of the melancholy event." Marshal Bugeaud, however, came forward in defence of his lieutenant, and pleaded the inexorable necessities of war. The government acknowledged the force of his arguments, and on the 22nd April, 1846, M. Pelissier was named Marechal de Camp.

The new General continued his operations; and, after taking possession of several towns, put an end to the campaign by the defeat of the partisans of Bou-Maza. In 1851 General Pelissier was promoted by Louis Napoleon (then President of the French Republic) to be a General of Division. In the same year he was temporarily vested with the authority of Governor General of Algiers, in place of General d'Hautpoul.

A tolerable idea of Pelissier's character may be gleaned from the following extract of a proclamation which he made to his soldiers on the 12th October, 1851:—"Remember," he said, "that you owe everything to your country. You should be ever ready to sacrifice yourselves, if need be, for the grandeur of her destinies, and the defence of her laws." On the news of the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon, he put the whole colony in a state of siege; and in a proclamation which he published, expressed himself determined to preserve order by every means in his power both within and without. General Pelissier was named Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and, leaving the government of Algiers to General Randon, took his departure for Oran, 31st December, 1851.

It was there that he distributed (in July, 1852) the eagles to the soldiers of his division:—"It is beneath these eagles," he exclaimed to the assembled troops, "that I, the oldest among you all, began my career. Around these emblems glorious heroes have gathered; let them be our models. Watch over these your inseparable companions. I feel sure that all of you would face ten hundred deaths sooner than abandon your banner!"

A short time after this solemnity General Pelissier marched upon Laghouat, and took it by storm. The Emperor Napoleon wrote him a friendly letter, congratulating him on his victory, of which the following is an extract:—"My dear General,—It is with great joy that I read the account of those brilliant feats of arms which have recently been executed under your able direction. I expected no less from so good a General and so brave an army."

In 1854, he accepted the command of the First Corps d'Armée of the French army in the East.

Buried Alive.

WHAT man or woman is it who has not had his infancy regaled with stories of ladies buried alive? How famous, for instance, is that story of the avaricious sexton, who exhumed a lady for the sake of her ring, and cut her finger in the attempt to get the jewel off, and so made the blood to flow and the lady to recover! Traditions of this sort usually have one foundation—travelling from country to country, and repeated in each with modifications and amendments to suit each. Thus the following story we see has two distinct versions, and is probably the origin of all that have been told on the same romantic subject.

Two merchants living in France, were connected with each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortunes, and both engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son, who in his turn was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorised by both fathers, who with pleasure observed the disposition of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly, a marriage was just about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the lady as a lover. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbor's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and like a virtuous woman discharged the gentleman she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, throw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such.

We may readily suppose her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from her tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life.

The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her lethargic paroxysm. It was no hard task to make her entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf; so that when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and, to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love.

About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened: but as fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapacious love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well-known person made such an impression on his mind, that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accosted her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her, fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning.

As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorised to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her. To no purpose did he represent, that, without the measures taken by himself, the lady would have been mouldering in the grave—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons, suggested by love, which is always ingenious where it is sincere. But, perceiving that the court was not likely to

prove favorable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and accordingly made his escape along with the lady to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits.

The above is but an imperfect version of an incident which is said to have really occurred at Florence, during the great plague, in the year 1400. Dominico Maria Manni, who relates the story, says, that the sepulchre in which the lady was entombed alive was "pointed out in his day;" and that the path by which she was returned to the land of the living had, from this event, received, and was still known by the name of the *Way of Death*. The name of the Florentine heroine was Ginevra de Amieri, and of her lover Antonio Rondinelli. A father's tyranny separated those whom nature seemed to have destined for each other; "bathed in tears, Ginevra received the wedding-ring from the hand of a man who had no place in her heart." On the breaking out of the plague, shortly after, she becomes ill, dies, (to all appearance,) and is buried the same day—"the law," says Manni, "not perhaps, then existing, which requires that the dead should be kept at least twenty-four hours above ground." In the dead of night, Ginevra awakes in the tomb to all the horrors of her situation, forces her way out, and, as becomes a dutiful wife, (albeit in her shroud,) hastens to her still weeping and disconsolate husband. On knocking at the door, he looks

out from the window, and, terrified at the sight of what he conceives to be the ghost of his departed wife, he hastily conjures it to depart in peace, and, before there is time to undeceive him, shuts the window, and will not face the spirit again.

Dreadfully shocked at this reception, poor Ginevra has scarcely life and strength enough left to reach her father's house; but there, also, her appearance produces only terror and dismay, and a second time she is dismissed with a "Go in peace, blessed spirit." A beloved uncle lived not far distant, and to his door she crawled next. Alas! he is even more frightened than either husband or father; and, instead of the "Go in peace, blessed spirit," he is only able to stammer out some unintelligible ejaculations, while he slaps the door in her face. Ginevra could bear this denying of house and home no longer; she sunk on the ground, "under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew," and felt as if she was about to die in good earnest.

A thought of her first lover, Rondinelli, now crossed her mind. "Ah!" sighed she, "he surely would not have thus turned me away." The idea gave, happily, a reviving turn to her thoughts. "And why," said she, "may I not try whether he will receive me, now that every one else rejects me?" The way was long to his house; but, gathering strength from the new hopes which began to animate her, she gained his threshold, and knocked.

Rondinelli himself opened the door. He also thought the figure before him some unearthly visitant,



THE VILLAGE BARBER, BY HUNT. (See next page.)

but, nothing dismayed, asked it calmly, "Whose spirit it was?" and "What it wanted?" Ginevra, tearing aside the shroud from her face, exclaimed with an agonised voice, "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, but who was buried—buried alive!" She could say no more, but dropped senseless into his arms.

Rondinelli, whom one moment had made the most astonished, delighted, and yet alarmed of human beings, soon brought the whole of his family around the fair sufferer by his cries and exclamations. She was instantly put into a warm bed, and, with the help of proper restoratives, was, next day, able to join the family circle of her lover, and in a few days more was as healthy and blooming as ever.

What was now to be done? Was Ginevra to return to the husband from whom the grave had separated her, and to whom she had never been attached? or was she to find a new one in the man she had first and always loved, and who had received her into his arms when all the rest of the world had, as it were, cast her out? Love and gratitude decided the question; and, with the consent and privity of Rondinelli's nearest relations, the two lovers were made one.

On the first Sunday after their nuptials, they appeared publicly at the cathedral of Florence. The friends of Ginevra instantly recognising her, were confounded with astonishment; they crowded around her, and, as curiosity and affection dictated, showered on her their questions and congratulations. She explained to them the various circumstances attending her reusucitation; reminded them how one after another they had turned her from their doors; and declared that when thus rejected and disowned by husband and kindred, she had found a protector, (taking Rondinelli by the hand,) in one to whom all her love and all her duty were now transferred. Her first husband, however, having no mind to be thus discarded, insisted strongly on his previous right, a right which, as he alleged, nothing but death in earnest could dissolve. An appeal was made to the bishop, with whom it lay to decide in such matters. The case was solemnly argued before him; who decided, that, under all circumstances, the first husband had forfeited all right, not only to the person of Ginevra, but to the dowry he had received with her, which he was ordered to pay over to Rondinelli.

The Village Barber, BY HUNT.

THE process of hair-cutting is a sad ordeal for the young villager whom the artist has introduced into the picture; but the barber pursues his work with resolute calmness,—determined to clip away as much as need be from the "mop" which he in the first instance has had so much trouble to comb out. The old man has a benevolent look withal; and one can readily fancy him to have been for long, long years located in the same spot, intimate with all his neighbors, fond of a bit of gossip, and a tremendous politician. The barber is always an important man in a village; and doubtless the hero of the above scene is no exception to the general rule.

How the German Students fight their "Duels."

WHAT we call, for want of a better name, the "duels" of the German students, are of two kinds. The sabre duel, which very rarely takes place, is a serious business, but the ordinary duel with small swords, called a "Pankerei," is little more than a trial of skill, or what the French call an *assaut d'armes*. The combatants do frequently get cuts on the face, which is the only part of the person exposed, but a German student looks upon these as marks of honor, and considers that a slick on the nose or the cheek is a decided improvement to his personal appearance.

Before meeting his adversary each man puts on a great pad which extends from under the arms to below the knee. Folds of silk are wound round the neck, forming a high and very hot cravat, and the arms also are covered with silk. On the head is worn a thick cap with a long peak. In fighting, the men keep the right arm over the face, make their cuts with great rapidity, and immediately resume guard. As an additional precaution, each man has a second who guards the blows of the opposite man, so that often two swords are interposed against a blow. When swords have been crossed for a few seconds, an umpire cries—"Halt," and immediately he does so, the combatants are obliged to drop their swords. They retire for a moment, and when the word is given advance again. So the duel proceeds in a number of these "rounds," till swords have been crossed fifteen minutes, when the affair is over.

THE VALENCIANS.—Our great amusement is, to observe the lower classes. There is a peculiar type about the men in that rank, in Spain, "ne'er met with elsewhere," the bandit and the brigand is stamped upon them in legible characters. Some of them here wear a pointed hat, the shape we call the "witch's," and others wear a bastard kind of gentleman's hat, with a narrow brim turned down, and looking as if it had seen many reverses of fortune. This gives the most reckless air to the countenance, and indeed to the whole figure, imaginable. I do not think these men have the look of open wickedness that struck us at Saragossa; they have a more plotting, contriving expression, indicating that their schemes are "in every man, in the deep of his heart." Then comes the long, dingy grey scarf, and occasionally, but not so frequently here, the bright red, and sometimes you catch a peep at the knife stuck in the girdle. These men go dragging about all day, and lounge against the walls, and seem to have no avocation whatever. One feels curious to know how they exist, and one is uncharitable enough to think, that they *must* trust in "wrong and robbery." We see a few of the Moorish trousers, which are made of linen, and at first sight looked like a short petticoat, and stockings without feet, but to my mind the costumes are less picturesque than at Saragossa. I was thinking, while looking on these men, whether, supposing we took a villa near Valencia, and wanted a man to work in our garden, could any one of these be recommended by any body, as what we so expressively call in England, "a steady, tidy man." I really laughed at the very absurdity of such an idea. It seems that our judgment, though based solely on physiognomy is fully borne out by acts. Monsieur B— has been mentioning at dinner, that the number of assassinations in Valencia is positively frightful, and that during the summer so prodigious it is, that they are counted as so many *per day*, and they have been known to amount to *fifteen*! Truly they verify the character they bear in other parts of Spain—"Valencia is a paradise, peopled with demons."

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.—The fireside is a school of great importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enamelled on the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature, but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man, in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour, is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in attempting to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside, the great institution furnished by Providence to educate men.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE.—Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment, until he has passed many days, and, above all, many days of misfortune with her. The married pair must know each other to the centre of their souls—the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love property which we are in danger of losing. The soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labors in the field, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his life is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, solitary. Woman spreads

around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they rear the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are reunited beyond the tomb.

A LOVER STILL.—"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows where the butter-cups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringlets flowing loose in the wind, and my cap in hand, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is careworn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the bitter cup of sorrow with her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life; but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have placed flowers in the casements, and folded hands of the dead; together wept over little graves. Through storm and sunshine we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old-styled kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye that shrinkingly fronts the glad day; the sunlight throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, shine through those weathered features, and the growing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God has implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."

A PORTRAIT OF DRYDEN.—As to his habits and manners, little is known, and that little is worn threadbare by his many biographers. In appearance he became, in his maturer years, fat and florid, and obtained the name of "Poet Squab." His portraits show a shrewd but rather sluggish face, with long grey hair floating down his cheeks, not unlike Coleridge, but without his dreamy eye, like a nebulous star. His conversation was less sprightly than solid. Sometimes men suspected that he had "sold all his thoughts to his booksellers." His manners are by his friends pronounced "modest;" and the word modest has since been amiably confounded by his biographers with "pure." Bashful he seems to have been to awkwardness; but he was by no means a model of the virtues. He loved to sit at Will's coffee-house, and be the arbiter of criticism. His favorite stimulus was snuff; and his favorite amusement angling. He had a bad address, a down look, and little of the air of a gentleman. Addison is reported to have taught him latterly the intemperate use of wine; but this was said by Denham, who admired Dryden, and who hated Addison; and his testimony is impotent against either party. We admire the simplicity of the critics who can read his plays, and then find himself a model of continence and virtue. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and a more polluted mouth than Dryden's never uttered its depravities on the stage. We cannot, in fine, call him personally a very honest, a very high-minded, or a very good man, although we are willing to count him amiable, ready to make very considerable allowance for his period and his circumstances, not disposed to think him so much a renegade and deliberate knave, as a fickle, needy, and childish changeling, in the matter of his "perversion" to Popery; and although we yield to none in admiration of the varied, highly-cultured, masculine, and magnificent forces of his genius.

If a bottle is emptied of water, what fills the vacuum? Sometimes porter, sometimes port. Why does water ascend in pumps? Don't know that it does; dare say it would go just as high in boots. What causes a fog? Sometimes smoking six in a room; or a man's mind may be in a state of fog from the result of a party last night, or he may forget all about a debt. If he is very ugly and old, he becomes at once a "foggy." Why does fire burn more ardently in excessively cold weather? Because you put more coals on.

STUDY.—He who purposes to be an author should first be a student.

Diseases of the Skin, Hair, and Nails.

THE SKIN IN HEALTH.

The skin which covers the whole of the human body serves several important purposes connected with the general health; besides forming a complete tunic to protect and defend the subjacent parts. The skin completes the beauty of the human person. By being semi-transparent it conceals the redness of the surface, and presents that pleasing tint which artists love to study, but find it so difficult to represent. In the face and neck it is so delicate that it reveals the bloom of health, and does not conceal a blush; and in other parts, such as the soles of the feet and palms of the hands, it becomes thickened by pressure or friction so as to protect the feet of the pedestrian and the hands of the mechanic. By a beautiful economy of providence the skin is divided into two layers: the external, called the *cuticle*, *epidermis*, or *scarf skin*, is a semi-transparent, smooth, and pliant horny covering; it has no feeling, being destitute of nerves and blood-vessels, and is constantly being thrown off in minute and delicate scales, or scurf, and is as constantly renewed. After certain diseases of the skin, such as scarlatina, it is thrown off or desquamates in larger scales. One of its chief uses is to protect the living skin beneath it, called the *dermis*, or sensible skin. This is well supplied with blood-vessels, and therefore bleeds when it is cut; it is also very full of minute nerves, and therefore is exceedingly sensible, much more so indeed than the parts beneath. Hence the chief pain of an amputation is the first incision through the skin. The scarf-skin is secreted or deposited by the vessels of the living skin, and this latter is so sensible to external injuries that it is capable of depositing an aqueous fluid between the two skins, when necessary to afford itself especial protection. Thus, when a burn or scald occurs, the dermis throws out a fluid which, by raising the epidermis or scarf-skin protects the former from injury, unless the heat be sufficient to burn a hole through the latter, as in severe burns. When a blistering plaster is applied, the same thing takes place, and the fluid thus thrown out relieves the inflammatory congestion of the internal parts.

Besides these two layers, there is a permanent coloring matter, called the pigment which forms the difference of shade in the inhabitants of different nations. This coloring matter resides in the scarf-skin, and is highly useful in protecting the dermis from the extreme heat and light of tropical climates, as it is, in fact, excited and produced by these stimuli. Even a European becomes much darker in complexion by long residence in a hot climate. The fairest skin is not destitute of its pigment, except in the *albino*, or white-haired, in whom it does not exist at all. The dermis is perforated by three kinds of tubes which after traversing its substance in a spiral manner, terminate in *pores*, which open on the surface of the epidermis. They convey, respectively, the perspiratory fluid, the oil or sebaceous matter which renders the skin so pliant and smooth, and,—the hairs. The perspiratory fluid is secreted from the blood by minute glands, and is constantly escaping by its proper pores, either in the form of vapor (insensible perspiration,) or in fluid drops which settle on the surface. The pores are amazingly numerous, and the quantity of fluid discharged through them in health is about two pounds a day; it tends to relieve the blood of a superabundance of water fluid which, if retained, would so impoverish and dilute it, as to render it unfit to sustain life. Other noxious matters are also discharged dissolved in this fluid. The skin is therefore as essential to life as the lungs; and if all these pores are blocked up as they sometimes are in confluent small-pox, the patient will die as certainly as if he were suffocated. Besides discharging noxious material, the perspiration regulates the temperature of the body, and if it is free, the interior of the body will be preserved as cool in the hottest weather as in winter. Nothing more need be said to prove the importance of the *health of the skin*. For if it is extensively diseased, the whole body must suffer by being deprived of its important functions.

THE SKIN IN A STATE OF DISEASE.

The human skin is subject to at least a hundred different kinds of disease, which may be divided into acute and chronic. We shall at present confine our remarks to acute diseases of the skin. These are chiefly what are called the eruptive fevers,—small-pox, measles, scarlatina, erysipelas, and two or three others of less fatal tendency, such as shingles, chicken-pox, rash fever, &c. The three first commonly occur but once in a person's lifetime, and are, when severe, exceedingly dangerous.

Small-pox is a disease which (thanks to Dr. Jenner) was once nearly banished from our shores,

and, if all persons were wise, it would soon be banished again. Vaccination, when properly performed and efficacious, will generally protect the person for life. But as there are a few exceptions to this, re-vaccination is generally recommended.

Measles and Scarlatina.—These two diseases are often fatal under the most judicious treatment, especially the latter, which, though mild in its form, often subjects the patient to fatal dropsical disorders after the fever has subsided. These are most effectually prevented by proper attention to the skin when it is peeling. If this is encouraged and promoted by bran baths and frictions, with proper medicine, bad results will seldom or never occur. In no diseases, even if they are mild, is it more important to take the best medical advice from first to last than in measles and scarlatina. Measles is often followed by dangerous inflammation of the lungs or the pleura.

Erysipelas, formerly called St. Anthony's fire, is a most dangerous disease, especially when it attacks the head and face. It is often contagious, particularly in hospitals and workhouses. Great skill is required in its management, but much help will be given to the doctor's prescriptions if pure air can be admitted to the patient's chamber. Ventilation is almost everything, not only in this but in all fevers.

Rash-fever, as it is called, more properly *roseola*, is often mistaken for scarlatina, and sometimes for measles. It generally affects the throat like scarlatina, but the rash is not so scarlet, more rose-colored, and the fever far less severe. It is rarely attended with catarrh and cough, like measles.

A Drop of Water.

How common, and yet how beautiful and how pure, is a drop of water! See it, as it issues from the rock, to supply the spring and the stream below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles, and the buzz of spindles, which, under the direction of their fair attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics from the cotton-plant, the sheep, and the silk-worm.

Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth, to renew its verdure and increase its animation? How useful is the gentle dew, in its nightly visits to allay the scorching heats of a summer's sun! And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs, and the grass; though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest? This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant crystals. The snow, too—what is that but these same pure drops thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand?—and does not the first summer's sun return them to the same limpid drops?

The majestic river, and the boundless ocean, what are they! Are they not made of drops of water? How the river steadily pursues its course from the mountain's top, down the declivity, over the cliff and through the plain, taking with it everything in its course! How many mighty ships does the ocean float upon its bosom! How many fishes sport in its waters! How does it form a lodging-place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the Hoang-Ho!

How piercing are these pure limpid drops! How do they find their way into the depths of the earth, and even the solid rock! How many thousand streams, hidden from our view by mountain masses are steadily pursuing their courses, deep from the surface which forms our standing-place for a few short days! In the air, too, how it diffuses itself! Where can a particle of air be found which does not contain an atom of water.

How much would a famishing man give for a few of these pure limpid drops of water? And where do we use it in our daily sustenance?—or rather, where do we not use it? Which portion of the food that we have taken during our lives did not contain it? What part of our body, which limb, which organ, is not moistened with this same faithful servant? How is our blood, that free liquid, to circulate through our veins without it?

How gladly does the faithful horse, or the patient ox, in his toilsome journey, arrive at the water's brink! And the faithful dog, patiently following his

master's track—how eagerly does he lap the water from the clear fountain he meets in his way!

The feathered tribe, also—how far and how quick their flight, that they may exchange the northern ice for the same common comfort rendered liquid and limpid by a southern sun!

Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep, and diffused through the floating air and the solid earth? Is it the farmer, whose fields, by the gentle dew and the abundant rain, bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle, and shuttle, are moved by this faithful servant? Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens? Is it the clergyman, whose profession it is to make others feel—and that by feeling himself that the slightest favor and the richest blessings are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver?

How Potemkin Deceived Catharine of Russia

WHEN Catharine of Russia visited the Crimea, a new scene opened on her doubtless gratified senses. As the fleet sailed along, the spectacles prepared by the prolific genius of Potemkin were visible on either hand, though not in their true character. At greater or less distant intervals, pretty insulated dwellings were seen, so disposed with respect to the soil as to form picturesque points of view. Well-built villages appeared, the extent of which would lead the beholder to expect a numerous population, while their exterior aspect seemed to bespeak the comfort of the inhabitants. There were groups of men, women, and children, flocks of sheep and droves of cattle, shepherds and herdsmen. The houses were slender fronts hastily run up—the villages, collections of them! Peasantry, flocks, and herds had been brought from various parts of the empire, and were successively removed from one spot to another, often under the cover of the night, so that a few thousands sufficed to produce the spectacle of a country teeming with people. "The empress," said the Prince de Ligne, "who cannot run on foot as we do, was made to believe that towns for the building of which she had assigned the necessary money, are finished, while they are often towns without streets, streets without houses, and houses without roof, doors, and windows." Several of these mock towns, at which the imperial traveller was expected to touch, presented wharves laden with goods, apparently sacks of corn, storehouses crammed with merchandise, and shops full of manufactured articles. The raw produce of the empire had been hastily collected for the purpose of show: fabrics had been sent for from Vienna, Warsaw, and other places; but many of the ticketed bales and bags contained nothing but straw, shavings, or earth!

HUMILITY.—He that means to build lasting, must lay his foundation low: as in moory grounds they erect their houses upon piles driven deep into the ground, so when we have to do with men that are insincere, our conversation would be unsound and tottering, if it were not founded upon the graces of humility; which, by reason of their slenderness pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in color; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipped with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter-killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which does appear so flourishing.

THE PRESS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—There were printed last year at the Mission Press in Constantinople 5,268,000 pages, in the Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greek, and Hebrew-Spanish languages; of which 2,132,000 were of the Scriptures. This agency will probably be far more extensively employed during the present year. At a recent weekly business meeting of the station, letters were read from the British and Foreign Bible Society, offering funds for printing two editions of the Bible in different languages, and one of the New Testament; and from the London Religious Tract Society, expressing the desire of the committee to participate in the great work, and requesting to know in what way they may co-operate conformably to the principles of the institution.



A PIGEON HUNT ON THE OHIO.

A Pigeon Hunt on the Ohio.

I HAVE spent some years in the backwoods. I have ridden wildly with the hunter, and strolled quietly with the naturalist. I excel not in the chase—I excel not in the knowledge of natural history—but both I love. In my memory of backwood's life, these two things are intimately connected with each other; for the reason, perhaps, that both were followed at the same time. In the same excursion I was hunter, zoologist, botanist, and geologist. When I failed to fill my bag with game, it became the receptacle of rare plants. When my rifle failed to bring down a beast or a winged bird, my surer hatchet, indented the rock *in situ* or the stray boulder. Often when riding madly in the deer "drive" I have dragged my horse on his haunches at the sight of some tiny flower with a new face; and often upon the "stand" I have forgotten my purpose, and let the red roe bound harmlessly by, while watching the gambols of the little green lizard or the tricks of the leaping tarantula. After all, the naturalist was stronger within me than the hunter; though fond of both, I loved the study better than the chase.

And now from the world's metropolis, as I look back upon the scenes of my backwoods' life, my mind yields itself up to sweet remembrances—sweeter than the retrospect of war—a fresher memory—sweeter than the retrospect of school and college days, or even the days of childhood. I love to paint those scenes with words, for while so occupied I feel as if they were again passing before me.

Colonel P— is a splendid specimen of the backwoods' gentleman—there are gentlemen in the backwoods. His house is the type of a backwoods' mansion; it is a wooden structure, both walls and roof: no matter. It has distributed as much hospitality in its time as many a marble palace: this is one of its backwood's characteristics. It stands upon the north bank of the Ohio—that beautiful stream—"La belle riviere," as the French colonists, and before their time the Indians, used to call it. It is from great cities. It is in the midst of the woods—though around it are a thousand acres of "clearing," where you may distinguish fields of golden wheat, and groves of shining maize-plants waving aloft their yellow-flower tassels. You may note, too, the broad green leaf of the Nicotian "weed," or the bursting pod of the snow-white cotton. In the garden you will observe the sweet potato (*convolvulus batatas*), the common one (*solanum tuberosum*), the refreshing tomato, the huge water-melon, cantelopes, and musk-melons, with many others of the *cucurbitaceae*. You will see pods of the red and green pepper (*capsicum*) growing upon trailing plants like convolvuli or vines; and beside them several species of *leguminosae*—all valuable for the colonel's cuisine. There is an orchard too; it is several acres in extent. It is filled with fruit-trees; you behold the finest peaches in the world—the finest apples—the Newton pippins. Besides, there are luscious pears and plums, and upon the espaliers are vines

bearing bushels of sweet grapes. If Colonel P— lives in the woods, it cannot be said that he is surrounded by a desert.

There are several substantial log-houses near the main building or mansion. They are, the stable—and good horses there are in that stable—the cow-house for milk cattle; the barn, to hold the wheat and maize-corn; the smoke-house, for curing bacon; a large building for the dry tobacco; a cotton-gin, with its shed of clap-boards; bins for the husk fodder, and several smaller structures. In one corner you see a low-walled erection that reminds you of a kennel, and the rich music that from time to time issues from its apertures convince you that it is a kennel. If you peep into it, you will see a dozen of as fine stag-hounds as ever lifted a trail. The Colonel is somewhat partial to these pets, for he is a "mighty hunter." You may see a number of young colts in an adjoining lot; a pet deer, a buffalo-calf, that has been brought from the far prairies, pea-fowl, guinea-hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, and the usual proportion of common fowls. Rail-fences zigzag off in all directions towards the edge of the woods. Huge trees, dead and divested of their leaves, stand up in the cleared fields. Turkey buzzards and carrion crows (*cathartes aura* and *atratus*) are perched upon their grey naked limbs; upon their summit sits the great rough-legged falcon (*falco lagopus*); and above all, cutting sharply against the blue sky, sails the fork-tailed kite of the south (*falco mississippiensis*).

Just such a picture opened before my eyes as I rode into the clearing of Colonel P—, in the fall of 1849. I had travelled several hundred miles—a mere bagatelle in America—to be present at a great "pigeon-hunt," arranged by the Colonel for the gratification of his friends.

On my arrival I found the party assembled. It consisted of a score and a half of ladies and gentlemen, nearly all young people. The pigeons had not yet made their appearance, but were looked for every hour. The woods had assumed the gorgeous tints of autumn; that liveliest of seasons in the "far west." Already the ripe nuts and berries were scattered profusely over the earth, offering their annual banquet to God's wild creatures. The "mast" of the beach tree (*Juglans Sylvestica*)—of which the wild pigeon is so fond—was showering down among the dead leaves. It was the very season at which the birds were accustomed to visit the beechen woods that girdled the Colonel's plantation. They would no doubt soon appear. With this expectation every thing was made ready; each of the gentlemen was provided with a fowling-piece, or rifle, if he preferred it; and even some of the ladies insisted upon being armed.

To render the sport more exciting, our host had established certain regulations. They were as follows:—The gentlemen were divided into two parties, of equal numbers. These were to go in opposite directions, the ladies, upon the first day of the hunt, accompanying whichever they chose. Upon all succeeding days, however, the case would be diffe-

rent. The ladies were to accompany that party which upon the day previous had bagged the greatest number of birds. The victorious gentleman, moreover, were endowed with other privileges which lasted throughout the evening—such as the choice of partners for the dinner-table and the dance.

I need not point out to the reader than in these conditions existed powerful motives for exertion. The Colonel's guests were the *chite* of western society. Most of the gentlemen were young men or bachelors; and among the ladies there were *belles*—three or four of them rich and beautiful. On my arrival I could perceive signs of incipient flirtations. Attachments had already arisen; and by many it would have been esteemed anything but pleasant to be separated in the manner prescribed. A strong *esprit du corps* was thus established; and, by the time the pigeons arrived, both parties had determined to do their utmost. In fact, I have never known so strong a feeling of rivalry to exist between two parties of amateur sportsmen.

Wilson, and, later still, the world-renowned naturalist, Audubon, have left but little to be told of the American "passenger pigeon" (*Columba migratoria*). A few facts, however, from the observations of an amateur ornithologist, may not be without interest. They will, perhaps, brighten up the reader's recollections of this singular bird.

The "passenger" is less in size than the house-pigeon. In the air it looks unlike the kite, wanting the forked or "swallow" tail. That of the pigeon is cuneiform. Its color is best described by calling it a nearly uniform slate. In the male the colors are deeper, and the neck-feathers present the same changeable hues of green, gold, and purple-crimson, generally observed in birds of this species. It is only in the woods, and when freshly caught or killed, that these brilliant tints can be seen to perfection. They fade in captivity, and immediately after the bird has been shot. They seem to form part of its life and liberty, and disappear when it is robbed of either. I have often thrust the wild-pigeon, freshly killed, into my game-bag, glittering like an opal. I have drawn it forth a few hours after, of a dull leaden hue, and altogether unlike the same bird. As with all birds of this tribe, the female is inferior to the male, both in size and plumage. The eye is less vivid. In the male it is of the most brilliant fiery orange, enclosed in a well-defined circle of red skin. The eye is in truth its finest feature, and never fails to strike the beholder with admiration.

The most singular fact in the natural history of the "passenger," is their countless numbers. Audubon saw a flock that contained "one billion, one hundred and sixteen millions of birds." Wilson counted, or rather computed, another flock of "two thousand two hundred and thirty millions." These numbers seem incredible. I have doubt of their truth. I have no doubt that they are under rather than over the numbers actually seen by both these naturalists, for both made most liberal allowances in their calculations. Where do these immense flocks come from? They breed in all parts of America. Their breeding-places are found as far north as the Hudson's Bay, and they have been seen in the southern forests of Louisiana and Texas. The nests are built upon high trees, and resemble immense rookeries. In Kentucky, one of their breeding-places was forty miles in length by several in breadth! One hundred nests will often be found upon a single tree, and in each nest there is but one "squab." Their eggs are pure white, like those of the common kind, and like them they breed several times during the year, but principally when food is plenty. They establish themselves in great "roosts," sometimes for years together, to which each night they return from their distant excursions—hundreds of miles, perhaps; for this is but a short fly for travellers who can pass over a mile in a single minute, and some of whom have even strayed across the Atlantic to England! They, however, as I myself have observed, remain in the same woods where they have been feeding for several days together. I have also noticed that they prefer roosting in the low underwood, even when tall trees are close at hand. If near water, or hanging over a stream, the place is still more to their liking; and in the morning they may be seen alighting on the bank to drink, before taking to their daily occupation.

The great "roosts" and breeding-places are favorite resorts for numerous birds of prey. The small vultures (*cathartes aura* and *atratus*), or as they are called in the west, "turkey buzzard," and "carrion crow," do not confine themselves to carrion alone. They are fond of live "squabs," which they drag out of their nests at pleasure. Numerous hawks and kites prey upon them; and even the great white-headed eagle (*falco leucocephalus*)

lus), may be seen soaring and occasionally sweeping down for a dainty morsel. On the ground beneath move enemies of a different kind, both biped and quadruped. Fowls with their guns and long poles; farmers with wagons to carry off the dead birds; and even droves of hogs to devour them. Trees fall under the axe, and huge branches break down by the weight of the birds themselves, killing numbers in their descent. Torches are used—for it is usually a night scene, after the return of the birds from feeding—pots of burning sulphur, and other engines of destruction. A noisy scene it is. The clapping of a million pair of wings, like the roaring of thunder; the shouts; men hoarsely calling to each other; women and children screaming their delight; the barking of dogs; the neighing of horses; the "crash" of breaking branches; and the "chuck" of the woodman's axe, all mingled together.

When the men—saturated with slaughter, and white with ordure—have retired beyond the borders of the roost to rest themselves for the night, their ground is occupied by the prowling wolf and fox; the racoon and the congar; the lynx, and the great black bear.

With so many enemies, one would think that the "passenger" would soon be exterminated. Not so. They are too prolific for that. Indeed, were it not for these enemies, they themselves would perish for want of food. Fancy what it takes to feed them! The flock seen by Wilson would require *eighteen million bushels of grain every day!*—and it most likely was only one of many such that at the time were traversing the vast continent of America. Upon what do they feed, it will be asked? Upon the fruits of the great forest—upon the acorns, the nuts of the beech, upon buck-wheat and Indian corn; upon many species of berries, such as the huckleberry (*chochileberry*), the hackberry (*celtis crassifolia*), and the fruit of the holly. In the northern regions, where these are scarce, the berries of the Juniper tree (*Juniperus communis*) forms the principal food. On the other hand, among the southern plantations, they devour greedily the rice, as well as the nuts of the chestnut-tree, and several species of oaks. But their staple food is the beech-nut, or "mast," as it is called. Of this the pigeons are fond, and fortunately it exists in great plenty. In the forests of Western America there are vast tracts covered almost entirely with the beech-trees (*Fagus sylvatica*). It is one of the most beautiful of forest trees. Unlike most of the others, its bark is smooth, without cracks, and often of a silvery hue. Large beech-trees standing by the path, or near a cross-road, are often seen covered with names, initials, and dates. Indeed, the beautiful column-like trunk seems to invite the ever-ready knife; and many a souvenir is carved upon it by the loitering wayfarer. It does not, however, invite the axe of the settler. On the contrary, the beech woods often remain untouched, while others fall around them—partly because these trees are not usually the indices of the richest soil, but more from the fact that clearing a piece of beech forest is no easy matter. The green logs do not burn so readily as those of the oak, the maple, the elm, or poplar, and hence the labor of rolling them off the ground—a serious thing where labor is scarce and dear. For these reasons, the beechen forests of America remain almost intact, and so long as they shower down their millions of bushels of "mast," so long will the passenger pigeons flutter in countless numbers amidst their branches.

Large tracts of beech-woods adjoined the plantation of Colonel P—; and of course the pigeons might be expected about the falling of the mast. Their migration is semi-annual; but unlike most other migratory birds, it is far from being regular. Their flight is in fact not a periodical migration, but a sort of nomadic existence—food being the object which keeps them in motion and directs their course. The scarcity in one part determines their movement to another. When there is more than the usual fall of snow in the northern regions, vast flocks make their appearance in the middle States, as in Ohio and Kentucky. This may in some measure account for the overcrowded "roosts" which have been occasionally seen, but which are by no means common. You may live in the west for many years without witnessing a scene such as those described by Wilson and Audubon, though once or twice every year you may see pigeons enough to astonish you.

The pigeons at length arrived. It was a bright sunny morning, and yet at intervals the atmosphere was darkened, as the vast flock, a mile in breadth by several in length, passed across the canopy. The sound of their wings resembled a strong wind whistling among tree-tops or through the rigging of a ship. We saw that they hovered over the woods, and settled among the tall beeches.

The hunt was announced, and we set forth, each party taking the direction allotted to it. With each went a number of ladies, and even some of these were armed with *light fowling-pieces*, determined that the party of their choice should be the victorious one.

After a short ride, we found ourselves fairly "in the woods," and in the presence of the birds, and the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, mingled with the louder report of the double-barrelled shot guns.

Now it must not be imagined that the wild pigeons of America are so "tame" as they have been sometimes represented. That is their character only while young at the breeding-places, or at the great roosts when confused by crowding upon each other, and mystified by torchlight. Far different are they when wandering through the open woods in search of food. It is then both difficult to approach and hard to kill them. Odd birds you may easily reach; you may see them perched upon the branches on all sides of you, and within shot-range; but the *thick of the flock*, somehow or other, always keeps from one to two hundred yards off. The sportsman cannot bring himself to fire at single birds. No. There is a tree near at hand literally black with pigeons. Its branches creak under the weight. What a fine havoc he will make if he can but get near enough! But that is the difficulty; there is no cover, and he must approach as he best can without it. He continues to advance; the birds sit silent, watching his movements. He treads lightly and with caution; he inwardly anathematizes the dead leaves and twigs that make a loud rustling under his feet. The birds appear restless; several stretch out their necks as if to spring off. At length he deems himself fairly within range, and raises his gun to take aim; but this is a signal for the shy game, and before he can draw trigger they are off to another tree! Some stragglers still remain; and at them he levels his piece and fires. The shot is a random one; for our sportsman having failed to "cover" the flock, has become irritated and careless, and in all such cases the pigeons fly off with the loss of a few feathers. The gun is re-loaded, and our amateur hunter, seeing the thick flock upon another tree, again endeavors to approach them, but with like success.

In our party we had eight guns, exclusive of the small fowling-pieces (two of these), with which a brace of our heroines were armed, and which truth compels me to confess, were less dangerous to the pigeons than to ourselves. Some of our guns were double-barrelled shot-guns, others were rifles. You will wonder at rifles being used in such a sport, and yet it is a fact that the gentlemen who carried rifles managed to do more execution than those who were armed with the other species. This arose from the circumstance that they were contented to aim at single birds, and, being good shots, they were almost sure to bring these down. The woods were filled with straggling pigeons. Old birds were always within rifle range; and, thus, instead of wasting their time in endeavoring to approach the great flocks, our riflemen did nothing but load and fire. In this way they soon counted their game by the dozens.

Early in the evening, the pigeons, having filled their crops with the mast, disappeared. They flew off to some distant "roost." This of course concluded our sport for the day. We got together and counted our numbers. We had 610 birds. We returned home full of hope; we felt certain that we had won for that day. Our antagonist had arrived before us. They showed us 726 dead pigeons. We were beaten.

I really cannot explain the chagrin which this defeat occasioned to most of our party. They felt humiliated in the eyes of the ladies, whose company they were to lose on the morrow. To some there was extreme bitterness in the idea; for, as I have already stated, attachments had sprung up, and jealous thoughts were naturally their concomitants. It was quite tantalizing, as we parted next morning, to see the galaxy of lovely women ride off with our antagonists, while we sought the woods in the opposite direction, dispirited and in silence.

We went, however, determined to do our best, and win the ladies for the morrow. A council was held, and each imparted his advice and encouragement; and then we all set to work with shot-gun and rifle.

On this day an incident occurred that aided our "count" materially. The wilder pigeons while feeding, sometimes cover the ground so thickly that they crowd upon each other. They all advance in the same direction, those behind continually rising up and fluttering to the front, so that the surface presents a series of undulations like sea waves. Frequently the birds alight upon each other's back,

for want of room upon the ground, and a confused mass of winged creatures is seen rolling through the woods. At such times, if the sportsman can only "head" the flock, he is sure of a good shot. Almost every bullet tells, and dozens may be brought down at a single discharge.

In my progress through the woods, I had got separated from my companions, when I observed an immense flock approaching me, after the manner described. I saw from their plumage that they were young birds, and therefore not likely to be easily alarmed. I drew my horse (I was mounted) behind a tree, and awaited their approach. This I did more from curiosity than any other motive, as, unfortunately, I carried a rifle, and could only have killed one or two at the best. The crowd came "swirling" forward, and when they were within some ten or fifteen paces distant, I fired into their midst. To my surprise, the flock did not take flight, but continued to advance as before, until they were almost among the horse's feet. I could stand it no longer. I drove the spurs deeply, and galloped into their midst, striking right and left as they fluttered up around me. Of course they were soon off; but of those that had been trodden upon by my horse, and others I had knocked down, I counted no less than twenty-seven! Proud of my exploit, I gathered the birds into my bag, and rode in search of my companions.

Our party on this day numbered over 800 head killed; but, to our surprise and chagrin, our antagonists had beaten us by more than a hundred.

The gentlemen of "ours" were wretched. The belles were monopolized by our antagonists; we were scouted and debarred every privilege. It was not to be endured; something must be done. What was to be done? counselled we. If fair means will not answer, we must try the opposite. It was evident that our antagonists were better shots than we.

The Colonel, too, was one of them, and he was sure to kill every time he pulled trigger. The odds were against us; some plan must be devised; some ruse must be adopted, and the idea of one had been passing through my mind during the whole of that day. It was this:—I had noticed, that although the pigeons would not allow the sportsmen to come within range of a fowling-piece, yet at a distance of little over a hundred yards, they neither fear man nor beast. At that distance they sit unconcerned, thousands of them upon a single tree. It struck me that a gun large enough to throw shot among them, would be certain of killing hundreds at each discharge; but where was such a gun to be had? As I reflected thus, "mountain howitzers" came into my mind. I remembered the small mountain howitzers we had made use of in scaling the steepes of the Andes. One of these loaded with shot would be the very weapon. I knew there was a battery of them at Covington Barracks. I knew that a friend of mine commanded the battery. By rail it was but a few hours to Covington. I proposed sending for a "mountain howitzer."

I need hardly say that my proposal was hailed with a universal welcome on the part of my companions; and without dropping a hint to the other party, it was at once resolved that the design should be carried into execution. A messenger was forthwith despatched to Covington, and before twelve o'clock the following day we found the little howitzer at a place in the woods previously agreed upon. My friend, Captain C—, had sent a "live corporal" along with it, and we had no difficulty in its management.

As I had anticipated, it answered our purpose as though it had been made for it. Every shot brought down a shower of dead birds, and after one discharge alone the number obtained was 123! At night our "game bag" counted over three thousand birds! We were sure of the ladies for the morrow.

Before returning home to our certain triumph, however, there were some considerations. To-morrow we should have the ladies in our company; some of the fair creatures would be as good as sure to "split" upon the howitzer. What was to be done to prevent this?

We eight had sworn to be staunch to each other. We had taken every precaution; we had only used our "great gun" when far off, so that its report might not reach the ears of our antagonists; but how about to-morrow? Could we trust our fair companions with a secret? Decidedly not. This was the unanimous conclusion. A new idea came to our aid. We saw that we might dispense with the howitzer, and still manage to out-count our opponents. We should make a depository of birds in a safe place. There was a squatter's house near by. That would do, so we took the squatter into council, and left some 1500 birds in his charge, the

remainder being deemed sufficient for that day. From the 1500 thus left, we might each day take a few hundred to make up our game-bag, just enough to out-number the other party. We did not send home the corporal and his howitzer. We might require him again: so we quartered him upon the squatter.

On returning home, we found that our opponents had also made a "big day's work of it;" but they were beaten by hundreds. The ladies were ours!

And we kept them until the end of the hunt, to the no little mortification of the gentlemen in the "minority," to their surprise—for most of them being crack shots, and several of us not at all so—they could not comprehend why they were every day beaten so outrageously. We had hundreds to spare, and barrels of them were cured for winter use. It was not until the colonel's *reunion* was about to break up, that our secret was let out, to the no small chagrin of our opponents, but to the infinite amusement of our host himself, who, although one of the defeated party, often narrates to his friends the story of the "Hunt with the Howitzer."

Modern Embalming.

I HAVE lately witnessed the process of embalming as practised here. It was on the person of a young American, whose friends wished the body preserved as perfectly as possible, in order to its being sent home. The law requires that twenty-four hours' notice of the decease shall be given to the police by the attending physician, before either autopsy or embalming shall be practised. The design of the regulation is to give certainty that death has really taken place, and in a legitimate manner. Embalmers are prohibited from employing arsenic, an excellent antiseptic, because in cases of death from that poison administered wilfully, their use of it would defeat the ends of justice. The mode of procedure in this instance was as follows: The operator first filled two vials with his preparation, and gave them to a police officer who was present, to be sealed and subsequently analyzed by a competent chemist. If the least trace of the prohibited article should be found, the embalmer would be liable to severe punishment. He then, through the carotid artery and by means of a large syringe, furnished with a detached stop-cock, injected about a gallon of a reddish fluid which, I have since learned, had probably chloride of zinc for its base. As the vessels became distended, this fluid permeated the capillaries, marking its passage by arborescent white lines, until gradually a considerable portion of the skin assumed a clear pearly lustre, which I was informed would after a time be the case with the whole surface. The body, then, after being washed in Cologne water, having the nostrils and ears stuffed with cotton dipped in some extract of a musky odor, the cheeks and lips painted, the eye-balls fitted with glass fronts of the natural shade, and the hands and feet clad in silk gloves and stockings, was surrounded with four coffins, the inner shell being lined with lead, and the outer one having the appearance of a box containing goods. And so our poor friend was transported to his mourning relatives. The same steamer that carried this, took out also two other American corpses. Simple as is the process of embalming, it is very costly. For that and the four coffins, I believe the demand was two thousand francs. In reply to some questions as to the efficacy of his process, the embalmer declared that he had known bodies preserved by it perfectly during five years, and he thought the time of its action might be extended greatly beyond that limit.

The Stings of Bees.

[From "Notes and Queries."]

I NEG to assure your correspondent F. that there is the best "foundation for this" acknowledged "fact, that the sting of the bee is fatal to itself;" or rather, which is what I presume he means, that the bee, by stinging another animal loses its own life. But I will state my own experience in the matter.

I will premise that I have been for years a practical bee-keeper; and, reading whatever I can meet with on the subject, often light upon startling statements, both true and false, from modern as well as ancient writers. But I am constantly testing these experimentally, which my variety of hives enable me to do. And of the truth of the particular fact in question, I satisfied myself very early in my apian career; and that by a simple process, which your correspondent F. may easily adopt. He has but to irritate a few bees till they sting him in some part convenient to himself. I find the left hand

the best. If he looks quietly at them, immediately that they have accomplished their (and in this case his) object, he will see them all firmly attached to his flesh by their tails, and struggling to get free. But, if they have been properly irritated in the first instance to drive their weapons home, not one will effect her freedom without the loss of her weapon, and its very large bag of poisonous ammunition into the bargain. As each bee detaches herself from this, he will become acutely sensible of it by the increased pain caused by the influx of the whole contents of the poison-bag, consequent on the withdrawal of the retentive power exercised by the animal herself. The sting is a beautiful little tube, formed like a telescope, through which the poison from the bag to which it is attached is injected. Moreover, if F. now watches the sting narrowly, he will find it apparently sinking deeper still into him; which is accounted for in the same manner as is the fact of the bee being unable in the first instance to withdraw her sting. This very fine and delicate apparatus is barbed at the end; and therefore, being firmly fixed below, by contraction draws the rest of the sheath after it.

And now, having probably satisfied himself with the experiment of the sting, F. would with the finger and thumb of his right hand pull it out, (injecting by the pressure in laying hold of it any particle of poison that still remained in the bag,) and turn to the bee itself. This he would trace to the ground, or some low shrub close by; still alive, to be sure, but no longer the active, cheerful, and noisy little creature it was a minute ago. If he throw it into the air, it will not fly off; if he place it at the mouth of its own hive, it will not enter itself, nor be assisted by its friends; if he forcibly throw it in, it will immediately crawl out; if he does, as I have also done, return it into the hive by an opening at the top, or under a glass where its motions can be watched, it will slowly wend its mournful way through the midst of the busy community to the entrance, unheeding and unheeded—as if conscious that the best public service to which it could apply its little remaining strength, was to act the part of undertaker to itself, and secure an extramural grave, rather than trespass after death on the time, strength, and feelings of any of the busy members of the community who would be called on to conduct its funeral obsequies.

The fact is, that the sting, with its appurtenances, is so large in proportion to the whole body, and the detaching it from the other parts must so seriously disturb the internal economy of the insect, that the wonder seems to be that it retains any animation at all after losing it. I never succeeded but once in getting a bee to extricate its sting, and that was when she seemed to have repented of the act almost before she put it into force, and had hardly penetrated the skin. I have, however, succeeded in cutting off the end of the sting with a pair of scissors, or penknife, before the poison-bag has become detached; and then the bee has invariably seemed to retain her vigor, and return to her duties a more harmless but equally active member of society.

I will add, that so convinced are apianians in general of the fact that bees die as a consequence of losing their stings, which they always do if they insert them into flesh, or material of its consistency, that those who value the lives of their little workmen, when engaged with them use thick woollen gloves and dresses into which they can sting without inflicting injury; and whence they can extract their stings with perfect ease.

AUSTRALIAN SCENES.—The scenes of "Black Thursday" were so named from one of the terrible visitations to which the colony is liable, from the careless kindling of fires in the bush. The hot wind blew a hurricane. The flames swept far and wide, leaping over all ordinary barriers. Every forest was on fire at once. Firebrands were blown over wide rivers and kindled new conflagrations on the opposite shores. During that day many hundred square leagues were devastated by flames which travelled with incredible speed and resistless fury. The progress of such fires is exactly described by the vivid imagery of the Hebrew Prophet:—"The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." Houses, homesteads, fences, implements,—all were destroyed. Where carts had stood, now were only seen two iron tires lying on the ground. Crops and ricks were consumed, and the whole country left a mere blackened waste. Many persons were burnt to death; others saved themselves by standing in the "water-holes," or in the sea, and even there were scorched; for the fires burnt down to the water's

edge. Afterwards, at the deserted missionary station, we found a mother with her six children, huddled together in a tent, near the black ruins of her former home, which had been destroyed on the terrible Thursday. They were alone on the spot when surrounded by the fire, and were compelled to fly for their lives before the flames. Her scorched hands still bore evident marks of the fire; everything was destroyed, and the apples roasted upon the trees. Energy, however, had not been crushed by misfortune: a new slab hut, erected since the fires, was already well nigh ready for the family.

THE RUSSIAN CRADLE.—The Russian substitute for the cradle is an amusing contrivance. They have a long pole or young tree of tolerable length, and very slender; the thick end of which they fix to the timbers which form the wall of their houses, and which project out in a slanting position till the small end of the tree is about three or four feet from the ground, and is always made to reach into some convenient place in that part of the shed in which they reckon to live. Then, with a rope or withes, they tie to this smaller end a basket containing the bed (generally hay with a covering of some sort) for the infant; sometimes the end of the pole may be six feet from the ground, then the height of the basket is regulated by the rope. The infant is put in, and by touching the end of the pole it is set in motion, and made to vibrate up and down; and when the vibration or swing is near ceasing, they give it another touch, humming or singing a song, which in English is as near as possible the following:—

"Sleep, O sleep, happy little child,
Thy own dear papa is Nicoli the Great."

On the subject of infancy much might be said. As far as my knowledge goes there is no check upon, but every encouragement to, illegitimacy; for I believe nine-tenths of such children become the property of the emperor, by being sent to the government hospital at Moscow.

A FEMALE HANGMAN.—The following extract from the *Dublin University Magazine*, Jan. 1850, p. 104, is probably worth preservation in the *Journal*:—"Who think you, gentle reader, officiated upon this gallows high? A female! a middle-aged, stout-made, dark-eyed, swarthy-complexioned, but by no means forbidding-looking woman!—the celebrated Lady Betty, the finisheress of the law, the unfinished priestess of the executive for the Connaught circuit, and Roscommon in particular. Few children born or reared in that country thirty or even twenty-five years ago, who were not occasionally frightened into being good by the cry of 'Here's Lady Betty.' This woman (who had been previously convicted of a horrible murder) officiated, unmasked and undisguised, under the name of Lady Betty, as the hangwoman for a great number of years; and she used also often to flog publicly in and through the streets as a part of her trade or profession, being always extremely severe, particularly on her own sex. Numerous are the tales related of her exploits."

AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.—Imagine extensive districts of hill and dale,—the hills rocky, sterile, abounding with deep slopes, and entirely covered with a dense, monotonous forest; the valleys wide as they descend into the lowlands, but contracting to rocky gullies as they wind up into the heart of the mountains. Swelling, rounded hills sometimes flank one side of the valley, in advance of the rocky acclivities of the higher ranges behind; and not unfrequently those lower hills are covered or crested with quartz gravel, glistening white like chalk. The forest clothes the hills down to the open grassy flats of meadow-land which form the bottoms; and through these flats winds the creek or stream, in a sunken channel, now expanding into a broad pool or "water-hole," and now contracting into a mere brook. Here and there rocky headlands or spurs advance from the flanking hills into the flats, force the creek to sweep off towards the opposite hills, and perhaps cross its channel as rocky bars.

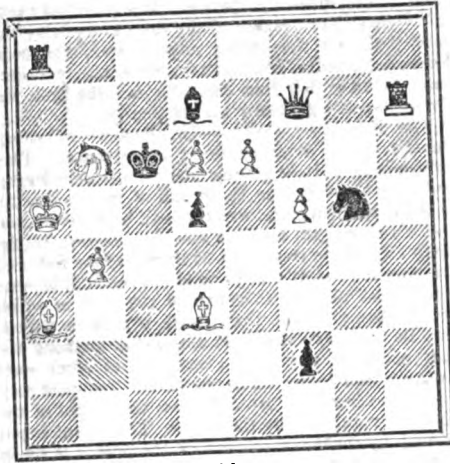
ECONOMISTS have been long inquiring what is the best disposal of the industry of the human race. Ah! if I could only discover the best disposal of its leisure. It is easy enough to find it work; but who will find it relaxation? Work supplies the daily bread; but it is cheerfulness which gives it a relish. Oh philosophers! go in quest of pleasure! find us amusements without brutality, enjoyments without selfishness.

THE horse is eaten in some parts of South America, especially in the southern portion, and its flesh is esteemed a great delicacy. Horseflesh is, among these people, considered a necessary at the festive board, as the sirloin of beef amongst ourselves; the less that is said, however, about their mode of preparing it for the table, the better.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XI.—By E. G. BRUTON.—White to move, and mate in four moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. XI.—Played at the City Road Chess Club, between Mr. C. F. SMITH and Mr. H. E. BIRD.

Mr. C. F. Smith.

Mr. H. E. Bird.

WHITE.

- 1 K P 2.
- 2 K Kt to B 3.
- 3 K B to Q B 4.
- 4 Q Kt P 2.
- 5 P takes P.
- 6 Kt takes P.
- 7 Kt to B 3.
- 8 K Kt to B 3.
- 9 Kg to B sq (b.).
- 10 Q R P 1.
- 11 P takes B.
- 12 P takes B.
- 13 B takes Kt.
- 14 Q B to K K 5.
- 15 B takes Kt.
- 16 Q B P 1.
- 17 K B P 1 (c.).
- 18 Q to Q 3.
- 19 P takes Q.
- 20 Q B P 1.
- 21 Q R to Q B.
- 22 K to K 2.
- 23 K to B 3.
- 24 R to B 4.
- 25 K R to Q B.
- 26 R to Q R 4.
- 27 K R to Q B 4.
- 28 K R takes P.
- 29 R takes R (ch.).
- 30 R to Q 8.
- 31 R takes R (d.).
- 32 Q R P 1.
- 33 P takes P.
- 34 K to K 3.
- 35 K to Q 2.
- 36 K to B 2.
- 37 K to Q 2.
- 38 K to B 2.
- 39 P to R 4.
- 40 K takes Q.
- 41 K to B.

BLACK.

- 1 K P 2.
- 2 Q Kt to B 3.
- 3 K B to Q B 4.
- 4 Q P 2 (a.).
- 5 Kt takes P.
- 6 K Kt to B 3.
- 7 B to Q 5.
- 8 Q to K 2 (ch.).
- 9 Q B to K K 5.
- 10 B takes K Kt.
- 11 B takes Kt.
- 12 Q Kt takes Q P.
- 13 Castles on Q side.
- 14 Q to Kg 4.
- 15 P takes B.
- 16 Q B P 1.
- 17 Q to K B 4.
- 18 Q takes Q.
- 19 P takes B.
- 20 Q P 1.
- 21 R to Q 4.
- 22 K to Q 2.
- 23 P to B 4.
- 24 R to B.
- 25 R to B 3.
- 26 Q R P 1.
- 27 K R takes P.
- 28 R takes R.
- 29 K to Q B 3.
- 30 R to Q 4.
- 31 K takes R.
- 32 Q K P 2.
- 33 P takes P.
- 34 P to Q Kt 5.
- 35 K to Q 5.
- 36 P 1 (ch.).
- 37 Kt P 1.
- 38 P to R 4.
- 39 P Queens (ch.).
- 40 K takes P.
- 41 K to K 7 wins.

Solution to Problem X, p. 183.

WHITE.

- 1 Kt to Q R 7.
- 2 R to K 4 (dis ch.).
- 3 R takes Kt.
- 4 R to B 4 (dis ch.).
- 5 R takes Q.
- 6 R to K R 4 checkmate.

BLACK.

- 1 Kt to B 7 (best.)
- 2 Kt to Q 5.
- 3 Q to K 4 (ch.).
- 4 Q to Q 5.
- 5 Anything.

NOTES TO GAME XI.

- (a) Perhaps the best defence to the Evans gambit.
- (b) Interposing the B (the only piece he would have covered without immediate loss) would have given him a still more defensive game.
- (c) An excellent move, since if Black takes this P, White plays Q to K B 3, and saves his B.
- (d) R to Q B 8 (ch) would have been better; still Black, with the best play, would win.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Riddles.

1. In the town I am often red—in the country I ought to be green: In the town I am sought for mineral productions—in the country for vegetable ones: In the country I may be frequented for love—in the town always for interest: I am as old as the hills in the country—but have not seen many centuries in the town.

2. I may squeeze you to death, when complete, Beheaded, I'm still a worse fate; My whole you would not fear to meet, If led: but if shortened, in all forms you hate.

3. Complete, I brought a giant down, Shortened, a king's sad heart I won; Beheaded again, I am the one, Who power to do these things did own.

4. What babies sit on, And a spoiled child's oft in, Is what ladies sit on For dress, with a pin.

5. Who is that who is a friend very convenient to have; but if you cut off his tail increases to every one, both friend and foe?

Enigmas.

1. A renowned Latin poet of oriental extraction, Who died in obscurity, nay, almost distraction: A remarkable general who by songs could assuage. The bites of large serpents, and their horrible rage: A celebrated physician, who, during life's tottering course, Was once cunningly conceal'd in the belly of a horse: An ecclesiastical father, in Cappadocia bred: Who was an eminent scholar and critic 'tis said: A renown'd tragic poet whose fame Athens resounds, Who was dreadfully mangled by ferocious hounds: A famed king of Thrace who was at midnight slain, By two Grecian monarchs on the Trojan plain: A notorious prisoner who at Rome was kill'd; In the most treacherous deeds she was adroitly skill'd; An unfortunate shepherd who was in Sicily born: And kill'd by a fragment which from a rock was torn: An emperor of Rome for vilest cruelty famed, By barbarity itself he might be justly named: A courageous Spartan who this apophthegm made, "Tho' their arrows darken the sun we'll fight in the shade." These initials, "my dear friends," if you detach them aright Will delineate a county which is England's delight.

2. Proteus, when in a changing mood, Could take whatever shape he would, So Poets say—but I deny That he has changed so oft as I. There's scarce an object that you've seen, But I myself have sometimes been. No king, from Monarchy's first hour, Could ever boast a greater power. For, let his strength be what it would, By me he did or harm or good; Armies are raised by my command, And I can make them to disband; I've been a hero, or a dove, Am sent on embassies of love, No bigger than your finger's end, The strongest I to prison send; Though all is true that I have said, I often am a cypher made.

3. My first is equal, second grave; My whole is what I wish to have, When carelessly offence I gave.

4. A terror to such as reckless live, Of the soul's immortality; Who spend their lives in revelling, Or in wanton rascality: Gregarious insects, of stature small, That o'er little hillocks trample; Which are to sluggards, in holy writ, Pronounced a good example; Then mention an ornament of state, Which is by monarchs greatly prized; Which in the poor man's pocket too, Is found; for 'tis by none despised: Now suppose a thing tho' made to-day, That's without beginning or end; Yea, jarring parents do mourn the day, It did its kind assistance lend; Then last a point, of what I say not, I leave you to unfold my name: Yet a point I am, 'tis known to all Bearing great oriental fame: These initials if you will detach, And then properly combine, An ancient cambrian village will, Quite accurately define.

5. In the cathedral's lofty nave My habitation I can have; And many homes for me combine; I dive into the gloomy mine; And Oberon saw me go in quest Of a fair vestal in the West. If still you are in doubt about me, There's not a cart that goes without me.

6. I'm a nuisance complete, beheaded still more, Whole, I have too legs and feet, but beheaded have four.

7. How can the letter A make a constellation scold?

8.

Both Cæsar and Pompey my first wished to be, Nor only in this did these warriors agree— For each of my second had ten; My whole is my second you'll certainly see; But one has the Marquis of Anglesey, And two had William Penn.

9.

Complete, I'm a verb which all ladies should do; Beheaded a noun, which some tenants like new; Beheaded again, I'm a state which too many Does my first, and I am not avoided by any.

10. My first your blood in secret draws; My second chokes you in his paws; But though you must beware of either Both may be laugh'd at when together.

11. My first, my second, and my third, Mean the same thing, repeated o'er, And yet, although it seems absurd, Each of them, too, means something more.

12. Of water born, I upward fly, Then faint and perish in the sky. But, though my nature free as light, I can be rule if managed right; And then I give you powerful aid, A slave in many labors made, And still am turned to greatest use The more I bully and refuse. I shrink, dilate, compress, expand, Obedient to the master's hand; Will drive his waggon, turn his mill, Or weave, or stamp, or what he will: O'er sea and land will make him speed Without a sail, without a steed; And for a thousand toils am fit Not by himself discover'd yet.

13. O wretched I, O hapless wight, Still to be out, and still forsaken! Who never, never can be right, And nowhere, nowhere ever taken!

14. To half your wish join half your fear, And lo, a partner will appear.

Charades.

1. My first, a victim, see it dies, 'Mid cruel victors' shouts and cries; My second, that by heralds thrown When kings ascend old England's throne: My whole in heath and hedge is seen, And crowns with May the village queen.

2. On my first approach I am distant and ceremonious; remove my centre and I become rather more familiar; divide me and my better half goes distracted, though my poor remainder will still show a sign of tranquil existence: cut off my head, and replace it with my tail, at the same time carefully substitute my head for my tail, and you do me no injury, nor, as far as I see make any alteration in my form: but deprive me altogether of my head, and you have me an original.

3. The child of a peasant, Rose thought it no shame To toil at my first all the day; But when a rich farmer her father became, My first to my second gave way.

Then she married a merchant, who brought her to town, To which eminent station preferred, My first and my second no longer she'd own, But gave all her time to my third.

4. I am a bird, and speak, and fly: But, if divided limb from limb, My first will sparkle in the sky, My second in the ocean swim.

5. Potential my first, Imperfect my second, If my whole, you may surely Quite perfect be reckon'd.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

RIDDLES.

1. The king's highway. 2. Mo-no-syllable. 3. A shadow. 4. There are no voices (novices) in them. 5. By adding D to position you make a deposition. 6. A cork-screw. 7. Flea-sure. 8. Car-pet. 9. A Train. 10. Out-law. 11. No-vice. 12. Because it is always worsed. 13. Because C makes ease cease, and W makes ill well. 14. It always makes a lease please.

CHARADES.

Flagstaff, the undrest bearer of a warlike sign.

REBUS.

S atan, E qual, A thens, M ajesty, E gypt, N urse: Seamen.

ENIGMAS.

1. Husband. 2. L or D. 3. Clay. Lydia! attend to this illuming lay. Time's birth seems mystical as that of clay. 4. Light shone on clay in instant of its birth, Where 't was protruded from indented earth; 5. But, when deep seated 'neath maternal lap, Rays reach'd it not, for lack of fitting gap. 6. Inert was clay, till the Almighty made It groundwork of the keeper of the shade; 7. Then, spirit-gladden'd, through the guileless pair, It revell'd righteously 'mid Eden's fare. 8. 'T was trodden by the twain, 'mid mould, by brook, 9. But, too drop-set 'neath rill-bell, debarr'd look. 10. The rebel raised a city, using clay From earth extracted, for its mansions gay; 11. Skill mark'd his rack, that must have off employ'd Clay to make vessels constant use destroy'd; 12. The bricks of Babel were produced from clay, Harden'd for scoffers in the solar ray; 13. It is unlikely the contemning crew Cherish'd of man's original just view; 14. It is well known how clay is now esteem'd, So Lydia, you perceive I have not dream'd— Rather, I trust, you will a praise bestow, Because so simply verity I show! 15. Will-o'-the-wisp. 16. Walking-stick. 17. Letter O.

QUERIES.

1. Gad-fly. 2. Level. 3. Bank-note. 4. Cod-ling. 5. Law-suit. 6. I should be in the middle. 7. Lap, Alp.



SWEABORG.

Sveaborg.

THE fortress of Sveaborg is built on granite isles, about a mile in advance of Helsingfors, the Russian capital of Finland, as Abo was formerly its Swedish capital. The isles in question, eight in number, are mere rocks connected together by a strong fortification, and in the centre is situate the port where the Russian flotilla is kept. The largest of the rocks is that called "Gustavus' Sword," on which is built the residence of the governor, with a sort of garden formed of mould brought from the main-land, and a vast cistern, in which is heaped together a large quantity of snow in winter to furnish water to the garrison. Sveaborg has been called the Gibraltar of the North; it would seem, however, not with as much justice as was formerly thought, since the late bombardment shows it to have been anything but impregnable. The islands flank each other, and all have the granite cut perpendicularly to a height of from thirty to forty feet. The only passage by which the roadstead of Helsingfors, which is one of the great war ports of Russia, can be reached, winds along these formidable isles, which are armed with eight hundred guns of large calibre. As Sveaborg only presents an unapproachable *ceinture* of granite, a siege of it could not be made by land, and the place could only be reduced by famine. But it might be attacked and demolished from the sea by means of a bombardment, and this is what has just been executed with signal success by the Anglo-French fleet;—a bombardment which must have caused immense material losses to the Russian government by destroying the barracks, the different maritime establishments, and the arsenal of the fort. Sveaborg was constructed in the 18th century by the King of Sweden, Gustavus III. In the revolution which dethroned Gustavus IV, in 1808, and which afforded Russia the long-sought-for opportunity for invading Finland, the impregnable fortress was given up without resistance to the Russian General Barclay de Tolly by a traitor, who forgot what was due to his country in gratifying his political passions. Sveaborg has a population of about 3400 persons. Its barracks could hold more than 12,000 men, and, besides its fine port, it has two basins to repair ships.

THERE are two millions of persons in France, mostly females, employed in the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine.

Britten's Patent Shells.

THE object of this invention is to increase the range and accuracy of projectiles to be fired from cannon and other pieces of ordnance, by adapting to them the principal of the rifle, or spirally grooved gun; and also to construct the projectiles in such a manner as to provide for their flying with the same point constantly foremost.

The general form of the projectile is conical. They are to be inserted in the gun, so that the apex or point shall be towards the muzzle, and the base or widest part towards the breach.

The projectiles are coated with soft metal in such manner as to stand the explosive force of the powder, and consists of the following:—The iron is first coated with zinc by the process commonly known as the galvanising process, and while sufficiently hot to keep the zinc in a fused state on its surface, it is plunged into a mould or vessel of suitable form containing the lead, or other soft metal in a fused state, and then allowed to get cold. Care must be taken that the surfaces are free from tarnish or oxide; and the lead should be as near as possible of the same temperature as the zinc.

In his letters to the *London Times*, the inventor states that in experiments made at Shoeburyness, without at all straining the gun used, his shells, with little more than half charges of powder, acquired an effective range of about one thousand yards more than the solid shot of the service with a full charge, while in point of accuracy his projectiles were far superior.

These shells will hold about twice as much powder as the shells of the service, and can be made to explode on striking in the same manner as the Lancaster shells.

One of the most important features of the invention is the facility with which it may be adapted, and the economy of its employment. All that is required is a trifling alteration in our present guns, which need not cost more than a few shillings each, and which could be made on board ship just as readily as elsewhere, and which would not weaken the gun or interfere with the use of the service charge when preferred. The gun used in the experiments was a common gun with the alteration.

The shell would cost but little more than the ordinary ones, and taking into account the saving in some respects, the whole cost would not be greater than that of the ordinary charge for common guns.

TUBULAR VENTILATORS.—This invention consists of a porcelain tube, from 4 to 6 or 8 in. diameter, let into the brick wall, and thus communicating between an apartment and the open air. Inside the room is another tube, pierced with numerous orifices and slides, terminated with an ornamental disc, which, when desirable, closes the apertures from the external air. When the sliding tube is drawn out, fresh air is admitted and impure air escapes, without any draught, and the atmosphere of the apartment will always be as pure as the external air. They are constructed of all lengths, to suit any thickness of wall, and the discs are made of numerous patterns, elegant and ornamental; they are exceedingly simple, less in cost than any yet introduced, and are suitable for dwellings, hospitals, churches, barracks, schools, stables, greenhouses, and in every situation where constant and quiet change of air, without rapid currents, is essential.

ODIN, JEAN ANTOINE FRANCOIS VICTOR, of Mons Department of Seine and Marne, France, priest, has patented a new liquid for preventing sea-sickness. "I distil," says the inventor, "one-third of an ounce (troy) of hydrochloric acid in 5 ounces of alcohol, and mix the product in 32 to 38 ounces of water. I sweeten the liquid with syrup of sugar. I however compose the liquid by preference of 2 and two-thirds of an ounce (troy) of dry chloride of lime, mixed with 8 ounces of water, to which I add 10 and two-thirds of an ounce of alcohol. The whole is distilled by ordinary means until I obtain as a product 5 and one-third of an ounce of the liquid. I afterwards mix this product in a stone or glass beaker with 32 to 38 of an ounce of water, and sweeten it with syrup of sugar. I add to one or the other of these liquors a few drops of essence of mint or bitter almonds, and give it a rose-colored tint by a weak solution of cochineal."

GARRICK'S RAILWAY LIGHT SIGNAL.—A description of this signal was recently read at the Royal Scottish Society of Arts. It consists of a stationary, clear light, placed at the beginning of any tunnel or curve, or near to a junction. Every passing engine changes the light to a red color, which disappears gradually in ten minutes. The smallest glimpse of red light will caution the conductor of any approaching train that there is danger of running into another train not far in advance. The proximity of the latter to the lighthouse may be estimated from the perpendicular degree of red light observable.

THE WHALE.—The most surprising fact in the history of the whale, probably, is his power of descending to enormous depths below the surface of the sea, and sustaining that almost inconceivable pressure of the superincumbent water. On one occasion which fell under my own observation, a whale was struck from a boat. The animal instantly descended, dragging down with it a rope very nearly *one mile long*. Having let out thus much of rope, the situation of the boat's crew became critical—either they must have cut the line, and submitted to a very serious loss, or have run the risk of being dragged under water by the whale. The men were desired to retire to the stern, to counterbalance the pulls of the whale, which dragged the bow down sometimes to within an inch of the water. In this dangerous dilemma the boat remained some time, vibrating up and down with the tugs of the monster, but never moving from the place where it lay when the harpoon was first thrown. This fact proves that the whale must have descended at once perpendicularly, as had he advanced in any direction, he must have pulled the boat along with him. The crew were rescued by the timely arrival of another boat, furnished with fresh ropes and harpoons. The pressure upon the whale's body, sunk a mile below the surface of the sea, must have equalled the enormous weight of fifteen tons to a square inch.

DEATHS OF MEN OF GENIUS.—Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquility a Christian can die!" Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of "Dies iræ." Haller died feeling his pulse; and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line. Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil Metastasio, who would never suffer the word "death" to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears, that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry. Lucan died reciting some verses of his own "Pharsalia." Alfieri, the day before he died was persuaded to see a priest; and when he came, he said to him with great affability, "Have the kindness to look in to-morrow—I trust death will wait four-and-twenty hours!"

A LADY RESTORED TO LIFE.—I have lately met with the following statement:—Eliza, the wife of Sir W. Fanshawe of Woodley Hall, in Gloucestershire, was interred, having, at her own request, a valuable locket, which was her husband's gift, hung upon her breast. The sexton proceeding to the vault at night stole the jewel, and by the admission of fresh air restored the lady, who had only been in a trance, and who, with great difficulty, reached Woodley Hall in the dead of the night, to the great alarm of the servants. Sir William being roused by their cries, found his lady with bleeding feet, and clothed in the winding-sheet, stretched upon the hall. She was put into a warm bed, and gave birth to several children after her recovery." On what authority has this statement been made? And, if true, when did the occurrence take place? Change the scene to the town of Drogheda, the lady's name to Hardman, and the locket to a ring, and you have a tolerably accurate account of what occurred in the early part (I think) of the last century, and with the tradition of which I have been familiar from my childhood.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly to the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painted tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

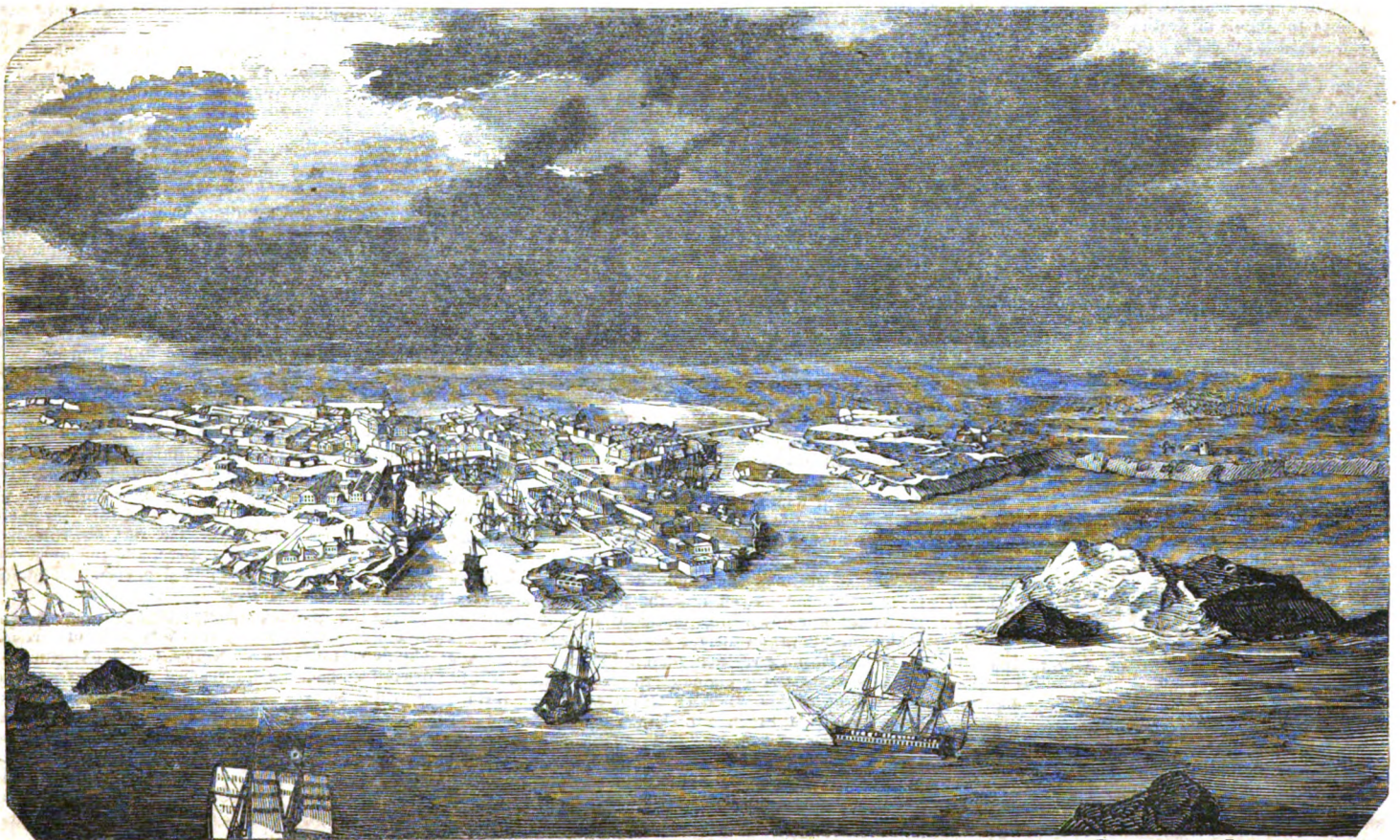
BEAUTY OF THE DEAD.—The beauty of death is not explicable. How far its strange fascination may arise from the idea suggested of a repose compared with which that of the most tranquil sleep is agitation, I will not pretend to determine. I knew a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who, standing by the corpse of his wife, said—"It gives me very pleasurable sensations."

And yet he had truly loved her. The exquisite lines in "The Gisour," in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that "this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death." But I have been told, by those in the habit of making casts, that on the second day the expression is improved, and even on the third day it is still finer. I have in several instances been asked to make drawings from the dead; and though in every case I have entered the room where the body lay, somewhat reluctantly, yet invariably felt reluctant to quit it.

THE CORSICANS are perfect devils of jealousy; they avenge insulted love as they do blood. My fellow-traveller related to me the following incidents:—A young man had forsaken his betrothed, and attached himself to another girl. One day he was sitting in the open square of his village at a game of draughts. His rejected sweetheart approached, and after overwhelming him with a torrent of imprecations, drew a pistol from her bosom and blew his brains out. Another forsaken maiden had, on one occasion, said to her lover, "If you ever desert me for another, she will never be yours." Two years passed away. The young man led another maiden to the altar. As he left the church door with her, the girl whom he had forsaken shot him; and the people exclaimed, "Evviva, may your countenance live!" The judge sentenced the maiden to three months' imprisonment. Many youths sued for her hand, but none desired the young widow of the murdered bridegroom.

LUXURY OF A DOGESSE.—In the year 1069, the fair one who shared the crown of Dominico Silvio, Doge of Venice, carried her luxurious habits to such a pitch of refinement, that she banished the use of plain water from her toilet, and washed herself only with the richest and most fragrant medicated preparations. Her apartments were so saturated with perfumes, that those who were unaccustomed to such odors often fainted upon entering; and as the climax of sinful indulgence, in the inordinate pride of her evil heart, she refused to employ her fingers in eating, and never touched her meat unless with a golden fork. Her end was in miserable contrast with these Sybaritic manners. She was stricken with a sore disease, considered, no doubt, as an especial judgment; and her sufferings, which were long protracted, were of such a nature as to excite rather the disgust than the pity of her attendants.

SELF-REFLECTION.—When men begin to think for themselves, they will soon purify in the process of thought the errors they imbibed from others.



HELSINGFORS.

"Only a Pebble."

"ONLY A PEBBLE!" So we say, as we thrust the stone contemptuously out of our path, at the same time calling it a piece of dead, lifeless matter. If it were a noble animal, a beauteous plant, or even a rusty coin, or a worm-eaten parchment, it would tax our ingenuity, and we should search, and bring the wisdom of ages to bear upon the mighty secret. But coins and parchment are the work of man; and yet he deigns not to read the bright letters with which earth herself has written her history on the simple sides of a pebble.

And yet that pebble is older than all else upon earth. It was life's first offspring. The Spirit of God moved on the waters, and life was breathed into the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapory globe. They parted in love, they parted in hatred; they fled and they met. Atom joined atom; loving sisters kissed each other, and this love, the great child of that Spirit on earth, brought forth its first fruit, the pebble! Other stones also arose; out of the dark chaos new brothers were seen to appear, and countless friends stood by the side of the first comer. Warmth spread through their limbs, electric currents shaped and fashioned them into ever new forms, and they were joined into families and races each in his kind.

And now the wild struggle subsided. The fierce spirits of fire were banished far down to the dark caverns of the earth, but in angry passion they still rage and roar below, rise in powerless fury until the earth trembles and the heart of man is awed, or they pour forth streams of burning lava through mighty volcanoes. Thus the flames bring us even now messages from the vasty deep, and the lava shows us that what is firm and fast on the surface is still boiling and seething below. Ever yet the unruly spirits trouble the earth. Here they lift Sweden or Chili high out of the vast ocean, there they draw Greenland and Italy down towards their unknown home. Ever yet the stones live; they lift up and sink islands, fashion new lakes, and fill up large streams; they pour fiery cataracts from lofty mountains and bury whole cities under vast volumes of ashes. They are ever active, and change, day by day, the very soil on which we live.

Such were the pebble's earliest days. Is he not well-born? But philosophers tell us that he was born only to die; that life was almost instantly followed by death. To a certain point this is true. As the rock was the first life that came to light from the chaos of atoms, so it also died at the moment of birth. The life-giving electric spark was even but a spark, and, its mission fulfilled, it vanished. The life, that was given from without, that was not in-born, could not continue. Now and then, it is true, fire breaks out anew, as if unable to bear any longer the bonds of death; but what, after all, can it do but lift the coffin's top for a while? No fire on earth can wake and warm the dead giant within to new life. And yet, even here, where death seems to reign sole and supreme, there are still mysterious powers at work that human wisdom has never yet explained. Place finely powdered sand on a glass plate, and let the clear mass give out a high or low note, and behold! the stone, lifeless, soulless stone, listens to the harmonious sound, dances and frolics, and ranges itself in wondrous stars and circles. What strange power has the so-called Bononian stone to keep the rays of the sun or the light of earth-kindled fire captive, and to let them loose again, long after it has been hidden in utter darkness? What gives the blood-red Turmalin its electric power? But electric currents pass even now, unseen and unnoticed, through the heart of the earth, and, under their influence, crystals arise and assume most beautiful shapes. Their forms are most simple, it is true, but so varied in their very simplicity, that man's ingenuity and most fertile fancy has not yet invented a new one. Nothing but straight lines are there seen, cubes and pyramids, rhomboids and prisms; but they all glitter and glare in strange brilliancy, when a ray of light illumines them for an instant in their dark, inaccessible homes.

And if the stone itself does not live and labor and change, friends come from all sides to gladden his silent house and to deck it with precious colors. In the very midst of the rocky world live the merrier metals, and form a thousand delicate veins, bright crystals, and tender foliage. Imprisoned in the cold, hard rock, dwell iron and lead, gold and silver, now in safe inaccessible caves, and now mysteriously mixed with its very substance, as if they were lost, frozen rays of heavenly light. There they hide, buried in eternal night, and fancy they have escaped all foes from beneath; but they dream not of the much more dangerous enemies who live about them

and know their secret chambers, even if they cannot look down into the impenetrable darkness of the rocky world. The bold miner digs and drills, and fearlessly descends into the very heart of the earth; there he breaks through wall and rampart, and forces the rich metal from its ancient home to toil an humble slave in the service of man.

And is there no romance in the poor pebble's life—the only life on earth that all science of men cannot trace to its first beginning? The pebble was born when God made heaven and earth. The same hills, the same mountains have covered the land from the day that man looked with awe upon the "everlasting hills." Nations have passed away, and races have vanished from among us, but even the pyramids stand yet in ancient glory and defy the power of ages. The mighty empires of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies have fallen before the enemy; the laws of the Medes and the Persians, that changed not, are forgotten; the hut of the Arab and the palace of the Conqueror have alike crumbled into dust—but the unchanging rocks rise still high and unbroken from the midst of ruins.

And yet even mountains are not everlasting, and rocks not eternal. What would be their life without a change, and what their existence without a struggle? Even the poor pebble has a life of his own, rich in adventure, lofty in its character, and glorious in its end.

We see it only as it lies sullen and silent near the bank of a brook, perhaps amidst high, luxuriant tufts of grass that grow in his shade, and feed on his life's marrow. Around him, on the overhanging banks, stand bright colored flowers and gaze, with maiden's vanity, upon their image in the crystal waters below them. All around him is life and motion. On the wings of the tempest the clouds above him race up the heavens and down again. Thick pearly drops of cooling rain patter from on high, and rise soon after, in clear, invisible vapors back to the sunny height from which they came. Untiring wings carry the birds of heaven to their distant homes. Restless brooks rush in eager haste from the snow-covered Alps to the sunny plains; broad streams pour majestically their huge floods into the great ocean, and run with its gigantic waves around our globe. The beasts of the field wander from land to land; nations and empires are ever seen moving with a strange, mysterious impulse towards the setting sun—the very trees and grasses of the earth move slowly, in man's wake, from zone to zone.

The pebble alone lies still and lonely by the wayside, and shuts his eyes not to see the merry, wandering life around him. Still, he also had his time when he travelled far over land and sea. High upon a lofty mountain peak was his first home, and there his life, full of strife and struggle, began in fierce war with the elements. For there is enmity between them and the poor pebble. Mild but treacherous rains stole through cleft and crevice into every pore of the rock, and oozed from vein to vein, filling the core of the giant with indescribably delicate and wondrously ramified little canals. Then came hard winters that froze the swelling veins, and sent sharp daggers of icicles into his very marrow; they blasted his limbs, and rent them with insidious force into fragments. Balmy springs melted again the thousand sharp wedges; but the poor rock rejoices no longer in his solid, massive strength, water and air have drilled and bored countless little holes and channels through the vast body; each year snow and ice press further and further; the very air, full of destructive power, gnaws at every corner and every edge, until the high-swollen torrent at last worries the weary rock out of his ancient resting-place, and bears him for a moment in wild triumph high on its roaring, rollicking waves. Or perhaps cold, dazzling glaciers, bright, majestic icebergs lifted him on their broad shoulders, and carried him high over wide plains or the ocean's unmeasured width, until at last he fell with a fearful crash, that the splinters flew and the waters foamed. Even now the heavy rocks of the polar circle are carried by the hand of colossal icebergs from the eternal snows of their home to the sweet climes of the Equator. Even now the glaciers of Alps and Andes bear down huge blocks of ancient granite to low meadows and distant waters. The green waters of the Rhine carry many a child of the ice-covered Alps to the fertile plains of the Netherlands, whilst the brother that was born on the same high throne, is torn from his side to wander on the dark waves of the Danube to the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea.

For a fierce, untiring leveller, the water wages incessant war against the aristocrats of the earth. It gnaws and tears and wearies the loftiest mountain-

top, season after season, age after age, and is never content until it has brought him low, and dragged him in spiteful contumely to its own great home, the ocean. Each river has to be a faithful, restless servant in the work of destruction. The Nile has created its Delta, the Rhine has formed all Holland; before the Ganges and the Mississippi grow vast islands of mud and sand far into the ocean. The Po and the Rhine, like great rivers have even raised their own bed, so that they now flow above the surrounding plain. From high mountains come the unmeasured stores of finely-ground stone, that cover the bed of the ocean. Every tide and every current, that approaches the coast, brings on its broad shoulders immense masses of sand, and heaps them, layer upon layer, until the downs of some countries rise to a height of 200 feet. It is as if the poor exiled stone longed to return to its early home. Raging and roaring, new tides and new waves rush against their own offspring, but the humble pebble, strong in union, and hardened by the very pressure of the waters, resists their fury, checks the huge power of the ocean, and protects proud man in his possessions!

Man hardly dreams of the fierce incessant warfare that is waged against the loftiest mountain chains of our earth. It is true we see Alpine torrents press angrily through their narrow bed, half filled with ruins, we hear the thunder of mighty rocks that fall with the terrible avalanche, we know even mountain sides to slide and to bury whole towns under their colossal weight. The dweller in high Alpine regions sees, through spring and through summer, large stones suddenly fly off from the steep, smooth sides of the highest rocks, often with such loud explosions and so constantly, as to resemble the regular fire of a platoon. The mountain shepherd sees year after year his pastures encroached upon by masses of falling, crumbling rock, and the amazed traveller is seized with deep awe and vague fear, when he crosses the vast wastes, covered with thousands of silent stones, with which yet the elements have written their Mene Mene in colossal letters on the mountain slopes. But we are all accustomed to look upon these events as the rare occurrences of a year or a season. The tooth of Time works slowly, and generations pass away, ere its marks are seen by human eyes. The hand of Him, in whose hands lies the fate of the earth, loves not to send plutonic powers to shake the mountains from their ancient foundations, and has promised that there "shall not be any more a flood to destroy the earth." But Alps and Andes, Cordilleras and Himalaya will fall, and the eternal mountains be levelled to the ground.

Our rock, hurled by his enemy from his ancient throne, now lies in some deep, dark ravine, where night and dead silence alone reign supreme. A giant block still, it hangs threatening in boldly towering masses over the precipice, and, in its sullen, stolid wrath, seems for awhile the wild raging flood. Wave after wave falls back from his strong, rocky breast; year after year the rushing waters leap, yelling over his proud head, or steal grumbling and growling past the invincible foe. But the victory is here also not to the strong. Step by step they push him down into the valley; limb after limb they tear from his body, and grind them into fine sand; by day and by night, in winter and in summer, they throw their whole power against him, until at last he resists no longer and becomes "only a pebble."

But a sadder fate still awaits him. The roaring fury of a swollen torrent seizes him and carries him off in wild haste. After a fierce chase down the steep sides of a mountain, he finds himself, of a sudden, in a new world: He wonders and marvels. He lies in a smiling meadow, glowing in the golden light of the sun and decked with gorgeous flowers. But alas! he cannot live in a world of light and air. A thousand new foes, small, unseen, and unnoticed, but all the more powerful, surround him. Sweet, prattling rivulets play with the new guest, and too late he finds that there is poison in their smile and a dagger in each embrace. The very air, this mere dream that the eye does not see, and the hand does not feel, attacks him with fatal energy. It pierces into his veins; it slips into the tiniest cleft; it loosens the sinews of his structure, and gnaws, with insatiable eagerness, at the very core of his life. The fiercest of all his enemies, called oxygen, sows discord among the imprisoned gases that hold the beautiful structure of the stone together. Subtle and cunning, it lures, first one and then another, from its ancient alliance; treacherously it draws them to the surface, and decks the unresisting victim with brilliant colors which conceal the certain destruction that is going on beneath the bright surface. The lifeless mass, no longer strong in union,

begins to crumble into its elements. New forces are called to aid: electric fluids consume his last force, and galvanic currents tear and rend what has withstood all other influences. Utterly helpless and friendless, the poor pebble thus lies but a little while amidst the grasses that feed upon his very substance. See, already moist-footed mosses have scaled up his sides, and, true parasites as they are, cling firmly to his dying body. Whole families of minute algae have snugly ensconced themselves in every wrinkle of his weather-beaten face, and diminutive water-pools fill every scar and every dimple. Soon they will have hid him for ever under the green turf of his grave, and slowly, slowly he will moulder away under his moist grave-clothes.

And if he does at last succumb, the mighty rock—is it not a glorious strife, this never-ceasing battle between soft, elastic water, and cold rigid stone? How they charge, and charge again, these subtle, tiny drops of rain; these airy, gentle flakes of snow; these graceful crystals of icy hail! The great giant cannot resist the diminutive dwarfs. Truly, the battle is not to the strong, for the victor is the weak, wee drop of water, and so helpless is the colossal mountain, that it succumbs to the passing shower and the soft, elastic wave. For, in fact, its very massiveness is its sure ruin. His foes are light, airy beings—he cannot seize them, he cannot strangle them in his gigantic arms. The tiny brook wears its little rill with untiring industry into the rocky sides of the mountain; the torrent tears its flanks, spring after spring, with ever new and ever growing fierceness; huge glaciers break its mighty ribs; the air crumbles the lofty summit to pieces, and the proud giant sees his sad fate foreshadowed in the ruins that slowly, but surely, gather at his feet. There he stands, stern and stately still, the hero of Nature's great tragedy; boldly facing certain death, and yet manfully, nobly struggling against inevitable Fate. For there is something peculiarly tragic in the simple fact, that the rock succumbs to the powers of that same life which he first bore, first nourished. He gathered around his lofty head the waters of the air—and the clouds and thunderstorms which he nursed in his bosom and bore many a long day on his mighty shoulders, strike, like thankless children, their sharp fangs into his side. Mosses and algae, that found a safe home in his thousand chinks and clefts, eat their way into his substance, and causes his rocky surface to decay. Dark forests grew on his ridges and he fed them age after age with his life's blood—but what is his reward? They sport with the vapors of the far-off ocean; they call them and keep them in loving embrace, or pour them in fierce rain and destructive hail upon his decaying sides. The very grasses with which he loved to deck his sweet, fragrant meadows, dig with spade and augur into the crumbling stone, and consume layer after layer. And when all these, his graceless children, cannot conquer the mighty giant, man comes to their aid, and with cruel machinery, with brutal power he breaks his iron limbs, and cuts and carves at his granite foundation. As the giants and titans of ancient Greece fell, one by one, victims of a higher power, in whose service they had won a noble fame, so the very life that the rock created and nourished, feeds in turn upon him, and Fate decrees his death through the results of his own colossal strength.

But there is Life in Death. Not in man's inspired writings only, but in every lineament, in every movement of our great mother Earth, all around us, all over this globe, Death seems to stalk triumphant. The summer passes away, flowers fade and fruits decay; field and meadow are buried in deep slumber. Broad lands are swallowed up by the hungry ocean, and gigantic mountains sink to be seen no more. But Death has found his conqueror in Nature also. What perishes, rises again; what fades away, changes but form and shape. Sweet spring follows winter; new life blossoms out of the grave.

So with stones also. The poor pebble lies unnoticed by the water's edge; soft rains come and loosen the bands that hold him together; refined, almost spiritualized, he rises with the gentle water drops into the delicate roots of plants. With the grass he passes into the grazing cattle, and through vein and artery, until at last he becomes part and portion of the being into which God himself has breathed the breath of life! And when dust returns to dust, he also is restored once more to his first home, after having served his great purpose in the household of Nature—not to rest or to perish for ever, but to begin again the eternal course through death and life.

But even whilst yet "only a pebble," he claims our attention as the very Proteus of stones, that meets us in a thousand ever new and ever changing

forms, at all times of our life, from the cradle to the grave, until we ourselves return dust to dust.

Far below in the vast deep of primeval mountains he dreams of the gay, light life on the sunny surface of the earth, of strange forms of plants, and of still stranger, free notions of animals. A new, irresistible impulse seizes him, and he grows up—who knows how?—into a wondrous crystal, decked with bright colors, the very flowers of the subterranean world of stones. In lonely, silent caverns they light up the eternal night with the fire given them long before man trod upon earth. Like petrified sparks of light, here in diminutive littleness, there in gigantic size, they lie scattered about. Mighty rivers roll tiny fragments into the distant ocean—in the crystal caves of St. Gothard the clear, glorious rock-crystal grows in bright, polished pyramids of one to eight hundred pounds weight! Now and then it blends with the gay colors of metals, and appears as beautiful topaz, binding, as it were, the very smoke of subterranean fire in graceful stone, or as precious amethyst, whose violet crystals Aristotle praised for their beauty, and because worn on the breast, they protected the wearer against the evils of drunkenness. Long and slender, fit to be the sceptre of the earth's sovereign, the pebble-crystal shines and glitters in the mines of Hungary; in Java his brilliant splendor is humbly hid in loose sand, and in the Northern States of America it adorns the common sandstone with bright, beautiful points. And if you hold the gay stone-flower to the light—what sparkles in its transparent bosom? The crystal holds in loving embrace a kindred spirit: a pure drop of water rests clear and bright in its glassy prison, and dreams of the sister drops that flits without in eager haste and restless strife through the wide, wide world.

There is no form that the pebble does not assume, no company that he despises. He is constantly changing shape and home, to join countless other stones, metals, and earths, and, with them, to give new life and new beauty to the unknown mineral world. Invisible, he gushes forth in the clear waters of hot springs, from the very heart of the earth. The burning geysers of Iceland are not too hot for him; the very craters of Kamtschatka afford him a comfortable home, and, with strange pleasure, he forms a stony armor around the tender stalks of graceful grasses.

As if he had lost his way and strayed from his path, he is found in chalk-mountains, far from his kindred, and oddly shaped in the form of flints, holding in his bosom the power of calling forth the hidden fire of metals. Everywhere his works are seen. Here he builds heaven-aspiring Alps, with deep abysses and lovely valleys; their lofty heads are buried in eternal ice, on which the morning and evening sun kindles fires that proclaim the power of the Almighty far over land and sea; from their sides thunder death-bearing avalanches and furious torrents, whilst at their feet lie green meadows and still waters, where the weary love to rest. There he raises huge domes, crowned with frowning forests, or he sends up, as if in sport, strange, quaintly-shaped columns of sandstone, that tower like enchanted castles above the plain. The pebble is the true architect of mountains; it is he who built their gigantic pyramids and their mighty cupolas; if we descend to the first stones of the plutonic world, there is the pebble; if we rise up to volcanic creation, even there we meet the despised pebble. Again he spreads himself out in dreary vastness over the plains of Asia and Africa; he creates those terrible deserts, where the tinkling of the camel's bell alone breaks the dead silence. There the soil burns, the air glows, hot vapors alone seem to live. But even here the pebble tries to create new shapes. He gives himself up to the wild sports of the winds; like a huge water-spout he rushes up and down the fearful waste, or he paints with enchanted colors wondrous images of cool gardens, blue hills, and refreshing fountains.

Even into the other kingdoms of Nature he finds his way. He wrestles with the powers of the earth and, after conquest, compels them to serve him as useful allies. Wheat and oats, rye and barley, all need a flinty soil; all grasses, that feed our domestic animals and ourselves, drink, with their roots in rain and spring water, large quantities of dissolved flint. It is an humble and despised thing, the worthless straw and the low stalk of grass; and yet it surpasses in beauty and boldness of structure the graceful palm and the storm-defying oak. Silly, slowly, the pebble's tiniest parts mingle with the soft waters of the earth, and ascend, through root and radicle, into the heart of joyous plants. Man has no lofty steeple, the world no lofty pyramid, that can compare with the airy and yet solid struc-

ture of the humble blade of grass. Thanks to the little pebble, its hollow column rises high above moss and clod; its tower fills story after story with rich food for man; the rain cannot enter into the safe chambers; the wind can bend but not break the elastic pillar.

Thus the pebble unites with his enemy, water, to create a new world, and to become itself, as it were, a life-endowed being. He ceases to be the rigid, unbending stone; with the tiny drop he enters into organic creation. He feeds now upon the ethereal elements of air and fire, and aids in building up a new organic kingdom. Surely, there are sermons in stones. Was there ever sermon preached that taught more clearly the transfiguration of even lifeless matter, and its resurrection in a higher world.

The pebble spends, however, not all of his creative power on the Vegetable Kingdom only; he works in a still higher world also, and gives a form and a house to millions endowed with animal life. When they die, he gathers together their abandoned home with wonderful care, and builds out of minute, mostly invisible shells, wide plains and towering mountains! Does this not remind one of the enchanted princesses of Eastern tales? Here also there are beings, but beings without number, held in the icy bonds of death, waiting for the day, when the great word shall be spoken, that will change death once more into life, and sorrow into joy.

Thus, through plants and animals, the pebble has risen, ever brighter, better, and more useful in the great household of Nature. No longer a selfish recluse, he now offers a brother's hand to other elements, and, with their aid he enters into and builds up himself a higher world. We know that every drop of our spring water contains some little atoms of the pebble, and plant, animal, and man drink, all alike, with this water, an indispensable element of their life. Man's very body, it is said, holds flint; he drinks it in his water, and eats it in his lentils, his beans, and his cabbage.

But even this does not satisfy the pebble's ambition. He feels his longing towards light—for even stones, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain"—not yet satisfied. He presses onward, upward to the great light of heaven, and at last, by a new union, becomes light itself, bodily, tangible light.

Phœnician merchants, we are told, in days of yore kindled a fire on the sandy shores of Africa, and saw, to their amazement, a beautiful mass, bright and clear, formed in the ashes. The wily merchants carefully gathered the strange pieces, and—glass was invented. More recent researches have discovered glass in the cities of the dead of old Egypt, and, if there is no error about it, even ancient Nineveh itself knew the precious material.

Thus the humble pebble became the invaluable medium by which we can let light into the dark night of our dwellings. The poor Esquimaux still builds his miserable hut like the beasts of the field, darkening and closing all apertures, to keep out snow and rain, frost and ice. Other nations are reduced to thin layers of horn, which allow a faint light to sift through the opaque material, but soon lose even its transparency under the influence of wind and weather. Better fares the contented peasant of Siberia, who gathers the ample stores of mica around his hut, cuts them into small thin panes, and thus enjoys a doubtful light, equally far from the joyous brightness of day and the sweet sleep-bringing coosiness of night. Few only could be able to afford the costly luxury of the so-called window-pane muscle of Chinese waters, and yet fewer still ever think of what a true blessing the little pebble is to us in his new form of glass! How vastly superior is—thanks to him—the poorest laborer's hut now to the gorgeous palaces of ancient Rome. Neither the splendid mansions of her senators nor the glorious temples of Athens and Memphis knew the cheap comfort, the simple beauty of glass. Now, poor, indeed, and wretched must be the man who cannot invite the cheerful light of day into his humble dwelling, and yet keep storm and rain, wind and weather at bay. And as light comes, a welcome guest, to his earth, so his eyes can, unimpeded by wickerwork of wooden shutter, as of old, now pass freely beyond the narrow domain of his little home. It can reach far and free into God's beauteous creation, and even the poor, sick sufferer on his couch may gladden his eye with the sight of green trees, and his mind by looking upward into the blue heaven where his great Father dwells, that will never forsake him.

It is strange, indeed, that the great value of glass remained so long unacknowledged. It is true that Phœnician and Carthaginian merchant princes gloried in their large, brilliant, glass vases as the cost-



THE DUCK AROUSING THE DOG.

best jewels they possessed. Nero and Hadrian even yet counted them as by far the most precious treasures of their palaces, and paid nearly half a million for one. To keep their rich wines in glass, and to drink the generous fluid out of glass, was given only to a few, the richest of the land. Europe appreciated it still more slowly. The royal palace of rich England could, in the year 1661, boast of glass windows only in the upper stories; the lower were closed with shutters.

Those Phœnicians who first made glass, did certainly not anticipate that they had thus created a charm by which man would hereafter obtain the most signal triumphs in science. They were pleased with its bright coloring, they fashioned it into graceful vessels, they shaped it into a thousand forms, but they knew not that a glance through the glassy pebble would open to their near-sighted eye the wonders of the universe. With the lens man governs the whole world. He tells the rays of the sun to come and to depart at his bidding; he scatters them as he pleases, and he binds them together, until their united strength melts the very stone of stones, the hardest of earthly bodies, the diamond. Near-sighted or far-sighted, he takes a glass and the rays of light are made to fall where he pleases, so that he may see what Nature seemed to have denied him. What a progress is this from the huge, unwieldy glass globe, filled with water, of which Seneca speaks with wonder, and which the Arab Al Hazem perhaps already employed to magnify small objects! Now the general on the battle-field, and the bold sea-captain on the wide ocean, marshal their wide-scattered forces by the aid of their glasses. But the greatest of triumphs it accomplishes in the hands of the Astronomer. The whole world lies before him; with one glance he looks through unmeasured space and into times unknown to man. The secrets of the universe are laid open to him; the stars reveal to him the eternal laws of the world, and his mind is lifted up to the Infinite. Step by step the despised pebble thus becomes the teacher of mankind. He tempts the mind of man from invention to inventions, he becomes glass, lens, telescope. And he is, perhaps, greater yet when he leads man not to the infinitely great, but to the infinitely small. How diminutive appears the microscope by the side of the gigantic telescope of Lord Rosse! And yet who dare say which is the greater, the world in the blue heavens above, or the world in the drop of water? Truly, the pebble has become light itself; it has shown man two invisible worlds: the great, lost in unmeasurable distance, the small, lost in invisible diminutiveness. The pebble is the restless spirit of the world of stones,

that yearneth and travaileth after light. It enters the service of man and, a slave, it becomes his master. It endows him with unknown worlds; it awakens in him living, heaven-inspired thoughts—surely, it is more than “only a pebble!”

Ducks.

THERE is no part of the world in which these birds are not to be found; each species having those habits which best adapt it to the country in which it dwells. Some of them have very exquisite plumage, the colors of which are varied shades of blue, green, and brown, mixed with white, and the males are more beautiful than the females. They chiefly lay their eggs upon rocks, but some few roost in trees. They are easily tamed, and Mr. St. John thus speaks of some Sheldrakes, which were domesticated on his premises. When they asked for food, they patted the ground with their feet in an impatient and rapid manner, as they do when wild, to make the worms come out of the earth; they were very bold and fearless, ate anything, and fed from the hand. They were extremely pugnacious, and became masters of the poultry-yard.

Wild Sheldrakes lay their eggs in old rabbit holes, several feet under ground. The male bird stands and struts on some hillock till low water, when the female leaves her eggs for a little while, and after flirting together for a short time, they fly away to the sea shore for food. On returning, the female flies round the hole several times, to see that nothing is amiss. They both have a quick, smart step, much less waddling than that of other ducks. Our tame species comes from the Mallard, and they never lose their preference for marshy places and bogs; and they will leave the clean, fresh ponds, and frequent the dirtiest pools and gutters with delight. Mr. Saul gives an instance of sagacity nearly in the following terms:—“I have now a fine duck which was hatched under a hen, there being seven young ones produced at the time. When these ducks were about ten days old, five of them were taken away from beneath the hen by the rats, during the night time; the rats sucking them to death, and leaving the body perfect. My duck, which escaped this danger, now alarms all the other ducks and the fowls, in the most extraordinary manner, as soon as rats appear in the building in which they are confined, whether it be in the night, or the morning. I was awakened by this duck about midnight, and as I apprehended, the rats were making an attack. I got up immediately, went to the building, and found the ducks uninjured. I then returned to bed, supposing the rats had retreated. To my surprise, next morning, I found that ten young ducks had been taken from beneath the hen, and sucked to death, at a very short distance from where the older duck was sitting. On this account I got a young rat dog, and kept it in the building, and when the rats approach, the duck will rouse the dog from sleep, and as soon as the dog starts up, the duck resettles herself.” It must be remarked, that ducks return the compliment, and swallow rats when they can get them.

The soft plumage on the breast of the Eider duck, is too well known to need description here. It is chiefly collected in Iceland, and taken to the north of Germany; but might be easily procured in this country, for these birds frequent the northern parts of Great Britain.

An interesting proof of the affection which ducks shew towards each other, is given by Dr. Stanley. “A pair of Muscovy ducks were landed at Holyhead from a Liverpool vessel, returning from the coast of Africa. The male was conveyed to a gentleman's house, and put with other ducks, towards whom he evinced the utmost indifference: he evidently pined for the loss of his mate; but she was brought after a time, and let loose; he did not at first see her, but when, on turning his head, he caught a glimpse of her, he rushed towards her with a joy which was quite affecting. Nothing after that would induce him to quit her, he laid his beak upon hers, nestled

his head under her wing, and often gazed at her with the greatest delight.

The Chinese, who are the most skilful managers of poultry in the world, pay peculiar attention to ducks, and often hatch them in ovens.

The Story of a Lock Jaw.

ABERNETHY was a thoroughly amusing lecturer, and many a shout of merriment was raised by his quaint and anecdotal style. In speaking of the mode of reducing dislocations of the jaw, Abernethy observed, “Be it known to you, people who have once dislocated the jaw, are very often likely to do it again. There was a major in the army, who had the misfortune of frequently dislocating his jaw, and it was an infirmity he cared very little about, for he was generally moving about with his regiment, and when he put it out, the regimental surgeon put it in again. But it happened that on one occasion he was fourteen or fifteen miles from where the regiment was quartered, dining with a gentleman, and being rather merry after dinner, laughing heartily, his jaw slipped out; his mouth, of course, remained wide open, and it was impossible to close it while the condyles remained out of their sockets. Not being able to close his mouth, articulation was impossible. Well, but he made an inarticulate noise, and the host being surprised, considered that there was something wrong with him, and sent for a medical man, residing in the neighborhood, whom, if you please, we will call, for the present, the village apothecary. The apothecary made his appearance, looking as grave as any methodist parson, and after examining the poor major, pronounced, in an oracular tone, that there was something the matter with him, and that there was something the matter with the jaw; and that, in fact, it was dislocated; and, accordingly, he began to *pull* the jaw, for the purpose of putting it in its proper place. The officer, knowing the simplicity of the operation, and how it ought to be done, was so enraged that a man should be so presumptuous as to put a pestle and mortar over his door and yet not know how to reduce a simple dislocation of the jaw, that he vented his rage in a most furious, but in a very inarticulate manner. The learned apothecary took it into his head that the infuriated major was mad; and, in faith, it was very nearly being verified, for Mr. Pestle's suggestion put the major into a terrible rage, which actually confirmed the apothecary in his opinion. He therefore threw him down, put a strait waistcoat on him, and left him lying on his back, and then sent him some cooling draughts, and some lotion for the jaw, which was to be applied in due season. The major then found that there was nothing for him but submission. After some time had elapsed, he made signs for pen, ink, and paper; and as these were instruments which it was supposed he could not much injure himself with, they were furnished to him; and when he got them, he wrote on the paper just these words: “For heaven's sake, send, with all possible speed, to Mr. So-and-so, surgeon to the regiment.” Well, that was considered a very reasonable request, and therefore they sent off a man, on horseback, immediately, for the surgeon. The surgeon came, took off the blister which the sapient apothecary had applied, threw the lotion out of the window, undid the strait waistcoat in which the major was incarcerated, warmed his hands, introduced his two thumbs to the back of each side of the lower jaw, pressed down the condyles, and at the same time elevating the angle of the inferior maxillary bone, the jaw slipped into its socket. So much for the major, the apothecary, and the regimental surgeon.”

THE IDLER.—The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life. He stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside. He is of no advantage to anybody. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is an unit in society. He may have an income to support him in idleness, or may “sponge” on his good-natured friends. But in either case he is despised. Young men do *something* in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is, that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. That law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted, or however humble, can do good in this short life if so inclined; therefore do not be idle.

THE ROAD TO WEALTH.—The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

The Raven.

These cunning ravens inhabit all Europe, and a large portion of Asia, and in ancient and modern times have been considered as omens, rather of evil than of good. I once saw a letter from a gentleman to his wife, who was on a visit from home, which informed her that the cook of their family was ill, and that, although not considered in danger by the doctor, he was sure she would die, for he had three times seen a raven perch upon the top of the kitchen chimney; and he entreated the lady to return home as soon as possible.

These voracious birds eat everything that has, or has had, animal life in it; and they, as well as crows, attack young lambs, or weak quadrupeds, and pick out their eyes. They live chiefly on rocky precipices, or tall trees; are very combative, and overcome the fiercest game-cocks. They will, however, become very tame and familiar, and are even capable of strong attachment; but their acquisitive and secretive propensities, although amusing, sometimes cause much annoyance. A large raven used to frequent a coach-stand, not far from the street in which I lived, and was the terror of almost all the women and children of the neighborhood, some of whom gave him many a sly thump. These thumps were occasionally and liberally bestowed by still more powerful arms; but he appeared to have a charmed life, and to rise up again as if he had never been knocked down. I have seen him prostrate and to all appearance dead, but in a few hours a sharp bite on my heels, as I quitted a shop, convinced me he was still living. On one occasion I beheld him, as I imagined, drowned; for he was lying perfectly still, on the pavement, to all appearance breathless, and every feather so drenched, that the stem of it was visible. When I turned him over with my parasol he was not roused; and knowing that ravens cannot endure water, I felt justified in announcing his death to the rejoicing ears of my children, who said they could now walk peaceably along the street which he frequented. They accordingly went the next day; but the foremost of them rushed back to their nurse, who was not less alarmed than herself, for there was Jack, strutting about as if he had never been soused in all his life.

Ravens live to a great age, talk very well, are bold and sagacious, and defend their nests against all intruders, even vultures. They often attach themselves to other animals, and one which had been accustomed to receive food from a window every morning, in company with a dog, when the dog was ill and could not leave his kennel, always carried his breakfast to his sick friend.

Mr. Waterton's pet "Marco," is much too interesting a bird to be left out of this work, and I here abridge the account which that gentleman has given in his Essays: "Marco could do everything, was as playful as a kitten, showed vast aptitude in learning to talk, and was fond of seeing a carriage approach the house. He would attend company on their arrival at the bridge and wait near the gate until their return; and then he would go part of the way back with them. He was a universal favorite, notwithstanding that at times his evil genius prompted him to commit almost unpardonable excesses. One day he took a sudden dislike to an old duck, with which, until then he had been upon the best terms; and he killed her in an instant. The coachman and Marco were inseparable companions; but at last they had a serious and fatal quarrel. Marco bit him severely in the thumb; upon which, this ferocious son of the whip seized the bird by the throat, and deliberately strangled it."

"Dr. Stanley says, that 'a gentleman's butler, having missed a great many silver spoons and other articles, without a suspicion as to who might be the thief, at last observed a tame raven with one in his mouth: watching him to his hiding-place, discovered more than a dozen.'"

The landlord of an inn was in possession of a raven, which frequently went hunting with a dog that had been bred up with him. On their arrival at a cover the dog entered, and drove the hares and rabbits from the thicket, whilst the raven posted on the outside of the cover, seized every one that came in his way, when the dog immediately hastened to his assistance, and by their joint efforts nothing escaped.

Another history of a raven's preference for a canine companion is thus given. "The latter was a large otter-dog, and was kept chained up in a stable yard, where the raven began by occasionally snatching a morsel from the dog's feeding pan, before he had finished his meal. As this was not resented, the raven always attended at meal times, and would occasionally take away a scrap in his beak, beyond the reach of the dog's chain, and then return

with it, play about, and hang it on the dog's nose, and when the poor beast was in the act of snapping it up, dart off with it. At other times he hid the morsel under a stone, beyond the length of his chain, and then, with a cunning look, mounted upon the dog's head. He, however, always ended by giving the dog the largest portion, or the whole of the scrap thus played with. The life of this raven was saved by the dog; who, seeing the poor bird nearly drowned in a tub of water, dragged his heavy kennel till he could put his head over the tub, when he took the raven up in his mouth, and laid him gently upon the ground, where he soon recovered.

The Frenchman and his English Master.

EVERY language has its own peculiar difficulties; some greater and some less. A language which is perfectly familiar to us, is necessarily perfectly easy, and we sometimes feel rather surprised that it is not so easy to other people. The French has undoubtedly many difficulties and peculiarities of idiom which render it hard enough to learn, but we must not forget that our own is as difficult as any. The following whimsical dialogue is as true as it is whimsical:

FRENCHMAN.—No, Sair, I never sall, can, vill learn your evil language. De verbs alone might, should, could, would put me to death.

MASTER.—You must be patient. Our verb is very simple compared with yours.

F.—Seemple! Vat you call seemple? When I say *quo je fusse*, you say dat I might, could, would, should have been. *Ma foi!* ver seemple dat! Now, Sair, tell me, if you please, vat you call de verb?

M.—A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.

F.—*Eh bien!* Ven I say I can't, vich I say; I be, I do, or I suffer?

M.—It may be hard to say, in that particular case.

F.—*Parbleu!* How I might, could, would, should, am to know dat? But tell me, if you please, vat you mean ven you say de verb is a word?

M.—A means *one*; and it is the same as to say the verb is *one* word.

F.—*Tres bien.* Den ven I say I might, could, would, should have been loved, I use *one* verb? Ugh! (with a shrug.)

M.—Yes, certainly.

F.—And dat verb be *one* word! I tinks ver long word, vid more joints dan the scorpion have in its tail!

M.—But we do not use all the auxiliaries at once.

F.—How many you use at once?

M.—One at a time. We say I might-have-been-loved; or I could-have-been-loved.

F.—And dat is only *von* word! Vat you mean by have?

M.—*Hold: possess.* It is difficult to say what it means apart from the other words.

F.—Vy you use him den! But vat you mean by *been*?

M.—*Existed.* There is no exact synonym.

F.—Ver well. Den ven I say, I could-have-been-loved, dat vills to say, I was-able-hold-existed-loved; and dat is *von* word? *Sacre!* I shall nevair learn the Engleesah verb; no, nevair—no time.

M.—When you hear me use a verb, you must acquire the *habit* of conjugating it! just as—I love, thou lovest, he loves—and, believe me, you *can't* become familiar with the moods and tenses in any other way.

F.—Vell, den, I shall begin wiz "can't." I can't, zhou can'test, he can'ts; we can't, ye or you can't, zey can't.

M.—It is not so. Can't is a contraction of the verb *cannot*.

F.—Vell, den; I cannot, zhou cannotest, he cannoteth, or cannots; we—

M.—No, no! *Cannot* is two words—*can* and *not*.

F.—Den vat for vy you tie him together?

M.—I see I ain't careful enough in my expressions.

F.—Hold! stop dare, if you

please. I sall, vill once more try. I ain't zhou ain'test; we—

M.—*Ain't* is not a verb; it is only a corruption. I won't use it again.

F.—*Ma foi!* it is all *von* corruption. May or can I say, I von't, zhou von'test, he von'ts?

M.—No; you cannot say so.

F.—Vat den? I might, could, would, should, don't, ain't, von't, can't?

M.—No; you can't say any such thing: for these verbs are all irregular, and must not be so used.

F.—*Muss!* vat you call *muss*? I muss, zhou musscst, he musses. You say so?

M.—No, no, no.

F.—Vell, den—I might, could, would, should-have-been, muss. How dat?

M.—*Muss* is irregular. It never changes its termination.

F.—Den vat for vy you call him "irregulaire," if he no change? *Ma foi!* he vill, sall—be ver regulaire indeed! Who makes de *grammaire* Engleesah?

M.—Nobody in particular.

F.—So I tinks. I might, could, would, should guess so. I vill, sall, muss, can understand nevair, *von* *grammaire* vich say de verb be *one* word, ven he be four, five, six, half dozen; and den call irregulaire de *only* uniform verb dat nevair change. *Excusez-moi, Monsieur!* I nevair may, can, might, should, could, would study such *grammaire* no more!

THE SEA.—Glaucus was a Greek fisherman, smitten with the love of the element that floated life and riches into his nets. One day, as he was examining, by the sea-shore, the haul of fishes just emptied from his nets, he saw that such of his captives as ate of a certain herb acquired strength enough to leap back again into the sea. The example was too enticing for the fisherman, already amphibious in his heart. He partook of the wondrous nutriment, and leaped down to "the pale green sea groves, straight and high," leaving for ever the blinding sunlight, and dwelling, with Tennyson's merman, "in the purple twilight under the sea." Mr. Kingsley believes that it is possible to see much that Glaucus saw without taking such extreme measures to gratify our curiosity as were adopted by the enthusiastic Greek. Wander amongst rock and pools by the sea-shore, making good use of your eyes, and you will get grand glimpses of a marine world teeming with a fulness of animal and vegetable life of which no mere description can give you an adequate idea. Take a crow-bar with you, and you may open the way to regions filled with marvels.



THE RAVEN AND THE DOG.

The Amateur and Mechanic's Friend.

(Continued from page 254.)

Another composition with the bole is made thus: Take of bole in fine powder one pound, and black lead two ounces; mix them well by grinding, and then add two ounces of olive oil, and one ounce of bees-wax, melted together; and repeat the grinding until the whole be well mixed. When required for use, dilute, as directed above, with priming size. Until either of these compositions is required for use, they should be kept covered with water, which preserves them good, and they can then be diluted with the size.

To Use the Gilding Size.—The size being warm, it should be spread with a brush over the whole of the work, and then allowed to dry, after which it must be re-coated twice. When the last coat has been given, it must be rubbed with a soft cloth until perfectly even in those parts that are to be burnished. Some advise the addition of a little vermilion to the size, and also that the carved work should be colored, previous to its application, with yellow ochre and priming size mixed, to which a little vermilion, or red lead has been added, as this gives a depth of color to those parts where the gold leaf cannot be laid on easily. *Matting*, as it is technically called, is preferred by some, and consists in coloring those parts of the carving which are inaccessible to the gold leaf after the gilding instead of before it.

The work, being now ready for gilding, must be placed almost perpendicular, but with a gentle declination from you, and the gilding size, brushes, cushion, knife, &c., and a basin of clean water, by your side; wet the uppermost part of the work by means of a large camel-hair pencil, dipped in the water, and then lay the gold on the part so wet, in the same manner as recommended in oil gilding, until the part is covered, or too dry to take the gold. Wet the next part, or the same over again, if necessary, and apply the gold, repeating the process until the whole is finished.

If, after the whole has been gilt, there be found any parts uncovered, they should be repaired by wetting them with a camel-hair pencil, and covering them with gold, avoiding, as much as possible, wetting the perfect gilding, as it frequently causes it to turn black.

If any of the hollow parts require it, they should be *mattd* when the work is dry.

Matting.—For this process, a little vermilion, ground up with white of egg and red lead, or yellow ochre and red lead mixed with parchment size, or the *terra de Sienna* slightly burnt, and mixed with a very small proportion of red lead, and applied with a camel-hair pencil, has an excellent effect.

To Burnish the Work.—After it has been gilt about twenty-four hours, those parts to be burnished should be polished with a dog's tooth or agate burnisher. Previous to burnishing, it is necessary to try the work by rubbing it with the tooth in several parts, as a difference of season, &c., causes a variation in the drying. If the parts dried take the polish well, without the gold peeling off, it is fit; but if the gold does not polish after much labor, it is too dry, and should be steamed gently to moisten it.

No. II.—SILVERING AND BRONZING.

I. **Silvering** may be employed instead of gilding for the same articles, and in a similar manner.

On account of its liability to tarnish, or speck readily, especially during peculiar states of the atmosphere, it has not been so much employed in ornamental work as gilding.

Similar to gilding, it embraces three varieties: 1st. *Oil Silvering*; 2nd. *Japanner's silvering*; and 3rd. *Burnish silvering*.

The materials required are silver leaf, silver powder, and *argentum musivum*, which are applied in a similar manner to gold.

The instruments and processes are the same as for gilding.

To Prepare the Work.—Prime the articles with drying oil mixed with flake white, if for oil silvering, but using whiting or pipe-clay, to which sufficient lamp-black has been added, to give a silver-like greyishness, if for japanner's or burnish silvering, instead of the flake white.

The *Silver Powders* consist of: 1. The *True Silver Powder*, which is prepared in the same manner as the gold powder.

2. The *Argentum Musivum*.—Take of purified tin half a pound, fuse in a crucible, and add the same quantity of bismuth, stir well with an iron rod until the whole is fused and incorporated thoroughly,

then remove from the fire, and when a little cooler, but while yet liquid, add half a pound of quicksilver gradually, stirring until the whole is well mixed, when the mass is to be poured upon a cold stone. When cold it is to be reduced to a fine powder, which is to be sifted and preserved for use.

This powder may be combined with gum-water, so as to form shell silver; or may be applied in the same manner as the gold powders, and then burnished. If it is varnished, it will retain its color better than pure silver-powder or leaf.

The *varnishes* used to protect the work, are mastic, copal, white and seed-lac, which may be made as follows:—

1. **Mastic Varnish.**—Take four ounces of mastic tears and one pint of oil of turpentine. Put them into a stone bottle, which should be plunged into a saucepan of hot water, and kept over a charcoal fire until dissolved, which generally takes an hour-and-a-half. The cork should be notched at the side to prevent the bottle bursting.

The time of boiling varies, of course, with the degree of heat employed; therefore the best way to test its fitness is to take a little from the bottle, and apply it to the finger: if it appears, on cooling, of the consistence of a thick syrup, soon becoming ropy, then drying and glueing the fingers together, and leaving a shining appearance, it is sufficiently boiled; if these signs are absent, the boiling must be repeated. The greatest caution should be exercised in making varnishes, not to have a fire with a flame, the pot too low, or the bottle too full; and always to have a pail of water at hand, to put out the fire in case the vapor from the varnish inflames.

2. **Copal Varnish.**—Take of gum copal two ounces, camphor half an ounce, oil of turpentine one quart. Boil gently for three hours.

3. **White Varnish.**—Take an ounce of gum mastic, two ounces of gum juniper, two drachms of Venice turpentine, and one pint of spirits of wine. Mix well, and dissolve by heat.

4. **Seed-Lac Varnish.**—Take of picked seed-lac two ounces, gum animi three ounces; powder, and add to a quart of spirits of wine; dissolve, and strain. The addition of a little oil of turpentine will prevent it being too brittle, which will of course depend on the work to be done. Some persons employ isinglass-size to protect the silvering; but as it turns yellow after exposure to the air, it should never be used.

Silvering Ivory.—To silver ivory fancy work, prepare a strong solution (a drachm to two ounces) of lunar caustic; protect such parts as are not required to be acted on, by copal varnish; then immerse the ivory-work in the solution: when it becomes yellow, remove it to a glass vessel containing distilled water, and expose to the rays of the sun. In a short time it will become black in those parts that are not protected; it should then be removed from the water, wiped dry, and rubbed well with a piece of soft leather, when the design will appear on the ivory in a metallic state, and burnished; the varnish should then be removed.

We particularly recommend the last process for such purposes as ornamenting tablets, paper-knives, &c.; marking crests on table-knives; or, in fact, anything that requires ornament or cypher.

II. **Bronzing** is coloring, by metallic preparations, plaster casts, busts, or figures; or other materials, whether of wood, iron, stone, or paper.

The process consists in employing a cement to make the powders used adhere to the prominent parts of the article to be bronzed, having previously primed it with a dark color.

To Prime the Work.—Size and rub down the ground-work as usual; then take verditer, Prussian blue, and spruce ochre; grind them separately in water, turpentine, or oil, according to the work. Mix them to the desired color with the agent used originally; and, when of a proper consistence, give the article one, two, or more coats as may be necessary, and let the priming dry.

If the work is not to be sized, grind and mix some of the bronzing powder with a little of the priming, and lay it on carefully, by means of a camel-hair pencil, on the most prominent parts of the articles.

If the powder is intended to adhere strongly to the work, size the prominent parts over with No. 2 Japanner's Gold Size, or a strong solution of gum arabic; and when nearly dry, rub the powder over in the same manner as we recommended for gilding.

The *Bronzing Powder* is made as follows:—Dissolve copper filings in *aqua fortis*. When the copper has impregnated the acid, pour off the solution, and put into it some pieces of iron, or iron filings. The effect of this will be to sink the powder to the bottom of the acid. Pour off the liquor, and wash

the powder in successive quantities of fresh water, and dry.

When the appearance of brass is wished, mix some of the *Aurum Mosaicum* with some of the *Argentum Musivum* powder, given above; but if a silvery hue is desired, employ the *Argentum Musivum* alone.

To Bronze Medals.—Dissolve two parts of verdigris and one of sal-ammoniac in vinegar; boil the solution in a pipkin, skim, and dilute with water till it only tastes slightly of copper, and ceases to deposit a white precipitate: it is then to be poured into another pipkin, and rapidly brought to boil. The medal being previously cleaned, is dipped into the boiling solution, placing it in a wire basket for that purpose. The surface of the medal becomes at first of a black or dark blue color, and then in about five minutes acquires the wished-for tint; it must be now instantly withdrawn, washed, and dried. When there are several medals, each must be done separately.

To Bronze Steel.—Cover the parts to be bronzed with olive oil, and expose to the steam of a kettle of boiling water, which will bronze them effectually.

To Bronze Copper.—Clean the surface, then brush it over with a solution of sulphate of iron, acetate of copper, or peroxide of iron, heat it then cautiously and gradually, rub off the powder and examine. If not a proper color, repeat the process.

Useful Receipts.

Instantaneous Cure for the Hiccups.—Take one tea-spoonful of common vinegar.

To prevent Tin Vessels from Rusting.—When the vessels are finished with, wipe them carefully with a dry cloth, and place near the fire. If this is done immediately, they will not rust.

To Gild without Gold.—Take dry saffron, in powder, with an equal quantity of yellow orpime, well purified of its earthy particles, grind all well together, and put it to digest in hot stable manure for three weeks. At the end of that time you may use it to gild whatever you please. This preparation answers all the purposes of gold leaf.

To prevent Oil Lamps from Smoking.—Take any quantity of onions, bruise them, put all into a retort, and distil; pour a little of this liquor into the bottom of the lamp, and it will give no smoke. This is an excellent remedy for that most annoying nuisance, and when once tried must be approved of.

To Renovate Black Cloth Clothes.—Clean the garments well, then boil four ounces of logwood in a boiler or copper containing two or three gallons of water for half an hour, dip the clothes in warm water, and squeeze dry, then put them into the copper and boil for half an hour. Take them out and add three drachms of sulphate of iron; boil for half an hour, then take them out, and hang them up for an hour or two; take them down, rinse in three cold waters, dry well, and rub with a soft brush, which has had a few drops of olive oil rubbed on its surface. If the clothes are threadbare about the elbows, cuffs, &c., raise the nap with a teasel or half-worn hatter's card, filled with flocks, and when sufficiently raised, lay the nap the right way with a hard brush.

The Hair.—The use of oil freely and constantly has a tendency to give the hair a dark appearance. Such also is the effect of all pomades. This result may, in a great measure, be prevented, by using alternately with the oil, the mixture of borax and camphor.

Chapped Hands.—The application of a little oil, pomatum, common grease, lard, or cold cream, operates as a preventive for chapped hands. The *Camphorated Balls*, sold by chemists, are compounded of starch, rice powder, white lead, oil soap, camphor, &c., moistened by Hungary water, oil of rosemary, and of lavender. It would not suit a private consumer to make them. A little honey used when washing, has a remarkable effect in softening the chapped skin. First wash the hands until free from dirt, then rub honey well into the chapped parts, then soap and wash the honey off, and rinse; then dry thoroughly by dabbling with a soft towel.

The Cramp.—Dr. B, who was a retired physician, states that he had been subject to the cramp in the legs during the night when in bed, but not when sleeping in a chair; and this fact led him to have his bed altered in such a way that he lay upon an incline, his feet being several inches below his head. The result of this arrangement was, that from the time of such alteration to the date of his letter he had never been troubled with a recurrence of the attacks. The simple remedy there suggested has been pronounced beneficial to a remarkable degree, by many persons who have tried it.

Facetia.

THE TYPE OF CONCEIT.—An author having his love-letters printed.

WHY is a widower like a house in dilapidation? Because he wants to be repaired.

WANTED TO KNOW.—The velocity of a "running account."

CURIOSITY.—Looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own.

WHEN is iron the most ironical? When it's a railing.

THE QUERRY CLERICAL.—When people talk about rectifying spirits, do they mean the cure of souls?

CON.—Why is it dangerous to walk in woods in early spring? Because the trees are shooting.

FOND OF ASH.—A Cockney being told the Megatherium was a great sloth that ate trees, said he was uncommon fond of an 'ash!

MORAL PARADOX.—A thirst for gold is denounced as unreasonable by those who nevertheless deny that it is a thirst for something solid.

WHEN Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his bedmate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "labouring—and confoundedly hard, too—under a mistake."

EXTREME SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.—A mother-in-law, coming up from the country, and bringing her boxes with her, is generally a sure prognostication of a hard winter.

A COCKNEY'S QUESTION ON THE NAVY.—Does a Port Admiral mean an admiral who is laid down for a long series of years, and not decanted for service till he is very old?

TERIBLY CLOSE-FISTED.—We know an individual who is so excessively illiberal, that he won't even give a girl a kiss without insisting on having it back again.

ATTENDING TO A WISE.—"I wish you would pay a little attention, sir!" exclaimed a stage-manager to a careless actor. "Well, sir, so I am paying as little as I can!" was the calm reply.

A CALIFORNIAN GRAMMARIAN and gold-miner, whose fingers were burnt, has favored the world with the following grammatical moral: "Positive, mine; comparative, minier; superlative *minus*."

A TERRIBLE SUSPENSE.

One night, just as I had dropped into a comfortable snooze, after having lain a long time ruminating on these matters, and having about made up my mind to seek some other quarters on the following day, I was suddenly awakened by the entrance of Tompkins into my room, with a light in his hand, and with nothing on but his shirt and drawers.

"I—," said he, in a whisper, hoarse with excitement, "for God's sake, get up quickly, and go down with me!"

"What is the matter? What has happened?" I exclaimed, starting up, alarmed at his strange appearance.

"Hush!" he hissed out; "they are trying to break into the house! They are in the hall already, and are attempting to pick the lock on the inner-door! They want to murder me!"

By this time I was wide awake and out of bed. Tompkins trembled all over like a man with the ague. His naturally cadaverous face was now white as that of a corpse, and his one eye fairly blazed with excitement, while I was nearly as much agitated as he. The sudden awakening from a sound sleep, the terrified appearance of Tompkins, his strange words, all combined to throw my mind into a state of confusion which completely precluded the possibility of entertaining a single rational or sober thought. The consequence was, that two more frightened individuals were probably never seen. We proceeded down stairs to the hall-door as noiselessly as possible, Mrs. Tompkins joining us on the way, resolved not to survive her lord, and all three of us in rather scanty costume.

Tompkins rushed into the kitchen on tip-toe, and brought forth a large iron poker. Raising it above his head with his right hand, ready to smite down the first assassin or burglar, as the case might be, who should present himself, he proceeded to turn the key as silently as possible with the other, and suddenly burst open the door. But instead of rushing forward upon the foe, as I expected to see him, he started back. Terror gave place to wrath upon his countenance; his grasp on the poker relaxed, and, dashing it furiously upon the floor, he roared out:

"It's nothing but that confounded cat!"

Never before or since have I seen so sudden a transition from the sublime of terror to the opposite pole of unmixed ludicrousness. Not a word further was spoken; but each one, suddenly struck with the absurdity of the whole affair, and the singularity of our several costumes, scrambled off to bed as hastily as possible.

POOR RELATIONS that have been flung aside, often turn up and prove their value in a quarter that was the least expected, as bank-notes have been found, before now, in a waste-paper basket.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—There is a good story of an eccentric lady of unfortunately acquisitive habits, to the effect that she was on one occasion so affected by a charity sermon, as to borrow a sovereign from her neighbor, and—put it in her own pocket.

THOUGHTS OF GIRLHOOD.—An old lady, while indulging a few evenings since in reminiscences of her girlhood, when she had lots of beaux, exclaimed: "Why, the truth is, that at one time I was so happy that I was fairly uncomfortable."

A GENTLE HINT.—"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a bachelor friend. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me!" was the reply. "I guess you haven't been up our way!" was the insinuating rejoinder.

FIGURES THAT MUST NOT BE QUESTIONED.—The Spirit-rappers have not tried their skill yet upon a multiplication table. But perhaps they do not wish to rap an answer out of one, knowing that, if such a table answered at all, it would most likely speak only in round numbers.

NAPOLEON was a very awkward dancer. On one occasion he danced with a countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat, he remarked: "The fact is, madam, that my forte lies not so much in dancing myself, as in making others dance."

A TRAVELLER found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel-keeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a "Thank you" was worth twenty-five cents, and "Thank you kindly" was worth thirty-seven and a half cents. Soon after, the traveller called for a dinner, ate it, and asked the landlord what was to pay. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "I thank you kindly," said the traveller, and walked off.

FEELING HIS WAY.—"Uncle," said a young man, who thought that his guardian supplied him rather seldom with pocket-money, and felt a little hesitation in beginning to make an assault on his relative's generosity, "is the Queen's head still on on the shilling piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad! why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

THAT "the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable at sight," is well exemplified in this humorous description of that species of the "cereal grains," known as "wild oats": "A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five; the harvest generally sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a trunk filled with small vials and medical preparations."

THE TAIL.—Not many months since a party of young gentlemen, candidates for orders, as the phrase goes, were travelling per rail to the cathedral city of —, where their examination was to take place. They were very merry, and lively, and funny as they went along, to the evident annoyance of a green, saturnine-looking man, who was a fellow-passenger. The great joke of the day was to frighten each other about to-morrow's proceedings, when they would have to pass through the fiery ordeal, of examination at the hands of the bishop and his chaplain. They were not much alarmed about the bishop. They talked about him as a good sort of a goose, promoted to a wig and palace, because he was related to a Whig peer. They could manage him, they fancied, but that they had all heard that the chaplain was a terrible fellow, made of divinity, Greek, and Hebrew, cayenne and mustard, a very *diabolus*, indeed, of a chaplain, so much like the "old gentleman in black," that all expected, when introduced to him next day, to see him with a tail. This jest was so pointed and pungent, that it even drew a grim smile from the grim-looking man himself who had stared at them with the extremity of contempt marked upon his hard features. Well, both the journey and the day reached their end. The next morning arrived, and behold the young persons elect mustered in the bishop's study, looking as demure as so many church mice. At length the door was thrown open. Enter the bishop's chaplain—and oh, horror of horrors! It was the grim man, the fellow-passenger of the day before! He walked solemnly up to the table, looked slowly round the assembled circle of culprits, and then, with the same grim smile which they recollected so well, said: "Well, gentlemen, do you see his tail?" And then, after a slight pause, added: "But, if you please, we will proceed to business!" It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of the youths. But the grim man was not revengeful. None of them were plucked.

STATISTICS OF DANCING.—An ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay saloons of Paris, amounts, in the course of one dancing season to 434½ miles. He has also calculated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a teetotum, will spin round in a waltz in one night as many times as the wheels of a steam-boat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais.

ONE of O'Connell's old stories used to be about a Miss Hussy. Her father had made a will—said O'Connell—disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was on his death-bed, his housekeeper asked how much he had left Miss Mary? He replied that he had left her \$5000 which would do her very well, if she married any sort of a good husband. "Heaven bless your honor!" cried the house keeper; "and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she has got?" "Why," replied the dying father, "I never thought of her nose!" And he lost no time in adding a codicil, that gave Miss Mary an addition of \$750 a-year.

ORIGIN OF OYSTER EATING.—It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day, picked up one of these savory bivalves, just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shells, he insinuated his finger between them, that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit, with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people, when they hurt their fingers, put them in their mouths—but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay, having burnt his finger, first tasted cracklin. The savor was delicious; he had made a great discovery: so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banquetted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And, unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go, out.

HOW MUCH DID HE LEAVE?—This question is asked concerning the property of every rich man who dies; and it was answered very happily by Cloots, who was executor upon the estate of the late Mr. Snodgrass. His neighbor, Mr. Nailrod, was an exceedingly inquisitive man, and it was his pride that he knew as much almost of the affairs of the people of his neighborhood as they did themselves; but Mr. Snodgrass had never been communicative, and all that he could glean of his circumstances was from the guesses and speculations of outsiders. The day after his neighbor had been put into the earth, Nailrod visited Cloots, and began to question him. "Mr. Cloots," says he, "if it is not improper—I wouldn't wish to ask the question if it is the least improper, nor expect you to answer it—will you inform me how much my particular friend Snodgrass left?" "Certainly!" said Cloots; "I don't see the least impropriety in your asking, and am perfectly willing to answer it! He left every shilling he was worth in the world, and didn't take a copper with him!" Nailrod felt as small as a pumpjack, and went out.

THE THREE DROMOS.—The "Memorial Borelais" tells the following amusing story: "A young man presented himself at a restaurant in the Rue Mautrec, and ordered a dinner. He ate like a man who has twice as much appetite as ordinary mortals; then he paid his bill and went away. In about five minutes the same person re-entered, seated himself at table, commanded a new dinner larger than the first, and retired after having consumed it. The restaurateur cried that such voracity was a miracle; but no sooner had he uttered his astonishment, than the man re-appeared, ordered a third dinner, and devoured it as if he had taking nothing for two days. The restaurateur, wishing to know who he was, followed him. He went to a *café*, where he joined two other persons who were seated at a table, on which were three *demi tassés*. These two personages resembled the one who entered as two drops of water resemble another drop. The young man, in short, were three brothers, all born at the same time; they were travelling for a commercial firm at Paris. They were dressed in the same way. They excite in the strongest degree the curiosity of the persons who see them together, and in our town nothing else is talked of than their miraculous resemblance, and the jokes which by means of it they play off on persons who see them for the first time."